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FAMILY LIFE

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JANUARY 1970

Vol. 3 No. 1

letters to the editors

MORE MEMORIES OF MISSISSIPPI

The article "Memories Of Mississippi" (Nov. issue) was very interesting to me. The Noah J. Yoder who married Katie Chupp was my uncle, and I have a letter which he wrote to my parents dated Feb. 26, 1800, just twenty days after Katie died. As I remember, she died at childbirth and their son, Lonnie, died on March first.

The letter also included a paper pattern of little Lonnie's hand which is almost unbelievably small.

I enjoy all the Pathway publications and wonder why some people find fault with them. Constructive criticism is proper, but isn't chronic fault finding jealousy?

-Jonas E. Beachy, Ohio.

HUNGRY FOR BREAD CRUSTS?

I read in the November issue, "Who Is My Neighbor?" I was wondering when I read the part, "If I have nothing more than a crust of bread, I gladly break it in two to share it with someone else in need; but to forego one meal a day when we are all overfed is more difficult," I was wondering if the one who wrote knows what hunger is or if he doesn't like bread crusts? Peter said he would die with his Lord. -G. Zimmerman, Pa.

LUCY NOT SO BAD?

When I was a girl I read the book about Lucy ("Across the Desk," Nov. issue). I don't think the author wanted to give the impression that going to the theater, marrying a divorced person, or any of these things were right--only the opposite. So many people wanted to influence her the wrong way, but God had his hand over her and finally she did find peace. Why could not Clem have been saved on his deathbed, even the thief on the cross was saved at the eleventh hour.

-Mrs. Fred W. Yoder, Indiana.

I don't think you were overly critical. I read the book when it was first published. It is not true to Bible teaching. -E. G., Pa.

I read the book when I was fourteen and it certainly shows the sorrowful life of being born into a non-Christian home. Neither did Lucy live in married bliss but in confusion. At the last she asked the minister, "Would you marry a woman to a man who had another living wife?" His answer was, "Some ministers do but as I understand the scriptures, I could not." This answer is the answer to this book and was omitted in your letter.

-L. J. S., Illinois.

ANSWER- I am afraid that sometimes when we read a book, we take some things for granted which are not there. We have checked through both editions and can not find such a statement anywhere in the book.

"I was sorry to see a whole page wasted in criticizing a good book. Yes, Lucy did wrong in running away and getting married. She was punished severely by God for it, and it teaches us that we must reap what we sow. She was baptised but had no Bible instructions. We know it is wrong to divorce and remarry but she didn't know and she did try to find out but nobody told her. She married Clem in spite of her doubts and again she paid dearly for it. You call it a romantic and successful marriage. Is being married to an alcoholic who staggers home, upsets the table, and threatens her with a gun very romantic? Four or five of the children died of malnutrition, they moved from house to house and finally ended up in a shack with cracks in the floor. For a bedspread she used burlap bags held together with nails. Would you call this a successful marriage? If you will read the book with an open mind it tells you that God does not let sin go unpunished. -J. M. M., Ohio

ANSWER-I am glad you got such a good lesson out of the book but we must take into consideration what the average reader will get out of it. You believe that divorce is wrong so you assumed that her troubles were the result of marrying a divorced person. Nowhere in the book can we find such a lesson brought out. We can not find that Lucy ever felt as long as she lived that she had made a mistake first by marrying a total unbeliever, and later by marrying a divorced man.

The impression we got out of it was that her troubles were caused by drink, and if only Clem could have quit drinking and become a Christian, all would have been well.

We termed it a "successful"marriage because she apparently was able as a result of her faithful love and affection to finally see her husband converted before he died. We called it romantic because it contains pages of romance, and as we said before, marred only by the terrible curse of strong drink.

We still feel that the book sanctions divorce and remarriage for it gives practically every conceivable argument for and none against. Any lesson we learn against divorce is the result of teaching from elsewhere and not because of anything the book says.

In evaluating a book we have to consider the overall effect. If we would recommend every book from which a lesson could be taken, then we might as well recommend them all.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE BAD?

The article "Are We Under Bondage?" was good, and causes one to do some thinking. Recently while at a hospital, I was asked this question, "Is it possible for one to dress like you do and still be a bad person?"

All those who feel that plain clothes are of no value as a light of the world, let them answer this: "Why did this

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.

Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.

Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.

FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

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In U. S. A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.

In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

woman ask such a question?"

I tried to answer her question as best I could that it takes more than plain clothes to be a Christian. But later on, after leaving the hospital this same woman wrote to me, "I have given our conversations at the hospital much thought and I still feel the same about your unique dress."

It may be just a symbol but we humans constantly need symbols to remind us who we are and what we are. This woman went on to say that it was a comfort to see people in "holy garb" who appear to be totally dedicated to God. She said, "It forces one to think of God." She also said the fact that we are submissive enough to dress alike made a great impression on her. -L. M. S., Md.

NOT TOO MANY PAPERS

I do not think that you have too many papers that it should rob us from reading the Bible. I find that if I sit down and read a story or two, I still have time to read God's Holy Word. We want to always be thankful to God and give Him the glory and pray that he will help you to continue in your work. -Mrs. H. S., Pa.

MORE SERIOUS ARTICLES

I enjoy F. L. but have a suggestion to make. I prefer articles with a deeper spiritual emphasis which I think would be more edifying for the Christians and a help to non-Christian seeking the truth. The articles in your papers have a good moral especially most stories but we need much more than entertainment.

-Mrs. S. B., Ontario.

THREE GREAT WALLS

This was the greatest article ("Fireside Chats" Dec. 1969) to cross the press for a long time; yet seemingly it is given very little attention. This problem of walls between the plain churches has been on my mind for years. Something has definitely gone wrong. The old saying "one ounce of prevention is worth one pound of cure" would go a long way here.

The author wrote that Christ has broken down the middle wall of partition, (Ephesians 2); it also says: "For through him we both have access by one spirit unto the Father; now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the apostles, prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." This leaves no room for walls, but rather a brotherhood or body with many members. Unfortunately Satan has made progress in scattering the people of God.

With the practice of members going from church to church and all the time being accepted as Christians, we need not be surprised that the world can no longer be converted to the knowledge of truth.

I suggest that the plain churches, which are trying to hold out, work towards a ministerial meeting like that held in 1632 when the Dortrecht Confession of Faith was drawn up. At that time various divisions had occurred, but with the efforts of fifty-one ministers unity was achieved. Why can this not be tried again?

-Daniel B. Martin
Wallenstein, Ontario

FELT KICKED

We are not of the plain faith and only recently learned to know some of these people. When I read "Chosen by Lot" (Oct. issue) I said "Thank God for people with such a faith as to be willing to choose their ministers in this way."

But when I read that some people considered the article to be casting pearls before the swine I felt as though I had been kicked in the stomach.

-Floyd Tapp, Dunnville, Ontario.

A LOOK AT THE FENCE

The commandments of the Bible and rules of the church have been likened to a fence to keep us from danger. And perhaps we should take a look at the fence to see what is used, how well it is built and kept up in these times.

We know a fence needs corner posts, line posts, and the wire itself. None of these alone can answer the purpose.

Now what are we using to build this badly needed spiritual fence around the church of God? We need the orders, rules, and commands given from God through Moses, Jesus, and His church. The strongest part of the fence from the Old Testament is the ten commandments, and from the new, the sermon on the mount. These are to be enforced and held up by our bishops and ministers as corner posts, plus all true church members for line posts. Then also the bann and meidung needs to be rightly used to help strengthen the fence.

What happens when a bishop or minister falls down? The fence gets loose! Or what if the line posts start leaning and finally fall over? Or what good are the posts without the fence? Anything can go in or out as it pleases.

God through Moses built a fence for the children of Israel, a very strict one with the death penalty as the barbed wire. Jesus through His Apostles made one for our forefathers. Why are so many churches falling away? Maybe it is because of bad corner posts, poor line posts and only a few smooth wires so as not to hurt the flesh. And the barbed wire is taken away altogether!

Dear Friends, it is Saturday evening late and will soon be too dark to fix or see about the fence.

-M. D., Seymour, Mo.

MORE THAN TRADITION

It has long been the practice among our plain churches for the women to wear a cape. But the reason for wearing it is being questioned, and I have even heard of mothers who could not explain why we wear a cape. Some think the cape is an unnecessary article, a hangover of tradition. But let's not miss the point so far. What we do should be Scriptural. In 1 Timothy 2:9 we read, "...that women adorn themselves in modest apparel..."

Now the word modest is defined as chaste, decent, and unpretentious. Unpretentious means not showy, or no unnecessary show. But without a cape (or with a fitted cape) we make an unnecessary show of our figure. Young girls may not realize what a struggle boys have to keep their thoughts and actions pure from "fleshly lusts" which 1 Peter 2:11 exhorts to abstain from. The whole Bible teaches that the lusts of the people corrupt a nation. We should learn to help each other. If we sisters by our immodest dress hinder others from thinking pure and holy thoughts we are helping them go the wrong direction.

-I, Pennsylvania

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

Oh, Me Of Little Faith

The nurse came and told me, "You have a baby boy."

My days at the hospital passed in usual routine but every evening a strange feeling gripped me. "What if fire trucks were needed?"

After lights were out and others were sleeping, I sometimes would slip out of bed and peep out the window which was just beside my bed. A shiver went through me as I gazed over the city and all the colorful lights. But with the comforting thought that we are in the hands of our Lord, I would go back to bed and go to sleep.

On Sunday afternoon my husband came and he seemed anxious to take me home right away. I wondered, "Does he feel like I do, too?"

The doctor said, "Tomorrow you may go home."

This Sunday evening we mothers got our babies later than usual. While we were waiting for them to be taken back to the nursery, a number was announced through the loud speaker in a clear firm voice. This seemed strange to me. Usually it was the doctors that were wanted but this time the same number was repeated several times in the same firm tone. Were they sounding an alarm? Surely not a fire! But the others in my room were not alarmed, so I tried to push the thought from my mind.

It was only a matter of minutes and the shrill fire siren could be heard. I felt weak all over for I knew it was at the hospital. I did not know how serious it was, but my thoughts went to my loved ones at home. I thanked God that we still had our babies in our arms.

We looked out the window from the sixth floor and saw four big trucks pull up just below us. This is right where I had been looking for them nights before. Long ladders could be seen on the trucks. Men worked fast, pulling a large hose into the emergency entrance and up to our floor. Crowds of people were gathering on the street below us.

I was trembling with fear, within. It all seemed like a dream. Now I was in the building where people were gathering around to watch the fire.

We were anxious to know how serious it was, so we went out into the hall. I held my baby close. Down the hall we could see the large hose go around a corner and we could smell smoke.

Just then a nurse came and said to me, "I'll take your baby back to the nursery or he might get hurt."

"Oh please," I pleaded, "I want to take him back to my room."

But she took him from my arms and was gone. My heart sank. Why hadn't I left him on my bed? Would I see him again? We were ordered into our rooms and the doors were closed behind us.

I went to the washroom so I could be alone. "God help me," I prayed. "Help me to put my trust fully in Thee. Forgive me my great weakness of faith. I profess to be a Christian, yet why do I tremble so in fear. I know there is no limit to what Thou canst do for me. Thy power is beyond my comprehension."

I knew that the limit we make for ourselves is according to our faith in Him. Oh me of little faith! Am I not ready to die if it be the Lord's will? I am nothing of myself, God help me.

I was struggling against fear for faith. I was so deeply reminded how we are nothing, completely nothing, in ourselves in every way. The Lord is our all, all in all if only we will come to Him. Deeply comforted I went back to my bed.

Later we learned that the elevator motor which carried trays up and down had stalled and was smoking. We were thankful that it was no big fire.

It was going towards midnight when the last fire truck pulled out. Soon a nurse came with pills. "I'm sure you'll want a sleeping pill tonight," she said, handing me one.

"No, thank you," I answered.

"Are you sure, lady, don't you want a sleeping pill?"

"No, thank you." -Waterloo, Ontario.

Watching While We Sleep

Talking about God being dead, the longer one lives, the more one finds the closeness of God. It was a busy day in spring and I was planting corn. That day it seemed everything went like it does when one wants to do too much. Finally the planter broke. "Well, that calls for a trip to town," I said.

I came in from the field and put the horses away. Then I went to tell my wife that I must get a part for the corn planter. "It's a good time for you to go along," I said.

The oldest boy was fifteen at the time, and he was out in the field yet. We figured he could look after the children every now and then. So we got ready and left.

Our youngest one was about two years old at the time and he wanted to go along, as he was very fond of riding with mother in the carriage.

"No, you can not go along this time. You must stay at home," he was told. Then we started on our errand.

"If I can not go along with mother on the carriage then I can walk," our two year old thought and he did. In the back of our farm is a nice paved road which some people use for a race track and there is a little hill on the road.

Our little boy walked over the nice road and to the top of the hill. He was hot and tired, and when he still did not see any mother he lay in the middle of the road and soon was fast asleep. About this time the children at home discovered that little Paul was not around so they started looking for him.

Dan Hoover and his granddaughter were coming along the road and the granddaughter said, "Daudy turn over. I believe I see a little girl lying in the road."

"What has come over you?" grandfather said. "You must be seeing things."

"I mean it," she said as she took hold of the lines pulling the horse to one side. The wheels just missed the little boy (with a dress on) fast asleep in the middle of the road.

Grandfather said, "Let's go see if it lives." His heart pounding fast.

He found Paul was very much alive, picked him up and took him to the nearest farmhouse where there was a great reunion, thanks to God and my good neighbor.

— Titus Nolt, Pa.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

Noah's Ark

A few scientists are hopeful that they can locate Noah's Ark. A newspaper referred to this as "the fabled vessel. They believe it is lying beneath a glacier at the bottom of a lake on Mount Ararat in Turkey. They have made plans to look for it next summer. The finding of ancient wood at the base of this 17,000 foot mountain has spurred the search for the vessel. The wood that was found is believed to be about 4,000 years old. We know Noah's Ark was on Mt. Ararat but it is hard to imagine that it still is.

Whiskey and Wealth

Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., the father of President Kennedy, died recently. He suffered a stroke in 1961 which left him an invalid. The elderly Kennedy became one of the richest men in the United States through the selling of whiskey. Although wealthy there has been much tragedy in the family in past years.

Joseph, the oldest son, was killed in World War I when his plane exploded.

In 1948 a daughter, Kathleen, died in a plane crash in France. Her husband died earlier.

Another daughter, Rosemary, has been retarded since birth.

In November 1963 President Kennedy was assassinated.

In 1967 another son, Senator Robert Kennedy, was also assassinated.

His third famous son Senator Edward Kennedy suffered a broken back in a plane crash in 1964. In this past year he was the principle figure in a scandal which rocked the nation. A girl, who was riding with him, met death at Martha's Vineyard when Kennedy's car plunged over a bridge and capsized. This evidently crushed his chances for the presidency.

The selling of whiskey brings wealth, but it can also carry a curse. The Bible says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Hab. 2:15

High Fat Scare

For a number of years health faddists have been advocating that everybody quit eating the foods containing "saturated fats" such as milk,cream, eggs, cheese, butter or meat with fat. They say that these foods cause a high cholesterol level in the blood which clogs the arteries and causes heart attacks. An article in a recent issue of Farm Journal indicates that these foods alone do not cause high cholesterol. Evidence seems to indicate that it is caused by a combination of conditions, some yet not understood.

A survey conducted on 800,000 people by the American Cancer Society showed that death due to strokes and heart attacks were less among those who consumed large amounts of cholesterol than in the ones who consumed little.

Many doctors now believe that high cholesterol in the blood is caused by lack of exercise, overweight, stress and tension, smoking, or high blood pressure or a combination of two or more of these conditions.

On test groups, an increase in the fat intake made no difference in the cholesterol levels. Researchers at Cornell University found that "the greater the physical fitness in men, the lower was their cholesterol levels."

It has been reported that certain individuals were strenuously avoiding all animal fats, but were using a coconut oil concoction bought out of the store. Later it was learned that the coconut oil preparation was higher in saturated fats than the animal products.

Merchants of Death

Dr. Ashbel C. Williams, former president of the American Cancer Society, said that cigarettes during the past year caused more deaths than war, violence and riots. He said, "Evidence gathered in the last 15 years proves beyond doubt that the people who make and sell cigarettes are in the tragic position of being merchants of death." If those who make and sell cigarettes are guilty, what about those who grow the ingredient?

SELF-EXAM FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES

1. Do we still find pleasure in being together and helping each other as much as possible, or has our deepest love faded?
2. Are we considerate of each other's problems, desires, and longings?
3. Do we love to counsel with and seek each other's advice or does each one wish to be boss?
4. Do we accept it and appreciate it if our partner tells us of any shortcoming we have, wherein we could improve ourselves?
5. Do we strive for unity so strongly that we do not disagree in front of our children?
6. Do we sometimes unnecessarily tell others about our partner's faults in order to get sympathy, thus damaging home ties?
7. Do we say "I am sorry," and seek forgiveness if we have wronged our partner?
8. Do we insist on our own views or memory being correct?
9. Is God's order of man being the head of the home respected?
10. Is the wife given the freedom of using her judgement in minor things?
11. Do we accept complaints against our partner without first talking it over and finding out if it is true?
12. If difficulties and differences of opinion arise, do we make special effort that our partner is aware of our love and concern?
13. Do we feel that our lot is harder than we can bear? The Bible tells us we are not tempted above that which we can bear.
14. Do we expect perfection from our partner and try to correct every little thing that doesn't seem quite right to us?
15. If our partner is late for or with the meals, do we wait patiently the same as we would expect her to wait?
16. Can we rejoice that we have the opportunity of forgiving each other's shortcomings because Christ forgave ours?

-N. Stoltzfus.

Across The Editor's Desk

The first of January is like reaching the top of a hill. From there you can see that spring is on its way. When the seed catalogs start coming with all the colored pictures of new and better varieties of fruits and vegetables, it makes you start glancing out the window to see if the snow is leaving.

It's a good thing that people can be so optimistic. Although the sun is starting back on its northward journey (its overhead of the Chaco in Paraguay at the noon hour on the first of January) the coldest part of our winter has not yet come. But there is more sunshine in January than in December, and behind a glass window the sunshine is warm whether it's zero outside or ninety in the shade.

January is a time to relax and take it easy and perhaps do the things you wanted to do all year. Most farms are so arranged now that there really is no slack time of the year, unless you just make it that way. There are always shut-ins in the neighborhood who would appreciate visitors. When the roads are drifted shut and the wind is howling outside is an excellent time to roast peanuts or make some "January Goodies".

The smaller children will always appreciate it if older brothers and sisters or even Mom and Dad give them a hand with the games or color a page in their coloring books. During the busy summer months the children are expected to pitch in whole-heartedly in getting the work done. It isn't more than fair if others sometimes give them a hand in the activities they are interested in.

Here in Canada the leading sport for the children during the winter months is skating. From the age of 4 and up they slip into a pair of skates and in just a short time are skimming over the ice at an unbelievable rate of speed.

In spite of its dangerous appearance, it seems to be relatively safe. That is until they start the hockey game. Then anything can happen. But that's one sport that Mom and Dad can't join in. If you didn't learn the art of skating when you were young then there is little chance that you will learn it afterwards.

Too often we do not get a true picture of circumstances around us because we compare ourselves only with ourselves. Sometime ago we talked to a man who told us about a division they had in their church.

"The other group allows lots of things we don't," he told me.

"What are the things you don't agree on?" I asked.

"Well for one thing," he answered, "they have the organs in the churchhouse and we don't allow that. We have them only in the home."

To us, it seemed very little difference between the two views. But because they had compared themselves with themselves, it looked very important to them.

Only a few years ago a large percentage of our children were attending public schools. But suddenly a lot of interest was shown, first in Pennsylvania and then in the states further west. Parochial schools (Amish and Old Order Mennonite) sprang up in large numbers every year. The number of parochial schools has increased from 44 in 1957 to approximately 305 this year.

This looks like plenty of reason to sit back and congratulate ourselves, doesn't it? If we compare ourselves only with ourselves, this may be true. But when we take a look at the overall picture we are not so sure.

Recently I heard a young father bring up the question at a parochial school meeting what can be done by people who are in his predicament. At present he is paying a school bus driver nearly a thousand dollars a year to taxi his children to and from a parochial school 12 miles away. Why is it necessary for him to go this distance through a thickly settled community to find a school?

A look at any of our large communties would show that a good number of our children are still attending public and even consolidated schools. Really the task has just begun.

In the fall of 1968 the Pathway readers for grades 5 to 8 were brought out. Teachers and school board members were asking for them for several years because of the fact that the secular readers were unsatisfactory.

A lot of time and effort went into the Pathway readers as they were designed especially for the needs of the parochial schools.

Since they came on the market, a lot of these books have been sold. We were well pleased with the response. Two years ago none of our schools were using the Pathway readers, and now many are using them. We were comparing ourselves with ourselves, and were well pleased until we stopped to get the overall picture. Then we found that in many areas, a large percentage of the schools are not yet using the Pathway readers.

Of course there are various reasons for this. Some schools had just bought new readers the year before and do not wish to discard them so soon. In some school districts, the parents are not aware of what their children are reading in school. What these parents need is to have the teacher show them the books she has to endure to teach reading in her school. In some districts even the board members have never paid any attention to the kind of readers they are making available to their schools. If the parents will talk this matter over with their board members, then no doubt better books would be made available.

Recently a renewal came in with a letter enclosed containing the following:

"I was going to cancel my subscription but I do enjoy the articles that are written out of love and for our good. However the ones that are written for fault-finding I will overlook..."

We appreciate such a sensible attitude especially considering the fact that last spring this very same subscriber sent us a letter saying "..if you do not have any better material to publish, you can discontinue my subscription."

What this subscriber doesn't realize is that if we were to ask 100 average readers, we would find a wide difference of opinion as to which are the articles written "for our good" and which are the ones that are "written for fault finding". Usually it depends on the circumstances of the reader.

It is true that we sometimes have an outstanding article, and also occasionally a rather poor one. But by far most of the material falls between these two categories. A lot depends on the reader. First there is a difference in age. Very seldom would Grandfather choose as his favorite the same article as his grandson would. Another difference is taste. Some people will not read anything unless it is in story form. Others prefer heavier reading of the doctrinal type. A third big difference is in background and teaching. Each community stresses different points. For example an article asserting that milk should not be sent on Sunday would probably find little favor in a community where everybody ships milk on that day. Whether we like to admit it or not, the teaching we have had makes a big difference on our way of thinking. I doubt if one article has ever been published in Family Life that everyone agreed whether it was good or bad.

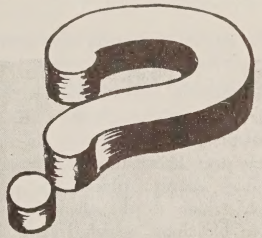
The "Letters To The Editors" column seems to be like a pendulum swinging back and forth. When the Plan Of Salvation article was published we received a deluge of letters running about 3 to 1 against. After these letters were printed in the December issue we received quite a few letters again but the ratio was reversed. Since it has been pretty well covered, we do not propose to publish any more letters on this subject at this time.

The bookstore has now been transferred to LaGrange, Indiana as far as mail orders are concerned. We try to keep a full line of books on hand here at the print shop for visitors and for local trade.

Our Canadian customers should order from the LaGrange address. Since all prices are American funds or equivalent, an American money order should be obtained at your postoffice and sent with the order. If this is inconvenient for you, or if you have any problems, you may send your order to our Aylmer Address (R.4, Aylmer, Ontario) and send a Canadian check. However if you do this, be sure to add 8% for exchange, plus 15¢ for the check charges. Ordinarily you get will quicker service by getting an American Money order and sending direct to Pathway Bookstore, R.4, LaGrange, Indiana.

At this time we do not have a catalog. We hope to have a list ready within a few months and we will have quite a few new books which we have never handled before.

TRUE Or FALSE



Bible Animals

— By Elmo Stoll

There are several dozen different animals mentioned in the Scriptures, wild as well as domestic. Many of the favorite Bible stories contain mention of animals. Try the twenty statements below to see how well you are posted on animals of the Bible. Answers and scoring scale on inside of back cover.

1. Jesus compared Christians to sheep.
2. It is impossible for an animal to be possessed with an evil spirit.
3. Bears are never mentioned in the Bible.
4. The Bible tells of an animal that spoke to its owner.
5. Jesus spent some time with wild beasts.
6. Nowhere in Scripture do we read anything about cats.
7. In a vision Peter saw a sheet let down from heaven in which were all kinds of animals.
8. Pigs were considered an unclean animal by the Jews.
9. A disobedient prophet was once slain by a lion.
10. Mice are never mentioned in the Bible.
11. Jesus rode into Jerusalem on an ass that had never before been ridden.
12. Noah was commanded by God to take into the ark only one pair of every kind of animal that lived on dry land.
13. Jesus once called Herod a "grievous wolf."
14. The Bible says that among animals, dogs are men's best friend.
15. The Old Testament commands that oxen be muzzled while treading out grain lest they eat too much.
16. Although Jesus often spoke of sheep, goats, and wolves, he never mentioned camels.
17. The Bible sometimes refers to Satan as a dragon.
18. One man in the Old Testament caught 300 foxes.
19. The Egyptians worshipped golden calves, but the Israelites never did.
20. Jesus is sometimes likened to a lamb, but never to a lion.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Your Future For A Nickle

The teenage girl walked up the aisle of the giant department store in one of the U. S. 's largest cities. This was an exciting trip for her to be able to come along with her father, and spend the day in the city. She stood at the counter looking at the assortment of gloves. There were so many kinds to choose from. She tried on a pair of black leather ones, but when she looked at the price tag she decided she didn't need gloves after all. She hurried on down the aisle. She wanted to look at some more items before her father had his business finished and would be ready to leave.

As she reached the end of the aisle she checked to see where her father was. There he stood, still buying things at the hardware department. She decided she still had time to take a quick look at the dishes. She could see them along the opposite wall.

Just as she turned at the aisle where the dishes were, a machine standing in the corner caught her attention. She stopped for a closer look.

"Your Fortune Told Here," said a sign at the top of the machine. In smaller letters the sign said, "For 5¢ you can have any of the following questions answered about your future."

"How can that machine know what my future is going to be?" said the girl to herself. "That's just silliness— anyone knows that."

She started to go on, but then she noticed the questions that would be answered— six of them. She told herself there was nothing to it, that the machine could not possibly answer questions about her future, but still her curiosity was aroused. Anyhow, it wouldn't hurt to read the questions.

1. Will wealth be my portion in life?
2. Will I someday be famous?

"Humm," the girl thought to herself. "I can guess the answers to those questions. I haven't got much chance to ever be rich, that's for sure, and still less to become famous."

She read on down the list. Two especially fascinated her, the last two on the list:

5. Do I appear beautiful to others?
6. Have I already met my future husband?

"My future husband," the girl mused. "For five cents..."

Her mind flashed back home to John, the boy she was dating, the boy she was going steady with. Was he the right one for— for... The longer she stood and thought about it, the greater her urge grew to see what the machine would say about her future husband. Of course, she would never believe what the machine said; she would just look for fun.

She searched in her purse for a nickle. She found one. For a moment she held the coin, hestating. What if her father came and caught her at the machine? He would probably be finished with his business any time. What would he think of a machine like this, a machine to tell the future? And then she thought of something else. Her face grew red as she thought of how embarrassed she would be if he saw what question she chose to have answered.

Nervously she glanced around, then quickly pushed the nickel back into her purse. She hurried on— away from the machine that had tempted her so much.

The girl went home that evening, the fortunetelling machine out of her mind. Before too long difficulties came up between herself and John, the young man she was dating. Finally they broke up. In the end she married someone else, and today, nine years later, she is happy with her husband and three children. But she has not entirely forgotten the machine she almost paid to have her fortune told. "I still remember what a strong attraction that question held for me," she said recently. "I wanted so much to see into the future. But many times I have been thankful I didn't give in to the temptation. For undoubtedly the answer would have told me, as such answers usually do, that I had indeed met my future husband and that we would have a happy home together. Then when it turned out the way it did between John and me and I ended up marrying someone else, I'm afraid Satan would have used that answer many times to put doubes into my mind. When we have had misunderstandings and difficulties in adjusting to each other, as all marriages have, I believe Satan would have whispered to me 'See, you were really meant to marry John, your earlier boyfriend.' "

The girl in the big city department store was not unusual in being curious about her future. There is something inside all of us that makes us wonder what is going to happen in the future. Nor is this fascination with the future a modern weakness of mankind. Human nature has been much the same for centuries. More than three thousand years ago one dark night a troubled man crept with tired steps toward a little village to ask a witch to tell his future. Several hours later he reached the cluster of dwellings nestled on a slight hillside. With a trembling hand he knocked on the door. The weary, desperate man was Saul, king of Israel, and we all know the pitiful story of how Saul had his future told that night through the witch of Endor. And what a tragic future it was— the wretched king and his three sons would die violent deaths the very next day.

The story of Saul, forsaken by God and no one to turn to but a witch, is especially sad when we remember that Saul surely must have known better. Earlier in his life Saul had painstakingly tried to rid the kingdom of all witches. He had ordered that they all be hunted out and killed according to God's commandment.

I have been told the story of an Amish man and his wife whose son ran away from home. They did all they could to find out where he had gone. Week after week passed and all their searching and questioning proved in vain. At last someone suggested that they go to a fortuneteller.

They did. She was an old, old stooped-over woman with piercing brown eyes set deep in her wrinkled face. She studies them shrewdly as they told her their problem.

She nodded her head, and croaked, "I can tell you where your boy is." She shuffled over to a low desk where she solemnly began placing leaves into a teacup of warm water She studied the leaves intently, tapped the side of the cup, and muttered to herself. At last she was satisfied. She hobbled back to the waiting parents. She told them where they would find their missing son.

The parents didn't really believe the old woman, but they paid her anyhow, and went to look where she had told them to. They found their son.

The story was told to me a number of years ago, and I don't know if it is true or not. But I do know that we have plenty of Scriptures that teach us plainly that no Christian has any business going to a fortuneteller. Although many fortunetellers are probably outright fakes who don't know any more about the future than anyone else, there is always the possibility that they actually do know what they are talking about-- through the powers of darkness.

The Bible is extremely stern in its condemnation of any form of fortunetelling: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." (Ex. 22:18) "There shall not be found among you any one that...useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard...for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord..." (Deut. 18:10-12)

I have heard of young people who have just for fun decided they would go to a fortuneteller to have their palms read and their future told. Anyone should think twice before they do something like this for it surely is a dangerous kind of fun. Meddling with the powers of darkness is not something to play with--it is serious business.

Sometimes people may be involved in some form of fortunetelling somewhat innocently-- they do not realize what it is. Astrology is one of the more innocent-appearing forms of fortunetelling. Astrologers have divided the heavens into twelve imaginary sections, and have assigned a month to each section. These twelve sections are called the signs of the zodiac. According to which of the signs of the zodiac you were born in, astrologers claim to be able to tell what your disposition is--whether you are quick-tempered, generous, stubborn, forgiving, or any of the two dozen others things all of us are to various degrees.

Many daily newspapers publish horoscopes in which some astrologer like Jeanie Dixon predicts whether a person's day is going to be successful or not--based once again on which of the twelve signs of the zodiac your birthday occurs. Unfortunately some of the common almanacs also include monthly horoscopes and the signs of the zodiac. Hopefully all the users of such almanacs are aware of the questionable nature of astrology and buy them only for the other, more valuable information they contain.

A friend wrote recently, telling why horoscopes seem so dangerous to him.

> One day I was standing in the drug store in town waiting to be helped by the clerk; I happened to glance behind me and saw a cardboard sign: YOUR NOVEMBER HOROSCOPE BOOK IS HERE. A slight shudder passed over me; I pitied people who bought a book each month to tell them how to live. The memory came to me at that moment of an "English" woman whom I had known. She let a horoscope book influence her life; she became so dependent on her daily horoscope that when it predicted trouble, she quit her job and stayed within her house for nearly a month. She had allowed the superstitious practice of reading her horoscope to rule her life-- and rule her it did!
>
> From what I have seen of horoscopes, I would put them in the same class as liquor, tobacco, and dope. They all have a power over the user. The poor person who tries them once soon finds that he is captured and can't [illegible] People who fall a prey to them have something lacking in their lives-- something missing deep within them. They have not allowed Jesus to fill the void that is within each of us; they have rather chosen to fill it with things which can never satisfy. Can these things be called anything else but Satan's tools?

Fortunetelling takes many forms, but whether it comes as a fivecent chance machine in a department store, palm reading, tea leaves in a cup, witches and wizards, or the star-gazer's horoscope--they all have one thing in common. They are trying to tell us things about the future we have no business knowing.

Not that we are supposed to be completely ignorant of the future. There are some things we can know-- in fact that God wants us to know. We can know that Christ's return to earth and a day of judgement is in the future. We can know that for those who have been true to God, there will be a glorious day of rejoicing in the future, and that for those who haven't been true the future holds just the opposite.

But for the things about the future the Bible is silent on we do well not to be too curious. God in his wisdom has ordained that we don't know ahead of time most of the things that will happen to us, or to those we love. He wants us to have an attitude of trust-- a trust in God that regardless to the trials we meet His grace will be sufficient for the strength we need. Only in this way can we replace our curiosity with confidence-- confidence in the God who holds the future. Then we will be able to say with the Apostle Paul, "For I am persuaded that...neither things present nor things to come... can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:38-39) ■■

(continued from page 29)

So gehts in dara rauhe welt,
    Wo alles muß fergeh.
Ja in der alte heimat gar
    Fühlt mer ſich ganz allee,
Oh wans net für den himmel ware
    Mit ſeiner ſchöne ruh,
Dann wares mir do ſchun lang verledt,
    Ich wißt net was zu thu.
Doch hoffnung leuet meinen weg
    Der ewigen heimat zu.

16

Dort iſt ein ſhee ſhee vaterhaus,
    Dort geht mir nimmer fort,
Es weint ken gute mammi meh
    In ſellem Friede ort,
Ken Dady winſcht meh fur ſein grab,
    Wo was er lieb hat liegt,
Sell is ken elend welt wie die,
    Wo age luſcht betriegt,
Dort hot das lewa ewiglich
    Iver den todt geſiegt.

17

Dort ſind mir was wir do verleibt
    Un behalts in ewigkeit,
Dort lewa unſere todte all
    In licht und ewiger freud.
Wie oft wan ich in druvel' bin
    Denk ich an ſella ruh,
Und wott wan's nur Gottſs wille ware,
    Ich ging ihr ſchneller zu,
Doch wart ich bis mein ſtundlein kommt,
    Dann ſag ich welt adju.

BEWARE THE SALESMAN

BY DAVID LUTHY

He may have a big smile and a smooth story but too often all he's after is your money

WERE YOU EVER HUSTLING around the kitchen trying to feed the baby, watch the bread in the oven, and keep the children from arguing over the toys which cluttered the floor, when you looked up and saw a strange face at the door? The person knocked firmly. As you approached the door you spied a leather satchel resting on the front step. "Oh, no," you groaned, "a salesman. There goes an hour of my morning."

Or maybe you are a man. Do you have memories of having hurried through breakfast so you could get an early start plowing, when in the lane drove a shiny blue car? Out stepped a salesman. There went your early start at plowing.

Salesman. The mention of that word in any household is bound to bring a reaction, and often not a very good one. Why? Because the trade known as salesmanship has a history—a history of which the following incidents are but a tiny part.

Part 1: The Easy Way Out

Perhaps the most common (and most unpopular) door-to-door salesman is the one selling magazines. Actually he is not as serious as some others for his prices are cheap. Usually a person pays less than five dollars to this type of salesman, figuring that the easiest way out is to buy a magazine and thus be rid of the salesman in a hurry. Some people find it much easier to part with five dollars than to say "No" to the magazine salesman and thus have to endure his long story of how he needs the money for college, has only one leg and can't work elsewhere, or has heart trouble and can't do more strenuous work. By the time the salesman has said his long story, the head of the household thinks, "Maybe this fellow really needs the money; what's five dollars if it is given to charity?"

Charity. Some people think they are giving to charity if they buy a magazine subscription. They believe everything the salesman says. Little do they realize, but the salesman is making more money a year than they are — making it not on subscriptions but on sympathy. The customers rarely buy because of the magazine; they buy the magazine because of the sympathy the salesman had worked up in them for himself.

Selling magazines is not the only way a cripple or a person with heart trouble can make a living. There are numerous industries which employ the handicapped and pay them good wages for honest work. The salesman may have a "hard luck" story, but you ought to realize that he is actually making a living off your sympathy. Buying a magazine you don't want may be the easiest way out, but not the best. There are too many truly needy people in the world you should be helping, people who really do have a hard life.

It isn't always a cripple, however, who tries to win your sympathy. Last March I was visiting some friends in Indiana where I saw a new approach. Roy and I were unhitching the horse when in the lane walked a smiling young man. By his eager look I spotted him as a salesman.

"Hello, how are you today?" he greeted. "Is the head of the household at home?"

I motioned toward Roy.

"How do you do, sir," he addressed Roy and stretched his right hand out to shake. "Maybe you've heard of me. I'm one of the six Sioux Indian boys working for the National Merit Achievement Program."

Roy wore a blank look.

"Well, maybe we didn't make the headlines," laughed the young Indian. He pulled out an impressive imitation leather folder and flashed a certificate at Roy. The red and gold was very shiny and gave the paper an official look.

I didn't want to hear any more so I took the horse from Roy and spoke to him in German, telling him the fellow was a magazine salesman. I was hardly inside the barn when Roy joined me.

"Buy any?" I teased.

"No, I didn't," he answered. "When he started his line about how he needs 'points' and I could help him if I bought a magazine subscription, I told him a healthy boy like him should go out and do some labor with some honest sweat to make his living."

"Good advice," I agreed.

Both Roy and I realized that the Indians of our country have often had a hard life. But we realized at the same time that the way to help them was not to let them make money on sympathy, but by honest sweat like the majority of Americans. After all, there are countless jobs available to Indians — jobs with good pay.

Part II. Inferior Products

One day early this fall a car drove in the lane of a farm in our community. Two men asked the owner of the tall farmhouse if they could do some calking around the windows.

"Well, winter is coming on," thought the farmer, "and the boys are busy with farm work. Maybe I should let these men do it." Out loud he asked, "How much do you charge?"

"$45," they answered.

"Too much," said the farmer.

In about five minutes the men had lowered their price to $25 and were setting their ladder against the house. One man worked on the lower windows and the other did the top ones. A few hours later they had finished, collected their $25, and were gone. How did the calking job look? Great, as long as you looked at a downstairs window.

But upstairs the job was not only a sloppy one, it was also inferior because of a cheap quality calking substance.

Inferior products and faulty craftsmanship are not limited to the window calking business. They can be found in any type of business, even where you might not expect it. Listen to how one person describes a scheme which caught some farmers off guard:

> I will never forget the time my father and my uncle got taken on the "raspberry scheme." The first I remember hearing about it was one evening at the supper table. Dad said a man had been around taking contracts from people who wanted to grow raspberries. Dad just chuckled about it and said he was almost sure there was something fishy about the deal, and that he wasn't about to fall for it. "At least not without checking into it very thoroughly," he added.
>
> The next day my father learned that the salesman had been at my uncle's place, too. My uncle said the same thing my father had said, he was just about sure there was a catch, and that he wasn't going to fall for it. The salesman had said they would supply the raspberry plants, government certified stock, and would give a contract to buy all the raspberries the grower could raise.
>
> Even though both my father and my uncle were outright suspicious, they couldn't resist investigating some more. They phoned the Chamber of Commerce at the company's home town. The man in the office said that he didn't know too much about it, but that there was such a company and he knows they were in the plant and raspberry business.
>
> The salesman came back, and his story still sounded pretty good. The contract sounded all right. Finally my father and my uncle both decided they would sign the contract for an acre of raspberries each. The terms were $75.00 down, and the remaining $225. for the plants when they were delivered.
>
> The two men asked the salesman several times if he was sure the plants were good disease-free government certified stock. The salesman said each time that he was sure. He even agreed to put it on the contract.
>
> The plants were delivered several weeks later. The delivery truck arrived at my uncle's place first. My uncle immediately checked the plants, and saw that they did not have government tags on them. The man claimed they were government stock, but my uncle said he didn't care what kind of stock they were, if they weren't labeled, he wouldn't accept them. The man got mad and drove off. My uncle lost his $75 down payment, but he was lucky.
>
> My Dad wasn't at home when the man with the plants arrived at our place. But we knew he was due any time, so Dad had left a check for him and given me instructions how to store the plants in trenches in the garden so the roots wouldn't dry out. The man brought the plants, I helped him unload them, gave him the check and he was off.
>
> Meanwhile my uncle talked with my father in town and told him he had refused his plants. Dad came home to see if the plants he had gotten were certified stock. They weren't. Dad wasn't too upset. He knew what he would do. He would call the bank first thing in the morning and stop the check. It couldn't possibly be cashed already, for it was made out to the owner of the company at his home town. But the bank said it was too late. The delivery man had come in the same evening yet, and had asked the bank to certify the check. Once certified, the check was as good as cash.
>
> "We're not going to plant those plants," my father said. "I'm going to call the company and ask them to send out what they promised."
>
> The owner of the company lost his temper when Dad talked with him on the phone, and said all kinds of nasty things. But Dad had arranged for the man from the Chamber of Commerce to be listening in on the whole conversation, and when the company man learned that, he quieted down and promised that government certified stock would be delivered the very same week.
>
> The plants came as promised. They were done up in bunches of twenty-five and four of these smaller bundles were tied together in one larger bundle to make a hundred plants. Dad checked immediately. There was a government tag on each bunch of one hundred plants.
>
> Dad was pretty pleased to have gotten such good results. "Now," he said, "even if the company doesn't buy the berries, at least we have gotten good plants and didn't pay a whole lot more than we would have had to otherwise."
>
> That was what he thought. What he didn't know until a year later was that only one-fourth of the plants were government stock. The company had tied one bunch of twenty-five plants in a larger bundle of three other bunches of uncertified stock. The uncertified stock was worthless, little better than wild plants one might have dug up in the woods. And who knows, perhaps they did.
>
> And did the company provide a market? Oh, of course. At the beginning of each berry season they sent us a duplicated list of the IGA stores in our region and told us to contact them and they might want to buy our berries!

Part III. Outright Dishonesty

Not too many months ago a neighbor told me of a veterinary supply salesman who stopped at his farm. The salesman described his whole line of merchandise and showed samples. The farmer had a feed business and was the local "vet" for us neighbors. He liked to keep a good supply of medicine and ointment on hand. The salesman made out an order blank and then asked for payment, saying he could leave part of the order now and ship the balance next week. The check was signed and the $150 changed hands. And that was the last our local "vet" ever saw of the salesman, his supplies, or his money.

Lesson to be learned here is that no reputable company expects to be paid until their merchandise has been delivered. Paying money in advance can be disastrous, especially if you have never dealt with the salesman before or if the company is out of your area.

Part IV. Here Today — Gone Tomorrow

Have you noticed that the incidents given thus far have all involved salesmen who do not live in the area where they are selling? Following is a letter from Joas Mast of Oklahoma who tells how he once dealt with traveling salesmen (saleswomen in this case).

> One forenoon about twenty years ago while I was repairing the roof of the barn, two women drove into the barnyard. The younger of the two got out and said

a neighbor lady had sent her to us. The neighbor lady had told her our boy has asthma.

"Yes, we do have a boy who is bothered with asthma," I admitted.

"We can cure him," said the woman.

"Well, good!" I said. "I'll be right down."

So we all went to the house yard. We have six boys and two girls. The boy with asthma is named Moses.

The woman asked to examine the boy to see if she could cure him. I was sure she was a quack, and I had already made up my mind to try an experiment. I wondered what she would say if she examined the wrong boy. I pushed Johnny to her but he squirmed himself from under my arm, saying, "Ich bin net der Moses."

So I told Moses to let her examine him and of course she could cure him.

I acted very glad to hear it. Next I asked, "How much is the cost of a cure?"

"$50.00," she said.

"Only $50.00? I'll take you up on that," I said quickly. "We have spent much more than that but got no lasting results. Now, this is the way we will do it. We will place the money on escrow in our local bank, then you go ahead and treat him and when we and our doctor are fully convinced that the boy is cured you will get your money."

She answered with emphasis, "Oh, I don't do business that way."

I told her that is the way I do business with her. I said, "We know our banker and our doctor and they know us. We are living here and expect to stay a while. But you are here today and tomorrow you are gone. I'm not about to turn my money over to strangers."

I repeated my offer of being willing to put the money in the bank. She gave the same reply as before.

I told her, "That's the way I do business, and that's the only way."

At that the older women in the car called, "Let's go, let's go." So she said to me very kindly, "We will go to town and eat and come see you this afternoon."

They must have been very hungry as they never came back.

Part V. Whether You Want To Or Not

The best definition of a high pressure salesman is "a salesman who is determined to have you buy whether you want to or not." He is a fast and constant talker. He shows you what he is selling, tells you all the money you will save, demonstrates all the good points; and while your head is swimming, he gets you to sign the check. Once the money has exchanged hands he can relax. Very rarely do customers try and back out once they have paid. They tend to build up the good points in their own minds and convince themselves that they made a good buy. Recently in Ohio people have been trading in their "lifetime" stainless steel cookware for a different brand and style. Some customers are complaining that the new brand is inferior and it was a mistake to trade in their stainless steel set, but most customers aren't saying much. Why? As one man from Ohio put it, "Probably a little hard to get their true feelings as naturally this would be a reflection on their judgment." In other words, it is a humbling experience to admit you have been cheated.

But most high pressure salesman are not out to cheat people with inferior products. Rather, they are out to sell — to sell a good product to everyone they meet, regardless of whether the person really needs or wants the product. Let's face it; a high pressure salesman is often a born actor. He is a gifted speaker and is very persuasive. Everything he says sounds so good.

The one sentence every high pressure salesman hates the most is this: "We want to think it over." To him that simple sentence means he hasn't completely gotten through to you. It means you want him to leave so that clear thinking will return to you. But the salesman doesn't want to come back. He wants you to buy — to buy now. He tries to tell you that you won't know any more next week than you do right now. So why not buy tonight? He edges the contract toward you. He's putting you on the spot. He realizes that most customers are afraid to say "No" outright. They think they have taken up the salesman's time and perhaps owe it to him to buy.

It's nonsense to think you owe the salesman anything. He came to your house; you didn't go to his. Not only is he taking up your time, but he is attempting to high pressure you out of your money. What could be wrong with saying, "We wish to think this over "? After all it's your money; you have a right to think it over. If he doesn't want to let you do this, it should mean only one thing to you — he is out to get your money regardless of whether you want or need the product. Chances are a half-hour after the salesman finally leaves, you will wonder, "Why didn't we just tell him 'No' right away?" The reason is that he was the type of salesman who wouldn't take "No" for an answer. Will he return another evening? Rather unlikely. The percentage of people who say "Yes" after "thinking it over" are few, and he knows it. His method of selling is to make one call only. If he can't make the sale this evening, chances are he will cross you off his list.

Do you buy immediately when you see something new in town? Rather unlikely; you probably go home and "think it over" and "talk it over." If you don't buy on impulse in town, don't feel you have to at home, even if the salesman tells you what a mistake you are making. (You seldom go wrong by taking time to think it over (except, perhaps, at an auction!).

Part VI. The Come-On

Some salesmen feel they can sell their product more easily if you come to them. They use a technique called the "come-on" to lure you to their store. Often it is a free "door-prize", but an even more tempting one is to send you a certificate saying you have won second prize in a contest. I saw the ear-to-ear smile of a young woman who opened an envelope one morning and exclaimed, "Fifty dollars. I've won fifty dollars." I hated to disappoint her but I said, "Better read all the fine print; it looks more like a coupon than a check."

Sure enough, the fine print revealed that this was a coupon worth $50 toward the purchase of a sewing machine. Even though it had "SECOND PRIZE" stamped across one corner, everyone who had ever entered the store had probably won second prize. It wasn't a prize at all. A prize is something given with "no strings attached"; this was merely a "come-on" to entice customers into the store.

I once worked for a real estate company before I joined the Amish. This company had the practice of mailing hundreds (if not thousands) of form letters to people telling them they had won a "Lucky Prize"; all they had to do was come to the real estate development's office and pick it up This was a method of getting people to come onto the property. Once they had gone that far the salesman turned on the high pressure and attempted to sell them a plot of land. I often thought the person who accepted the "Lucky Prize" probably felt obligated to listen to the salesman and walk around the property with him, as if the prize had cost a lot of money. But had the person known it, he spent more money on gas coming out to the office than the prize was worth. I once asked the owner of the real estate development how much he paid for the prizes. He told me, "I get them in close-out sales of places that went bankrupt. See those John F. Kennedy Memorial Record Albums? They are marked $1.98, but I got them for 13¢ each."

Part V. Tricks of the Trade

There are many ways to sell a product. To name the various ways and give examples would fill a book. Of the methods I have heard, the following told to me by Ezra Zimmerman of Pennsylvania is, perhaps, the most interesting. Ezra decided to have a sewing machine business besides the farm he owns. Here is how a salesman told him to sell the machines:

> A man that worked for the ______ Co. went on his own and started to sell other brands. He told me he used to run an ad in the paper like this: "Used Sewing Machine, automatic, $34.95 or $5.00 a month." Then when someone calls about the sewing machine you go to their place with an old machine. Loosen parts so that it really rattles. Then run it and talk real softly so that the sewing machine rattles even more. Take a new sewing machine with you in a case. Set it down inside the door and don't say anything about it. Then when you are running the old machine don't talk too much. Stop and see what the woman says about that machine. She won't like it. Pretty soon she will ask, "What do you have in that case?"
>
> "Oh, yes, I had better show you that machine; it is a ______." Then you get it out (a brand new one) and run it and show her how nice it runs. Talk loud so it makes less noise. After a while she will ask how much it costs. You tell her $250. She will hit the ceiling. Then you tell her this one has a few scratches and you will take off $100. If she still thinks it is too high, then ask her if she has something to "trade-in". She will have something, so you give her $25.00 more off the original price; that will bring the price down to $125 and she will buy it. And you have sold a sewing machine.
>
> The man told me $125 is what he really wanted for the sewing machine when he went up the front walk of the house.

Needless to say, Ezra never took the salesman's advice on how to sell sewing machines. He sells a well-known, expensive brand right at home, and his prices don't drop by halves. He's a great believer in the old saying, "You get what you pay for."

Part VI. Caught Unawares

Some salesmen are "tricky" with the way they sell their product, as in the sewing machine incident. But some are "tricky" in other ways, too. For instance the case of Martha Miller.* (*Not actual name)

One day Martha was helping her father plow. She became thirsty and tied the horse and went toward the house. Just as she was approaching the front yard, a car pulled in at the short farm lane. The driver called out, "Hello," as he opened the car door and got out.

"Hello," answered Martha, pausing by the rail fence. She nervously brushed at her mud-spattered dress.

"Is your dad around?" asked the young man, who by now was also standing by the rail fence.

"He's back plowing," answered Martha.

"What's your name?" asked the man.

"Martha," she answered without thinking it strange that he asked.

"How old are you Martha?" he further questioned.

"Eighteen."

"Does your dad take the ——— farm magazine?" asked the young man.

"Yes, he does," said Martha.

"Could you get a copy and I could look at the expiration date to see if he needs to renew it?" said the salesman.

Martha nodded and turned to enter the house. The salesman followed her, but Martha thought nothing of it. That is she thought nothing of it until she handed the magazine to the young man in the living room. He held her hand when he took the magazine from her and pulled her toward him and kissed her.

Martha was shocked. She hadn't suspected a thing. She learned that a young woman can be caught unawares and should never go inside the house alone with a salesman.

PART VII. Is There Anyone We Can Trust?

In this age of extensive advertising in newspapers and magazines, of 1,000 page catalogs, and of rapid transportation, there would seem to be little need to buy from "strange" salesmen who come to the kitchen door and ask, "Is the lady of the house in?"

There are, however, certain companies who still believe in using door-to-door salesmen, field representatives, or district agents. Perhaps there are some in your area — some who are not at all similar to the salesmen described in the preceding paragraphs. The salesmen we have discussed might best be labeled NUISANCE. There are, however, many fine salesmen with whom you are dealing right now and with whom your father dealt. These are local men who are well-known in the community. They may be fertilizer salesmen, representatives for the mill, appliance dealers, or seed-corn salesmen. They are familiar faces — not strangers who are "here today and gone tomorrow." They are men who come around twice a year and work for a time tested company which has built up a reputation for honesty and quality of product. These are the salesmen you can trust. ■■

"If someone were to pay you ten cents for every kind word you have spoken about people, and collect five cents for every unkind word, would you be rich or poor?"
- Word and Way

"Life is a one-way street. No matter how many detours you take, none of them leads back."
- Isabel Moore

"It is those who have tried it most frequently who are convinced that marriage is a failure."
- Arkansas Gazette

"It is not who is right, but what is right that is important."
- T. H. Huxley

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

WHAT MAKES PEOPLE HARD TO GET ALONG WITH?

Sometimes it seems the world is terribly full of quarreling. Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." What is wrong? Are the peacemakers outnumbered? Yes, by the looks of things there aren't enough to go around.

Wherever a person goes there is a feeling of tension between individuals. A teacher will sense it in the classroom. Though children as a whole get along better than adults, there is still envy and dislike and smouldering anger. For instance, Kathy doesn't get along with Betty, her classmate. Kathy says Betty is nosey and meddlesome; Betty claims Kathy always has to have her own way. They seldom get nasty about it, but one day on the playground they pulled each other's hair.

There is tension in the community of adults, too. John and Bill are neighboring farmers. Years ago they were good friends. They borrowed machinery from each other and swapped work during the harvest. But that is all past. One day Bill's cows broke through the line fence into John's corn. John hastily sicked his dog after them. As the cows wildly clambered across the broken fence, one of Bill's best cows caught her udder on the barbed wire. The animal had to be beefed. Bill blamed John, and John blamed Bill.

Similarly, Levi and Elmer are neighboring farmers. They are more — they are brothers in the church. A wall of mistrust has grown up between them in spite of the efforts of brethren to break it down. It is no secret that the men sometimes have words. Some people call it a clash of personalities; others are less charitable and call the ill feeling by its true name.

There is quarreling the world over. Miguel is a young native laborer in Honduras. He is a good worker, likable, and willing to learn. But one day he refused to do what his boss asked of him. His assignment was to help concrete the floor of a new building. Miguel refused because Gallo would be working there. Miguel and Gallo have a past record of fights. Miguel was afraid to go unarmed. So he was excused.

The quarreling is not all between individuals. The U.S.A. and Russia are two giant countries that for the past twenty-five years have dominated the world. They are supposedly each other's greatest enemies. The cold war between them has cost each country billions of dollars. Their grasping for power has several times brought the world to the brink of nuclear war.

Our century has already seen two world wars, and the present Vietnam war has lasted longer than either of them. Our century is turning out to be a century of blood. Why can't countries live peaceably side by side? The answer lies in their being governed by people. And people, as we have observed, are by nature quarrelsome.

Two children want a ball. They fight for it. When adults can't get along with each other, is it because they have never grown up? Or what is it that makes people hard to get along with?

My Pride Won't Let Me Give Up

When quarrels are short-lived, they usually don't amount to much. They die quickly if they are not fed. But they live on and on if nourished. As long as a grudge survives in the heart, even if hidden deep down inside, a quarrel cannot die. Grudges are like seeds. You may cover them deep, but they will grow if they get any warmth and moisture.

Sometimes quarrels go on for years and years because each of the parties is too proud to give up to the other. If the other humbled himself first, well then I might be ready to do so too, but until then — my pride won't let me.

Human pride will do strange things. I remember a story in a magazine some years ago. It was about two unmarried brothers who lived together in their modest dwelling at the edge of a new England village. One day they got to quarreling about some trifle. In the heat of the moment they nailed up a partition and divided the house into two sections. One brother used the front door and the other the back. The first had a kitchen but no bedroom; the other a bathtub but no water.

Each in his fierce pride determined not to be the one to go knocking on the wall, begging to have it taken down. Let the other make the first move — 'twas all his fault anyhow! For thirty years they lived thus, reportedly never speaking a word to each other. When they chanced to meet, both men nodded sourly, but no words.

When neighbors good-naturedly asked either of the two old men why they weren't reconciled in their old age so they could care for each other, the answer was always the same, "Druther be mad."

Poor souls! They ruined their lives being independent and stubborn, merely because their pride wouldn't let them give up. They tried to believe they were happier living lonesomely apart (and mad!) when all the world knows they would have found life more rewarding living together, loving each other, helping a brother. Pride, contrariness, stubbornness — these stood in the way.

A long-standing grudge will change a man's personality. The two bachelor brothers no doubt became grumpy neighbors, not only to each other but to the entire community. Nursing a grudge such as theirs year after year would have sapped all the sweetness out of their souls. Their spiritual lives must have become as anemic as a toadstool in a basement.

The two brothers were certainly unusual. That is our first impression. But no, unusual is not a strong enough word. They were odd. Queer. Funny in the head.

Were they? Really? A wise man once said, "To err is human; to forgive is divine." Perhaps they were only more human than most.

Certainly, the bachelors were pitifully human. And being human, they lived in a world where they had lots of company. On this globe there are a good many people who get into a rut like they did and then persuade themselves they are happy. Like the two old men, these people choose to be angry rather than to forgive, to fight rather than to be at peace, to be sick rather than well, to be mired in self-pity rather than humble themselves, to be miserable rather than happy. They elect to be mean or mad or moody, and then convince themselves they have every right to be that way. Strange world, isn't it? No wonder there are quarrels.

"I'm Disgusted With Myself"

I think all of us have days when we're not so pleasant to live with as we should be. My worst times are when I'm disgusted with myself. Perhaps I have set out to complete a certain job by sundown. But through some blunder or misjudgment, the work is not finished. Or it turns out to be a poor job. It is then easy to take out my frustration on those near and dear to me. I become short-tempered and grouchy.

Realizing why I am grumpy has often helped me to overcome it. And when I have observed the same reactions in others, I sympathize. I know that they are not really disgusted with others, only with themselves.

A man is usually his own greatest problem. It is easy to blame our failures on others, but by so doing we are not being honest. If I find that other people are very hard to get along with, it might be well to ask myself who is at fault. Perhaps I am the one who is hard to get along with.

When a person fails to get along with those dear to him, it is often an indication that he isn't getting along with himself. He is frustrated with life and is dissatisfied with the way he himself is behaving. The trouble is, such a person rarely realizes why he acts as he does. He strikes out at those around him. They are to blame for his failures.

Harvey was a young man of sixteen who was sure all the troubles of his life were the fault of his father. His father was too bossy and overbearing; a person would think he had no faults of his own the way he ordered his sons around. Harvey rebelled. He did not realize that rebellion is a poison that feeds on the mind and grows long roots of sadness and tragedy.

Harvey's trouble was not really his father. His trouble was Harvey. Time proved this. He left home and went to work for someone else. He was determined to get along. He would prove to the world that it was not his fault he could not get along with his father.

Henry's case was somewhat different. As a young man he was respected and well-liked in the community, but for some reason or other he and his wife did not get along with each other exactly as they should have. Whose fault it was we have no way of knowing. Over the years the situation worsened, and as it did Henry's spiritual life appeared to suffer. No longer was he a quiet obedient member of the church. His nature became quarrelsome; he began to resent other brethren in the church whose family life was all that his was not. At last he became rebellious toward the church and critical of the ministers.

Henry's problems became serious, some people thought, because he didn't realize soon enough that he and his wife needed counseling to resolve their difficulties. He didn't realize how much had been lost when love was lost in the home. He may not have realized that his apparent failure as a husband and father is what caused him to be quarrelsome and to rebel against the church — to protect his own self by blaming his troubles on someone else.

Peace and Understanding

The Apostle James asked a question some two thousand years ago. He wondered, "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" (James 4:1).

James knew where the trouble lay. It is the nature of man to be selfish. It is human for me to look out for myself. It is natural to strike back when we are offended, to seek revenge for the evil done us.

How different human nature is from the Christlike nature! Jesus is the Prince of Peace, and His ways are love and forgiveness. The Christian is peace-loving and easy to get along with. It should be his nature to be pleasant, to be humble in spirit, to forgive a brother his wrongs, to return good for evil.

The two natures clash, the human and the Christlike, and both dwell in a person. In the God fearing the Christ spirit has dominion, but the human nature is still very human. If a man is to get along with others, he must at least partly understand himself — his own shortcomings and weaknesses. He must realize he is as subject to mistakes as other people, and be humble enough to admit them. This will mean a workable, teachable spirit, and a willingness to accept advice from others.

Humility and teachableness — these are the first laws of getting along, it seems to me. Without these virtues, no man can heed Paul's plea in Romans 12:18, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Getting along with others is another way of saying co-operation. The Bible likens Christians to sheep and lambs, not only because they are meek and submissive, but also because they co-operate. When sheep run, they run together. A flock of fifty will weave and turn as they climb a hill or round a corner, but they will move as one body. Those on the outside crowd toward the center, coveting the safety and support of numbers. No one sheep feels he is sufficient unto himself.

Human nature is not sheeplike. People are more like cattle than they are like sheep. As most of us know, cows are independent creatures, strong willed and more than a little contrary. If you want a cow to move over in her stall, the best way is to pull her tail in the opposite direction. Tug east and she'll go west. Tug west and she'll go east. This contrariness is particularly evident in newborn calves. Every calf that I ever saw backed up when pulled forward by its ears, and bolted ahead when pulled by its tail.

It is unfortunate that people are by nature so much like cows and calves. We all need to pray God for victory over anything that would make us contrary, selfish, stubborn and hard to get along with.

Years ago there was a large church in Boston. The choir and the congregation had a difference of opinion, and being human they got upset about it. I don't know what the quarrel was about, but maybe it was the pay the choir members were to receive for their services. At any rate, the choir decided to go on strike and on the following Sunday refuse to sing. That would show the congregation who was who and what was what.

Well, the minister heard about the plot. He was grieved, and wondered what he could do to overcome such stubborn contrariness on the part of the choir.

When Sunday morning came the choir members filed sullenly to their places in the loft, determined not to open their mouths when the time came to sing. Let the congregation try to sing without them. The worshipers in the pews sensed the seriousness of the moment and waited anxiously.

The minister, Samuel West, stood up and addressed the people. "This morning," he announced, "we will sing

Isaac Watt's well-known hymn, 'Marching to Zion'. I will read the first verse to you."

The minister read,

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne."

"And now," continued the minister, pausing for a moment as he glanced over the tense congregation. "And now, the choir will lead in singing the second verse."

Strangely enough, the choir promptly began to sing. Everyone joined in, and the tenseness was gone. These are the words that filled the church:

"Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

Lo, the minister had touched the solution to all grouchiness, contrariness, and lack of co-operation. Let those who do not know God be hard to get along with. Let them be the ones to be irritable and short-tempered, grumpy and selfish. They have little reason to be otherwise.

But let us who know God be yielding, lovable, and ready to co-operate with our fellow men in every good work. The royal law of the Scriptures is to love our neighbors as ourselves. That rules out willfulness and babying our egos. We have no right to be cross-grained. We have no excuse for being hard to get along with.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

FANNIE HELMUTH DIDN'T ENJOY BEING PUT ON THE SPOT AND EMBARRASSED ABOUT THE FACT THAT SHE WAS STILL SINGLE AND NO LONGER YOUNG.

LEFT OVER — For A Purpose

- Name Withheld

FANNIE HELMUTH PUSHED the washing machine back into its place and swished down the last puddle of water with the broom. She looked around with satisfaction. The weekly washing was done. Well, not the weekly washing. Fannie preferred to wash twice a week, but last Friday there had been grapes and the last tomatoes to can and the washing had to wait. That's why the wash today had been oversized.

Fannie picked up the large basket of clothes and carried it out into the yard. She worked deftly, blowing on her hands occasionally to warm them. The October wind was surprisingly chilly. The cold mornings and the bright blue sky made Fannie think of corn husking. This was the first October in many years that she did not help husk corn at home. Even after her brother Mahlon moved home to take over the farming, Fannie still managed to arrange her work so she could be home during at least part of the husking season. But this year Mahlon's oldest boy was out of school, and Fannie had decided that Andy's needed her worse than Mahlon's did.

"I can't believe that Daniel is 15 already," said Fannie to herself. "It seems like only a few years ago that he was a baby." Mahlon was Fannie's oldest brother and Daniel was her first nephew. Fannie had been 17 at the time Daniel was born, and she still remembered how important she had felt to be the hired girl when Daniel was brought home from the hospital.

"Why," laughed Fannie to herself, "in two years Daniel will be as old as I was then. And Mahlon — I always thought when someone has children out of school they're no longer young. They're middle-aged. And if Mahlon is middle-aged, I'm only five years behind him.".

The clothes basket was empty and Fannie returned to the washhouse for the last basket. She knew that she must hurry, because it was getting close to dinner time.

Even though Fannie was working for Andy Rabers, she was free to plan her work, doing what she thought was the most important task at that particular time. Andy's wife, Katie, had a heart condition and was unable to work. Even light work like mending socks tired her, so she was more than glad to have Fannie go on with the housework.

"You go ahead and plan the work as you think best," Katie had said. "You're outside and know better when the garden needs weeding and the beans are ready to can and things like that. The children and I will help you, but I'm afraid you'll end up with the hardest work."

Fannie did not mind the hard work; she was used to that. But she couldn't quite get used to "going ahead" after all these years of working for other people. It was not long, however, before she felt very much at home with the Rabers. She planted and cared for the garden, mowed the lawn, did the housework, and canned for the family. She found Katie a very pleasant woman to work for. The whole family was pleasant, for that matter. Fannie felt free to ask any of the four children to help her, but now the children were in school. This was Ben's last year; Freda, though, was only in the sixth grade. That meant it would be three years before Katie had her daughter at home. Then there was Betty in the fourth grade and Eli, the mischievous second grader.

When the last clothes were on the line Fannie hurried into the kitchen. Glancing at the clock, she saw it was 11:00. "Do you have anything in mind for dinner?" she asked the thin, wan woman sitting in the rocking chair by the living room window.

"I should have, but I'm so used to having you go ahead with dinner that I never gave it a thought." She smiled at Fannie. "You're tired from washing all forenoon. Why don't you open a can of soup and maybe toast some cheese sandwiches. Then we'll try and have potatoes and meat tonight when the children are home."

"That sounds good, said Fannie. "Hot soup is just what I need to warm me up after being outside all forenoon. It was pretty cold."

Soon the soup was heating and Fannie was buttering slices of bread for the sandwiches. "It's hard to believe that it is October already," she said to Katie, who was setting the table.

Katie smiled. "Yes, time passes swiftly. Even if there are days that seem long, the months have a way of slipping away."

Fannie was silent. She was often impressed with the way Katie faced life. If only she could be more contented herself. She tried to imagine what it would be like to have a family and not be able to care for them, to see to their needs, to join them in their everyday work. And yet Katie never complained. She did what she could and let Fannie do the rest. It gave Fannie a feeling of satisfaction — the feeling that she was needed and appreciated. It was this feeling that made Fannie keep trying in those days when there was more work than she could get done; it was this feeling that kept Fannie from getting homesick even though she was twenty miles from home; and it was this feeling that kept Fannie from getting discouraged with life. She knew she was doing something worthwhile.

Fannie had just put the last sandwich into the frying pan when Andy came in for dinner. That was another thing she appreciated about the Rabers. They were prompt with meals, and if Andy couldn't be there on time, he sent word to the house that he would be late. Fannie tried to do her part by having dinner on time.

"How did the husking go?" asked Katie as they were eating.

"Fine, only a little slow," answered Andy. "We sure have a good crop this year."

"Could a person get a job husking?" asked Fannie.

"Sure thing," answered Andy. "Why? Did you run out of work?"

"No, not really. But with no canning this week, I should be able to help at least part of the time. That is, if it's all right with you." Fannie looked at Katie.

"It's all right with me, only I thought when we're through with canning we'd let you have time off to go home a few days. I feel guilty having you so busy all the time that you don't have a chance to go home," answered Katie.

"Now, Katie," chided Andy. "Don't make her homesick just when I'm about to get help husking corn."

Fannie blushed. "That's why I want to help husk corn," she said with a little laugh. "I keep thinking that I'd like to go home after the corn is husked. Then you'll be around to help with the fires and things."

"All right," agreed Andy, "it's a bargain. With you helping and the children helping on Saturday, we should easily finish by the middle of next week. As soon as the last ear is in the crib, we'll send the hired girl home. Providing, of course, that she promises to return when she's rested and feels like it."

Fannie was overjoyed. The middle of next week — that meant she might leave on Thursday, spend the rest of the week and Sunday at home and come back the first of the following week. After dinner she hurried with the dishes and then hunted out a husker that fit her hand. When Andy stopped by the gate with the wagon and horses she was ready to go along.

It took Fannie a little while to get back into practice, and Andy had to help her with her row several times. But soon she was able to keep up. Husking corn brought back memories — memories of the times when she and her brothers and sisters had helped their parents husk corn at home. Those days seemed long ago now, and the rest were all married. Yes, time brought a lot of changes. There was the ever-growing number of nieces and nephews, new responsibilities added to each family. It seemed that everyone was changing. Everyone but Fannie. She was still just Fannie.

Fannie couldn't quite figure out why she was so happy. Was it being in the cornfield and thinking back over the happy times that used to be, or was it the thought that in just a little over a week she was going home? Even if she was happy, husking made her tired. She was glad when they got to the end of the second round through the field and Andy announced that it was time to go home.

The weather was favorable and Fannie managed to husk at least half of each day that week. On Saturday she stayed inside to do the cleaning and the baking while the children went husking. On Saturday evening when the children came home from husking they announced that there were 46 rows of corn left to husk. They had it all figured out. If Fannie helped three half days, she and Dad could husk 36 of them. That left only 10 rows for Dad to husk by himself. At any rate they could be done by Wednesday evening at the very latest.

The children were right. Even though it rained one morning and kept them out of the cornfield until dinnertime, the corn was all in the crib by 3:00 on Wednesday afternoon.

"I'll still wait until tomorrow noon to go home," said Fannie. "That way I can do the washing before I go, and maybe do a little baking."

"It's up to you," answered Katie. "But take your time. Don't let our work bother you. We'll do the best we can."

"Yes, sure," answered Fannie. She could hardly believe that she was really going home at last.

After dinner the next day Andy hitched Bob, the family horse, to the buggy and brought him over to the gate at the end of the yard. "Now, make yourself boss," Andy said as Fannie climbed into the buggy. "It's been a long time since he had much work, and he's lazy." He gave the horse a good-natured slap. Fannie tried to hide her eagerness as she tucked the heavy robe around her lap. She picked up the lines.

"Where's your gloves?" asked Andy.

"I — I don't have them along. I'll get them at home then," said Fannie. She didn't tell Andy that the last time she was home it was still July and she didn't think of gloves then. "Giddap, Bob," she called.

"Whoa. You'll need gloves. I'll get you some." Before Fannie could protest, Andy was gone. Soon he returned with a pair of his new work gloves. "They won't fit, but they'll keep your hands warm."

"Thanks. Good-by," called Fannie.

"Good-by."

Fannie was happy to be on her way home. She sang to herself and let Bob travel at his own pace. She did not want to tire him at the very first. But soon Bob seemed to think they had gone far anough. He wanted to turn into every driveway.

"Come on, Bob," she said, slapping the horse. "Don't you remember the last time you and I traveled this road? We have a long ways to go." Bob seemed to understand. He trotted more willingly now. They passed through town and then they were out in the rolling country again. Three hours after Fannie left Andy's, she turned into the driveway that led to the place she had longed for so often in the past months — home.

Home to Fannie used to be the house where she and her parents lived. But since she had left the community it had seemed to stretch out into a larger area. Home now extended to the farms round about, to the many friends and neighbors dear to her. But the home she was coming to tonight was her parents' home. There would be time tomorrow to visit in the neighborhood, and on Sunday she'd attend the home church. Tonight she wanted to relax and enjoy the home of her parents.

Fannie felt the warm friendliness of the house as soon as she opened the door. It was like coming to shelter after being in the storm. Fannie and her parents sat and talked until it was late, then she went to bed with happy thoughts still lingering. "How long will I have this home to come home to?" she asked herself. She knew it would not be forever. Her parents were no longer young. She pushed the thought from her mind. She still had her parents, and it hurt even to think about not having them Tonight she only wanted to relax and enjoy the home she still had.

The next two days were pleasant days for Fannie and her mother. Together they did things that her mother could not do herself. They dug the sweet potatoes and put up the storm windows. They went visiting, and on Saturday afternoon Fannie went to the store with Mother. Everywhere she went Fannie was reminded of the past — of joys and sorrows of her childhood days.

Then it was Sunday morning. "Are you driving to church with us?" asked Dad when he went to the barn to get their horse ready.

"I was planning to go with Andy's horse and buggy. Then I might drive over to see Amanda Beachy before I come home," answered Fannie.

"I just wondered if you could go back without visiting her," teased Mother good-naturedly. "I don't care if you go, only be sure you come back in time for supper. I invited some of the children home since I knew you were coming."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me before. Was it supposed to be a surprise?" asked Fannie.

"Well, not really. I'm not sure if they are coming or not," answered Mother. "But let's hurry now. It's getting late."

It seemed good to be in the home church again. It was so long since Fannie had heard Bishop Dan preach that she was glad when he seated himself on the second chair. That meant he was going to have the main sermon. She was glad, too, that Eli Frey preached the opening. He was young and recently ordained and Fannie had not heard him often before. As he stood and preached so earnestly, Fannie's thoughts went back once more — back to the time when she and Eli had sat side by side on the class bench at school.

After services Fannie chatted with some of her friends. But she was a little ill at ease. It seemed the friends of her age were all busy feeding their children and the younger ones were planning what they were going to do in the afternoon and how they were going to manage the transportation problem getting back to the singing. Fannie was trying to find a corner in the kitchen where she could stand and be out of the way when Dan Mast's wife, Annie, met her.

"Well, hello, there," said Annie, "you're almost a stranger."

"Oh, no, not a stranger," answered Fannie, wishing she were someplace else. Annie talked so much and too loud.

"Do you still like your work out there?" Annie asked.

"Yes, I do," answered Fannie simply.

Annie smiled knowingly at the woman behind her and then at Fannie. "I just told Dan the other morning, 'There must be a special reason why Fannie works so far from home and stays so long without coming home. She's not working out there for nothing!"

Fannie's face reddened. "Andy's can't get along very well without a hired girl and it's hard to find help these days," she said, trying to hide the disgust in her voice.

"See, she looks pretty guilty," said Annie as she patted Fannie's arm. "Don't think for a minute that you can do things like that without us finding out. Things have a way of getting around." With another loud laugh she was gone.

Fannie glanced around the kitchen. Everything seemed strangely silent. She felt as if every eye were on her. Fannie wished the floor would open and let her sink out of sight. "Why did Annie have to talk like that in front of so many people?" she wondered. Fannie felt resentment growing deep down inside, but bravely she tried to hide it with a smile.

There were other people who came to talk with Fannie. Most of them tried to make her feel welcome, but there were others who made remarks that Fannie was supposed to understand, but didn't. They were the kind of remarks that put Fannie on the spot. She didn't know how to answer them.

Later in the afternoon Fannie drove over to the Beachy house. Amanda came out to greet her. "Do come in," she said. "I'm so glad you came. Dad has company and I was rather bored with their conversation so I went upstairs to write a few letters. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you drive in. When did you come home?"

"Thursday afternoon. Let's just tie the horse. I promised Mother I'd be home for supper," said Fannie. "There's a blanket in the back of the buggy."

Before long Fannie was comfortably seated in Amanda's room. Amanda was almost ten years older than Fannie, but the two girls had much in common. It was not long before Fannie was telling Amanda about being in church, how Dan Annie had embarrassed her, and all the other things people had said to her. "It makes me want to stay away from people," she said. "I wish I had left right after church."

"Now, Fannie," chided Amanda, "Don't let that bother you. Annie has a way of saying things. Everyone knows that she talks too much and . . ."

"But what about all the other people?" asked Fannie. "They make me think they think I think getting a husband is the most important thing in life!" Fannie had to laugh in spite of herself.

"Wait a minute," laughed Amanda. "You have too many 'thinks.' I can't keep up. You know, I think most of the people don't realize that they're making us uncomfortable when they talk like that. They want to start a conversation, and since they can't ask about our children and things like that, they don't know what to say."

Fannie thought for a minute. Maybe Amanda was right. Maybe the people didn't mean to be rude. Maybe she was just being overly-sensitive. Maybe . . . .

"I know just what you're talking about. Even now people still like to tease me." Amanda's voice brought Fannie back to reality.

"But what do you tell them?" asked Fannie. "Isn't it terribly embarrassing to you?"

"Well, yes, I guess it is. It is just one of those things in life that I can't change, so I try to ignore it," said Amanda. After a minute she added, "But let's look to the brighter side of things. There are many, many people who have expressed themselves so nicely to me, about living our lives to the fullest, no matter what God has in store for us. In fact, I still have a letter I received from Levi Graber soon after my mother passed away." Amanda went to the little chest on top of the bureau and got out a well-worn envelope. "Here, I'll let you read it."

Fannie looked at the envelope in her hand. "It looks like it's been read quite a few times," she said.

"It has been read many times," answered Amanda.

"My, I don't know if I have time to read all this or not," said Fannie laughingly as she pulled the fat contents from the envelope. "Who is Levi Graber?"

"Levi's a friend of Dad's. I don't know him myself, but after Mother passed away he and Dad wrote to each other, and I guess Dad mentioned that I'm living with him, and Levi sent me this letter. I'll tell you about it, then you won't have to take time to read the whole letter yourself. Levi's first wife died when she was quite young, leaving Levi a widower with seven small children. His sister came to work for him and stayed with him for five years. Then Levi married an older girl who proved to be a loving companion and a devoted stepmother for his children. Meanwhile his sister went home and cared for his parents until their death. Now Levi is a widower again and has one of his single daughters living with him. She is just about my age. He writes how the lives of these three maiden ladies, as he calls them, have taught him to have a deep respect for older girls who spend their lives serving others."

"That sure sounds interesting," said Fannie.

"Often when I was discouraged I reread this letter. I know he and the many other people who show respect to us don't realize what it means to have people who try to understand."

"And not give us the impression that they feel sorry for us and that being an old maid must be a disgrace," added Fannie.

"Fannie, don't say that. You make it sound so horrible," said Amanda. There was a note of shock in her voice.

"But Amanda, you know well enough that being an old maid seems to be a threat to many of the younger girls. They're the ones who make it sound horrible," protested Fannie.

"Yes, I know," said Amanda. "But don't blame the girls. It is often their parents who give them that impression. I have actually heard mothers say they wouldn't want their daughters to be 'left over.' They're the ones who seem to think that an old maid is a person who was not fortunate enough to get a husband, therefore she spends the rest of her life feeling sorry for herself and . . ."

"And minding other people's business," added Fannie.

Both girls laughed. Then Amanda became sober again. "But let's face it, Fannie. There are girls who do just that. Somehow they have failed to find their real purpose in life and make themselves and others miserable by being self-centered and hard to get along with," she said.

"I know married people who do the same thing," said Fannie. "And yet no one says all married people are like that."

"And no one ever said that all old maids are like that, either," said Amanda. "You're imagining a lot of things. Have you ever heard anyone say that Esther Troyer was selfish and hard to get along with? Or Barbara Yoder, or the Mast sisters, or — or . . ."

"Or Amanda Beachy," laughed Fannie.

Amanda blushed a little. "Besides," she continued, "think of all the school teachers and hired girls and the girls who are keeping house for one or the other of their parents or other lonely people who no longer have their companions and are unable to care for themselves. A lot of these girls are in their upper twenties or older. What would people do if everyone got married at 21? Who would fill those places that can't be filled by busy mothers? Who would be working for people like Andy Rabers if you and every other girl were married?" Amanda was getting out of breath. She sounded excited.

"Oh, Amanda, you make it sound so easy," laughed Fannie. "Why did we ever get into this discussion anyway? I had no intentions to come over here and cry on your shoulder like this." She glanced at the clock. "Oh, I have to be going. It's later than I had planned on staying already." She got up to leave.

"Always remember," said Amanda softly. "We can't help it if God chooses us to be old maids. But what we make of life we can help. And that is the part that counts. It's like Levi Graber wrote; if older girls submit themselves into their role of life, they can be special instruments in God's hands, and He blesses them in a special way."

"Well, that's not really a new thought to me," said Fannie sincerely. "I've felt that God must have a special purpose for me. I don't know why I let the small talk upset me like it did. Thanks so very much for the encouragement. I sure enjoyed the afternoon."

"Thank you for coming. I'm sure I got as much out of it as you did. Do come again. You know you're always welcome here," said Amanda.

"All right, I'm sure I'll come again. Thanks a lot."

"You're welcome. 'Bye."

"Good-by." Then Fannie was on her way home. As she drove along she was thinking — thinking about Amanda, about the letter, and finally about herself. Her mind wandered back over the years and across the miles to the home where she was working. She had always thought perhaps someday in the future she would fill a special need. That would be the reward of being single. But now it seemed different. She realized that during the past years she had filled special needs — not by doing some great work, but by the dozens of little tasks she had done. She had worked in many homes and had had the opportunity to fill many needs. Had she done her duty?

And her nieces and nephews. How Fannie loved them! She knew that they considered Aunt Fannie "someone special". Tears stung Fannie's eyes as a deep longing swept over her. It was the longing to be more dedicated to her special purpose, to live her life to the fullest, and above all, to live so that if any of her nieces grew up to be an old maid, they would think of their Aunt Fannie and not see such a life as a disgrace.

By now the sun had set. Fannie saw her home silhouetted against the pink western sky. She saw a new beauty in her home and its surroundings. There was also a new beauty in the future.

"Giddap, Bob," she called. "We don't want to be late for supper." ■■

Ein Neue Jahr Lied

Sel. by Henry B. Sauder

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist
Drum bitten wir, Herr Jesu Christ,
Du wollst uns in dem neuen Jahr
Vor Sünd und Trägheut wohl bewahren.

Was wir im alten Jahr vershuld
Verzeih uns, Herr, und hab Geduld,
Wir bitten zwar mit unserer sünd
Dein Zorn und Strafe wohl verdient.

Die Zeiten sehr gefährlich sein,
Viel fremdes Feuer misht sich drein,
Dein Weinberg ist zerfallen sehr;
O Herr, bewahr doch deine Lehr!

Wo bleibt jetzt Lieb und Wachsamkeit?
Wo Sanftmuth und Demüthigkeit?
Ein jeder will der grözte sein,
Hoch fahren her ist allgemein.

"Die Kindlein eh sie werden grosz,
Ja, wahrlich auf der Mutter Schosz,
Werden mit Putz und Pracht umhängt,
Dasz es ein Christ im Herzen kränkt.

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Ihr Väter und ihr Mütter hört
Christe Vorbild euch das nicht lehrt;
Wie könnt ihr so vor Gott bestehen?
Wie wirds euch am Gerichtstag gehen?

Denkt nicht am Kindlein darf es sein,
Fürwahr s'ist Trug und Heuchelei;
Von Jesu Weg lernt die Kindelein
Und willst doch selbst sein Jünger sein!

Ach Eltern, thut euch doch bemühen
Um eure Kinder aufzuziehen
Wie Christus euch ein Vorbild ward
Und nicht nach Welt Manier und Art.

Ja, Seelen, s'ist ein böse Zeit
Beider genannten Christen heit,
Die mersten nur nach andern sehn.
Christus last man zur seite stehen.

Man gehet mit den groszen Hauf;
Ist das nicht allgemein der Lauf?
"Herr! Herr!" das ist bei viel die sprach
Aber vie wenig folgen nach.

Ja, Herr, behüt dein Häuflein klein,
Gib sie noch Wachsthum und Gedeih'n,
Und es in diesem neuen Jahr,
Ja, segne und recht wohl bewahr.

JACK MINER'S — Where Wild Birds Are Tame

-Elmo Stoll

IT WAS JUST STARTING to get dark as the four of us walked briskly down the blacktop road a few miles outside the small Ontario town of Kingsville. As we glanced up the road ahead of us, we spotted a man with a gun approaching. He was clad in a thick, red, hunter's coat and carried his shotgun slung across one shoulder. As he passed us, I noticed with surprise that the hunter was empty-handed. He had not succeeded in shooting any game.

What is so surprising about an empty-handed hunter? Ordinarily there would be nothing, but this was different. Only an hour before my three friends and I had stood in awe as we watched thousands of wild geese so close to us that we could have killed them with a sling shot. Yet barely a mile away this hunter with his shotgun had watched the sky all evening and had not been able to bag a single goose.

Why had we seen so many geese and the hunter none? For an explanation to this question, we need to go back seventy-five years into the past. At that time hardly anyone had ever heard of a man called Jack Miner. And none of his neighbors would ever have guessed that he would some day become famous as a friend of wildlife. He was just an ordinary, common outdoorsman who couldn't even read or write. But he liked to hunt and became a deadly shot with a rifle. He and his brother Ted would shoot a wheelbarrowful of wild ducks and geese to sell to rich people from Detroit twice a week.

But then one day in 1898 something happened that was to change Jack Miner's entire life. He and his brother Ted were out in the woods with a friend tracking moose. Suddenly a shot rang out, and Jack heard his friend gasp in alarm, "I shot Ted." Stunned with grief, Jack carried his brother's body the thirteen miles out of the woods and took him home. The accident affected him deeply, and he could not bring himself to go hunting again. He decided that he had had enough of killing.

Even before the tragic accident Jack Miner had noticed that each year there seemed to be fewer and fewer wild ducks and geese. As the acres of forests gradually made way for plowed fields of farmland, every kind of wildlife was dwindling in numbers. After the loss of his brother, Jack Miner began to think more about this. He thought of all the ducks and geese he himself had shot. He knew that thousands of other hunters were doing the same thing. He felt sorry for the ducks and geese as he saw them fighting a losing battle for survivial. Most of all he felt bad for his part in decreasing their number and wondered what he could do to make up for the damage he had already done.

Every spring and fall huge v-shaped formations of geese and ducks flew overhead. As Jack Miner watched them, he knew there wasn't a single place the birds could rest in safety. Every time they landed even for a moment to feed or to relax their tired wings, they were in danger of their lives. Cunning hunters with deadly weapons stalked every mile of their long journeys north and south.

As Jack Miner pondered on these things, slowly an idea formed in his mind. He would be a friend to the birds. On his farm they would be safe from the hunter's gun. He would feed them and give them a chance to rest before they continued on their dangerous journey.

It was a good plan but would it work, Jack Miner wondered. All his life he had been the birds' enemy. Would they trust him now to be their friend? He decided the least he could do was try it.

In February, 1904 Jack Miner bought seven wild geese from a neighbor. He clipped their wings and turned them loose in a small pond behind his barn. "Now we shall see if any other geese will join them," Jack said hopefully.

Jack Miner watched the skies day after day. He waited and hoped, but no geese stopped. The spring passed in disappointment. In the fall it was the same story. All the geese stayed high in the sky, afraid to go near a place where they had been shot at so often in the past.

It looked as if Jack Miner's plan would end in failure. His neighbors laughed and joked about his crazy ideas and told him it would never work. Jack Miner said nothing, but he wasn't ready to give up yet.

The second year passed—and the third. Still no success. But just when it seemed hopeless, one April day in 1908, eleven Canada geese landed cautiously on the pond and ate hungrily of the corn Jack had been putting out for four years. Jack Miner was wild with delight.

Each year after that, more geese seemed to know about the secret—that among all their enemies, they had one friend. Soon the buckets of corn Jack carried to them was not enough. He began to scatter corn by the sackful and finally scooped it from a wagon. Year after year the birds returned in increasing numbers.

There was one thing Jack wondered about as he watched the birds come and go each spring and fall. Where did they go? Where were their summer nests and their winter homes? There were a lot of guesses but no one seemed to know. Jack Miner made up his mind to find out. He scratched his address on a tiny piece of aluminum and fastened it to the leg of a black duck. A month later the the duck was shot in Anderson, South Carolina. The huntter found the makeshift band, read the address and returned it to Miner. Over the years Miner banded thousands of birds and gathered information which showed the migratory routes of ducks and geese. No longer was it necessary to guess where the birds went, for Miner was able to draw detailed maps showing their summer and winter homes and their flight paths during migration. This new knowledge helped conservationists to pass laws which protected the birds during nesting season and during migration.

In 1931 the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation was formed to carry on the work and to help pay for the enormous amounts of feed it took for the birds' daily meals.

JACK MINER'S TESTIMONY

The Lord is my Guide and Teacher, I will not get lost:

He makes my heart a receiving station for His wireless:

He sits down beside me in the pathless woods and opens up his book of knowledge:

He turns the leaves very slowly that my dimmed eyes may read His meaning.

He makes the trees I plant to grow, and flowers to arch my path with their fragrant beauty; gives me dominion over the fowls of the air and they honk and sing their way to and from my home.

Yea, He has brought me up from a barefooted underprivileged boy to a man respected by millions of people, and I give Him all the credit and praise whenever, wherever and forever.

Jack Miner

JACK MINER'S FAME

By Edgar A. Guest

At Kingsville on Lake Erie is a little patch of ground,
The stopping place for geese and swan when north or southward bound,
And every spring and autumn come thousands from the air
To visit with Jack Miner, who bids them welcome there.

From pole to pole the wildfowl have spread Jack Miner's fame.
The youngest goose in Canada by now has learned his name;
And so to old Jack Miner this simple thought I pen;
He's better known in bird life than in the haunts of men.

For every mallard flying and every whistling swan
Knows Miner is a human he can depend upon.
And when they near his gardens they know the danger's done;
That friendly hands will feed them and none will bear a gun.

Some men among their fellows are known for what they do,
Their names are in the papers; their pictures printed, too.
But Miner's fame is different—'tis seldom told in words;
He's one among the milions who's honored by the birds.

Jack Miner died in 1944 at the age of seventy-nine. Today the bird sanctuary is run by his three sons.

Having heard about the bird sanctuary, three friends and I decided to visit it and see what it was like. We phoned the sanctuary to find out what is the best part of the day to be there. Jack Miner's oldest son, Manly, answered and advised us to be there at 4:00 P.M., since that is when the birds are fed.

We climbed off the Greyhound bus only a half mile from the sanctuary. A sign on the side of a flat-roofed garage pointed with a large red arrow—JACK MINER'S.

Before we had covered half the distance, we could hear the honking of the geese. As we looked up, we could see birds in flight. We knew we were at the right place, and hurried on eagerly.

The first sign we saw as we neared the sanctuary was set off to the right of the road. In large black letters it said, CLOSED ON SUNDAYS. Then in smaller letters and printed within the outline of a churchhouse was a second rebuke to Sunday sightseers—"See You In Church."

"That's rather unusual for a place like this to be closed on Sunday," we remarked to each other as we hurried on. "They could probably do more business on Sunday than on any other day."

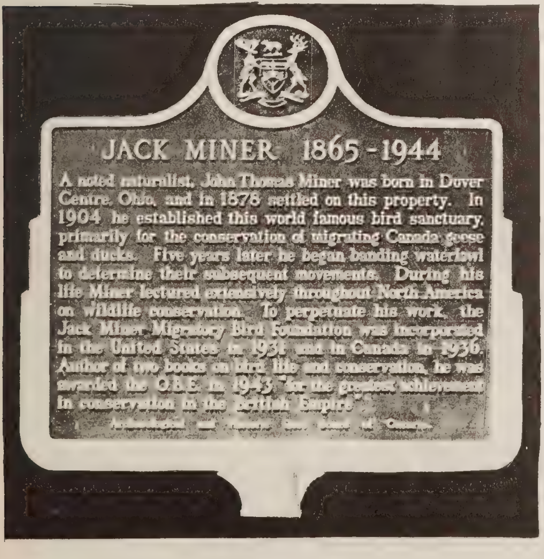
That's what we thought before we learned that there is no business. We soon discovered at the entrance to the Jack Miner homestead a printed posted which said, "The Birds Are Here." The poster went on to say that this was private property, but that visitors were welcome. It also said, among other things, that the management could not be held responsible for accidents. But the part I remember best was where it said:

> There is no admittance fee. No tipping is allowed. No postcards or souvenirs are sold. It was Jack Miner's wish that "in the name of God there be one place on earth where no money changes hands."

We found the atmosphere so different—such a refreshing change from most tourist attractions. There was absolutely no commercialism. Even a small boy who ventured in with a basket of apples to sell was promptly asked to leave the grounds by Manly Miner himself. We were delighted that there were no highpriced guides begging to take us for a tour, no glaring billboards to disfigure the landscape, and no expensive knickknacks or sovenirs to tempt our buyer's resistance. It was so unlike other tourist places, such as Niagara Falls for example where nature has been exploited and made ugly by the dollar sign.

We learned that Jack Miner was a deeply religious man. Wildlife and nature were an inspiration and a lesson to him. In later life he often said, "No intelligent man can live in the great outdoors without being forced to believe there is an overruling Power." Jack Miner began to put short Scripture verses on the duck and geese bands, along with his address. He received letters from hundreds of people, including Eskimos and Indians from the Hudson Bay area, thanking him for the inspiration they received from finding a Scriptural passage in such an unlikely spot as a goose's leg.

Most of the geese at the sanctuary are Canada geese. They have spent the summer in the far north. In mid September the first of the migrating birds arrive at the sanctuary. They steadily increase with each passing day. We visited the sanctuary on October 25 and there were around 8,000 birds there then. They keep on increasing in number until the last of November when there are an estimated 25,000. Then most of them leave for their winter grounds in the south. About five thousand birds, though, stay at the sanctuary all winter.



JACK MINER 1865-1944

A noted naturalist, John Thomas Miner was born in Dover Centre, Ohio, and in 1878 settled on this property. In 1904 he established this world famous bird sanctuary, primarily for the conservation of migrating Canada geese and ducks. Five years later he began banding waterfowl to determine their subsequent movements. During his life Miner lectured extensively throughout North America on wildlife conservation. To perpetuate his work, the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation was incorporated in the United States in 1931 and in Canada in 1936. Author of two books on bird life and conservation, he was awarded the O.B.E. in 1943 "for the greatest achievement in conservation in the British Empire."

The day we visited the sanctuary a number of tourists were there, plus two school buses of children, and a chartered bus from a mental institution. Though we varied widely in background, age, and interest, everyone seemed to mingle in friendly excitement as we all gazed at the wing-filled skies above us. It was fascinating to watch huge flocks of geese coming in, flying in skilled formation until just before they landed. Then they would drop gracefully onto the feeding grounds.

The birds are fed on several hundred acres of flat grassland. The corn was spread out for the birds a little while before we arrived. Some birds were already landing when we came, their black heads dotting the large fields. At four o'clock, when the birds were coming in the thickest, Jasper Miner, Jack's youngest son, walked to the back of the field chasing up the birds furthest away from us. This caused them to fly forward and land closer to us, this giving us a better view. As he chased the birds the sky became black with beating wings and outstretched necks. The air rang with musical honks.

We stood and watched the breathtaking sight. Soon the field before us was covered with geese. For those who wanted an even closer view, there was a small pond where wild ducks and geese could be coaxed into eating right out of one's hand.

I wondered if being so close to people and being fed by humans would not cause the birds to become less suspicious of hunters when they left the sanctuary. If this happened, it might be the cause of more geese being shot. In chatting with a bystander, I mentioned this fear.

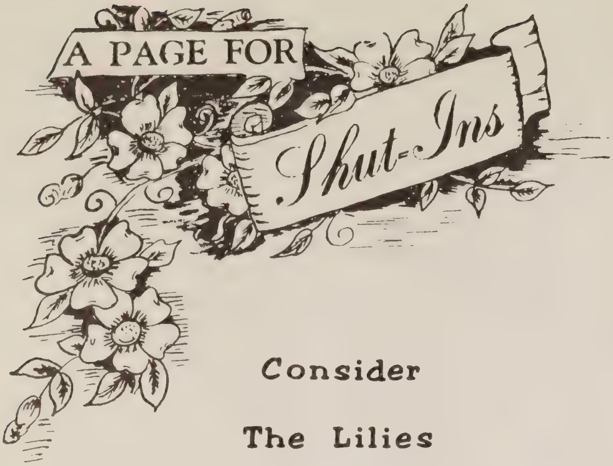
"No," he said, "you don't need to worry. The same birds that are tame here are as wild as anything when they leave."

He pointed to a flock high in the sky, still far in the distance. They were just coming in off of Lake Erie to join their feeding companions. "See how high those birds are when they come in," the man said. "For a mile all around this sanctuary, no one is allowed to shoot. Outside that zone there are a lot of hunters watching for a goose stupid enough to fly low. Somehow the geese seem to know. See how high they stay until they're just overhead, and then they drop down."

I watched as the flock the man had pointed out grew nearer and larger. Just as he had said they would, they remained high in the sky until they were almost overhead. Then they circled, and dropping rapidly, landed in the field only a few hundred feet from us.

I marveled as I saw the vast number of birds feeding calmly, paying no attention to the long line of cars, the gawking people, the shouting children, and the clicking cameras. They were not afraid, and yet as soon as they left the sanctuary, they would need to be as wild and wary as ever. Here they could relax their guard, in perfect trust that Jack Miner would keep his word when he said that he would be their friend. As I pondered on these things, I was thankful for an added bonus—that there is one place on earth where not only birds, but also tourists are safe. For a delightful change there was no one after our money.

See "Love Among The Birds" by Jack Miner, in Pathway's grade seven reader, SEEKING TRUE VALUES, page 196.



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Consider The Lilies

Jesus used the lilies, a parable to show
The lesson in His sermon— how His grace He can bestow
The purest lilies thrive in the blackest of dirt;
What a mighty influence the lilies exert!
However, when dark our circumstances be
By concentrating on Jesus, His purity we will see
And we'll grow pure as the lilies— (lilies grow where they are put.
If they refuse they'll die and nowhere will take root.)

But why put a lily among corruptible seeds
That is more like a briar patch, with thistles and weeds?
Because lilies don't complain of their miserable lot,
Lilies don't mind if they're visible or not!
"They toil not, spin not," yet their Creator please,
Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these;
Lilies glorify God wherever they are put
By sharing their sweet fragrance, when they grow and take root.

Does your work seem vain, in some secluded spot?
We never can be used where we are not,
"Drudgery is the touchstone of character," you know,
An element that helps make "lilies white as snow."
A purity that comes from a oneness within,
Blameless in His sight, and a deep joy to Him
By sharing the fragrance, wherever we are put
Either growing in His grace or "we will nowhere take root!"

— Anna J. Miller, Arthur, Ill.

* * *

I read in the paper of a young teenage girl, of Pittsburgh, who complained about her 20-year-old brother who had been confined to his wheelchair for three years. She also has two other sisters in their teens. She wrote:

"We have tried to be kind and considerate, but the more we do, the more demanding Lee becomes. He is driving all of us crazy, and this includes Mom and Dad. His demands are unreasonable. He orders us around as if we were slaves.... 'Get me the newspaper...I have to have a cold drink... a cup of coffee... a piece of candy. If there's none in the house, go to the store. Get off the telephone, I want it. Find my blue sweater. Polish my shoes. I need a cushion. Get me a pencil.' There's never a 'please' or a 'thank you'.

Lee criticizes Mom's cooking and insults our friends. He has no friends of his own because he argues with everybody. My sisters are getting ulcers from him and I'm suffering from terrific headaches. My mother shakes like a leaf every time she serves dinner for fear Lee don't like it. What can we do?"

Articles like this makes me want to examine myself to see how much of this I'm guilty of. Patience, mercy, kindness, thoughtfulness and all these fruits of the spirit are things that do not grow on trees. But God who supplies all our needs can also give of these gifts richly, if we ask Him.

Many friends when they visit shutins, wish them much patience and grace in their sufferings. Those who help the sick are in need of much patience as well as the sick themselves-- or maybe more so, as in the above case.

The answer to the teenage girl was: Handicapped people should not use their physical disability as a club. The brother needs someone to help him overcome his frustrations, his anxieties, and to show him how his tyrannical behavior affects himself as well as others. Also the sisters should not become so irritated, but should think, "Thank God we can run. Lee can't."

* * *

THREE QUESTIONS

One day an elderly man went to visit a school of boys. It was a rather strange and new experience, for all the boys were deaf and dumb. The man beckoned for a bright young boy to come forward to the blackboard. He wrote down, "Who made the world?" Then he handed the chalk to the boy, who quickly wrote, "In the beginning God created heaven and the earth."

The next question was written down, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" The boy's face lighted up with happiness as he wrote the answer, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The man was delighted, for the answer was clear and true, and the boy's happy face showed that it was very real to him. A third question was written down, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" Just as promptly and as happily, the lad replied with his chalk, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The man had to wipe the tears from his eyes as he looked at the happy face of the afflicted boy. Most of us can hear and talk. Have we ever thanked God for this?

* * *

The Birds

I looked forth from my window
On a world so grim and cold,
And I wondered at the courage of the birds, cheery and bold.
Is their trust in God more perfect?
Or my faith in Him more dim?
There's an everlasting lesson in their faith in Him.

- Mrs. C. L.

* * *

My father would at times talk of "Krumm Yune" Miller. I have been trying to gather details about his life and sufferings for the shutin page. I would be glad for any information, regardless of how insignificant it may be.

* * *

THE PASSING OF A YEAR

"What did you do for me?" said I,
As I watched the dying year.
"I would settle accounts with you
Before you go from here.
You failed to bring me all the things
You promised at the start:
Fulfillment of my hopes and dreams,
The Wishes of my heart."

The Old Year opened his fading eyes
And said reproachfully,
"I gave you all I had to give,
But what did you do for me?
I gave you opportunities
And chances that you spurned-
Many mercies undeserved
And happiness unearned.

"Had you only known," he said,
"I was a friend to you."
And as the Old Year breathed his last
I knew his words were true....
I have been most ungrateful
And it's too late now, I fear.
Forgive me, Lord, I'll wiser be
Throughout the coming year.

Patience Strong

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

A Year Is Like A Loaf

A year is like a loaf of bread,
So fresh, and fair, and new,
With every day a little slice
From off that loaf, to you.

And sprinkled, sometime thru the loaf.
To make the flavor good
Are raisins— pleasant days that come
Exactly, as they should.

The year is like a loaf of bread,
So fresh and new and fair,
And when its nibbled all away
Another waits you there.

The moments fly, a minutes gone;
The minutes fly, an hour is gone;
The day is fled, the night is here;
Thus flies a week, a month, a year.

-Sent in by Lovina J. Byler

* * *

I'm always glad to see the days get longer again for this means that spring will come again. You readers may think, "Thinking of spring already! Why not? This is my favorite season—because warm summer days follow in its wake.

Winter though is a grand season, too, for it is the time when the family seems to have more time to spend together as a group.

Those are lovely hours when all sit around the stove in the evening. Dad and Mother in their favorite hickory rockers. Maybe several children sprawled on top of the woodbox and a few of the younger ones on the floor.

These are times when the family sings, reads, and eats popcorn together, or maybe just talks. A family group always seems to have much to talk about.

Those who work late in the barn or shop, evening after evening will miss out on these family gatherings. This may bring many regrets later in life.

I know a father who breaks down and cries when he is reminded of those years in which he was too busy working to take time with the family. He didn't realize how soon those years are in the past. Now his children are grown and scattered.

"Go away, my child, I've work to do,
Tomorrow I'll tell the story
Of Jesus who died on Calvary's cross
And arose in wondrous glory."

The morrow brings more work again,
The child is turned away;
"Wait until my work is through,
I'll tell you some other day."

Day after day soon passes by
With "this and that" to be done;
Bent with toil, striving on
Till months, then years were gone.

One day the work was laid aside
The sweat wiped from his brow,
"Now come, my child, I'll tell of God;
What! You're a young man now!"

"I'm sorry, Dad, I won't have time
To listen to you today,
There're many games and shows to see,
I must hurry on my way."

The man, now old, bows down his head,
His eyes are filled with tears;
His labors seem to turn to dust;
He beholds the wasted years.

"My boy is lost, O, Lord, forgive
The work I left undone;
These rough and sinewy hands are marked
With the blood stains of my son."
"

"The future holds no joy for me,
My sad heart can't forget
The years I could've won my boy,
My life's grooved with regret.

If only God would save my son
And lead him to His love
My heart could hope for a future day
We'd meet in heaven above.

* * *

According to my mail some mothers have had, or are having, trouble in getting their youngsters off to school on time. I suppose many a mother is curious to know how others have solved this problem. How about sharing your methods with others?

SCHOOL MORNINGS

"Where are my books?" "Mom, I can't reach the toothpaste!" "Mother, I simply can't find my covering!"

"Children, the school hack is coming down at Sam Millers. Do you each have a hankie?"

"O, Mom, where are my gloves? Where did my pencil get to?"

From the bedroom comes, "Mom, I can't reach my bonnet."

From another room, "My wool cap is lost!"

Mothers, are your mornings like this? Or is there a cut and dried solution in getting children ready for school in perfect peace and harmony??

After a number of mornings like this, I did a lot of thinking. This just can't go on. It's not right in the eyes of the Lord. And it's my own fault. The children are growing up so fast. We must re-evaluate the use of our time in the morning. Those children will get up earlier and have plenty of time to do things right!

We tried it. This morning there was plenty of time to eat a warm breakfast. No gulping. Time to do chores. No running. Time to brush all teeth. Time to braid hair. Time to find all books, papers, and gloves. Five lunches were packed. No rushing. Plenty of time to sit down and sing several favorite hymns. And even time for the boys to stand out in the yard and watch a train go. Count all the cars.

Hmmm, this is the answer. Things are going along so smoothly. We shall continue this from now on. (These were my thoughts.)

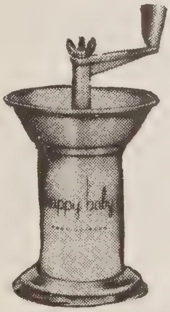
I looked out the window in time to see the children get on the school hack; the first grader scampered up in— minus a lunch pail in his hand! Oh, no, surely my efforts are not all in vain!

I must go find the lunch pail. Possibly it marks the spot where they stood watching the train cars.

A.M., Indiana

* * *

Over a year ago I made mention in this column about the Happy Baby Food Grinders being sold by Mrs. Mahlon (Anna Mae) Gingerich of Star Route, Millersburg, Ohio. She is a widow with five children. The oldest is almost 17 years old. Those that bought a grinder were very well pleased with it. Recently I received a letter from Anna Mae. She requested that I mention that she is still able to sell the grinders at $5, postpaid. (The grinders are ideal for elderly people who have bother with chewing, and also for those who have their teeth extracted.)



* * *

Someone suggested that we print recipes that are healthy and nourishing. The following cold cereal sent in by Amanda Yoder, of Lakeside, Ontario, sounds like a healthy dish— and it also sounds good. She wrote that some people eat it three times a day. They also like it with fruit and puddings.

- 12 cups oatmeal
- 6 cups wheat germ
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup vegetable oil or butter, melted
- 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 6 cups coconut

Mix everything together and toast in the oven until the coconut is brown.

Coconut can at times be bought in bulk and wheat germ at a flour mill. The oats too can be bought at times in large bags. This will make a cheaper breakfast cereal.

* * *

CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE

- 1 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 2 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 (6 oz.) pkg. chocolate chips
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts

Sift together flour, cocoa, salt and soda. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla. Beat thoroughly. Add water and flour alternately, mixing until smooth after each addition. Spread in greased 13" X 9" pan. Sprinkle top with chips and nuts. Bake in moderate oven 350° for 45 minutes. This may be served with whip cream.

— Mrs. Amos E. Byler, New Wilmington, Pa.

* * *

A few tips that might be worth passing on —

How to get youngsters to eat more of those healthful salads. I find if the salad is chopped very finely they can eat it better. Also when we must wait on Dad the children are hungry and get impatient. They usually do pretty good on salad if they're allowed to eat it while waiting.

To make icing that isn't so sickeningly sweet, use half dried milk and half powdered sugar, add lemon, chocolate or mint for flavor.

I also discovered your Rolled Oats Pone (in March F. L.) works well to use as a topping for fruit cobbler. I usually omit sugar. This makes a biscuit-like dough.

- Mrs. S., Port Trevorton, Pa.

Some Mothers Write

One morning our three-year-old was feverish then I gave him a cold tablet. Big sister came along and asked, "Is that a cold tablet you are giving him?" The little tot said, "No, it's a warm tablet." Mrs. W. M., Wisconsin

One evening when his father was getting ready to go to a singing our six-year-old asked, "Daddy, out of which book will you sing in church once you are through the big and little book?" - Mrs. L. M. (Ohio)

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Resolutions are
easier to make
than to keep
The Bible says,
it is better not
to make a
vow, than to
make one and
not keep it.

Aunt Becky

Geiſtliche Armut

(von Peter Yoder)

Da Jeſus hier auf Erden war ſind einſt eine große Zahl Menſchen ihm nachgefolgt. Dieſe waren aus Galiläa, aus den zehn Städten, von Jeruſalem, aus dem jüdiſchen Lande und von jenſeits des Jordans.

Jeſus ging auf einen hohen Berg und fing an mit dieſe Menſchen zu reden. Er fing an mit dem Text: „Selig ſind, die da geiſtlich arm ſind, denn das Himmelreich iſt ihr.“ Matth. 5, 3.

Geiſtlich arm iſt wohl das gegenteil von geiſtlich reich ſein. Wir wollen aber ein wenig in Betrachtung nehmen was es eigentlich iſt geiſtlich arm zu ſein.

Dieſe Armut im Geiſte iſt eine gründliche Ueberzeugung des Menſchen von ſeinem gänzlichen Verderben, und ſeiner Unwürdigkeit, daß man vor Gott **nichts** hat und auch nie haben will, Ihm damit zu gefallen, als allein Jeſum den Gekreuzigten.

Dieſe Ueberzeugung wirket dann in uns Menſchen eine aufrichtige Verleugnung aller eigenen Gerechtigkeit und Würdigkeit. Der Menſch wo dieſe geiſtliche Armut beſitzt findet ſich in einem Stande wo er ſich ſelbſt nicht trauen kann mit ſeinen beſten Werken vor dem göttlichen Gericht zu beſtehen.

Wir Menſchen fühlen in unſere ſündlichen Art und Natur daß wir der Fluch und die Verdammniß verdient haben. Wir fühlen ratlos, nackend und blos vor Gott. Wir ſuchen uns nicht mit unſere eigene Frömmigkeit und tugendſamen Wandel zu vertröſten, ſondern in die Gerechtigkeit wo vor Gott gilt.

Jetzt können wir erſt begreifen daß Chriſtus für uns geſtorben iſt da wir noch Sünder waren. So werden wir ja vielmehr durch Ihn bewahret vor dem Zorn, nachdem wir durch ſein Blut gerecht worden ſind. Denn ſo wir Gott verſöhnet ſind durch den Tod ſeines Sohnes, da wir noch Feinde waren, viel mehr werden wir ſelig werden durch ſein Leben, ſo wir nun verſöhnet ſind.

O welch einen großen Unterſchied iſt es, geiſtlich arm ſein, oder geiſtlich reich. Der Unterſchied iſt ſo groß, das erſte meint Gnade bei Gott, und das letztere meint Ungnade, wo die ewige Verdammniß dem Menſchen noch vorſteht.

Im nächſten Kapitel warnt der Heiland uns daß wir unſer Almoſen nicht geben ſollen vor den Leuten daß wir von ihnen geſehen werden. Solche Menſchen haben ihren Lohn dahin. Wenn wir ſolche Sachen tun um von Menſchen geſehen und geprieſen werden, das iſt Selbſtruhm, und dadurch haben wir keinen Lohn bei unſerm Vater im Himmel, wir ſtehen noch außer der Gnade.

Er warnt uns auch wie wir nicht gerne ſtehen ſollen zu beten an den Ecken auf den Gaſſen, auf daß wir von den Leuten geſehen werden, hier heißt es auch: „Sie haben ihren Lohn dahin.“ Solche Sachen ſind alle ein Exempel von geiſtliches Reichtum.

Wie dann, ſollen wir nicht beten? Sollen wir nicht Almoſen geben? Ja, freilich, wir ſollen Almoſen geben und wir ſollen beten, und große Gefahr iſts, wir tun nicht genug.

Wie ſollen wir dann beten? Der Heiland gibt uns eine Anweiſung zu dieſem: „Wenn aber du beteſt, ſo gehe in dein Kämmerlein, und ſchließ die Tür zu, und bete zu deinem Vater im Verborgnen, und dein Vater, der in das Verborgene ſiehet, wird dirs vergelten öffentlich.“ Hier heißt es im Verborgenen, da iſt aller Selbſtruhm ausgeſchloſſen. Das natürliche Kämmerlein iſt gut, irgendwo allein gehen, uns demütigen, und unſer Herz ausſchütten zu Gott. Wir können aber auch eine andere gute Lehre aus dieſem nehmen. In das Kämmerlein unſeres Herzens gehen ,und alle arge Gedanken ausſchließen, dann auch beten zum Vater im Verborgnen, ja flehen im Geiſt und in der Wahrheit.

Wenn wir unſere eigene Unwürdigkeit und Nichtigkeit verſtehen, ſo flehen wir zu Gott um Gnade und Vergebung, Barmherzigkeit und ſo weiter. Wir denken daran daß wir ein Gott haben bei welchem viel Gnade und Vergebung iſt. „Er kennet, was für ein Gemächte wir ſind, er gedenket daran, daß wir Staub ſind.“ Er handelt nicht mit uns nach unſern Sünden, und vergilt uns nicht nach unſrer Miſſetat.“

Wenn wir ſo durch die Schrift gehen können wir viele Anweiſung finden wo zu die geiſtliche Armut hinweiſen.

Es iſt zu fürchten daß manche Menſchen ſind zu derer Zeit die da meinen geſpart (ſaved) zu ſein, und doch nicht geiſtlich arm ſind, ſondern vielmehr fühlen ſich geiſtlich reich.

O wie gefährlich iſt es daß wir in Selbſtgerechtigkeit und eigene Frömmigkeit fallen wo wir uns auf unſere gute Werke verlaſſen, blind werden, tappen mit der Hand und vergeſſen die reinigung unſere vorige Sünden. Die Worte ſind nicht umſonſt geſchrieben an Titus da es heißt: „Nicht um der Werke willen der Gerechtigkeit die wir getan haben, ſondern nach ſeiner Barmherzigkeit machte er uns ſelig durch das Bad der Wiedergeburt und Erneuerung des heiligen Geiſtes.“

Dieſe Erneuerung des heiligen Geiſtes iſt reichlich ausgegoſſen worden über uns durch Jeſum Chriſtum, unſern Heiland. Dann ſagt Er wie wir durch dieſe Gnade gerecht und Erben ſeien des ewigen Lebens nach der Hoffnung. Das hält uns ausgeſpannt daß wir immer noch zielen um ein beſſer Leben zu führen. Wir ſind nicht zufrieden mit uns ſelbſt, ſondern vielmehr verlaſſen wir uns auf die Gnade Gottes. Ja, das Wort Hoffnung und das kleine Wort Gnade meinen ſo viel zu uns. Wo wären wir arme Menſchen wenn es nich wäre für die Gnade Gottes, die unverdiente Barmherzigkeit wo wir überkommen.

Wenn wir geiſtlich arm ſind, ſo bedürfen wir die Gnade Gottes, wenn wir geiſtlich reich fühlen, dann ſuchen wir Verdienſt, hier iſt die Gnade ausgeſchloſſen, ſie hat keinen Raum mehr.

„Selig ſind, die da geiſtlich arm ſind, denn das Himmelreich iſt ihr.“

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Heimweh

1

Ich waſe net was dee urſack is
Waſe net warum ichs tu,
Ein jedes jahr ſuch ich den weg
Der alten Heimat zu.
Hab weiter nix zu ſuchen dort,
Ken Erbſchaft un ken Gelt,
Doch treibet mich das hamegefiehl
No ſchterd ich als juſt ab und geh.
Wee ova ſchun gemelt.

2

Wie naher das ich komm zum ziel,
Wie ſtarcker will ich geh,
Den epas in mein'm herz wird Letz
Und tut mir greulich weh.
Der letzte Hivel ſpring ich nuf,
Und epp ich drova bin
Streck ich mich uff, ſo hoch ich kann,
Und guck mit Luſcht dahin,
Ich ſehs alt ſchtag haus durch de bame
Und wott ich wär ſchon drinn.

3

Guk wee der Küche ſchonſta ſchmokt,
Wie oft hab ich ſell gſeh,
Wan ich draus in dee felder war
Ein Buvela jung und glay.
Ich ſehnſt die Fenſterſcheiva dort,
See gucke roth wee Blut.
Hab oft geglaubt und doch net gewißt,
Das ſell dee Sonn ſo tut.
Ja manches waeſt en Kind noch net
Wans date wers ah net gut.

4

Wie gleich ich ſelle babble Bäum,
Sie ſtehn wie Brüdder dar,
Und uff'm gipfel gwiß ich labe
Höckt alleweil ein ſtarr (ſtarling).
Des gipfel beegt ſich guk wies gaunſt,
Er hebt ſich awer feſt,
Ich ſay ſy rothe fliegle plain,
Wen er ſy feddera wäſcht,
Will wette das ſy fraule hut
Uf ſella baum ein neſcht.

5

Oh es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut.
Wo ſelle vary bame
Net größer als ein welſchkorn Stock
Gebrocht ſin worre home.
Dee Mammi war aus Granddads gweſt,
Dort ware Bäme wee dee
Dry wipplen hut ſee mitgebrocht
Und g'ſagt, „Dort pflanz ſee hee.
Mir hens gay du und glaubſt du's naw,
Dort ſell bame ſind ſee.

6

Guk wirklich ich bin ſhier am haus.
Wie ſhnell geht doch dee Zeit.
Wan mir ſo in gedanke geht
So waſe mir net wee weit.
Dort is der ſhop, die weſchkornkripp,
Die ſiderpreß dort draus,
Dort iſt der ſhire und dort dee ſpring,
Friſch quellt das waſſer raus.
Und guk dee ſame alt klappert fens
Uns dheerla vor'm haus.

7

Alles is ſchtill, ſie wiſſe net
Das epper fremdes kommt,
Ich denk, der alte Watch iſt todt,
Sonſt ware er raus gechumpt.
For er hat alls faſt immer gebrillt,
Wan er hats dherla g'hört,
Er war der travelers greuslich bang,
Sie ware ganz verzehrt.
Ken g'fahr er hot paarmol geganzt,
No is er umgekehrt.

8

Allus is ſchtill. De deer is zu,
Ich ſchteh beſinne mich,
Es rappelt doch en wenig nan
Dort hinne in der kich,
Ich geh net nei, Ich kann noch net
Mei Herz fiehlt ſchwer un krank.
Es ſehnt mich niemand wan Ich heil
Hinner der drawre rank,
Ich geh en wenig uf de porch
Und huck mich uff dee bank.

9

Zwee blätz ſind do uff dara porch,
Die halt ich hoch in acht,
Bis meines lebens ſonn ferſinkt,
In ſtiller todtes nacht:
Wo ich vom alte vater haus
Zuerſcht mool bin gange fort,
Schtand meine Mammie weinend da
An ſellem Rigel dort,
Und nix is mir ſo heilig nan
Als grade ſeller ort.

10

Ich kann ſie heut noch ſehna ſchtheh,
Ihr ſchnupptuch in der hand,
Dee baka roth, dee augen naß,
Oh, wie ſie doch ſo ſchtand.
Dort gab ich ihr mei farawell,
Ich weinte als ichs gab.
's war's letſchte mol in dera welt,
Das ich ihrs gewa hab.
Und ob ich wieder komme bin,
War ſie in ihren grab.

11

Nan wen ich an mei Mammie denk,
Und mehn ich deht ſie ſeh,
So ſchteht ſie an dem rigel dort
Und weint, weil ich wek geh,
Ich ſehn ſie net im ſchockelſtuhl —
Net an keim ander ort,
Ich denk net an ſie alls im grab,
Nuſcht an dem rigel dort,
Dort ſchteht ſie immer vor meinem herz
Und weint noch liebreich fort.

12

Was machts das ich ſo dort hie guk,
An ſell end von der bank,
Weeſcht du's, mei herz is noch net dodt,
Ich wees es, Gott ſei dank.
Wie manchmal ſaß my dady dort
Am ſommer nochmittag,
Die hände uf der ſchooß gakroßt,
Sei ſchtock bei ſeite lag,
Was hut er dort im ſchtilla gedenkt,
Wer mag es wiſſa, ſag?

13

Vileicht iſt es ein kindherz traum,
daß ihn ſo ſanft bewegt,
Oder iſt er ein yüngling yetzt,
Der ſchehne plane legt.
Er hebt ſei auge uff juſcht naw
Und gukt weit ivers felt,
Er ſehnt verleicht der kirchhof dort,
Der ſchon die mammi hält,
Er ſehnt verleicht noch ſeiner ruh,
Dort in der beſſera welt.

14

Ich waſe net ſoll ich nei in haus,
Ich zitter an der dheer,
Es iſt wohl alles voll inſide,
Und doch iſt alles leer —
Es is net heem, wies mir mol war,
Und kanns ah nimme ſei,
Was naus mit unſere eltern geht,
kommt ewig nimme nei,
Die Freude hot der toat geehret,
Das trauer dheel iſt mein.

(continued on page 9)

Don't Hasten Their Destruction

-Isaac R. Horst

Alvin Weaver was tying his horse at the hitching rack when he saw an elderly man come walking toward the parking lot. It was Amos Eby and he was carrying a bag full of groceries. When he saw Alvin, he stopped to talk.

"John Bowman is having trouble again," the elderly man said, as he rested his package of groceries on Alvin's buggy.

"What's wrong now?" Alvin asked. "Surely old Jake wouldn't foreclose the mortgage on him, would he?"

"No, it's not that, for John says he has kept the interest paid up. But his feed account is running high and the mill wants its money. He asked me to take a second mortgage so that he could straighten up the feed bill and some other accounts."

"Are you going to help him out?" Alvin asked.

The elderly man scratched his forehead and looked real serious. "Of course I would be glad to help him, but-but I'm afraid it might only hasten his destruction."

"Couldn't he get the money somewhere else?" questioned Alvin.

"Well, I don't know. He mentioned something about the Mortgage and Trust Company but I doubt whether he can get any money there."

Alvin looked at him sideways. "Do you mean you hope he can't?"

"I'm not saying that! " Amos sounded irritated. "I wish him the best of luck. I don't begrudge him whatever he can get."

"But," persisted Alvin, "if you feel that a loan would hasten his destruction then you must hope he doesn't get a loan if you wish him the best of luck."

"You're just trying to make me look like a tightwad," Amos retorted. "I just don't want to be held responsible. It's a big responsibilty to handle one's money in a way that it does the most good."

"Well, I've never had enough to cause me too much worry," Alvin laughed. He was silent a moment then asked, "Did John say what he'd do if he couldn't get a loan?"

"He said he could probably get a job at the feed mill and pay off his account. But he couldn't handle all his chores and work out both, so he would have to sell some of his stock."

"Ummh, I wonder how his wife would like that to be at home all alone with the children every day?" Alvin said. "Well, I'd better get my shopping done and get home before there'll be another displeased woman."

That evening at the supper table, Alvin said, " I sure wish I could do something to help John Bowman. He's kept up the payments on the farm but now he has quite a bill at the feed mill."

"You'd better let Amos Eby help him," Alvin's wife, Nancy, spoke up. "He's got enough money for both of them."

"John asked him for some money, but Amos is afraid it would hasten his destruction, or that is what he said."

As Nancy brought on a big bowl full of creamed potatoes, Alvin chuckled, " That reminds me of what Dave Gingerich told me when I asked him for money to buy our second farm."

"What did he say?" Nancy asked.

"He said, 'No, I don't have any money for you and I don't think any of my neighbors have. Everyone knows how deep in dept you are. We don't want to contribute to your downfall."

Alvin chuckled again before he went on, "You should have seen him when I told him I could pay the farm in cash except that some of my money was tied up."

"Did he give you the money then?" Henry, his son wanted to know. At twenty-one. Henry was very much interested in business matters. Before too long he hoped to be able to take over his dad's other farm.

"No, he didn't give it to me, but he told me where I could get some. I never found out whether he didn't really have the money or whether he was ashamed to go back on his word."

Henry got up from the table, giving his chair a push, "Well, as far as I'm concerned, I think Amos Eby is more concerned about losing a dime than he is about John Bowman's downfall. Some of those old fellows don't care one bit what happens to us young people. They just sit on their money or invest it in a place that's safe. And yet they don't want us to work in town."

"Now Henry, you're not being fair," his Dad said, "most of them mean well. There are some people who don't know how to take care of money, and for such it is better not to be able to borrow money."

"But John Bowman isn't like that, is he?"

"No he isn't, and I think he tries to take care of his money. He has a large family, and it costs him a lot to live."

"Wouldn't we have enough that we could help him out?" Nancy asked as she started to clean off the table.

"We could help him some but not as much as he needs. Maybe if we did what we could, someone else would do the same."

Henry pulled his chair up to the table and said, "What we need is an investment company. Then maybe some of us young people who want to stay on the farm could get some help."

"I'm afraid some of our people would take a dim view of that," Alvin sighed.

"But Dad, I'm not referring to a big city office with a fat man behind the desk smoking cigars. All that would be needed would be a separate bank account with someone to take care of it who is retired, like maybe Pete

---

DID YOU KNOW?

In Bible times doors were frequently two-leaved and instead of swinging on hinges as we know them, they turned on pivots fitted into sockets, above and below.

Jonah is the only book in the Bible that ends with a question mark.

Shantz to keep the accounts. Anyone with money to spare could put it into the investment account perhaps at 5%. Whenever a young farmer would need some money, he could borrow at the same rate. If someone did go bankrupt, no one would have to take the whole loss. That way it would help everyone and the money would stay among our own people."

"You may have a good idea there," his Dad mused,"but, I'm not sure it would work. Someone might take advantage of it, then there would be some unhappy investors."

"Oh yes, there would be difficulties," admitted Henry, "but there are also difficulties the way it is now. Let's find out what others think about it."

• • •

What is your opinion? Was Amos right in refusing the money that John asked for? Or was Henry right when he accused Amos of looking out for himself first?

What do you think of Henry's plan? Is there a need for such an organization? (Have you tried to borrow any money lately?) Think it over and send your suggestions to Family Life Editors, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Vacation For Mother

USUALLY THE TWO KEIM GIRLS QUARRELLED AND GRUMBLED WHILE THEY WERE DOING THE SATURDAY CLEANING

by Elizabeth Miller

MOTHER, YOU GOT A letter," said Mary Keim as she came into the kitchen with a white envelope in one hand and an advertisement from Kinzer's IGA in the other.

Mother laid the rolling pin on the table and brushed the flour from her hands. "Is it more than an advertisement?" she asked.

"Yes, it's a real letter," said Mary, handing it to Mother. Lydia, the older of the two Keim girls, came into the kitchen to see what was in the mail. She stood eagerly as Mother began to read.

> "Dear Clara,
>
> Just a note this morning to tell you that I am inviting some of my old friends to a quilting next Saturday, (Jan. 10). It has been so long since we have seen much of each other that I thought we would all enjoy spending the day together.
>
> I hope Saturday suits you. Since most of us have girls in school I thought it might be easier for you to get away on Saturday when the girls are at home.
>
> Hoping to see you.
>
> A friend,
> Mrs. Eli Miller"

"Mrs. Eli Miller, who's that, Mother?" asked Lydia.

"She's a friend who went to school with me. All through our school days we were in the same grade. Then when I was in the eighth grade my parents moved down into this area, but I stayed at this girl's house for five weeks to finish school there instead of starting at a new school just before I got through."

Lydia looked at her mother and tried to imagine her a school girl. Eighth grade — why, in another year she would be in the eighth grade. Would she and her friends be separated like this someday, too, and only get together once in awhile?

"What was Mrs. Eli Miller's name before she was married?" asked Lydia.

"Malinda. Malinda Hostetler," answered Mother.

"Are you going?" asked Mary. She thought Saturday was the longest day in the week. To her it meant cleaning the lamp globes, scrubbing sinks, sweeping walks, straightening up the living room, and doing all the other things that went with Saturday cleaning. To have Mother gone and she and Lydia do all the work was not a very pleasant thought.

"Well, I don't know yet," answered Mother with a faraway look in her eyes. "It's pretty far and —"

"How far?" asked Lydia.

"About nine or ten miles," answered Mother. "But let's get back to work. Are you done with the upstairs, Lydia?"

"I'm all done but the stairs. I'll sweep them, then Mary can wash them," answered Lydia.

"I'm not done with the lamps yet," retorted Mary. "You can wash your own steps. I have other work to do yet, too."

"Now, girls," said Mother. "Don't start that again. Lydia, you can wash the stairs yourself, then Mary will soon be ready to help you in the living room."

Later as they were gathering up toys in the living room

Mary whispered. "Do you think Mother will go?"

"I hope so," answered Lydia, "because I have a secret that I'll tell you sometime. Then you'll wish she'd go, too."

"Are you wishing to go along? It doesn't even say that we are invited. All it invites us to do is stay home and do the work so Mother can do," said Mary.

"That's exactly what the secret is about," said Lydia. "Let's coax Mother to go, then we'll give this house a real cleaning and surprise her."

Mary wasn't so sure that this was the kind of secret she wanted to hear. "Of course you would like that," she said, "because you plan to do all the nice work and make me do the things you don't want to do."

"No, I won't," promised Lydia. "We will plan our work ahead of time and then choose what we want to do."

Now Mary was a little more interested. She liked to work, but she didn't like to do the same things all the time. "I want to wash the windows," she said.

Lydia laughed. "Let's wait and see if Mother is going. Then we will make our plans."

To the girls' surprise Mother did plan to go. She decided to take Eli, the three-year-old, along to keep her company on the nine-mile drive in the buggy and leave the baby, David, at home.

"David is so restless that it would be hard for me to drive and hold him. And I am sure David will stay in the house and not get run over by the horses. I will feel the safest if I take Eli along.

Eli was delighted. Even Ben would have liked to go, but he did not say much. Dad checked the shoes on King, the family's faithful road horse, and found them still on tight. It was so unusual to have Mother go away like this that the whole family seemed excited.

Meanwhile the girls had a reason all of their own to be excited. Each evening before they went to bed they added items to their list of things they were going to do on Saturday. They were careful not to mention anything while Mother or anyone else was around. This was their secret, and the secret was supposed to turn into a big surprise for their mother.

The week passed slowly. Mary, who usually dreaded Saturday, could hardly wait until it came this week. Finally it was Saturday morning. The family had an early breakfast. As soon as devotions were over, Dad went to the barn to hitch up King while the girls scurried around to help Mother get ready.

Before Mother left she looked around the kitchen. "Now help each other with the work and don't quarrel. It is so early that if you hurry you should be done with the cleaning by noon. Then this afternoon you may do whatever you wish. But remember that your work comes first."

"Yes," promised both girls, grinning at each other.

Only One Mother

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
    Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
    Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
    Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
    But only one mother the wide world over.

—George Cooper.

New Children's Book

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stoll

- For ages 10 and up
- 232 pages
- illustrated
- clothbound $3.25

They watched until the buggy was going down the lane. It was still too dark to turn out the light, and suddenly the house was very quiet and empty. The clock ticked loudly.

"I'll get the list," said Mary starting upstairs.

"No, wait, let's wash —," began Lydia, but it was too late. Mary was gone already.

"Let's wash the dishes before we start," said Lydia when Mary came back. "While we're doing that we can think of things we need to add to the list. If we help each other it won't take long." She began to clear the table. Mary laid the list on the corner of the table and helped.

"We have to add 'Caring for David'," said Mary. "It won't be too long before he wakes up."

"That's right. 'Getting dinner' is another one. Do I get to choose first?" asked Mary.

"Well, yes, I guess." Lydia was in a liberal mood this morning. Anything was better than starting an argument.

A few minutes later the girls were sitting side by side on the bench behind the table studying a paper that they had named their "Vacation For Mother" list. "I choose 'baking a cake'," said Mary.

"I knew you would," smiled Lydia. "I take 'make fruit salad'."

"Wax living room furniture," said Mary.

"Wash windows." It was Lydia's turn.

"Clean kitchen cupboards," said Mary.

On they went, taking turns choosing what each thought was the work they liked best. As each item was chosen, Lydia put an initial behind it. Finally there was just 'washing lamps' and 'scrubbing sinks' left. Mary found it hard to choose.

"I'll take 'washing lamps'," she said, "and I'm going to do that first. Then I won't have to think about it any more."

"I'm going to do the work that I don't like first, too," said Lydia. "Now each time we have one job done we will come here and cross it out. That way we will know when we are done and not forget anything."

"Yes, and we can see who is done first," added Mary, already on her way to gather up the lamps.

"Filling lamps goes with washing them," reminded Lydia.

"Yes, I know," returned Mary. On any other day a remark like that from Lydia would have started a fuss, but this morning the girls were too excited to spoil their morning with an argument.

When Mary came back later to cross 'washing lamps' from the list, Lydia had already crossed out 'sweeping walks'. Mary decided to clean the upstairs next, but changed her mind. She would wait until she wouldn't need a light. She decided to clean the cupboards. "I'm going to put in new paper, even if it is going to take longer," she told Lydia. "Mother will be sure to notice sooner if I do."

"Yes, do. I'll help you if you aren't finished, when I'm done with my work," offered Lydia.

"Do you mean you are going to help me if you get done first?" asked Mary. "I was going to save baking the cake until last, but now I wish I had saved the lamps." She laughed.

"Then you would have just poked around until I had them done," teased Lydia. "I know that. Let's leave washing windows and waxing furniture and things that don't really have to be done until last, then if we can't get everything done, we have at least done the important things."

"All right," agreed Mary a little reluctantly, "but I'm still going to try to get everything done."

"Yes, sure, so am I," said Lydia.

The girls worked rapidly. One after the other their jobs were crossed from the list. "Why, Lydia, look!" exclaimed Mary after a while. "It is only 9:00. We have done more work than we often get done until dinnertime."

"We were early this morning. That helps a lot, but we're working faster than we usually do, too" Lydia smiled at her sister. "And we haven't wasted any time arguing either."

"David is sleeping late this morning. Must be he knows we're busy," said Mary. "But you know whose job it is to care for him when he wakes up."

"Sure," answered Lydia.

"That will take you awhile and give me a chance to catch up," said Mary as she gathered up the Budget and put it into the magazine shelf at the side of the living room table.

"I'm glad we have enough leftover stew for dinner. Then we don't have to spend too much time getting dinner on the table," said Lydia.

When Dad came in for dinner he stood in the kitchen and looked around. "Are we having church tomorrow, or company?" he asked. "What is the occasion?"

"Why, Dad?" asked Lydia, smiling at Mary.

"Everything is so clean," he said. "Let's be careful that we don't make any dirt, Ben. Women are fussy about dirtying up a clean house."

While Lydia put the stew on the table and got David on the highchair, Mary showed Dad the 'Vacation For Mother' list and explained how they had divided the work and crossed out each item as it was completed.

"Let's see," said Dad. "Mary has to bake a cake and wax the living room furniture and Lydia has to care for David, make fruit salad, and wash windows."

"Yes," said Lydia. "I can't cross 'Care for David' from the list until Mother comes home. That job lasts all day."

"That means that I'm going to get done first," said Mary happily.

"I think this was a very good idea. You've both done well so far," said Dad as he pulled his chair up to the table.

Lydia sat down at Mother's place and tied a bib around David's neck. Then everyone bowed their heads while Father prayed.

"It seems strange not to have Mother at the table," said Dad.

"Yes, it does," agreed the girls.

Dad looked thoughtful. Then he said, "Your mother doesn't go away often. But I think it is good for us to be without her once in a while."

"Why?" asked Mary. She couldn't imagine how being without Mother was good for them.

"When David was a baby Mother was in the hospital for a long time," remembered Ben.

The girls giggled. "Only three days," said Lydia. "But we were all glad when she came home again."

"Just think of your cousins, Betty and Daniel. They don't have a mother anymore," said Dad.

The children were all quiet now. "But they have a hired girl," said Ben, trying to sound cheerful.

"Yes, they do," said Dad, "but I'm sure they still miss their mother."

"I'm glad we did all the work we did this forenoon," said Mary. "That should show Mother that we're glad to have a mother."

"I'm sure it will," said Dad. Then after a while he added, "How would you like to make a good supper and have it ready when Mother comes home?"

"What can we make?" asked Lydia, a little worried about her limited cooking ability.

"I think we could find ice down by the creek if —" began Dad.

"Ice cream," shouted Ben.

Now everyone was excited. Even David joined in by banging his spoon on his plate.

"Now just a minute," said Dad. "First we have to make sure there is enough ice. Next we have to check the milk —"

"There's plenty, I'm sure," said Lydia. "Mother was planning soup for supper."

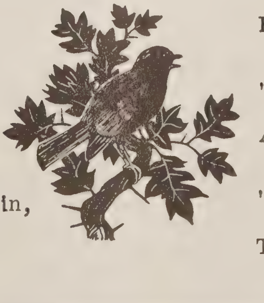
"Well, let's pray, then we can go see about the ice,"

THE LITTLE BIRD'S MESSAGE

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small,
And with a modest dark-brown coat
He made no show at all.



"Why, Papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can—
Not to be seen and heard.

"So live, my child, all through life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

said Dad. Once more everyone bowed their heads while Dad gave thanks for the food.

If the girls had worked fast in the forenoon they worked even faster now. It was not long before the dinner dishes were cleared away and Mary was baking a cake. Lydia put David to bed and then started the fruit salad. Suddenly Mary had another idea. "Let's set the table with the dishes we use when we get company," she said.

"Yes, let's," said Lydia. "It's too bad it's not Mother's birthday. Then this could be her birthday surprise."

"Oh, well, it will be a surprise anyway, even if it isn't her birthday," said Mary. Suddenly she asked, "Say, Lydia, can you make the ice cream? I mean the part that Mother usually makes."

"I think so. I know which recipe she uses. And I know how to soak the gelatin. I sometimes do that part for Mother. Say, here comes Dad now, and he's pushing the wheelbarrow."

"Well, here's the ice," called Dad from the doorway. "I'll come in in about 15 minutes, then I'll help you make the ice cream."

Both girls were surprised. "Can you make ice cream, Dad?" they asked.

Dad laughed. "You ask Grandma sometime who made the ice cream when I was still at home. I didn't have any sisters, and I got hungry for ice cream so often that Grandma taught me to make it myself. Then whenever I wanted ice cream, all I had to do was make it."

The girls giggled. Of their exciting day, having Dad in the kitchen making ice cream would be the best part of all. They hurried to finish their tasks so they could help. Then together, Dad, Ben, Mary, and Lydia made the ice cream.

"I get to turn first," said Ben as Father fastened the crank on top of their White Mountain freezer.

"All right, Ben," said Dad. "I'll let you and the girls do the freezing while I start the chores. We'll do everything but the milking, then we'll milk after supper."

"Let's do the milking by ourselves and let Mother's vacation last all day," suggested Lydia.

"All right," said Dad over his shoulder.

By five o'clock everything was ready. The table was set with company dishes, the noodles were simmering on the back of the stove, the dishes they had used in baking and cooking were all washed and out of sight. Even David had had his bath and was dressed in clean clothes.

"Here she comes! Here she comes!" shouted Ben, running for the door.

"No, sir, Ben," said Mary. "You're not running out to tell her."

"I won't tell. I just want to go out," coaxed Ben.

"No, Ben, please," pleaded Lydia. "I know what. I'll quick light the lamp, then we will put the lamp in the kitchen, and we'll stay in the living room and see what she does when she comes in."

"All right," agreed Ben a little reluctantly. "But don't you think Dad will tell?"

"No. Dad won't tell. He knows it is a secret," assured Lydia as she hurried to get the lamp.

Mary and Lydia never really knew afterwards how Mother did look when she came into the kitchen. The minute she opened the door Ben rushed out to meet her. The girls were only a step behind. Together they told her about the ice cream, the cake, and fruit salad, the "Vacation For Mother" list — everything.

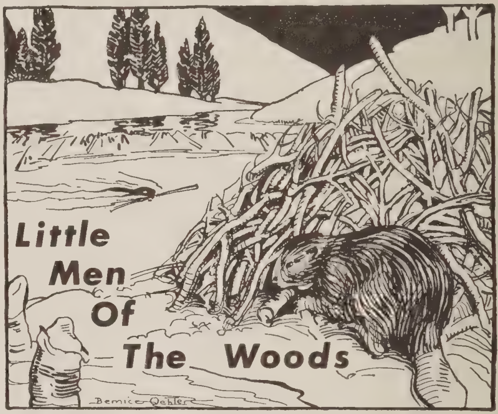
"And do you know, Mother," said Mary, "We did not have one argument the whole day."

"And Mary really worked hard," said Lydia. "Just as hard as I did."

Dad came in. "Well, Mother," he said, "How was your vacation?"

"Good. Real good," she said. Her eyes misted as she smiled a smile that took in the whole family. "But the best part of my vacation was coming home." ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS


Little Men Of The Woods
Bernice Oehler

by Agnes Ranney

When we see huge irrigation dams, we are a little awed at their size. We think that the men who planned and built them must have had a great deal of skill and intelligence. Water for irrigation of farms and orchards, water power to produce electricity, a storage place that helps prevent floods, lakes for boating — the big dams provide all these.

Men have been building dams for a long time — but not nearly as long as the industrious beavers. Long before men thought of storing up water or redirecting a river, beavers were busily building dams across streams in mountains and meadows. Sometimes a whole colony will pool their efforts at building. But this time, perhaps, a couple of young beavers will set up housekeeping and build a new dam of their own.

The "little men of the woods" is the name the Indians gave the beavers, and the skill and industry with which this pair sets to work would do credit to any young couple building a new home. The site must be just right. The two beavers swim down the stream until they find a spot to their liking.

There must be plenty of water, for part of their food grows under water, and water must surround their house. There must be plenty of trees of the right sort, too, to provide material for the dam.

As soon as they find a suitable place, the two set to work. Each is about three feet long, and weighs from thirty to fifty pounds. The beavers' equipment includes webbed hind feet for swimming, sharp chisel-shaped teeth for gnawing, and hand-like front paws for placing logs, sticks and mud on the dam.

The pair can accomplish an astonishing amount of work in a day. Balancing on a broad flat tail while he works, the young beaver can cut a five-inch willow trunk through in three minutes.

Crash! Down goes the tree. Now the two beavers cut off the branches and drag them to their storage pile, for the tender bark is their favorite food. Then they cut the tree into logs and drag these to the place where the dam is to be built.

To the growing dam of logs, the beavers add large branches and sticks. Then they bring in gravel and water plants to fill the larger openings. Their work is aided now by the stream itself as the driftwood and debris it carries lodges against the logs of the dam. Last of all, the beavers bring mud in their front paws, and cover the dam with a plaster of mud until every hole is filled.

Now the water begins to rise, flooding the ground above the dam on either side of the stream. But it doesn't rise too high; the beavers make a spillway at one end of the dam to drain off the extra water when the dam has reached the proper height.

Home building comes next. The lodge may be located either on an island above the dam or in the water near the bank. The beavers build a dome-shaped house of logs, branches, and mud, as large across as a small room and several feet high. The entrance is out of sight under water — the beavers swim in and out. But inside, the room is warm and dry, the dirt floor covered with leaves and twigs. In May or June, when the two to six babies are born, the snug home is ready for them.

The dam serves the beavers in many ways. The water protects their home from enemies and keeps the willows and alders, whose bark they love to eat, growing along the banks. Before winter comes the beavers stock their underwater storehouse with logs, ramming the ends far down into the mud. Then, when the surface of the dam is frozen solid and the north wind blows the snow into drifts overhead, the beavers have a fine food supply, safe from enemies, frost, and snow.

Of the beavers' enemies down the centuries, man has been the most deadly. About a hundred years ago beavers were trapped for their fur, which was in great demand for making men's beaver hats. Then, too, beaver dams often flooded farm lands and railroad sites, and the first thought was to kill the beavers.

But little by little people came to see that the beavers were very useful animals. Beaver dams in upper tributaries of the rivers and streams helped prevent floods in the springtime and caught much of the good soil that would otherwise wash away to the ocean. Wildlife and forest service men thought of a better way to control the beavers than to shoot them.

Now beavers who decide to build their dams where they will flood roads or farms are caught in box traps. When both of the pair have been caught they are put into a wooden cage and given a plane ride up into the mountains. A parachute is fastened to the cage, and the beaver pair are dropped near the headwaters of a mountain stream. The door of the cage opens automatically when the cage reaches the ground, and the beavers are free to build a dam that will benefit both themselves and their neighbors.

Other animals, too, enjoy the pond above the beaver dam. Moose feed there. Deer and elk find their pasture better with the beavers' pond to help keep it fresh and green. In dry years fish that find their stream becoming low and stagnant take refuge in the deeper water of the beaver dam. Migrating ducks and geese stop for food and rest. It does not take these creatures long to find the cool, quiet pool. Now man, too, has come to appreciate and protect the smart, industrious "little men of the woods." ■■

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

- by Laura E. Richards

All day long the little boy worked hard in field and barn and shed; but every day, when the work was done, there came an hour which was all his own. At sunset the little boy used to go to the top of a hill near his home, and looked across at another hill some distance away. On this far-off hill stood a house with gold and diamond windows. The yellow gold was as clear as glass, and the diamonds were as bright as the sun.

But it seemed to him as if some one always closed the shutters just at sunset, and covered the beautiful windows from his sight.

Then the little boy went home to his supper, wishing all the time that he could live in a house with golden windows.

One day the little boy's father called him and said "You have been a good boy, and you have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave the day, and try and learn some good thing."

The little boy thanked his father. Then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows.

His bare feet made tracks in the white dust, and when he looked back the footprints seemed to be following him and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run as he pleased. He was very happy.

By and by the little boy was hungry. So he sat down by a brook that ran along by the roadside, and ate his bread and drank the clear water. He scattered crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and then he went on his way.

After a time the little boy came to a high, green hill. There, on the top of the hill, was the house he had come to find. At first he thought that the shutters were closed, for he could not see the golden windows.

He went on until he came near the house, and then he could have wept. For there were no shutters, and the windows were of clear glass like any others.

A woman came to the door, and asked the little boy very kindly what he wanted.

"Last evening I saw your golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and now I have come here to see them. But I find that they are only glass."

The woman looked at him in wonder, and shook her head and smiled.

"We are poor people," she said, "and there is no gold about our windows. Besides, glass is better than gold to see through."

She asked the little boy to sit down on the doorstep, and she brought him a cup of milk and a cake. Then she called her little girl, and, leaving the two children together, she went back to her work.

The little girl wore a brown cotton dress, but her hair was golden, like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue, like the sky at noon.

She led the little boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with a white star on its forehead. He told her about his own calf at home, which had four white feet, and was red like a chestnut.

After they had played for a long time, the little boy asked her about the golden windows.

"You have taken the wrong way," she said. "Come with me, and I will show you the house you are looking for."

They went to a hill that rose behind the farmhouse. As they walked along, the little girl told the little boy that the golden windows could be seen only at sunset.

"Yes, I have known that for a long time," said the little boy.

They reached the top of the hill and waited. Just as the sun was going down the little girl turned and pointed. There, on a hill far away, stood a house with windows of gold and diamonds. And when the little boy looked, he saw that the house was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he could stay no longer. The little boy said, "Good-by," but he did not tell the little girl what he had learned. Then he went down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the little boy reached his father's house. But the lamplight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the far-off hilltop.

When he opened the door, his father looked up and smiled.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his father.

"Yes, indeed," he answered. "I have had a very good day."

"And have you learned anything?"

"Oh, yes," said the little boy. "I have learned that the house I live in has windows of gold and diamonds."

- Brooks' Reader, 1907

This Month's Bible Story

New Homes In Egypt

Jacob was an old man. His shoulders had become bowed and his hair white during the many years of deep grief over the loss of Joseph. But now his sons had returned from Egypt with the startling, almost unbelievable news that Joseph was still alive. Not only was he alive, but he was an important man — ruler over all the land. No wonder Jacob had at first refused to believe it.

But he could no longer doubt that his beloved son was still alive when he saw the many wagons loaded down with rich gifts that Joseph had sent. A new light sprang into Jacob's tired old face, and his eyes shone with fresh hope. He agreed to return to Egypt with his sons and their wives to see Joseph.

It was a large company of people and sheep and cattle that moved slowly across the parched fields of Canaan on the way to Egypt. Counting women and children, there were nearly seventy people making the long dusty journey in search of new homes in a faraway country.

As Jacob and those with him traveled southward, they came to Beersheba — the place where Abraham years before had often worshipped God and offered up sacrifices. Jacob knew this was the last town they would pass through in the land of Canaan. Ahead of them lay several hundred miles of desert, and beyond that an unknown land and a strange people. Behind him was Canaan, the land in which he had lived most of his life. Jacob was no longer a young man, and he knew that when he left Beersheba he would be saying good-by forever to his native land.

Jacob was not ready to leave Beersheba until he had built an altar and offered sacrifices to God. Then they camped for the night, ready to leave in the morning.

God saw that it was a time of great testing for Jacob, and he spoke to the old man in a vision during the night. "Jacob, Jacob."

"Here am I," answered Jacob.

The voice said, "I am God, the God of thy father. Don't be afraid to go down into Egypt because I'm going to make a great nation out of your descendants. I will go down with you into Egypt and you will surely meet Joseph there."

Greatly comforted by the vision, Jacob rose up the next morning and helped load his sons' wives and little children into the wagons Joseph had sent from Egypt. They moved slowly south and west, a long line of wagons and great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

After many weary miles they reached Egypt. Joseph heard that they had come and he rode in his chariot to meet them. It was a joyful reunion between father and son as they embraced and wept together. Jacob said, "Now I am ready to die, for I have seen your face and know that you are yet alive."

Joseph said to his father and his brothers, "I will go tell Pharaoh that you have come. I hope he will say you can live in the land of Goshen, for that is the most fertile part of the country with lots of grass for animals. When I take you before Pharaoh and he asks you what work you do for a living, be sure and tell him you are shepherds. The Egyptians despise shepherds, and Pharaoh will probably be glad to let you stay in Goshen for then you will be far away from him."

Later Joseph took five of his brothers in to see Pharaoh. Pharaoh greeted them kindly and asked, "What kind of work do you do for a living?"

The brothers remembered what Joseph had advised them to say. "We are shepherds," they said, "as were our fathers before us."

Pharaoh turned to Joseph and said just what Joseph hoped to hear. "Your brothers may live with their families and flocks and herds in the best of the land. Let them stay in Goshen." So the brothers made their homes in Goshen.

At another time Joseph brought his father to Pharaoh. Pharaoh asked him, "How old are you?"

"The days of my pilgrimage have been a hundred and thirty years," said Jacob. "Few and evil have the days of my life been."

Then Jacob blessed Pharaoh before he left to return to Goshen.

During the rest of the years of the famine Joseph sent plenty of food to Goshen for his father and his brothers and their wives and children.

Years passed. Jacob felt that he would soon die, but he did not want to be buried in Egypt. He said to Joseph, "I do not want to be buried here. Promise me that you will carry my body back to the land of my fathers. I want to be buried in the same cave Abraham and Sarah are buried, the same cave where Isaac and Rebekah are buried, and the same cave where my wife Leah is buried."

Joseph promised that he would see that his father's wish was carried out.

More years passed. Seventeen years after Jacob came to Egypt, one day a messenger brought word to Joseph that his father was sick. Joseph took his two sons with him and went at once to see his father.

Jacob heard that Joseph was coming. He gathered all the strength he had and sat up in his bed, waiting. When Joseph entered with his two sons, Jacob asked, "Who are these?"

Joseph answered, "They are the sons which God has given me in Egypt."

"Bring them to me," said Jacob, "and I will bless them."

Jacob's eyes were so dim with age that he could not see. He put his arms around Joseph's sons and kissed them. He said to Joseph, "I had not thought that I would even see your face, but look, now God has showed me your sons also."

Then Joseph stood his two sons before the bed so his father could bless them. His older son was named Manasseh and the younger Ephriam. Joseph placed Manasseh on his father's right side, since he was the firstborn, and Ephriam on his left side. It was customary that the older child would receive the greater blessing so Joseph wanted his father's right hand to rest on Manasseh's head.

But when Jacob reached out to bless the boys, he did just the opposite from what Joseph had expected him to. Crossing his arms, Jacob placed his right hand on Ephriam's head and his left hand on Manasseh's, the firstborn.

Joseph was puzzled by this strange action. He thought that since his father was so old and nearly blind he probably did not realize what he was doing. Gently he took Jacob's right hand and tried to lift it from Ephriam's head and place it on Manasseh's. Joseph was displeased that the younger son should receive the greater blessing, and he said, "Not so, my father, for this is the firstborn. Put your right hand upon his head."

Jacob shook his head. He knew what he was doing. He said, "I know it, my son, I know it. Manasseh shall be great, but truly, his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his descendants shall become a multitude of nations." So Jacob went ahead and blessed the sons of Joseph. He blessed them both, but he blessed the younger with a greater blessing, for he knew that was the way God had ordained it to be.

After that, Jacob called all his other sons to his bedside and gave each a short message. When he came to Judah, he said, "Judah, you are the one that all your brethren will someday praise. You are strong like a lion and shall have victory over your enemies. You shall rule until the One comes to whom the true rule belongs." By these words Jacob was foretelling that hundreds of years later Jesus would be born into the world through the tribe of Judah.

When Jacob had finished speaking a few words to each of his sons in turn, he pulled his feet up into the bed and died.

After his father's death, Joseph remembered his promise to bury him in Abraham's cave back in Canaan. Joseph's brothers went with him, and they took Jacob's body back to Canaan and buried it beside his wife Leah.

After they had returned from burying their father, Joseph's brothers said to each other, "Now that our father is dead, maybe Joseph will have us killed because of the wrong we did in selling him into Egypt."

As the brothers thought about this they were greatly troubled. With frightened faces they came to Joseph and begged him to forgive them and deal kindly with them.

Joseph wept when he saw how fearful his brothers were. "Don't worry," he said. "I am not God that I should punish you for your sins. Don't be afraid, for I will take care of you and your children." With these words Joseph comforted his worried brethren and spoke kindly to them.

Many more years passed, and the time came when Joseph, too, was an old man. He was 110 years old when he called his brothers to his side and said, "I am going to die. But God will surely be with you and will someday lead your descendants back into the land which he promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

Then Joseph made a strange request. He said, "Do not bury me when I die. Put my body in a coffin and keep my bones until such a time when your descendants leave Egypt to return to Canaan."

Then Joseph died, and the children of Israel did as he asked them to. They put his embalmed body in a coffin, and kept it for that day in the future when they would leave Egypt and return to the land of their fathers. It was well that none of them realized how many long years would pass, years of toil, trouble, and hardships, before that day would come.

But during the difficult years ahead, always the coffin containing Joseph's bones would be among them as a symbol of hope — a symbol of Joseph's firm faith that God would keep his word and lead them back to Canaan — the land of promise.

- E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1) When Jacob was on his way to Egypt, what happened at Beersheba that greatly comforted him?
2) What was the name of the part of Egypt where Pharaoh said Joseph's brothers could make their home?
3) Why were the brothers glad to make their homes there?
4) What were the names of Joseph's two sons?
5) Which was the older?
6) Which received the greater blessing from Joseph?
7) When Jacob blessed his own sons, why did he make special mention of Judah?
8) Where did the sons of Jacob bury their father when he died?
9) Why were Joseph's brothers frightened after the death of their father?
10) What did Joseph ask that be done with his body when he died?

ANSWERS: 1) God spoke to him in a vision. 2) The land of Goshen 3) It was the best part of the land with lots of grass. (4) Ephriam and Manasseh 5) Manasseh 6) Ephriam 7) Because it was through the tribe of Judah that Jesus would be born. 8) In the land of Canaan in the cave where Abraham and Isaac were buried 9) They feared Joseph would try to punish them for having sold him into slavery. 10) That his bones should be saved until the children of Israel returned to Canaan

The Burkholder Ancestry

by Esra Burkholder

In 1937 Henry L. Burkholder was sent to Europe by the Burkholder Association of America to study the origins of the Burkholders. He searched for months to find the records he wanted. In Berne, Switzerland he was assisted by a historian, and the two men dug deeply in the government archives. There they found a paper stating that Rudolph Burkholder acted as a witness in the sale of real estate in the year 1344.

Henry Burkholder also visited many ancient homes, meeting houses, and graveyards, and learned that the Burkholders helped to make history in ancient Switzerland. The first Burkholder, historians say, lived on a forty-acre mountain farm in the canton of Bern about a thousand years ago.

No Burkholder is known to have been able to read and write before the sixteenth century, so the name is spelled in various ways. At first it was spelled Burghalder, named after the farm, Burghalde, which means a hiding place on a castle slope. As in Bible times, most of the people in Switzerland in those early days had just one name. So it was also with the first Burghalde farmer. (In Switzerland today the name is spelled Burghalter.)

The Burghalde farm was sold now and then to a buyer of another family name, and the ones that bought the farm were then also called Burkhalter. Thus, if every Burkholder would trace his ancestry back, he would come back to the ancient Burghalde farm, but he would find that the Burkholders are not all descended from the first colonists, and are not all blood-related to each other.

The Burkhalters were mostly farmers from generation to generation, although there are not many records before the fourteenth century. As they multiplied, they spread out around the old farm. Most of the records show them as landowners, who paid taxes and bought and sold farms.

Before the Reformation the Catholic Church was the only church in Switzerland. In January, 1528, Ulrich Zwingli organized a new state church at Zurich, much the same as Martin Luther had done in Germany. Zwingli's state church was bitterly opposed to the Anabaptists (Wiedertäufer), a group of believers that soon became numerous in Switzerland and later were called Mennonites.

The reason the state church persecuted the Anabaptists is because the Anabaptists refused to accept the state church doctrines which conflicted with their religious faith. Some of the Anabaptists were drowned, and some were executed in other ways. Many died boldly as Christian martyrs, confessing their faith.

Among the imprisoned Anabaptists were a number of Burkholders. One Hans Burkhalter, a minister, was often threatened with the death penalty. One Burkhalter was sentenced to be a galley slave and never expected to see his friends or home country again. Another Hans Burkehalter was imprisoned at various times for twenty months.

In spite of persecution, the Anabaptists became more numerous and in some areas of Switzerland they were thickly settled. The government passed stricter laws, and tried new means to overcome the peace-loving Anabaptists. In 1566 the officials rounded up many people for questioning. They were asked one by one if they would obey the state church. If one said, "Yes," he was placed on the right side. If he said, "No," he was placed on the left side. Those on the left side had to pay a heavy "leaving tax" and leave the district at once. Many fled to the Jura mountains, or to other areas whever they could find refuge.

About 1571 the officials once more attempted to find all the Anabaptists and chase them out of the land. If they didn't move, their property was officially sold (compulsory bankruptcy) and the money went to the officials. In spite of these strong measures against them, some of the Anabaptists loved their homeland so much that they did not leave, but lived in hiding places where the state officials could not find them.

The Burkhalters were not all Anabaptists, however. Around 1578 Kasper and Michael Burkhalter, being blacksmiths, made a lot of spiked clubs to help farmers fight in a protest against the government. They were heavily fined. There is also a record of two soldiers that were selected for service in 1613-14. One, Christian Burkhalter, was armed with a spear, which showed that he was of average wealth. The second was also named Christian Burkhalter and he was armed with a spear and was bearing armor, showing that he was out for battle.

In the year 1682 when William Penn had received Pensylvania from the King, he traveled through some of the countries of Europe to invite persecuted peoples to come to his "land of free religion". The Mennonites longed for freedom and came in droves to America. Most of the immigrants were poor, and even those that had been rich in the old country came to the shores of America with very little in possession, for they had to pay a heavy "leaving tax".

Among the immigrants were Burkholders. In 1717 (253 years ago), a Mennonite preacher Hans Burkhalter came with his family to Pennsylvania. In 1719 Johannes Burchhalter, Sr., Johannes Burchhalter, Jr., and Abraham Burchhalter came to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. By the year 1790 the U. S. census shows there were forty-three families of Burkholders living in this country.

In 1755 Christian Burkholder (the writer's great-great-great-great-grandfather) was going to come to America, but died in March of that year. Before he died he advised his wife to come to the New World, which she did without delay. She landed in Earl Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania with her six children — three boys and three girls, the girls being the oldest. The boys were Christian, age 9, Peter, age 7, and Ulrich, age 5. The widow lived to see her boys grow up before she died in 1789.

The youngest of the Burkholder boys, Ulrich, was a farmer and a Mennonite minister in the Bowmansville district. He died in 1804 and is buried in the Bowmansville cemetery. He had a son John who lived in Brecknock Township, Lancaster County, and who in turn had a son named John who grew up among the Amish. His offspring are holding good to their heritage of tilling the soil and a great blessing has followed them through the West.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children." (Ps. 103:17) Peter Burkholder who was married to Margaret Huber of New Holland, Pennsylvania, farmed in Earl Township until the early 1790 s when he moved with his family to Dale Enterprise, Virginia. On a trip back to his homeland in Earl Township, he died and is buried near his brother, Christian Burkholder, in the Groffsdale Cemetery. Peter was the father of the noted bishop, Peter Burkholder of Virginia.

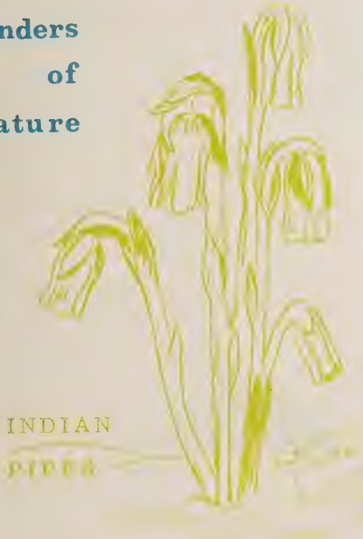
The oldest brother, Christian, was ordained a minister in 1770 by Bishop Bentz Hershey, for the scattered "Mennonites" of Earl Township. A church schoolhouse was built as early as 1755 by Hans Groff and Henry Landis. His son-in-law gave a tract in trust forever to the community on January 17, 1775, the first part of the present cemetery at Groffdale (Brick).

In 1780 this Christian Burkholder was ordained bishop for the Earl, East Earl, and West Earl and Brecknock Townships. Christian was born in 1746 and died in 1809 at the age of 63 years. A gray slabstone in the Groffdale cemetery three miles south of his home marks the bishop's grave, alongside of his wife and in line with his two daughters.

Christian Burkholder's will, probated May 20, 1809, reads, "I commend my soul into the hands of the Almighty God that gave it and my body I commend to the earth to be buried in a decent Christian manner, and as touching my worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me in this life . . ."

- Kutztown, Pennsylvania

Wonders of Nature



These silvery white flowers have none of the green coloring which makes food for flowering plants. They live like fungi or organic materials. In appearance they resemble a pipe.

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. Jesus often called his followers "sheep." (John 10·1-16, and many others.)
2. False. Animals can be possessed of evil spirits, as proven by the legion of demons entering into the herd of two thousand swine. (Luke 8·30-33, Matt. 8:28-34
3. False. Bears are mentioned 14 times in the Bible.
4. True. When Balaam lost his temper, his ass spoke, rebuking him. (Numbers 22·18)
5. True. "And he (Jesus) was there in the wilderness forty days... and was with the wild beasts..." (Mark 1·13)
6. True. Cats are never mentioned in the Bible. The Bible's silence on cats is hard to explain since there are two species of wild cats in Israel, and the domestic cat is also very common throughout all of the East.
7. True. Peter did see a sheet let down from heaven filled with all kinds of animals as a lesson to him that he should no longer call gentiles unclean. (Acts 10·9-19)
8. True. Pigs were considered unclean, as were all other animals that did not chew the cud. (Lev. 11:7)
9. True. A prophet was killed by a lion because he disobeyed God in stopping to eat and drink at Bethel. (I Kings 13:1-32)
10. False. Mice are mentioned in the Bible. When the Philistines returned the stolen ark to Israel, they sent five golden mice back with it as a trespass offering. (I Sam. 6:4-5)
11. True. The ass Jesus rode on into Jerusalem had never before been ridden. (Mark 11·12)
12. False. Noah was commanded to take seven pairs of clean and two pairs of each kind of unclean animals with him into the ark. (Genesis 7:2)
13. False. Jesus called Herod, not a wolf, but a fox. (Luke 13·32)
14. False. Instead of dogs being called man's best friend, very much the opposite is true. Dogs in ancient times were regarded with contempt, a symbol of uncleanness, and an animal to be despised and avoided. (I Sam. 17·43, Matt. 15:26, 2 Pet. 2·22)
15. False. Moses' law expressly forbids the muzzling of an ox while threshing as a symbol that a person who works is worth the food he eats. (Deu. 25:4, I Cor. 9:9, I Tim. 5:18)
16. False. Jesus mentioned camels twice. "...it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle..." (Matt. 19·24) "..which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." (Matt. 23·24)
17. True. Satan is referred to as a dragon many times in Revelations. (Rev. 12·3, 9, 13, 13·2, 4, 11)
18. True. Samson got revenge on the Philistines by catching 300 foxes, tying firebrands to their tails and setting their fields of ripe grain on fire.
19. False. Many times the Israelites fell away from God and worshipped idols, and especially at two times did they pray to golden calves. (Ex. 32·20, and I Kings 12·28, 29)
20. False. Jesus is called both the "Lamb of God" (John 1:29) and the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." (Rev. 5·5)

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct.......Excellent
17-18 correct.......Good
15-16 correct.......Average

SECRETS OF THE SNOW

When we look out the window in the morning and find that the earth is covered with a blanket of newly fallen snow, do we realize what has happened? Perhaps if we were aware that many, many people never have the pricilege of seeing snow we would appreciate it more. On about two-thirds of the earth's surface, snow never falls.

Most people think that snow is white, that it is simply frozen rain, and that it is powdery like flour. None of these are true.

Snow is formed when vapor freezes in the clouds. The fleecy thunderhead in the summertime which rises high above the earth contains snow. If this snow drops into warmer air, (usually below 15,00 feet) it simply melts and falls as rain. Sometimes there are down drafts and up-currents in the clouds which carry the snow into freezing rain. This results in sleet.

Ordinairily snow flakes are six-sided and usually they are flat. They are made up in an intricate design and no two are alike. This would seem impossible when we consider the trillions of flakes it takes to make a shoval full of snow.

Snow appears to be white but it is actually only reflecting the light. If you were to view a white wall in a mirror you might think the mirror is white. But actually the mirror is clear and so is the snow flake. When we see the frost on the grass in the morning it looks white but we know it is actually only frozen dew, and dew is water. It is reflecting the light in the same manner as the snow is reflecting the light. Sometimes microscopic plants change the color of snow after it reaches the ground. Greenland oftimes has green snow thus taking the name of Greenland.

Some people think it snows less now than it used to but weather records indicate that there has not been much change over the last several hundred years. Snowfall records are being broken at different places every year. On Thanksgiving Day, 1956, the town of Erie, Pa. was buried under a 27 inch snowfall. An all-time record for a year's snowfall was set in 1956 when more than 1,000 inches of snow fell at the 5,500 ft. level of Mt. Ranier, Washington. The largest snowfall for a 24 hr. period that was ever recorded was 76 inches at Silver Lake, Colorado in 1921.

At high altitudes snow remains on the mountains all the year round. The dividing line is called the snow line. In the tropics the snow line is about 3 miles above sea level. In the temperate zone, it is about two miles. But in Greenland a half mile above sea level the snow stays the year around. Greenland has an ice cap which has been buidling up for centuries. It is now more than 4,000 feet thick.

Above the snow line it seldom rains as the temperature usually stays below freezing the year round. Snow evaporates and settles down when exposed to wind and sunshine even at zero temperatures. Ice evaporates a little on a cold and windy day. This is why clothes that are hung on a line in a cold day will eventually "freeze dry".

Sometimes the bright sunlight reflected from snow can cause a temporary loss of sight called "snow blindness." It usually lasts from several days to a week. The cure is to stay inside and rest the eyes. In milder cases a person may be unable to distinguish colors and "see red" all the time. Wearing dark colored glasses is the best way to prevent snow blindness. The Eskimoes use goggles made from pieces of bone with a narrow slit to see through. ■■

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FAMILY LIFE

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letters to the editors

SAWYERS OF TODAY

Your story "Happy Moments" brought back many thoughts of where I left my boyhood tracks along the creek. People change their habits, there used to be a path along both sides of the creek with no brush so that you could walk by with good clothes on. But now the paths have grown over and not many city people come out any more. Where have all the Tom Sawyers gone? I think a lot are on the highways living a dangerous life or perhaps watching TV. — A.B.M., Pa.

I liked your article on Tom Sawyers. I thought it was really interesting, but you wouldn't have had to put that part in about also making them work.

— A Tom Sawyer, Ontario, Age 11

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THE DARKENED SUN

The article about when the sun was darkened made my thoughts go far. I just had to wonder, could we get a group together for a meeting if these circumstances would come? How many would say, "Why do we need to make after the world to worship in the evenings?"

Others might say, "What's the use? We would just endanger our lives." One has to wonder how near those times are upon us. We can not depend on our nation's strength or morality. Our only hope is in Jesus so let us be strong in the faith so that we may be found watching.

— Mrs. Daniel Mast, Iowa.

Concerning the article, "The Sun Was Darkened," can't we have more worthwhile articles than that one? Yes, there will be trials but where is our faith? If we do God's will, He has promised to take care of us. Maybe not always to our way of thinking.

How can grown-ups who are living in fear of communism all the time live a quiet and peaceful life like we are taught to do? Also why put a fear in the children about things that may never come? The end can come in a twinkling of an eye. This was preached years ago already. May we all be ready, with God taking care of us until the end comes. — Olan O. Swartzentruber, Mo.

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SACRAMENTS OF THE AMISH

I am neither Amish nor Mennonite. But this does not mean that I disagree with what you believe nor does it mean that I regard your faith as "simple and primitive." It simply means that I was born into a family of another affiliation and I have not as yet changed.

I read Family Life because I enjoy learning about the people I believe are closer to Jesus than any other people on this earth. There are a great number of "outsiders" that not only respect but also admire you for the fortitude and courage which is displayed in living your lives for Christ.

As a child in Lancaster County, I often saw the "strange people" in the little black buggies. As I grew older I began to wonder, "What makes these people give up the luxuries of life to pursue a life of humility and hard work?"

Often I asked questions about the Amish but those I asked knew no more about you than I did. So I began reading books about the Anabaptist movement and about the development of the Amish faith. However these books were written by scholars whom I felt did not reflect the true nature of the Amish people.

At this point I began to realize that I did not really want to know about you, I wanted to know you, a people who would voluntarily choose to become members of the Christian community. I wanted to know people who would not give up merely one hour on Sunday to worship God but would devote their whole lives to being Christians. So I subscribed to The Budget to learn what I felt would give me values to base my own life upon. Through The Budget I learned of Family Life. Now I feel I understand basically what you believe in and at least in my mind I am able to share and enjoy a magazine which I feel helps me to be a better Christian.

So you see, sir, there are many of us outside your faith who believe yours is the way of Christ and we want to know more about your faith so that we, too, might become better Christians. We want to learn about you so that our lives might resemble your lives, our families might resemble your families and our love of Christ might resemble your love of Christ.

— Ronald Vassally, New Jersey

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WHY DO WOMEN WORRY?

Mr. Needless Worry, Mr. Groundless Fear and Mr. Cares-of-the-world (Dec. issue) are much like the serpent in the garden of Eden. They come to the woman. Men should give their women better protection.

— Mrs. E.W., Md.

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BIG WRENCH AT RIGHT TIME

I happened to come across your article, "Love is like a Lever" at a time of special need. It was one of several readings God used to show me the way through a personal problem. Many days of patient loving may be ahead, but thanks to His leading and this inspiring article, the way is clear. Fear and disappointment have left me. The author wished to remain anonymous but I felt he has a right to know he has helped one and no doubt many others.

— W. Heidelberg, Ontario.

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Concerning the article, "All Brethren Are Equals" (Dec. issue) I was present at that meeting and what shall I say to defend myself. The article is true.

I Peter 5:3 says that the elders are to be ensamples to

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.

Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.

Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.

FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

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In U.S.A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.

In Canada — Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

the flock. This is important but their good example does not help us if we consider it unnecessary to follow after.

However, I would like to submit that the minister present that afternoon had been visiting an elderly minister and his sickly wife, therefore he had on his Sunday clothes while the rest of us had our "going to town" clothes.

Such problems as these, I believe exist more in older communities such as ours than in newer congregations. It is easy for someone to write of the weaknesses of another church or the strong points of his own. But I challenge you to follow this article up with another one giving some practical advice on how to rid a church of long standing undesirable practices. — Noah S. Horst, Ont.

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CHRISTMAS IS PAST

Now that it is past, how did we spend our Christmas and also our money? Was it well spent or do we have a guilty conscience? Did we buy our children toys that will teach them in later years to drift into the world? I have seen homes where there were autos and tractors in the yard big enough that they could ride. Are we not at fault if they, as they get older, have the desire for real ones?

I have seen children with few toys who are more content than those who have them abundantly. I am not saying that there may not be small gifts that are all right. Surely, we do not want to celebrate Christmas as those who live without Christ. — Ohio

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FASTING ON CHRISTMAS

Regarding the article on Two Christmases (Dec. issue) we had always held Dec. 25th as the birth of Christ, and January 6th as the time of the wise men's coming, and also of a feast held in honor of the Christ Child. It is hard for me to understand why some people now keep this day as a fast day. It was always my father's opinion that fasting should be in times of trouble or need or mourning.

When Jesus was born it was good news the world over and happiness to the believers that the Saviour has come. These brought gifts to the Child to show thankfulness and appreciation. These gifts represented faith, hope and charity and were of a different classification than the gifts and candy which are given today.

Our forefathers understood that to honor the day of the Lord's coming was not in fasting, but in happiness and praise. I feel Bible reading and the story of His coming would be fitting. Also at Thanksgiving the Pilgrims made a great feast to give thanks to the Lord for the plentiful harvest. Their days of fasting were in the years before when there was little food and many died of disease. The day when Jesus was crucified we fast because He was killed but on Easter He arose again therefore no fast on Easter. On Ascension Day He left us again so we fast. The time God sent the Spirit there was no fasting but a shouting of joy. If we look back into the Bible we always find fasting connected with mourning and times of great need. Why not fast more when troubles arise in the churches, and maybe we could accomplish something through Jesus by our prayers and fasting. — O. A. Graber, Ontario

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BEWARE OF POISON IVY

Caring for the skin was of interest to me (Dec. issue). About the poison ivy it is strange how it can spread. Some people, however, do not get it.

I remember a man who was immune to poison ivy. One day he was pulling it with his bare hands to clean a fence and didn't get any rash. He washed his hands good with soap and water.

But that evening his little daughter had such a bad croupy cough. So he rubbed her chest with Vicks Vaporub. He rubbed it well into the skin to relieve the croup. To his surprise the next day the little girl got the poison ivy rash. It was so bad he didn't know what to do. They had to take her to the doctor and the doctor said the poison ivy was worse than the croup. — E.H., Pa.

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WHERE IS IT IN THE NEW?

The statment which I made about Lucy asking her minister, (LTE, January issue) whether he would marry a divorced person and he said he couldn't, is found on the next to the last page in the old edition. - L. J. S., Illinois.

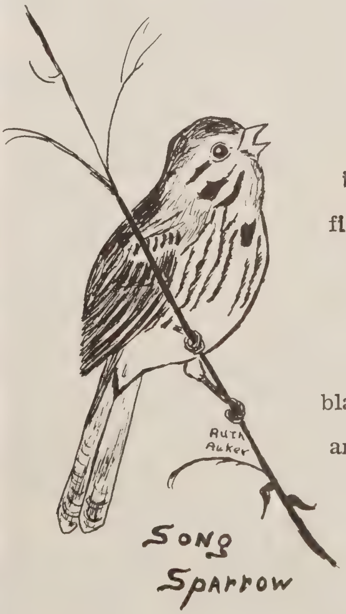
ANSWER: We are sorry we had overlooked this as we did check in several places in the old edition where we thought it might be and did not find it. Thanks for letting us know. Now if someone will tell us where is found in the new edition it would clear up the controversy.

It is supposed to be a true story and it is a sobering thought to think that it was included in the first edition but not in the present one. We do not offer any explanation as to how it could have happened because we have none to offer.

We would like to say, however, that we still feel this is not a book which is to be recommended. We sincerely hope that any dealer will examine the book carefully and prayerfully before offering it for sale.

"Children need love, especially when they do not deserve it." - Harold S. Hulbert

Wonders of Nature



This little bird is usually found in fields and meadows or in low bushes. You can easily identify it by the black striped breast and its sweet song ever flowing from the depth of its little heart.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

The Right To Remain Seated

Two seventh-grade pupils in Queens, New York City were suspended from school for remaining seated while their classmates stood for the pledge of allegiance to the flag. They were suspended for refusing to obey their teacher's orders. A New York federal judge, however, ruled that the girls had a Constitutional right to remain seated, thus marking another milestone in the rights of minority groups and minority convictions.

The End At Last?

President Nixon has recently revealed plans for ending the U.S.'s part in the Vietnam war. Presently there are nearly 400,000 troops in Vietnam, a reduction of 100,000 from 1968. Nixon plans to withdraw 180,000 in 1970 and the same amount during 1971, leaving a remainder of 40,000 there as advisers. He is determined to have the U.S. soldiers out of Vietnam by 1972 — election year.

The Unwanted Passenger

Recent charges have been made against the giant railroad industry of not wanting passengers on their trains. Some people seem to have grounds for proving that certain railroad lines are trying their hardest to discourage passenger service. Various means have been:

1. removal of baggage lockers from waiting rooms
2. two day trips with no sleepers and only vending machines for food
3. unanswered phone calls to ticket offices
4. unsanitary washrooms
5. changes in timetables so that train connections for major cities are impossible without a long wait

These and other tactics are discouraging people from traveling by train. Why are passengers unwanted? Because freight is a better paying business with less personal demands. The railroad industry lost $200 million on passenger service in 1968. If it can discourage passengers from using its trains, the lines can be classified as "underpatronized" and thus become eligible for removal under Interstate Commerce Commission rules. In 1958 There were 1,399 passengers trains; now there are less than 500.

Right now there are various bills in Congress which will determine the future of passenger trains. Most people expect a system to develop in which the government will provide funds to railroads which seemingly can't pay their own way. In effect this would be a step toward nationalizing the railroads, similar to Canada and Great Britian. If not perfect, at least it will offer better passenger service and not have people riding the trains with that "un wanted" feeling.

The Plan of Salvation

GOD'S PART

1. Loved man and sent His Son: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," (John 3:16).
2. Provided an atonement: "...we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ by whom we have now received the atonement," (Romans 5:11).
3. Gave grace as a gift: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," (Eph. 2:8).
4. Allowed an advocate: "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," (I John 2:1).
5. Gave the Gospel: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," (Romans 1:16).
6. Sent a guide and comforter: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever." (John 14:16).

MAN'S PART

1. Hear the Gospel: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," (Romans 10:17).
2. Believe the Gospel: "But without faith it is impossible to please him, for he that cometh to God must believe...," (Heb. 11:6).
3. Repent of sins: "I tell you, Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," (Luke 13:3).
4. Confess faith in Christ: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," (Romans 10:10).
5. Be baptized: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," (Mark 16:16).
6. Keep the commandments: "Hereby we do know that we know him if we keep his commandments," (I John 2:3).
7. Do good works: "Even so faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone," (James 2:17).
8. Remain faithful: "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved," (Matthew 24:13).

Five Score And Ten

Thomas Robinson of Windsor, Ontario was born Jan. 6, 1860. Plans were made to celebrate his 110th birthday on Tuesday, and a senator had planned to attend. But on Monday Mr. Robinson died after a short illness.

When he was 100 years old he told a reporter that one of the reasons he lived so long is because he never sits idle.

"I always want to do things and I always keep myself occupied. That way I have no time to feel old and tired," he said.

In the 5th chapter of Genesis, we read of men who reached much greater ages than Mr. Robinson, but their story always ended the same as his — "... and he died."

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

How To Lose Lead In Shoes

Now that I am the father of a large family I am often at a loss to know what to do to bring them up as I should. Then I think back of my dad, how he tried to do what was the best for his boys.

I remember of one experience I had. One Sunday evening I went to the neighbors to a singing. We had some drinking and we did not act as we should have. The neighbor told my dad about it so he said to me, "You go right back and make this right."

Oh, this was not an easy thing for as I started across the field, the walking went so hard that it felt like there was lead in my shoes. But when I got to the neighbor's place he was very friendly. When he saw that I was sorry. it was so easy to make things right that I stayed and visited awhile with him. On the way home the walking went much easier. — R.B., Ohio

Skunks To The Rescue

Not long ago a man said to me "I am so hard up. Everything is against me. There are doctor bills and things in the store are so high I can hardly make ends meet."

This man was getting a large salary every week. He and his wife had a wonderful garden with lots to eat and can for the winter. He also had church insurance to pay his doctor bill. So I said to him, "Are you really in as bad shoes as you think?"

"Listen," I said, "and I will tell you about hard times. Back in the drought years we didn't even have very much of a garden. We didn't have much to can. Work was very hard to get because people didn't have money to pay. In the spring I was put into the hospital. The doctor and the hospital were good to us and gave us time to pay our bill.

"We were working on a farm for so much crop share which wasn't much. We could only have two cows. After I was home one Sunday a rig drove in just before dinner. I said to my husband, "Oh, what shall I make for dinner?" He said, 'Make what you have,' and so I did. It was bread and butter and milk.

"I would have felt bad if the woman hadn't said how glad she was. She said, 'Home-baked bread is a treat for us.'

"Another time when our third child was born we had a hired girl. She demanded her money. There was no cash and we were out of coal, flour, and sugar. We had no income. We prayed God to help us and He did. There was an old straw stack close to our place and my husband went there to look. He found a skunk nest and he caught six or seven, I don't remember which, and these were a good price. We got enough to meet our need and still had a little left for the next time we needed money. We now have a farm of our own."

When I had finished my story, the man said, "We have plenty."

I told him, "How often we forget that God will provide our every need if we trust Him." — C, Iowa

SHALL HE FIND FAITH ON EARTH?

What shall He find when He cometh
Suddenly piercing the skies,
Calling His own to meet Him,
Bidding His dead arise?

He will find eyes that watch not,
Lamps burning faint and dim;
Hearts, that His own heart broke for,
Caring so little for Him.

The world that He suffered and died for,
Gone mad in its race for fame;
And men that He laid down His life for
Denying His holy name.

He will find singing and sighing,
Laughs with a sob underneath;
He will find selling and buying,
Fighting and feasting and death.

Marrying and giving in marriage,
Laughter and music and mirth—
Nevertheless, when He cometh,
Shall He find faith on the earth?

Help us, Oh, help us, dear Master,
To watch for Thee day by day—
Surely Thy footsteps already
Echo not far away.

Oh, when Thou cometh, dear Master,
Breaking in on earth's sorrow and mirth,
In the hearts Thou art teaching to trust Thee
Thou shalt find faith on the earth.

-Selected

Across The Editor's Desk

The editorial in the October issue entitled "The Plan of Salvation" brought in a tremendous amount of comments, both for and against. One major objection brought against it lately is that the article was not what the title said. Instead it was only part of the plan of salvation.

The editors agree that it could have had a better title and wish to apologize if anyone understood that it was to have been the entire plan of salvation. Perhaps it might have been titled "Some oft-neglected parts of the plan of salvation." But most of our readers may have noticed that we do not go for long titles. It might also be pointed out that ordinarily an editorial is about something and not the thing itself. Thus if you were to see an editorial entitled "The Law of Moses" you would hardly expect to see a list of all the laws which God gave to the Israelites. Instead it might be about several neglected laws.

In checking over some old copies of Herold Der Wahrheit I found an editorial in the May 1, 1960 issue entitled "The Dordrecht Confession Of Faith." The editorial did not list any of the articles of the confession of faith. But it did say something about them. In the Sept. 1, 1960 issue an editorial in the German section was entitled "Die Verheiszungen Gottes" (The Promises Of God). But I do not recall that in the columns of comments on that subject, that any of the promises which God has given us in the Bible were included.

However, in this issue we are printing a "Plan Of Salvation" which appeared in the Ambassador Of Peace recently, listing the main points of the entire plan. We hope that anyone wishing to know our position on that subject will examine the plan and if there are objections, please let us know.

Now that two years of Family Life are finished the editors decided it is time for a change in the layout. Don't be surprised if you don't find the feature you're looking for in its usual place. We really have not dropped anything. It's just a matter of re-arrangement. The "Yesterdays and Years" section has been moved towards the middle while the "Shut-ins" and "Windowsill" are in the rear. The reason for the change is that this will give us some advantage in the printing processes.

Two articles in this issue when put together paint a very sobering picture. One is the Yesterday and Years which tells about a whole village that was condemned and massacred because of circumstantial evidence. Most of the evidence consisted of the fact that two members of a marauding party were "Christian Indians and spoke German." The village of Gnadenhüten was made up of Christian Indians who spoke German. Therefore the logical conclusion was that the members of the marauding party were from Gnadenhüten.

The other article is entitled "The Double Standard" and tells about several 1W boys who reported for work looking and acting "just like any other boys from town." The people were surprised especially when they saw how plain the ministers looked who came to visit the boys. When the superintendant inquired, he was told that the boys were "in good standing with the church."

The Bible does not teach two rules of conduct. If it is right for the boys to wear red hats and smoke cigarettes then it's right for the ministers to do the same. If it's wrong, it's wrong. When a question like this comes up we ought to ask first, what does the Bible say about it? Secondly, we should consider how it looks to the people around us.

The world realizes that in a community of plain people there may be an occasional one who will be disobedient, dishonest or act in a way that does not become a Christian. But what they can not understand or overlook is if such persons are accepted as in good standing in the church even if their deeds are known.

It is a sobering thought to think that the only members of our congregations that many world people come into contact with are those who are not living the faith. The logical conclusion is for the world to decide that if these are hypocrites then we are all hypocrites.

All that is needed to make such a situation explosive is is for some of our people to become involved in a scandal. During peace time the danger may not be so great but what would happen if a serious war broke out? If the little village of Gnadenhüten, where all the members lived Christian lives, suffered such a fate, what could we who do not have such an enviable record expect under a similar testing?

Does Family Life have fewer good articles than it used to? Some time ago we published a "Letter to the Editors" to this effect and since that we have received a number of letters from people who agree. However, we have also received quite a few letters from both old and new readers who do not agree. Perhaps the newness has a tendency to wear off.

Recently we received a letter from a subscriber who listed the articles she liked and didn't like in one issue of Family Life. We checked up on the percentage for each category and this is what we found. Forty-two percent of material she classed as "Fine." An additional 16% was "O.K." Sixteen percent was listed as "Not interesting" and 26% was listed as "Sunday School." We assumed she was not in favor of this last category although she did not object to anything as unsound or unscriptural.

According to her letter she read and enjoyed 58% of the magazine. We believe this would be about average for the readers. Of course some people write and say they read it from cover to cover. We know that not everyone does. Most people read only that part in which they are the most interested. We get a number of magazines at our house and I do not read 58% of any of them.

But what was her conclusion? Her subscription had expired and she asked us to discontinue the magazine. Quote: "Perhaps if we don't get it for awhile we will appreciate it more. Meantime I will just try to borrow it for the time being."

Now don't understand us that we think it's anything out of the way to lend out your copy of Family Life. We're glad if you do. However, the cold hard facts are that if everyone depended on borrowing it, it just wouldn't work.

When we stop to think of it, many things in life are like that. Things like married life, going to church on Sunday, operating our own schools or any of the things that need to be done in the community. We are apt to lose the first interest and take too much for granted. We expect to keep on getting more out of it while at the same time we are putting less into it. Instead of appreciating the good parts, we have a tendency to see only that which is not according to our way of thinking.

Any life that is worthwhile consists of patience, persistence and an ample portion of work, work, work. The Psalmist says that even if our years should reach four score, the strength of our days is in labor and sorrow. Ps. 90:10. (Mühe und Arbeit).

We would like to have this opportunity to disagree with Mrs. Jeckie elsewhere in this issue who trying to comfort her depressed husband makes the statement, "Those who have the confidence to write (for Family Life) don't have the problems you do." The truth is that many of the writers do have this problem. They are afraid they "will say something stupid" and they are sensitive to what people think about their writing. We do agree with her where she says that confidence and despair can not live in the same body at the same time. Unfortunately, the disease of discouragement has a way of breaking out where least expected and most of us have to be on guard constantly to keep it from taking overhand.

Too long already we have cultivated the idea that writers are an over-confident class of people who pretend to have all the answers. Actually this is the kind of writer we can not use. Usually the best writers are those who have just lately been on the front line of battle (our warfare is not carnal) and they have perhaps found the solution to one problem out of a thousand. But if they can tell us of one fight that has been won, it can benefit thousands of readers.

Perhaps while they write they may be faced with other problems for which they have no answers and they are afraid they will write something which the readers think is "stupid".

Quite often we receive articles from people who say that we should omit their names because they do not want any of the honor. Usually this is a needless worry. It's about like cleaning out a nest of bumblebees, the chances of getting stung are much greater than of getting any honey.

There is a wide difference of opinion on this subject and we do respect those who do not wish to sign their names. Oftimes there are valid reasons. But at the same time we admire anyone who has the nerve to write a good sound article and sign his name to it. Such an article has more weight, simply because the author is willing to accept the responsibility of standing behind what he has written even in the face of opposition.

I would like to give a fair warning to all our subscribers. Keeping the subscription lists up-to-date and mailing out expiration notices has always been a very time consuming job. But during the past year our business manager has streamlined the job and he has now worked out a system that is so efficient that it is frightening. The work has been cut in half and you also get two notices a month apart. First you get an expiration notice 30 days in advance. If your renewal has not been received by the time the last issue is sent out, then you get a reminder stamped "Final Notice". Then if your renewal is not received within a reasonable length of time your name is pulled from the list and you do not get any more copies.

This is no reflection on your credit and it does not mean that we do not care whether you renew or not. We do care very much for without the renewals, we could not long survive. But we hope our readers will realize that we have not only their own, but many others to look after. On the average we send out 1500 notices every month of the year (for the three magazines).

We know that many of our subscribers are busy and sometimes don't get their renewals sent in on time. But come to think of it, it doesn't take any longer to send in your renewal when you get the first notice than it does after your paper has quit coming. And it will save us a lot of time and work.

And here is another suggestion. When you send in your renewal you can save yourself some time by renewing for 2, 3 or 4 years. This will also save us a lot of work if we don't have to send out expiration notices every year. The price is the same, but you will be protected against any rise in the subscription rates.

There are several reasons why your letter to the editors may not appear in print. Maybe someone else has expressed your thought before. Or possibly it is not considered to be of suffiecient overall interest. In order to be accepted for print, a letter should contain some new or original thought. It must also be of interest to the majority of our readers. But whether they are published or not, we still appreciate your letters.

The Little Task

The ceaseless round of little things
Which every dawning morning brings,
'Tis this which makes my sum of care,
'Tis this I pray for strength to bear.
Lord, help me through it all to see,
How much my duties bring to me.

The never ending tasks I face
Which sometimes seem so common place,
The beds I make to make again,
The little windows splashed with rain,
The floors I sweep, the chairs I dust;
All these I do because I must.

The little garments I repair
And make them fit once more to wear;
The meals I get, the rows and rows
Of dishes every woman knows;
'Tis these, dear Lord, that make me doubt,
And fear they'll wear my patience out.

Lord, keep my vision sweet and clear
When irksome days grow dark and drear,
Still let me see their eyes aglow
With love that shall be mine to know;
Help me to sing each morning through
Because such tasks are mine to do.

For them I sew, for them I bake,
For them these endless pains I take,
Help me to see in every touch,
The little hearts I love so much;
To understand, 'tis all I ask,
The meaning of each little task.

-Sel by Mrs. M. S. Graber, Indiana

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Bitterness — Poison In The Soul

My cousin told me about her several years ago. She was the old woman who lived about a mile from the end of their lane. I have forgotten what he said her name was, but I have not forgotten what he said about her character. "She's the most remarkable woman," my cousin said. "She's sour on everything. And I mean everything. She is sure her neighbors are against her and are watching for a chance to poison her dog. The mailman loses her letters on purpose. The doctor is just out to get her money and doesn't care how much she suffers from her arthritis. She's convinced her relatives hate her and that the government is corrupt. She believes there is a communist crouched behind every tree stump, ready to take over the country. She even feels the weather is in a plot to destroy her. Just as sure as the sun is shining and someone stops in to see her and says, 'Certainly is a lovely day,' she will frown darkly and mutter, 'Yes, but it looks like a storm is coming up in the east.'

"For example," my cousin said, "last summer we had a dry spell when it didn't rain for several weeks. Her garden was drying up and every time I stopped in she would complain how terrible the dry weather was and how she was sure all her vegetables were going to die. Then one day it clouded over and started to rain a bit. I was on my way home from town and happened to be just at her lane when the rain came up. I decided to stop in and see the old woman, not only to escape the downpour which appeared to be coming, but also in the hopes of at last finding her in a thankful mood. I knocked on the door and as soon as she opened it, I hurried in. Just then the rain came with a roar on her tin roof. 'Ahh,' I sighed happily. 'It's a wonderful rain, isn't it? Just what we need.'

"'Humpp,' she grumbled. 'I knew this was what it would do. Didn't rain at all for three weeks, and now when it comes it pours so hard all my vegetables will be washed out by their roots.'

"She looked at me as though it were wrong for me to be so happy while she suffered. I felt rebuked in spite of my gladness, and I soon decided to go on home, even though it was still raining. My clothes got soaked, but I found it less dampening to my spirits than the gloomy atmosphere of the old woman's house."

The old woman had an extreme case of bitterness in her soul. It had made her a chronic complainer who was most happy when she was unhappy.

I have met few people who were as openly bitter as this woman my cousin told me about. And yet I have often seen traces of this bitter, complaining attitude within myself and in the lives of others. It seems that few people succeed in escaping completely from bitterness.

If bitterness in our own lives were always as easily detectable as the old woman's, it would be easier to deal with. But many times it stays below the surface so that it is not recognized for the deadly danger it is. I am reminded of a story I read several months ago about a family in California. It seemed that they were sick a lot one winter, and at first they thought it was just the flu they couldn't quite get over. The children lost their appetites and picked at their food. Father came home from work each evening tired and irritable. Mother felt draggy and rundown. They took vitamins and forced themselves to eat nourishing meals they weren't hungry for. But weeks passed and the condition kept getting worse. At last blood tests at a hospital revealed lead poisoning. Now the family was perplexed. Where could the poisoning be coming from? In the end it turned out that an earthenware pitcher was the source of the mischief. The pitcher was a souvenir from Mexico, and the inside enamel had not been properly baked. The acid from the juice had loosened the lead in the clay, and thus the family had been slowly poisoned each morning at breakfast.

Bitterness in the soul can be like the lead in that earthenware pot — hard to see but all the time there — poisoning our words, our thinking, and our attitudes.

Bitterness comes in many forms. One person may be bitter about one thing, and another about something else. But most bitterness can perhaps be classed under four general categories — people, church, life, and God.

Bitter about people. "He wronged me." Who has not heard those three words that ring with bitterness as few do. Where people have misunderstandings, disagreements, and "fall-outs", there is fertile soil for bitterness to spring up. It may be true enough that the person who harbors the bitterness has indeed been wronged, but by being bitter he is only further wronging himself by poisoning his soul. One of the saddest things about being bitter toward another person is that the feeling usually spreads. First it includes those who take the other person's side and are friends with him. And all too often the circle of bitterness keeps widening until it includes all people in general. Then we hear the foolish words, "I won't trust anyone again. I learned my lesson. Nobody can be trusted." After years of feeling bitter toward people, of living with mistrust and resentment, a person may finally convince himself that there are only two kinds of people — those who are openly bad, and those who are secretly bad.

Bitter about the church. "The church misused me. The ministers have pets. Other people in the church get by with things I can't. There are too many dictators in the church." Those who feel bitter toward the church often show it by refusing to cooperate. They may threaten to change their membership, decide to stop attending, refuse to go along with communion, and set themselves against anything the church is for.

Bitter about life. "I get all the bad luck. Nothing ever works out for me. Everything goes wrong. Life is unfair." That is the sad tune sung by those bitter at life. Too many times it is the easy way out for people who cannot admit their own failures and who need something to blame them on.

Bitter about God. "God doesn't answer my prayers. Why did God let my wife die? If God is all powerful, why does he permit pain, hunger, and suffering?" These are the people who expect God to give them everything they want, and are rebelling because he hasn't. These are the people who would rather have a god that listened to their advice than one that tells them what to do. They are like Jonah of the Bible, who sat down and pouted and said he'd rather die than live if he couldn't have his own way.

They are mad at God and they react with bitterness.

We cannot deny that when a person is looking for something to be bitter about there are plenty of opportunities. When young people leave the shelter of childhood and come face to face with the harshness of adult life it is often a hard adjustment to make. They have grown up with high ideals. They have set goals to reach. They have been naturally trusting and hopeful, excited at the promises of life. It can be a cruel disilusionment to discover the facts of life — that people do wrong each other at times. That the best of friends may prove untrue. That no organization as large as the church, no matter how hard it tries, can always be entirely fair to every member. And that life itself is the unfairest of all. Innocent children suffer because of the faults of their parents. Some people are talented and some are not. Some die young and some die old. And whether we think He should or not, God does permit suffering, pain, and sorrow.

All of these things are part of life, and as we grow older some of the idealism of youth is bound to fade and be replaced by the unhappy awareness that harshness and injustice are on this earth to stay. It is not a pleasant fact to accept.

But bitterness is no solution. It does nothing for us. It adds to the problem. If we really care about the wrongs around us, we must fight against bitterness and do what little we can to lessen the wrongs. We must force ourselves to see the good in others, to have faith, to hope, to trust. In loving there is always the risk of losing. The more deeply we love, the more deeply we can be hurt. But if we choose bitterness rather than the risks of loving, we have already lost. Likewise, in trusting our fellowmen there is always the risk of being taken advantage of. But we do ourselves immeasurable harm when we allow our lives to be ruled by suspicion and mistrust. No man can retain respect for himself if he has no respect for others. It is far better to trust a few people who can't be trusted, than to mistrust the many who can.

We may justify our bitterness by saying that we have plenty of reason to feel that way. But when we look around we will make the startling discovery that those who have the most reason to be bitter in life seldom are.

Bitterness is a form of despair, of giving up in life, for out of bitterness nothing constructive can result. Bitterness is immaturity. It is a dead end road that leads to nowhere. Bitterness is pouting because we didn't get our own way, because we have had to suffer, because we have been disappointed. Bitterness is selfishness, because it focuses all our energy upon ourselves — our own ills and complaints.

Sin and disappointment, pain and sorrow — they are an inescapable part of life for all of us. Each trial and each chastisement that comes our way will have an effect upon us and will leave us either bitter or better. How fervently we should pray each day that God would mercifully grant us the grace to choose the latter. For only as we learn to humbly accept the things we cannot change, and go on to make the best of them, can we hope to free our souls from the poison of bitterness. ■■

"Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be." - Thomas Kempis

"YUST DER JECKIE"

WHEN JECKIE GOT HOME FROM THE SCHOOL MEETING HE WAS SO DEPRESSED HE COULDN'T SLEEP.

It was a damp fall night. Darkness had come early and Jacob Sauder was walking down the road alone. He was experimenting with words, trying to put his feelings together in a little rhyme.

"Why, like a slave, do I feel so sure
While many around me are humble;
Only I am poor."

He was not poor like the widow with only a little meal in the barrel, but, well, he didn't know how to say it, maybe like the runt of the litter.

Farther down the road the lights were glowing in the little one room schoolhouse. This was the night of their regular meeting. He didn't know any problems to be discused but he did expect to see a few strangers there who were visiting in the area.

As he neared the schoolhouse he could see David Eby standing, visiting with a group of strangers.

Jacob's mood sank when he saw David busily engaged in conversation with the group of strangers. Oh, why couldn't he be more like David. A friend had once remarked, "David is just loaded with ideas." Everyone knew that David was a great man for efficiency. He had made this handy and that nice around the farm — improvements everywhere. Of course he had his faults, too. For example when his wife's health began to fail, David was too absorbed in his work to notice her.

David had been one of the first to arrive at the schoolhouse and when the strangers came, the conversation was centered on the school. David was busy answering questions, confident of making a good impression.

As Jacob emerged out of the dark and walked toward them, one of the strangers turned to David and said, "This man must live close by or he would not be walking."

"Yes, that is Jacob Sauder," David answered. "He is the kind of man who would say, 'Ich bin yust der Jeckie.'"

When David noticed how close Jacob was, he lowered his voice and said, "Among strangers his words are few, but he is concerned in helping others and always does his part."

Jacob had been close enough that he had heard the words "Yust der Jeckie." A feeling of despondency swept over him as though he had been left at the "Slough of Despond" and no way to go but through it.

Jacob usually went to bed early, but tonight by the time he got home from the meeting it was late. His wife stirred a little as he settled into bed, not giving any definite sign that she noticed his coming. Sometime later she woke up enough to look at the alarm clock. Jacob stirred and turned. A wave of worried concern swept through her as she said, "Jacob, are you not asleep?"

"No," came the answer, "but I didn't want to wake you up."

"Jacob, you know that when something is really bothering you, I want you to tell me, no matter what hour of the day or night it happens to be. Didn't you sleep at all yet?"

"No, my legs are restless, and — and oh, I just don't know, I'm simply no good to anybody."

"Dad, you know that is not true," she said, half pleading, half scolding. "You have always been a good father and I and the children need you just like you are."

"I feel just like I can't go on," he answered. "I am just too poor and too backward to catch on to things in time. Tonight I heard one of the strangers ask David Eby who I was and I am sure I heard him say that I am 'yust der Jeckie.' It proves that they, too, think I don't amount to anything."

"I can't believe that David would have said anything like that," she replied. "You might have misunderstood him. But even if he did, you know that such an opinion is worthless and can only harm the person who says it."

"Mother," he said, expressing his feelings from another angle, "I don't think even you have any pity on me whenever I feel like this."

"We have that crippled calf in the barn," she said, her voice almost breaking. "We can't do anything for it so I have to pity it. But you're not like a crippled calf, Dad. Everyone in our family who is able to talk would say that you have taken very good care of us. You try too hard and you take more responsibility on your shoulders than your body can carry. Those feelings can wear you down faster than work. I could say I pity you, Jacob, but that would be like saying I believe that David said what you think he did. It would be like saying, 'Nobody can help us.' We don't want to listen to those feelings that cry for pity. We will try again with our Father's help to starve out that feeling of desperation."

But Jacob was not yet ready to give up. He thought of yet another angle. "Mother, sometimes I feel I am the only one who is troubled this way. I have read about all kinds of problems in Family Life but hardly ever does anybody write about nervous depression or whatever you want to call it."

"Well," she replied, "people who have the trouble you do, don't have the confidence to write, for fear they will say something stupid. Those who have the confidence to write don't have the problem you have, because confidence and despair cannot live in the same body at one time.

"But even so, Jacob, more people will probably write in time. If only I could get the habit of telling you that you have done something well right when you do it instead of waiting for a time like this. But I will try harder from now on.

"Jacob, this is not the first night we have had like this, and we have always eventually come out on top. We can be thankful that this 'thorn in the flesh' keeps us from becoming proud and highminded. After the wound has healed, we can trust our God to give us enough confidence to carry on."

— Der Jeckie, Waterloo, Ontario

New Children's Book

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stoll

- For ages 10 and up
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- illustrated
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1

April 16, 1967

Greetings of peace and love in Jesus' name. Hope this finds you all in good health. We have nothing to complain about; are all on the go except me, but am very thankful for the health I do have.

On the following Wednesday after that Monday that you stopped in, my wife and I came up here to the hospital to see a blood specialist. After a very short examination he said he wanted me to stay in the hospital, which was sort of a shock as we were hoping I could go along back in the evening. They took x-rays and blood tests every day until Monday and had many examinations by a lot of different doctors. Then Tuesday they took me to surgery for a biopsy of that lump. It was not a pleasant operation. I was not put to sleep, but was drowsy. I could hear the doctors talk and I would talk to them sometimes. Was one hour and five minutes on the operating table. They took three pieces out and when they were as deep as they went, I heard the main surgeon say something about a small mass that looked infected.

Now there is some anxious waiting until we get the final reports. Something like this sure searches a person's heart, but am sure I deserve everything that is coming to me and want to take it as a züchtigung. But I don't have much pain now. I did have the first day after the biopsy, but not bad. I can't tell you how much my wife and children mean to me since I'm here. I just hope with God's help I can be a better husband and father when I come home again.

(Later) Well, the doctor now has told my wife and me that it is a serious disease and they want to start treatment right away. It is a tumor of the lymph nodes and he sees no reason why treatment wouldn't help to reduce the tumor. We hope with the help from above I can regain my health — not that I am worth it, but still I would like to be with my wife and children again.

2

May 31, 1967

We are as usual with the exception that I wasn't feeling too good the last few weeks and I have another tumor starting again, but not as big as the last one. We were in by the doctor Monday again and he said this is just the way my illness works — it comes and goes. He wants us to come back in three weeks and if it's not better he wants to treat me for it again, but maybe only with tablets. Well, the main reason for writing is that our oldest daughter was published and the wedding is June 8, and you and your wife are invited to the wedding.

3

October 6, 1967

I felt very good till the last week. Now I have quite a bit of chest pains and our doctor took a chest x-ray and found a shady area, but it might only be a cold. If it doesn't get better I will have to go to the hospital again for a checkup. I was quite tired tonight and I guess I shouldn't do what I do. Yesterday we had the gang here to fill silo. All I mostly did was stand by the silo filler.

Our doctor said he would like for me to see a doctor in Maryland at a cancer research center and said if there is anything to do for me it would be there. I don't know what we will do yet. They can only help if it's the Lord's will

MY HANDS ARE TIRED

The following article is made up of excerpts taken from fifteen letters written over a period of two years. The letters were written by a father of a large family who was stricken in the prime of his life by a fatal disease.

He did not write his letters for publication. He wrote merely to a close friend, sharing freely his thoughts, his hopes, his fears, his daily seeking to make God's will his own. He did not wish to be thought of as some great hero, but only as a fellow traveler "fighting the good fight of faith." And as one who fought the fight earnestly through greater trials than most of us have yet known, the four words with which he chose to close his last letter remain as a fitting symbol of his struggle — "My hands are tired."

and whatever is His will I want to be satisfied and try to be patient.

We had communion on Sunday. We had such a nice anich rote, which is so much to be thankful for. There are places here in our settlement where it isn't this way and I think it is very sad when ministers can't work together anymore. But I hope everything can be straightened up again. I think it is a pity when people don't have a love for one another anymore, but I just hope I can do better and keep my own house swept, as I believe I have enough to do with myself and our own family.

4

November 17, 1967

The last few weeks I haven't been feeling too well, and have three new tumors started — one on top of my left leg and two more on the right side of my neck. The first tumor on my left side is also back again. Sometimes I feel pretty good, but about once each day I get chilling spells and fever from 101 to 102, although the last three nights I did sleep better again. Our doctor talked to us again about going to the Bethesda Hospital in Maryland. He said in the last Medical Journal there was an article in that if any doctors have patients with Hodgkin's disease, they would like to have them as they feel they now might have a cure and are very anxious to use it. A few days after we were to the doctor, our oldest daughter at home found a little article in a magazine, Family Circle, "New Hope In Hodgkin's Disease." Hodgkin's disease is a malignant disorder that affects the lymph nodes. It often causes enlargement of the spleen and liver and may become fatal. Now promising results in advanced stages of the disease have been obtained with a combination of four drugs. Of thirty patients treated by National Cancer Institute physicians, twenty-five have had complete remission (disappearance of all evidence) of the disease, followed by what appears to be a normal recovery for periods as long as eighteen months thus far.

What would you do? We think we will try it and if I don't get help, I am still glad if other people can be helped. I have found nothing so fitting for me as that prayer in Christenplicht prayer book, on page 131. I just can't get done with that prayer as it fits my life and condition so well. How could we ever endure a sickness that may be fatal and the misery I go through if I didn't have the dear Lord and Saviour to look to and ask for help and forgiveness. Often I'm thankful that God has not forgotten me and has given me these trials.

We just brought our heifers home Saturday. We have seventeen head of young stock. We try to raise our own replacements as I'm not much of a sale-going man, and by raising them we also know what we have. We have a lot of wood to make for the sugar house yet this winter so the boys can keep busy.

5

January 6, 1968

When there is a large family like ours, a person so feels the need of help from above to guide the children through this sinful world. I am feeling good at the present time and working every day and am thankful for it. At one time I didn't expect to be here over Christmas, and don't know how long it will last, but sure want to be thankful for what health I have and that God has spared me this long and hope I can help bring our children up in der zucht und furmahnung zum Herrn. Ask for your prayers that I and our family can stay steadfast to the end.

6

March 22, 1968

We were boiling sap the last week; we made 370 gallons so far. We have been doing the boiling ourselves. I couldn't go out except just in the afternoons a little so my wife and the boys are doing most of it now. My wife can make just as good tasting syrup as I can and one of the boys does the firing. The ground is covered with snow today.

7

May 23, 1968, Columbus Hospital

My wife and I have been here at the hospital since Monday. (The Maryland hospital being full, I'm getting the same drugs here in Columbus.) They are still taking tests and are trying to find out what causes my pain in my back. I've had a lot of pain yesterday, last night, and this morning; haven't been so uncomfortable for a long time, but I feel I've no right to complain. Have often thought Jesus didn't have any pain pills or sedatives given to him when he was crucified and to think of all the suffering he did for us — oh, I just hope I can be patient and steadfast to my end. I want to be satisfied with what he gives me. I have certainly earned everything that I have gone through, and hope I can do my suffering here and not in the hereafter.

8

October 17, 1968

Excuse my scribbling as my hands are not as steady as they used to be. Monday morning I awoke about four o'clock like I do many mornings with hard pains, (sometimes it's as early as one o'clock) and after taking pain pills and lying there in bed my thoughts were to write you a letter again. Was so glad to get your last letter. We want to cut some corn to shock and put through the shredder. Monday I took one of the boys along and we picked four rows of field corn and it went real good. I was very tired when we came in, but enjoyed it to be out again for a little. When I feel good enough to be out in the fields and working it seems so good and I feel so thankful to our almighty Father that the tears just roll down my cheeks. I can't help it. God can take our health, make us sick, and he can also give us better days. He can give us pain and he can take it away. Oh, our life is a hard struggle, but we can make it to the other shore where there will be no more pain or tribulation if we ask for God's help and work hard with His Word.

I had such a nice dream the other night about reaching that beautiful shore. I don't think we can always go by what we dream, but I talked to our bishop about it and he said we also have Scriptures where God showed people things in dreams. I feel this was all a lesson for me. I don't know if I'm going to make it to that place of many mansions until I'm there, but this dream showed me that it is possible to get there. I have a hoffnung to make it, but I have to put in every effort that I have and can't poke around on the way or look around to see what others are doing. It is like the five wise virgins in Matthew 25 — they had no oil to spare for the others.

I would have a longing to see our children become upbuilding church members and not tear down, but everything is in God's hands. Whenever He wants to take me from this world, that is up to Him. I just want to give myself up and ask that you pray for me that I can be patient and not complain, for if I would it would be complaining about God's ways. I am so thankful that God has given me and us all a healthy mind, and so far this sickness has not made me nervous. Yes, I agree with you about our children — it takes love, patience, and also times to stand firm. If we can only do the right thing at the right time.

9

November 7, 1968

The boys are cleaning box stalls and working in the barn yesterday and today. We still have a lot of corn to husk. You have to excuse my writing as my hands are more shaky since I lost quite a bit of strength. The last few days I didn't feel too good, but maybe it will go better again in a few days. We were in Columbus again on Monday and the doctor said he would keep me on the same pills for another month. We expected he would have us stay in the hospital as I have so much pain on my right side. He said there are tumors in the kidney area and that is what causes the pain.

Week before the last I felt real good and was picking corn part of the time, but this week I haven't hardly been out yet. Last night I awoke at 2:30 with pain and also chilled and didn't sleep any after that, but this is the time I like to ask God to forgive me my mistakes and pray that I can lead a better life.

Well, I just got done looking at the greetings that came today and I must say it's very touching and brings many a tear to see what people far and near, known and unknown, have done for us. And then to think of who put this shower in the Budget for me — a neighbor girl fourteen years old. It just touched me to think that a girl her age wanted to do something for me. What touches our hearts quicker than little children and our youth? I certainly agree with you about what great joy it will be if our children walk in the truth. I asked my Dad once (he died over eight years ago) to give me advice on bringing up a large family and he said the best he can tell me is to be a good example for them.

(Next morning) I just got up and am having a lot of pain around my back where the kidneys are. My wife wants to send for the doctor, but maybe it will be better again after awhile. Everything is in God's hands. Lately my wife doesn't want to go away anymore and leave me, but she shouldn't worry so.

10

December 12, 1968

Well, I thought I would write you about what the doctor in Columbus told us. First he wanted to keep me down there for two weeks, then he asked me how important Christmas was to me. I thought for awhile and tried to turn it around and think what I would say if it were my wife or children that were sick. So I said, "Health comes first." But, then after thinking it over he said we will discontinue what I had been using and give another drug in pill form for two weeks. He also gave two prescriptions to be filled by our own doctor and given in my veins. He wants to see me by the 30th of this month. He said he is not promising anything, but hopes this will help. My disease is something like leukemia, and what is happening lately is that my white blood cells are destroying the red ones. He hopes this will help it somewhat and he wants me to keep going as much as I can and stay interested in farming — in other words, keep the will power up. With the help of God I want to do the best I can. There is no greater joy than if I can just give myself up in the hands of God. I have failed often, but I'm so glad that since being anointed (even if it didn't help the sickness or pain) it gives peace of mind. I mean spiritual help, and so plain it says in James 5:14-15, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

My wife started to use a home remedy salve, some call it lung fever salve, well, anyway, she warms it up and puts it around my hip or wherever it hurts the most and so far it seemed to give me relief. Before she used it the other night I had so much pain that I couldn't lie down anymore and was on the chair for an hour or more and didn't sleep much after that in bed, but now this salve seems to help.

Say, I made quite a blunder in church the last time. When we were about ready to leave for home, I was out on the porch, which was a little slippery. I don't have too much balance anyway, and the first I knew I fell, first backwards and then forwards, and fell flat on my chest and hurt my right hip and left knee and chest. Quick there were about six people around me. Sure made me feel small lying there and they helped me up and to the buggy.

I guess I told you about the scrapbook our school made for me. I sure enjoyed it, especially the letters that were written in it. They invited me to come to the school, and one said they would sing for me. More than one letter made the tears come. I think children can come so close to our hearts.

11

December 23, 1968

Will try and answer your welcome letter. Since getting these new drugs, my feet, legs, and up to my hips are quite numb. It goes hard to walk and have quite a bit of pain in my right hip. The doctor thinks they might use radium treatments on my hip. Will just have to wait and see. Often have to think what my Dad used to say, "Vella unser vertrauen auf Gott stellen."

Say, we got a nice present from The Budget. Every year they give something, (for being a scribe) so this year they sent a pen and a list of Pathway books that we could select one from. We got Biblische Geschichte and sure enjoy reading it. We had quite a bit of visitors lately and it means so much. I just wish that I could show a love to other people like they do to us. The other week I was down to the school and gave out the spelling words to the oldest group. Then they sang some songs for me while I sat at the back of the room by the teacher's desk. The children all had their backs turned and I was glad because more than once they sang songs that made the tears roll down my cheeks to think how hard they tried to do something for me.

Yes, I agree with you about Christmas shopping, and also about eating in public places and traveling on Sundays — all things that are overdone. My Dad used to say already that he is afraid the spending for Christmas is overdone.

12

January 3, 1969

I can walk real good again, but have such a cold and cough. Every time I breathe in cold air I have to cough so much. The doctor is pleased with my legs, but my white blood count is not too good. Some of this is due to the radium treatments that I had. We have to go to Columbus again next week and he hopes it will be better by then. He said my bone marrow needs a rest. I also have a tumor again under my left ear and he talked about using more drugs again in my veins for that. Last Friday when we were to Columbus we had quite a trip. We went by train and then by cab to the hospital. The doctor took care of us right away and then we had to hurry for the bus depot to get an express bus back. I really felt worn out till we got back. It cost us some more than when our regular taxi driver takes us.

13

March 2, 1969, Columbus Hospital

A greeting of love. Forgive me for my poor handwriting. I'm lying flat on my stomach here in my bed. It's 10:30 and my hands are not too steady from the medicine. I wrote a circle letter and one for the Budget and now want to write you yet. I feel better than I did. Had six pints of blood and quite a bit of medicine in my veins for my fever, and had two doses of mustard. Now the doctor also has me on another new, more potent, drug. Some more patients are using it here. Someone said it comes from Europe. The doctor keeps a close look on how it works on me. Last night I had a high fever. A doctor came in and took a blood sample to see if he could find the cause. One of the orderlies thought they should pack me in ice, but it was not needed, then.

We had a lot of visitors and feel I have so much to be thankful for yet. There are times when I'm very sick and uncomfortable and seem to go downhill. My hands, feet, and face were very pale, in fact about white, but now the color is back again. It is just through God's help that I can feel better again. God can work so many ways and how little trost could we have if Jesus had not suffered for us. He was unschuldig, but I am not for what I suffer. Have to think about what my uncle said some time before he died. He was over eighty years old and had a lot of pain. He said, "This is nothing compared to what Jesus went through and zu die groze Herrlichkeit im Himmel."

14

March 17, 1969

Was glad for your letter and thought I would answer right away. We didn't boil any syrup yet, but will have quite a bit to gather tomorrow. A neighbor will do the boiling for us this year. We came home from the hospital a week ago Saturday, and then the following Tuesday my wife had to go to the hospital for minor surgery. She had to stay only a few days and is getting along good so far, but she does more work than she should. Will quit for this evening. My hands are getting shaky so will finish in the morning.

(Good morning.) It is very nice and clear this morning. Sap was running all night so we have plenty to do today. I think I feel good enough that I can go back to the sugar house awhile, too. I slept better last night than I have for quite awhile, but at times this new drug makes me sick on my stomach.

15

April 9, 1969

Writing doesn't go very good as my hands are more shaky. They say this drug has an effect on the muscles. That tumor under my ear is about all gone and I feel better again, but I don't have much strength. Am all about every day. Yesterday afternoon we went over to visit our deacon. He can't get around too good but I sure enjoy visiting with him. Then quite a few of our school children were there and sang. It was very touching. I enjoy so being with the school children. They asked me what I wanted them to sing. I asked for 249 (they had the small books). Then next I asked for 220, and that went deep into my heart as that is what my Dad wanted read at his funeral as they passed by his coffin.

A minister that rebound a Bible for us brought it back on Saturday afternoon. He wouldn't take a penny for it and he gave us a very enjoyable visit yet.

We are putting our sugaring equipment away. Made about a hundred gallons less than last year. Well, my hands are tired so will close and hope to hear from you soon. Remember us in your prayers. Am likewise minded, but in weakness.

A friend,

(A little over two weeks after he wrote this last letter he entered a hospital for the last time, where he died after being a patient for three weeks. He had been in the hospital seven previous times during his more than two years of illness. He endured many hours of pain and suffering. When he died at the age of 42, he left behind him his wife and ten children (nine of them still at home). "Blessed are they that die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them," Revelation 14:13).

Life is more than stocks and bonds,
Love is more than rate per cent,
He who gives in friendship's name
Shall surely reap as he has spent.

IT WASN'T JOHNNY'S FAULT

- by Mrs. Monroe Kuhns

THE WOUND IN JOHNNY'S HEART WAS SO RAW THAT RIGHT THEN HE COULDN'T HAVE EATEN A CHICKEN DINNER WERE IT PLACED BEFORE HIM.

All names have been changed in this otherwise true story.

WE'VE DECIDED TO HAVE A special surprise for you this year," said Mrs. Martin to her pupils. "Instead of just having an ordinary picnic for our last day of school, this year we'll go to the mountain and have our picnic there. After eating you can hike or do whatever you wish."

"Goody. Goody," shouted the children in the little one-room schoolhouse. "Just one more week of school, then the picnic."

"My Dad will go along to help play ball that day," said spunky little Mike Hershberger.

"So is mine, and grandpa is coming too," added Lester Yoder.

Johnny Keim timidly stepped back against the pump so the others wouldn't notice him. But they saw him anyway.

"Ho, ho, ho, your Dad isn't coming, is he? You don't even have one," said Emanuel.

"Oh, yes, he had one, but he died in the si'lom," broke in Lester.

"What's a si'lom?" Levi and Ura wanted to know.

"That's where they put people that lose their minds," said Mike.

"Johnny's Dad was in the Si'lom
Cause he lost his mind —
Lost his mind,
Lost his mind."

The boys chanted the lines together.

Slowly Johnny walked away, his hands buried deep in his pockets. Two shiny teardrops trickled down his cheeks. He walked across the schoolyard where the upper grades were playing ball. Several of the girls were keeping score.

"My mother said she's going to fix ribbon salad and a real good pecan cake for the picnic," Susie was saying to Emma.

"We're going to bring Sloppy Joe sandwiches and apple turnovers," said Emma.

"Teacher said the Keims won't have to bring anything 'cause they're so poor. It probably wouldn't taste good anyhow," said Susie, lowering her voice so Johnny wouldn't hear.

But he had heard. He also heard what she said next.

"Did you see the big patch on Johnny's pants?" giggled Emma.

"Yes," snickered Susie, "and I noticed all the Keims had lard sandwiches for lunch."

"Ugh," said Emma. "I wouldn't feed lard sandwiches to my pigs."

"Well, Mom said they just about live like pigs. We heard they even have bedbugs."

The girls shuddered and returned to keeping track of the score.

Again Johnny walked away. More tears fell to the ground. He kicked at a grasshopper sitting in the grass. In his throat was a lump so big he felt as if he would choke. Such a cruel world. "Why was I ever born?" the eight-year-old boy wondered miserably.

It was true that all he had for lunch that day was a lard sandwich and two apples. And half of his one apple had been rotten.

The wound in Johnny's heart was so raw that right then he couldn't have eaten a chicken dinner were it placed before him. He walked back behind the schoolhouse where some of the fifth graders were having a good-natured wrestling match.

"Come on, Johnny," said William. "You wrestle Harvey. I bet you can handle him."

"I don't want to wrestle," said Johnny.

"Come on," urged one of the other boys. "You can take him down."

Johnny didn't feel at all like wrestling, but he didn't want to be a coward, either. Harvey was two inches taller than he was, but it was worth a try.

"Come on, come on," laughed the boys as the two went for each other.

The girls who had been keeping score saw what was going on and hurried over to watch.

Once Johnny almost had Harvey down, but just as he thought he was gaining, Harvey tripped him and down he went flat on his back.

"Ha, ha, ha, what a match," laughed the girls. "It was probably that lard that kept him from winning."

Johnny got up and brushed the dust from his clothes. Once more he walked dejectedly away. The lump in his throat was now even bigger. He wished he could crawl into a groundhog hole and never come out.

It wasn't his fault that he came from a large family and that they were poor. Yes, it was true that his father had been in a T. B. hospital and later died in a mental hospital. Yes, and it was also true their pantry and cupboard shelves were usually bare. A two-pound box of graham crackers was considered a luxury at their house. His mother had to walk two miles every morning and work hard all day pulling weeds and sorting produce for Dan Miller, who did truck farming. Her wages were small and there was never enough money to go around.

Johnny thought about his twelve-year-old sister, Anna, and how she used to stay home alone with the younger children all day so Mother could go to work. They were long days, too, for his mother often left before daylight and didn't come home until sundown. Finally the burden had gotten just too heavy with so many mouths to feed and no husband to help support them. Then Mother had decided to put some of the children out in other homes. Their pay was usually clothes to wear and the food they ate.

Johnny couldn't help that their neighbor who used to give them his Sunday's surplus separated milk had now gotten some more hogs and needed all the milk for them. Johnny hardly knew how chicken, ham, or steak tasted.

Usually when one of the neighbors butchered they would bring the Keims a generous supply of liver. Liver and more liver, until they felt they couldn't eat another bite.

Nor could Johnny help that their clothes had a peculiar smell. There was never enough soap for the loads and loads of dirty, patched laundry.

Johnny often yearned for someone his own age to share his childhood struggles with. Someone who wouldn't make fun of him, even though three of his toes peeped out of his shoes. Someone who would understand that hoeing potato rows a fourth of a mile long in an eight acre field was a very tiresome job. Someone who would understand how very big such a field looked to a little boy with a hoe.

As the years passed, Johnny went from one farm to the next to stay and worked for his board, places where they needed someone to do odd jobs and run errands.

One day an elderly man, Eli Mast, came to their house. Johnny could hear the man say to his mother, "We need someone to feed chickens and pull weeds and help take care of my wife. She's not very good."

It was decided that Johnny would go. Johnny felt he would never forget the man's lane — it was about a mile long. The buildings all needed paint and the whole place looked desolate and forlorn.

The inside of the house had the same lonely look, even if it was cleaner than their own home. Everything was so quiet he could hear the clock tick. About the only other sounds were the occasional crunching of a mouse somewhere in a closet or Mrs. Mast's soft moan as she accidentally twisted herself. She had arthritis.

Every night Johnny would hurry upstairs to bed, crawl under the quilted covers and there he would release all his pent-up emotions. Sometimes he cried for hours. He didn't pray because he didn't know how. No one had ever taught him to go to God with his troubles.

Once in a while Johnny could go home for a weekend. He always looked forward to these times, but how he dreaded Monday mornings.

One Monday morning he was determined not to go back. Couldn't one of the other children go? No, the other boys either had jobs or were too small. He had to go; there was no choice. Johnny cried all the way over and as he took each step in that long lane. Eli Mast pretended he didn't notice the tear streaked face and the reddened eyes.

One day when Johnny was about eleven years old a strange man knocked on the schoolhouse door. His name was Enos Yoder and he said to the teacher, "I'm looking for John Keim."

"There he is," said the teacher, pointing to the brown-haired lad over by the furnace.

Enos Yoder walked over and placed a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Are you ready to go home with me?" he asked.

Johnny looked up and smiled. He decided he was. Yes, he would go home with Enos Yoder.

By the time they had picked up Johnny's few belongings and clothes, and made the fifteen mile trip home by horse and buggy they were really hungry. As they entered the kitchen, Mrs. Yoder came out to greet them. She was carrying a fresh loaf of homemade bread and a pumpkin pie.

"So this is Johnny," she beamed. "My, I'm glad you could come. We really need a fellow like you around here, don't we, Pop?"

"You bet we do," said Pop Yoder. "Now, Johnny, you sit right here after you've washed up, and this will be your place at the table from now on."

Mom Yoder carried out a big dish of mashed potatoes, hamburger patties, creamed corn, and golden colored applesauce. As she sliced the delicious looking bread and cut the pumpkin pie, Johnny wondered if he had entered into some sort of paradise.

The meal was delicious and Johnny ate more than he had eaten for a long time. He even ate two pieces of pie.

"Now, Johnny, if you've finished eating, come upstairs and I'll show you your room," said Pop Yoder.

Johnny couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the room. There was a bed, dresser, night stand, and a bookcase with a special place to do his writing or any homework he might have to do. The bedspread and rug had a homey, comfortable look. Never before had he had a room like this for his own.

Yes, he would like it here. For the first time in his life he felt as though he had a home.

The next morning after chores and breakfast, Pop Yoder walked to school with him. As they walked they chatted pleasantly about this and that. Pop pointed out a special place where mushroom hunting was good in the spring.

Johnny felt at ease as he had never felt before. And it seemed that Pop understood perfectly when he said he hoped the pupils wouldn't make fun of him at school.

"I think you will like these pupils. There are a lot about your size," said Pop.

As they entered the little white schoolhouse, Johnny's heart pounded. There seemed to be children standing in every corner. And all of them were smiling. This was different, somehow. Johnny thought the entire atmosphere seemed different.

The teacher, a short slender man named Mr. Johnson, was only an ordinary teacher, but the school as a whole had more appeal to Johnny than any school had had before. He had attended many different ones. Now he decided that he dearly loved school.

Mom and Pop Yoder were strict about his being on time and getting his work done. When he'd stretch out behind the living room stove on winter evenings, ready to doze off, Mom would say sharply, "If you want to go to sleep, get upstairs to bed." And Johnny knew better than to disobey.

One time Johnny sneaked some chewing gum from Anna, the Yoder's youngest daughter. When asked if he did it, he firmly denied it. However, the deed was proven to have been done by him, and Pop warmed up the seat of his pants accordingly.

Report card time came. Johnny brought his card home with a "C" for behaviour.

"Look here, Johnny," said Pop Yoder. "If that's not better by the next time, I'll use the strap."

It was better next time. In fact, Johnny had an "A."

And so Johnny learned the values of being honest and obedient. Now as he looks back he knows Mom and Pop Yoder were wonderful parents to him. Though they have both gone to their eternal reward, he cherishes many precious memories.

In Johnny's heart today is a soft spot for children that come from large, poor families. He cannot stand to see such persons made fun of. As he seeks, with God's help, to bring up his own growing family, his secret prayer is that if he ever knows of any lonely and forlorn little boy who needs a home, that he will never hesitate to take him in. He wants children to find light and happiness and understanding in his home as he did years ago in the Yoder home. ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

Faith, Works, and the Anabaptists

I must say I am astonished that so many readers of FAMILY LIFE have expressed disapproval of the October editorial, "The Plan of Salvation." I wonder. Did they misunderstand the editorial? Or are there really differences of opinion among us on the subject of faith and works?

It seems to me faith and works must go together. One cannot stand without the other. Faith without works is dead; works without faith is dead. They must be kept in balance. To build on one and ignore the other is to go in circles. If either is divorced from the other, we have cause to be alarmed.

Perhaps that is why some of our readers became excited about the editorial. Perhaps they feared that the emphasis on works was denying that salvation comes by faith. Perhaps they had been reading Protestant literature that rarely dealt so firmly with the practical Christian life.

There are verses in the Bible that teach the importance of faith; there are others that teach the necessity of works. If we understand them correctly these verses do not contradict each other. They blend nicely to present the full truth of the Gospel — the full plan of salvation.

The trouble starts when certain verses become our favorites and we begin to build a strong doctrine around them while ignoring other Scriptures that are needed to balance our understanding.

There is on the one hand the danger of trying to earn salvation by being good. This is as unbiblical as it is impossible. Men just don't live holy lives of their own power, and even if they did, God wouldn't accept them as His children. The Bible states clearly that eternal life is a gift of God, not something to be earned by good works.

There is on the other hand the danger of discounting the importance of good works and the need of obedience to God's commands. There is a tendency to speak much about conversion and faith and being saved, but never geting beyond the speaking. This is the general Protestant kind of faith where religion is turned off on Sunday evening and is not used all week. The idea is that conduct doesn't matter much as long as you believe in your heart and confess with your mouth that Jesus Christ came to save sinners.

We err if we think that salvation can be had by good works. We err likewise if we believe it comes by faith alone. One is as much an error as the other. The former is taught perhaps mainly by the Catholics; the latter by most Protestants.

By which of the two kinds of false teachings are we as plain people influenced the most? It is hard to tell, but it seems we are most exposed to the "faith alone" doctrine, which is promoted by the popular evangelists and writers and reaches us through books and magazines. For some reason or other we are less afraid of Protestant publications than of Catholic ones, a policy which could be open to question.

History is a great teacher. We learn much from studying the past. Back in the stormy days of the Reformation there were problems about faith and works too. You have heard of Martin Luther. What is your opinion of him? Unless you have studied more church history than most people, chances are you consider Luther a pretty good fellow — an earnest Christian who translated the Bible into German and wrote "Away in a Manger."

Well, our Anabaptist forefathers didn't think too highly of Luther. Come to think of it, why don't we take a look at some of the writings of the sixteenth century. We can compare the differences of belief between our Anabaptist ancestors and the Protestant reformers such as Martin Luther. Maybe we can get a better idea then of what the Bible teaches about faith and works and their relation to each other.

Martin Luther and the Strawy Epistle

Let us listen first to what Menno Simons has to say about the "faith only" doctrine of Luther. The following quotation is from Menno's writing, "True Christian Faith", which appeared in 1541.

> "The Lutherans teach and believe that faith alone saves, without any assistance by works. They emphasis this doctrine so as to make it appear as though works were not even necessary; yes, that faith is of such a nature that it cannot tolerate any work alongside of it. And therefore the important and earnest epistle of James (because he reproves such a frivolous, vain doctrine and faith) is esteemed and treated as a 'strawy epistle'. What bold folly!
>
> "They say further, 'How miserably the priests have had us poor people by the nose, robbing us of the blood of the Lord, and directing us to their peddling and sup-

> er titious transactions. God be praised, we caught on that all our works avail nothing, but that the blood and death of Christ alone must cancel and pay for our sins. They strike up a Psalm, 'Der Strick ist entzwei und wir sind frei' while beer and wine verily run from their drunken mouths and noses. Anyone who can but recite this on his thumb, no matter how carnally he lives, is a good evangelical man and a precious brother.
>
> "If someone steps up in true and sincere love to admonish or reprove them for this, and points them to Christ Jesus rightly, . . . and to show that it is not right for a Christian so to boast and drink, revile and curse: then he must hear from that hour that he is one who believes in salvation by good works, is a heaven stormer, a sectarian agitator, a rabble rouser, a make-believe Christian, a disdainer of the sacraments, or an Anabaptist!"

Martin Luther, of course, was caught in a squeeze. It was not that he approved of the ungodly living of his people -- no, that was not it. It was simply that the cost was too high. To have a disciplined holy brotherhood of believers, there was only one method — give up the whole idea of a state church where infant baptism enclosed everybody, and start over with a baptism of believers only.

This was asking too much of Luther. Setting up a believers' church was pretty risky business in those days. The Anabaptists did it and suffered one long round of persecution.

Luther chose an easier way. To be a member of his parish was merely a matter of living within its boundaries, not a matter of being a saint or a sinner. By keeping the sinners under the influence of the church, Luther hoped to make them better people. But it did not work out that way. In terms of holy living Lutheranism was a miserable failure. Luther himself admitted, "Among us there is no betterment of life."

How could there be betterment? How could a state church hope to keep house in a Scriptural fashion? Impossible. To teach a "faith only" doctrine and ignore the Bible teachings on a changed life and the fruits of the New Birth, was an unbalanced, unbiblical, unworkable situation.

Suppose the church should want to discipline a member. Where could the bannworthy sinner be banned to? The only possibilities were death or exile. These measures, however, Luther never used against sinners, only against "heretics" — such as the Anabaptists!

Meanwhile there was nothing to be done about the drunkards and murderers, the thieves and adulterers in the parish, was there, except perhaps shrug one's shoulders? One of Luther's co-workers wrote,

> "The fact that wicked rascals are present with us . . . does not concern us; we haven't told them to drink and gourmandize, to be immoral and covetous . . . We don't want to rend the net because there are some bad fish in it."

Bad fish and good fish, let them live together until the day of judgment — that was the philosophy of the Protestant reformers. And that, I fear, is still too much the reasoning of our modern liberal churches, which in these last years includes many Mennonites. Don't disturb the member who is living in sin; you'll only scare him away. Preach holy living but don't expect results. Salvation comes by faith, not by works.

What Did the Anabaptists Believe?

Two men sat in a damp cell of the Marburg city jail. They had been imprisoned because they were Anabaptists. There by the dim light of a candle they penned their convictions — their opinion of a faith that lumped all men together and called them all Christian, and then placed any dissenters behind bars. These men, Jorg Leinhardt and Peter Los, were convinced that conduct does matter before God. Of the doctrine that faith alone counts, they wrote:

> "Very well then, then one man has as much to lose as the other, . . . even though Saint Paul says (2 Cor. 5:10), 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of God in order that each may receive according to his deeds whether it be good or bad'; even though Christ says (John 14:21), 'He who keeps my commandments he it is that loves me'; and in chapter 15, vs. 9 and 10, 'Abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His love': in John 2:4 the Apostle says, 'If any man says that he knows God and keepeth not his commandments, the same is a liar and the truth is not in him.'
>
> "Therefore Paul says, in Romans 2:5-16, 'You, however, O man, after your own obstinate and impenitent heart, treasure up for yourself wrath against the day of wrath and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds." Deeds it says, not according to an imagined or trumped-up faith but to each according to his works, namely 'glory and honor and eternal life to him who by patient continuance in well-doing seeks after eternal life; but to them that are contentious and obey not the truth but obey unrighteousness,' what will God give them? . . . 'Displeasure and wrath, tribulation and anguish to every soul of man that doeth evil.' Oh, God that your Excellencies, yes all men, might ponder this testimony of Paul. Then the false apostles would not hold captive so many God-fearing souls in a lying comfort!"

The Anabaptists were strict on the conduct question. Unless an applicant showed evidence in his daily life that he was a born-again person, he simply was not baptized or accepted as a member. A tree is known by its fruits. If the fruits were bad the tree was bad. If a man had an honest faith in Christ, it showed in his life. If it didn't show, he obviously didn't have faith. Christianity was a practical thing.

Because the Anabaptists were practical, they soon had a reputation as "good" people. Even their enemies -- the men who persecuted them — admitted that they lived more holy lives than any other group. A Roman Catholic writer described his Anabaptist neighbors in the following words:

> "Among the existing heretical sects there is none that in appearance leads a more modest or pious life than do the Anabaptists. As to their outward life they are without reproach — no lying, deception, swearing, strife, harsh language, no intemperate eating or drinking, no outward personal display; but humility, patience, uprightness, neatness, honesty, temperance, straight-forwardness, in such a measure that one would suppose that they had the Holy Spirit of God."

The Anabaptists became so well known for their good works that anyone who rebuked sin or left off sinning was at once suspected of being one. For instance, a man named Hans Jeger was brought to court to answer certain charges. The evidence included these words:

> "Now because he does not swear and because he leads an unoffensive life, therefore men suspect him of Anabaptism. . . He has for a long time passed for such, because he did not swear nor quarrel, nor did other suchlike things."

In the same way people were sometimes cleared of Anabaptist charges by their bad behavior. Of Casper Zachers it was testified in court:

> "He is not commonly thought to be an Anabaptist because he is a churlish fellow who can't get along with others, starts fights and discord, swears and curses, disturbs the peace and carries weapons on his person."

The earliest Anabaptist statement of faith, the Schleitheim Confession of 1527, says,

> "Baptism shall be administered to all who have been instructed, who show repentance and newness of life, and who of a truth believe that their sins have been taken away by Christ, and are willing to walk in the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

FAITH AND WORKS

Because of their emphasis on good works, the Anabaptists soon came under attack from the Protestant reformers. Ulrich Zwingli of Switzerland said the Schleitheim confession denied salvation by faith. If men are justified by faith, it is not right to insist that they be willing to walk in newness of life, he said.

What about it? Did the Anabaptists really deny salvation by faith, as Zwingli claimed? By no means. They were just as emphatic as Luther and Zwingli that salvation was by the grace of God, made possible through the shed blood of Christ. And they were a great deal more Biblical than Luther and Zwingli when it came to the subject of good works.

In the year 1589 certain Anabaptists of Switzerland prepared a statement for the authorities in Zurich, saying.

> "But, dear sirs, as concerns the accusation made by your preachers that we would be saved by our own works and sufferings (namely by enduring persecution) and thus render the redemptive work of Christ vain and useless, in this charge they do us wrong; for all the good that we can do or accomplish is only the fruit of a true living faith."

Menno Simons was equally clear that salvation cannot be earned by good works or in any other way,

> "There will in eternity be found no other remedy for our sins, neither in heaven nor upon earth, neither works, merits, nor ordinances (even though they are observed according to the Scriptures), neither enduring persecution and tribulation, neither the innocent blood of the saints, nor any other means, but alone the immaculate blood of the Lamb which out of pure grace, mercy, and love was shed once for all the remission of our sins."

But Menno did not by these words mean to say good works were of no account. Not at all. Menno was solid on the need for a fruitful life. In one place he wrote,

> "For it will never fail — where there is a true Christian faith, there also will be a man dead to sin, a new creature, true repentance, a sincere, regenerated, and unblamable Christian. We no longer live according to the lusts of sin, but according to the will of Him who has puchased us with His blood, has drawn us by His Spirit, and begotten us by His Word, namely, Christ Jesus."

So we come right back to where we started. Good works are the results — the fruits of the New Birth. If there are no fruits there is every reason to doubt the birth. A faith that lives is a faith that works; without works, faith is dead.

True faith expresses itself in action. A man sits in his rocking chair reading the newspaper. He dozes off. Minutes later he is wakened by loud knocks on the door and an urgent cry, "Get out! Get out! The house is on fire." If he replies, "Yes, I believe it," then turns once more to his newspaper, his actions prove his words a lie. If he really believes he will be burned to ashes unless he flees, he will flee. In the same way the man who confesses with his mouth that he has faith in Jesus Christ, yet continues to live willfully in sin, that man is proving his confession to be false. Thus Menno Simons wrote,

> "It is all in vain to boast of faith where the godly new fruits and works of faith are not in evidence."

Good works cannot be divorced from the true Christian faith, however much Martin Luther tried to do so and however much worldly churches today try to do so. This truth is summed up in a poem by Hannah More, written some 150 years ago:

"If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part."

— Guaimaca, F. M., Honduras

WE LEFT OUR BABY BEHIND

-by Aden A. E. Miller

It was a terrible thing which happened on Tuesday evening October 12, 1965. Everything seemed as normal, the day was bright and sunshiny after a hard rain. We went about our daily work as usual.

I remember, I came in late for dinner that day. My wife, Edna had already fed Andrew, our only child. He was 4 1/2 months old. She had laid him in his crib and he was sleeping. But before we finished eating he awoke. I shall never forget how contented he looked at me on his mother's lap as he looked at me and smiled. I did not realize at the time that he would soon pass on from his short stay here on earth.

After dinner he was put back into his crib. I always liked to look at him and talk to him before I went out to work. I can still see him as he lay there waving his hands and smiling. It was the last time I would see him in this world.

I went out and got the team of horses to cut corn. I thought I would have to hurry to get done, which is the way it seems to go nowadays in material things.

That evening we were late getting started with the chores. In the afternoon Edna had gone to town and had left little Andrew at her mother's place.

When she came home she started supper and came to the barn. By that time I was ready to start milking. She had left Andrew in his playpen in the living room where he usually slept while we were milking.

As we started milking, Edna said, "I smell smoke."

This was about 20 minutes after she had left the house. I looked out the barn door and saw smoke going east between the barn and the hog house. We went outside and saw that it was coming from the house. What an awful shock.

We rushed towards the house and went into the porch that was towards the barn. When we opened the kitchen door the smoke seemed to explode over us and we had to move outside quick. We ran around the house to the west porch with our minds on our dear little baby. We wondered, "How could he stand all that smoke?"

We thought of nothing else in the house. I tried to open the door and found that it was locked. I pushed until the door opened but we could not enter on account of the smoke. We saw no flames at the time but heard them crackling.

I broke the first window in the living room. The smoke was just as heavy as it was in the kitchen. I went for the second window with no success. About that time I realized that little Andrew was not living any more.

I knew that we would have to stay out of the house or one of us would die in the smoke. Just then Edna came to the window and said, "We must get that baby out of there."

I had hold of her arm and it was shaking. I told her, "You dare not go in, for you can not come out again."

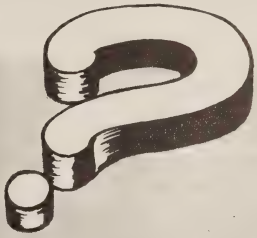
The smoke hung so thick that we could not see one inch into the house. We left the porch and went down the road and stopped the first car that came along. The woman went to the nearest telephone and called the fire department.

By this time few of the neighbor men had arrived and they said, "We must go in and get that child out."

Some blankets were hanging on the porch and they put these over their heads and tried to go in, but they had to give it up. I wish nobody else would ever have to go through such a heartbreaking experience to see an only child inside a house and the house going up in flames. We could hardly keep our minds together. We went down the road again.

By this time people were coming in from both direc-

TRUE Or FALSE



The Twelve Disciples

— By Elmo Stoll

The Pharisees must have watched in astonishment as Jesus chose the handful of men who would be his constant companions for three years. They were just common people, a bunch of nobodies. Yet Jesus chose them, a dozen men, and set out to prepare them for the time he would no longer be with them. Never before was such an unpromising collection of men entrusted with so great a work.

Following are twenty statements about the Twelve, to test your knowledge of the men Jesus knew so well. Answers and scoring scale on page 23.

1. One of the disciples was a twin.
2. Jesus called a tax collector to be one of the Twelve.
3. Peter was called "the disciple whom Jesus loved."
4. At his arrest in the garden, Jesus forbade his disciples to defend him with the sword.
5. All four gospels contain a list of the twelve disciples.
6. The disciples were able to cure all the sick that were brought to them.
7. Thomas is known as the "doubting disciple."
8. The disciples thought Jesus would set up an earthly kingdom and they wanted to be important men in his kingdom.
9. Since Judas was a "thief", he was not trusted to carry the money bag for the Twelve.
10. When Peter realized that he had denied Jesus, he went outside and wept bitterly.
11. Paul was one of the twelve disciples.
12. Jesus did not realize that Judas would one day betray him when he chose him to be a disciple.
13. Peter means "rock."
14. Philip and Levi were two names for the same disciple.
15. There were two James among the Twelve.
16. All of the twelve disciples wrote parts of the New Testament.
17. None of the Twelve were married.
18. Jesus once had to rebuke some of his disciples because they wanted to call fire down upon a Samaritan village.
19. The disciples were glad when mothers brought their little children to Jesus so he could bless them.
20. Jesus took only three of the twelve disciples with him on the mount at his transfiguration.

tions. The sheriff and the fire department arrived. A few minutes later the shiriff put us in his car and took us to the home of a neighbor. We had to leave our baby behind.

From where we were we could see the full moon coming up right above the fire, a sight we shall never forget. The firemen were doing their best to save the other buildings. They came and asked us exactly where the baby was so they would have more of a chance of finding it. We said he was in the playpen in the living room. They said they found the baby's crib in the bedroom with the Bible laying in it. The Bible had been on a dresser beside the crib. Part of the bedroom was still standing the next morning. Although we know not for sure what caused the fire, it is believed it started at the oil stove which was lit.

Soon after midnight we lay down to rest. At 4:15 we were asked to come down into the kitchen as the fire chief wanted to talk to us. We did not know what to expect.

Then he said, "We have found the body of your baby. It is in surprising good condition. A few slates from the roof fell down over it and helped to protect it."

We made arrangements to have the funeral on Friday. The next morning, Wednesday, we went out to what we used to call home. It was a very sad thing to look at. We got nothing out except the clothes we were wearing. We had really not thought of anything else except the little child. But now he had left us and gone ahead.

On Wednesday afternoon they brought the body back from the funeral home in a closed casket. There would be no viewing. But friends came and we went to the closed casket at regular intervals which made things easiers. The funeral was well attended for a little child.

On Saturday morning we went once more to do our chores alone. We had a good place to stay at my wife's home place on the adjoining farm.

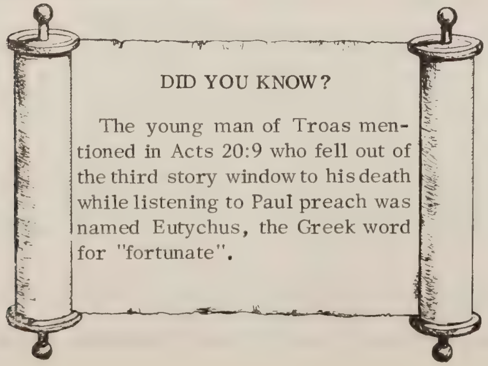
On Monday many good friends and neighbors came to start cleaning up. Plans were made to build a new house. The house and its contents could be replaced but the little child could not.

We moved into the new house on Dec. 23rd, ten weeks after it was started. It was nearly finished on the inside but much yet to do in the yard, etc.

On Jan. 8,th 1967 Perry was born. Although he was an R.H. baby and had to have two blood transfusions. he is now a healthy little boy. On June 11, 1968 Anna was born but she died the same day. On Aug. 21, 1969 Erma was born.

Some people have trials in one way, others in another way. But that is the way life is. All in all we feel thankful to God for the many blessings He has given us. Especially for the many good friends and neighbors who helped us in time of need.

-Millersburg, Ohio



DID YOU KNOW?

The young man of Troas mentioned in Acts 20:9 who fell out of the third story window to his death while listening to Paul preach was named Eutychus, the Greek word for "fortunate".

Do You Know About

PATHWAY'S OLDEST PAPER, THE

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

WHAT IS IT?

The Blackboard Bulletin is published monthly (except June and July) in the interest of Amish parochial schools. Its purpose is to span the gap between the different groups that make up the school—the teacher, the parents, and the pupils. Also, teachers, board members, and parents have the opportunity to seek advice and share experiences with each other. In a way the Bulletin is a school paper.

But the Bulletin is more than just a school paper. Parents and teachers have a lot in common. They both work with children striving for the same goal to help a child grow up to be a useful adult. Actually, the Bulletin is a parent's paper, too.

FEATURED EVERY MONTH

OPINIONS PLEASE: An article that presents a question and opens the door to discussion.

READER RESPONSE: The readers answer the question of the previous month or tell about similar experiences and tell how thev handled them.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN: Each month Cousin Carrie writes a letter to the boys and girls.

DEAR READERS: Letters of general interest from parents, teachers, grandparents, and others.

A STORY TO READ TO YOUR PUPILS: Each month we have a children's story—one that is either educational or has a moral.

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

A FRIEND HAS LEFT US: Two teachers taught together at one school. One of them had an accident and after three long days the other one had to face her pupils with sad news. A touching account that is hard to read without tears.

SINGING RELIGIOUS SONGS: Is it enough to have the children sing religious songs? What about those songs that were not meant for children to sing?

ALL "A's" EXCEPT DEPORTMENT: Ella worked hard all year to win a certificate. Then on the final test she has to make a hard decision. Either she has to cheat to win the certificate or be honest and lose it. Your children will not soon forget this true story.

COMING IN FEBRUARY

I HAD A NICKNAME: If you have ever wondered about nicknames, you will want to be sure and read this story.

DIFFERENT, YET THE SAME: The author of February's children's story tells about a trip to a foreign country. So many things were strange—cows on the road, animals in the restaurant, everything was different. But in the end he is reminded that the people are very much like the people in our country.

TWO WAYS OF SEEING IT: Two boys go to the same school and listen to the same "pep-talk", yet the results are completely different. Why?

SPECIAL OFFER

If you subscribe now you will receive the January issue free. In order to take advantage of this special offer you must address your subscription to Blackboard Bulletin, Box F, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Price, $2.00 per year.

PATHWAY- "Person to Person"

FEBRUARY —— 1970 The Pathway " Newsletter "

News From The Aylmer Office

1970 has come and with it various changes at Pathway. People who have visited the publishing house will recall having seen the moter room which housed the diesel engine which ran the hydraulic motors for the equipment. This 5'x 5' room was at the northwest corner of the print room. Even though it was as far away as possible from the offices, its noise could be heard throughout the building and also its vibrations felt. Finally we agreed we had endured it long enough. Jake Eicher, our printer and handyman laid oil pipes under ground to a new shed beside the northeast corner of the building. Now the motor noise is outside where it belongs. The new shed is 8'x 10' which gives Jake more elbow space if the motor needs any attention. In the old engine room the quarters were so cramped that if Jake dropped a screwdriver, it took him ten minutes to retrieve it, twisting and straining between the pipes and pulleys to reach the fallen object.

When the engine room was empty the double-tile walls were knocked out and the printing press relocated in part of the area. The press used to sit east and west, but now is in a north-south position. This gives some much needed aisle space next to the stitcher and assembly line.

Another change at Pathway since the last NEWSLETTER is a hand-operated lift for Sarah Weaver. Jake and Levi Eicher and various others drew up the plans for the lift and Dan Miller and Levi constructed it. It is operated with a winch which is geared down so that the girls can crank Sarah up with little difficulty. Before having the lift, the only way to transport Sarah in her wheelchair to and from the upstairs was by two people carefully guiding her chair up or down the stairs. After a slight mishap one day, it was thought to build the lift. In about a week the lift was at last ready. Omar Eicher volunteered to be the first passenger. Everything went along fine on the way up; but the 2" by 4" which held the cable snapped and the lift came shooting down the eight feet drop to the floor below. Omar wasn't unjured but quite startled-nearly as startled as the three workers who were sitting two feet away opening the morning's mail. Unfortunately Sarah Weaver witnessed the excitement which must have left her with the thought that even lifts are not mishap free. But corrections were made and the lift is making smooth trips up and down each day.

-David Luthy

Pathway's Indiana Office

What is Pathway at LaGrange, Indiana? What does it look like? Most people who have heard of Pathway are probably best acquainted with the publishing house at Aylmer, Ontario; they know little if anything about the branch here in northern Indiana.

Coming over a small rise in the gravel road five miles northwest of LaGrange, a person sees a set of farm buildings come into view. There is a large red barn with a white house and other outbuildings. Nothing really looks unusual about the scene; one would take it for a typical Amish farm of which there are many in the area. But turning into the lane you notice a white building, fairly large and sitting back from the house and barn. Coming a little closer you notice a sign on top of the door—PATHWAY BOOKSTORE.

The first connection our family had with Pathway was in 1964, when David Wagler from Canada visited our area. He came inquiring if any people here would be interested in helping out Pathway. The company was already in operation in Canada, but they needed an American branch to serve as warehouse and distributor. We were asked about taking the job, and the way things look around here now we apparently accepted!

No important changes took place when we accepted the job. No special building or equipment was required. When we recieved the first shipment of books, a spot was cleared in the washhouse to store them. About the first thing we purchased was a roll of paper which we used to wrap books to fill mailorders. We stuck a broom through the roll and then put each end of the broomstick on top of a high back chair, thus enabling us to roll off the paper. It wasn't much but the Pathway branch here was in business.

Towards the front of our house was a small room which soon became the Pathway office. We soon purchased a used typewriter, which faithfully filled the need until it was replaced just a few weeks ago. A kneehole desk was built along the south wall and the typewriter placed on top which made the room look more and more like an office of some kind. Also we got a wrapping paper dispenser which was then fastened to one end of the table. This was a big improvement over the broomstick! Finally shelves were built along part of one wall to put books on display.

THE PATHWAY FAMILY

Editors: David Wagler, David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Elizabeth Miller, Sarah Weaver
Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll
Printer: Jacob Eicher
Typesetter: Emma Coblentz
Bookstore: Lydia Brubacher
Office: Elizabeth S. Miller, Anne Bowser
Indiana Staff: Levi and John Lambright

Who served as workers in the bookstore? The entire family with Dad and Mom taking the lead and us seven boys following instructions. There were no girls, just seven boys aged 1 to 19. Being the oldest of the boys, I soon was becoming very involved in the book business. There really wasn't much work to start with, though; our main business was to supply dealers with books at wholesale price. The first book which Pathway published was MAN IN BEARSKIN; then followed WORTH DYING FOR, LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED, and FAVORITE AMISH FAMILY RECIPES. Then in the spring of 1966 came a big seller THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND by David Wagler. Suddenly our bookstore was in full speed ahead, sending out nearly 12,000 of this book to many different places. It wasn't long before the washhouse was quite full, and room to store boxes was sought elsewhere. There simply wasn't room for all the cartons of books in the house— far from it. So we suggested in 1967 that a special building be built. After thinking about this for sometime, we started in. There was a chicken house full of cackling hens at the site where we planned to errect the new building. Since it was an old building almost beyond repair, we started tearing it down. A foundation was put in and blocks were laid. It took quite a while to put up the building since we did the work ourselves, and the building was good sized—54' x 86'. We didn't think all the space would be used for Pathway business and storage, so we stored farm machinery at the back in one section. Should it ever be needed for the bookstore, we can tear the wall out. Not only does the building contain a bookstore, warehouse, and machinery shed, it also contains a 14'x 28' room where two teachers live who teach at nearby Woodside School. Anna Mast of Jamesport is one of the teachers, and the other is Magdalena Eicher of Aylmer, who is well aquainted with Pathway. The publishing business up there once was located in the Eicher living room, and Jake(her father)is Pathway's printer.

It was at the time we were putting up the new building that another memorable event occurred in the family. I don't expect we will ever forget that one day—July 24, 1967. It was around noon when Dad hitched up, and Mom and he left for LaGrange. In the afternoon some of us boys went out and worked on the rafters which we were assembling on the ground. We worked, but our thoughts were someplace else. When Dad was seen coming home towards evening, excitement mounted. And we were especially surprised when he asked, "Well, how would you like to have a little sister?" A sister! It was hard to believe. But it was so. It was a happy group of boys that chored that evening. Today little Ruth is 2 1/2 and running around with the rest. Maybe someday she'll be working in the Pathway bookstore, too.

Taking care of Pathway business wasn't a fulltime job; usually one of us could take care of the mail or whatever was involved in half a day. Then off the person would go in the afternoon to help somewhere with the farm work. But sometimes we were busier. When a new book was published and heavily advertised, we felt it. Also, every spring Pathway sponsers a school book sale which makes a heavier load for a month or so. As time goes on we are receiving more dealers who wish to handle Pathway books; this means more work. But in the last six months things have really changed. Now there is fulltime work daily for one person and sometimes more helpers are required. The reason for the increase is that Dave Wagler's bookstore has been transfered here. Although it had the name Pathway it was not part of the cooperation or publishing house. But this fall it merged with Pathway Publishing Corporation and it was decided to locate the store here in LaGrange. There were a number of reasons why it was thought the move would be to an advantage. The main reason was to get away from sending books across the border between Canada and the U.S. so why not have the store in the U.S. if most of the books end up there anyway?

We were a little hesitant at first about accepting such a job as it sounded like a lot more work. Our bookstore had carried mainly the books Pathway had published plus a few dozen other titles. Suddenly our bookstore was to be handling 700-800 different titles. But we took on the job and are adjusting to it. As the store in Canada ran out of certain books, we stocked the books here. In that way it was gradually changed over. The Christmas season and ads in FAMILY LIFE brought us a lot more mail-orders and a lot more work. We are still not operating as efficiently as we would like and probably didn't give every customer the best service, but we tried to give everybody satisfaction. There is much to learn and the book business is something to get used to the same as anything else. Overall it is a rewarding job, and we like it. -John Lambright

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TOP of the Stairs

Dear Readers,

Belated New Year greetings from the Pathway girls!

We are having an exceptionally cold winter. Even in December the temperature went down to 15 below one day. This is unusual for this part of Canada. Some of the girls have been taking advantage of this weather by going over to David Wagler's pond on some evenings to skate. Pathway is abnormally quiet the hours the skaters are gone. No typewriters clicking, no chatter, few steps heard in the hallway.

Our group has increased since Anne Bowser is with us regularly and Emma Coblentz of Stark County, Ohio has come to do our typesetting. Lydia Brubacher of Mt. Forest, Ontario is here with us, too. She takes care of the bookstore which had been moved from the David Wagler home to the print shop this fall. Lydia is a member of the Old Order Mennonites who have horse and buggies and other customs and beliefs similar to the Amish. Sarah Wagler is also with us parttime. She helps with the general work in the office. Anna S. Miller comes once a week to help with the typing of stencil and expiration notices.

Emma has been home on a short vacation. We are expecting her back today. Vacations, as well as our daily home duties, are arranged to fit in our routine. In the past six months our work upstairs has been differently planned. Two girls do the cooking and dishes for two weeks at a time. Meanwhile the other girls do the chores. They carry in the wood, empty the ashes, fill the lamps, sweep the kitchen, hall and my room, make my bed, etc. The girls that don't help with the kitchen work these two weeks feel as if they are on vacation. They have more leisure time for reading, sewing, and visiting. But of course if one of the cooks gets sick, or wants to go away the others willingly help along.

Most of the girls come from farms so they are glad to get the privileges to do outdoor work again. One evening David Luthy said that John Gashos were not well and could use help with the chores. All the girls wanted to go with him (but me). At last it was decided that a name would be drawn to decide who stays at home. The lot fell on Emma. She had the joy then to help the next morning with the chores.

We have a cow dog (Anne's border collie, Amy) but no cows so we get our milk from our neighbors Jake Eichers. It seems we often depend on Jakes when we are in need or when we want to have something done. They supply our way to and from church and also to the singings. Leroy more often transports the others and I usually go with Jakes.

Not too long ago we were in need of beds so Jake made some with plywood for several of the girls. A good innerspring mattress was laid on top. The girls enjoy their new "nests."

I didn't need a new bed but Dan S. Miller made me a nice bird feeder for my window. The problem now is, how do we get the birds to come? Somehow I would even welcome a sparrow.

Dan also made a combination typewriter-stand-bookshelf for Betty Miller. She moved her office upstairs into her room. The girls had quite a time painting her room. Two coats of beige were required to cover the old paint.

Every weekday morning the girls must be at their work by 8. Now if you perchance could drop in sometime at about three minutes until eight, you would see some girls aflutter. You would hear the banging of dishes, the swishing of brooms, and the patter of feet running up and down the hall—up and down the steps. There are so many things to be done in those last few minutes — especially if we got up too late.

Nevertheless by eight o'clock the click of the typewriters can be heard downstairs also the opening and closing of drawers. And the print room is humming. The upstairs seems virtually empty — the work of the day has begun.

It is past eight already so bye for now. May God's blessings be with you all through the New Year — and always.

Sarah M. Weaver

Day In and Day Out

If you had come to visit us at Pathway around middle of November you would have found one the girls working on a drawerful of index cards. You would have seen her going through the cards, glancing at each one. Every so often she would stop and type out a from before she went on to the next one. If you got close enough to peep over her shoulder you would have seen what she was doing — making expiration notices. Going through all the cards, she made a notice for each person whose subscription expired in January or February. She put them on two different piles, thus separating the two months. This is done so that we need go through our approximately 14,000 cards only every other month rather than every month.

Since Family Life started in January we have the greatest number of subscriptions expiring in that month. February is our smallest month because most of the subscriptions for Family Life in its first year were still started with the January issue. With the January—February expiration notices we started a new system. We used a new type of forms. One of the biggest advantages of the new forms was that they had carbons. (Before we had to put in our own carbons.) This saved us a lot of time while typing them. Another big advantage was that they were numbered. Now not only were our expiration notices in alphabetical order, they were also in numeral order. Now when the notices come back it would be easier to find number 485 than to find Dan J. Miller. (When an expiration notice comes back, the carbon must be destroyed or that person will receive a final notice.)

There was one disadvantage, however. Instead of three or four girls each taking a drawer and working on them together, only one person could make expiration notices at a time. But we changed off and in about two weeks the process of typing them was completed. Then the carbon copies had to be torn off and filed, the original copies folded, put into envelopes, sealed and stamped. All this took hours of work, but with extra help they were ready on time. There were right around 2100 envelopes mailed in two days. We set the 700 February notices back to mail a month later.

About a week after the expiration notices were mailed, the renewals started coming in. We looked forward to mail time each day with expectation, wondering how many there would be today. Even though we tried to arrange our work accordingly and hire extra help, there were other jobs that had to be done during this time. It so happened that our biggest mail, 267 letters, came on the day we were assembling and addressing the Blackboard Bulletin.

Sarah Wagler was hired full time for four weeks to help take care of the unusual amount of mail and Anne Miller came in once a week to help type new addressing stencils. Since the first of December we've made about 1000 new stencils, all of which have to be filed with the rest in their proper places. The name cards are filed according to the last name, but the addressing stencils have to be arranged by state, town, last name, and first name, in that order. This way we can find anyone's card or stencil within a fraction of a minute.

About a week ago the second carbons were torn from the remainder of the expiration notices and stamped with the "Final Notice" stamp and sent out. The people who do not renew before the February mailings will have their stencils removed from the files, thus stopping their subscriptions.

Elizabeth Miller

IN MORE THAN ONE SENSE, THOSE THINGS WHICH COST US THE MOST MAY TURN OUT TO BE THE CHEAPEST IN THE LONG RUN.

Things That Last

-by David Wagler

Some twenty years ago we made a purchase, which, moneywise, was probably as good an investment as we ever made. It was one of the first years after we started farming and, of course, money was scarce. The item we bought was a 10-qt. stainless steel pail and it cost $10.00. In those days that was a lot of money. (They still cost about the same price.)

Since that time this pail has been used as a water pail, for cooking preserves, for carrying hot lard, for mixing acid or alkali solutions, as a milk pail and for a hundred other jobs. I think I would be safe in saying we have used it practically every day.

Since that time we have bought a lot of pails, galvanized, wooden, tin, and plastic pails and for a lot less money. But what looks like a bargain is not always a bargain. I firmly believe the shiny new plastic pails we bought for as little as 39¢ each were the most expensive ones of all. And the cheapest, of course, was the stainless steel pail which cost ten dollar. How can this be possible?

There are two reasons. The first is that the stainless steel pail was suitable to use in nearly any situation. I shudder to think of what would have happened had we tried to carry hot lard with a plastic pail! Or suppose we had mixed up pineapples and peaches for the Sunday evening supper in a galvanized pail!

The second reason is that stainless steel lasts. At our house the life of a plastic pail is tremendously short, it can be measured in weeks. A galvanized or wooden pail, of course, will last longer, perhaps several years; but even at this it would take a lot of pails to last twenty years. The stainless steel pail, however, after twenty years of constant usage appears to be as strong as ever. Barring some unforeseen accident, it should remain serviceable for as long as we need a pail. In other words it is a lifetime item.

Many things along the Christian's pathway are like the plastic pail— not worth what they are costing us.

A father wants to make a good impression on his children. He wants them to think a lot of him so he gives them much spending money, perhaps he lets them sleep late in the morning, and if they are careless and don't do their work properly, he does it himself. Perhaps he thinks this is the easiest way to solve his problem, much easier than to teach his children to be thrifty, dependable and to take an interest in their work.

A mother tries to gain the favor of her family by cooking delicious meals, making new clothes, and serving her children wherever possible. Perhaps she thinks this will excuse her for the times when she is nervous and irritable and says things which she really doesn't mean.

Martha in the Bible was overly anxious to cook a meal for their visitor, but Jesus reproved her for not putting first things first. Cooking a meal for a visitor is right and proper in its place, but we must not consider it as important as listening to the words of the Master.

Even today we are apt to take the easiest way out, to occupy ourselves with the visible things of life. A delicious meal or a heaping dish of ice cream may taste good, but the next day we are none the better for it. What are some of the things that last, the more important things of life?

PATIENCE is much needed and priceless possession. Hasty actions bring regret, but by exercising patience we can come to the place where we are wanting nothing, (James 1:4). The writer to the Hebrews says we are in need of patience so that we might receive the promise, (Hebrews 10:36). Patience is not something we can learn out of a book. It must be learned the hard way by being willing to endure whatever is our lot, even if it is to suffer wrong. If we can be patient in the little things of life, then we should be able to endure the greater trials.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS is a trait which is useful wherever we are and for as long as we live. Man is born with a sinful nature and a child's first impulse is to get what it wants, regardless of anyone else. If our parents did their duty, then our own will should have been broken while we were still children. As we grow older we must learn to be considerate of others. In 1 Cor. 10:24 Paul tells us not to seek our own but that which is beneficial to another. This is directly contrary to human nature. Too often we want our own way regardless of how it may affect our neighbor. Oftimes we never stop to think how our actions may affect others. In order to be considerate, we must make a conscious effort to think about others and what we could do to help them. Sometimes, it seems, we meet people who were born with the gift of being considerate of others. But actually, this is seldom true. Chances are they learned it the hard way. They were willing to pay the cost of neglecting their own wants and desires and concerned themselves about what others wanted or needed.

FAITHFULNESS is a virtue which costs a lot but is worth many times more. Marital faithfulness is no doubt the most sacred, but there are many other places where this trait is also essential. It can mean defending a friend when the crowd turns against him. Faithfulness can mean refraining to join in gossip about someone, even if he has made a misstep. Faithfulness means being loyal to one's family, group, school, or church. It means keeping confidence in and seeing the best in our friends, even when their faults are showing. Faithfulness cultivates confidence; and where there is confidence, there is hope.

FAITH IN GOD is perhaps the greatest asset a Christian can have in his journey through life. The 11th chapter of Hebrews tells us of many great deeds which were done through faith. But we must remember that in order to have faith to do great deeds, then we must first have faith in doing the everyday tasks that confront us all the time. If faith in God is strong enough to raise someone from the dead, then surely it is strong enough to strengthen the living.

We have mentioned only a few. The list could go on and on. Paul says in I Corinthians 3 that we are building either with gold, silver, and precious stones or we are using wood, hay, and stubble. The better things of life are always the things that cost the most to start with but they endure. Not only do they last a lifetime but they may also follow us into eternity. ■■

The Drifters

Ah, woe to the family where each member knows best,
And so they are scattered north, south, east, and west,
And to different churches they all do belong,
Oh, woe, dearest brethren, take care lest you're wrong.

Someone is guilty of pride, and of prejudice too,
"The old-fashioned churches, they never will do!
For who wants to wear those old-fashioned clothes?
We sure can serve God without any of those."

This may partly be true. Most people are told
That the clothes they are wearing will not save their soul,
But why give your family and friends so much pain
By going your own way? Oh, what is your gain?

You can love God as well without a new car
And fancy new fashions, or perhaps a guitar.
The silks and the satins, they do please the eyes
But are they all worth it — you might lose the prize.

For these are the tools that Satan employs,
And especially are tempting to young girls and boys.
The tempter is coaxing for a step at a time
And the next thing you know you are firmly entwined.

The Good Book says, live simply; dress modestly, too,
And also help others and forget selfish "you";
But many will listen to Satan's request,
And think they can win at the game he knows best.

You'd better be careful, repent, and obey,
For your soul is at stake and your life is but clay.
And let us remember that with age some grow wise,
How sad when the young will this wisdom despise.

- L. S.

Two Different Hearts

by Mrs. Melvin Troyer

"Do you mind if I smoke?" the words came to Ann Helmuth as her attention was drawn to a neat middle-aged lady settling herself in the seat beside her.

"That's all right," Ann said as she continued watching a group of young folks who were bidding goodbye to a woman who was boarding the bus.

As the bus started on its way the lady asked again, "Are you sure you don't mind? I smoke continously."

"I don't mind the smoke," Ann said.

"My name is Betty Chriss," the woman went on, "and I am so nervous I have to smoke to keep from getting a nervous breakdown. I just can't get over it that my husband left me."

"That must be awful," Ann answered. "Did you know he was leaving?"

"Yes, I knew he was going. He's married a young girl since that. I have a daughter who is at a boarding school. I have been to see her and am returning home now."

Ann was secretly praying for words of comfort that she could give to her talkative friend.

"I have been nervous and have spent some sleepless nights too," Ann said. "What has helped me the most in such times was Jesus' own words, 'Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Her friend was silent for a moment and then she said, "I know this will sound silly to you but really I wish I had what you have. You seem to be such a nice person to talk to, but tell me, how do you begin to have religion? My husband was a deacon but I did not think his way of being was really what I wanted. So I never did join him with his religion. My mother never taught me."

Ann noticed tears in her companion's eyes. "I don't think it would be so hard for you. The Bible says seek and ye shall find. Christ died for our sins and if you want to repent, the first thing would be to pray. Do you know how to pray?"

"I think so. I could try."

"The Bible says that those who truly come to Him, he will in no wise cast out. It is a promise and the Bible is true."

Outside it was dark and the passengers were settling down, trying to get as much sleep as they could on a rolling bus. Occasionally a few turned their heads in wonder at the conversation behind them.

At about eleven o'clock Betty said, "The next stop is where I will get off. Thank you very much and please pray for me."

Then she got off and disappeared into the darkness. After she had gone Ann thought to herself, "Oh, why didn't I get her address? I should have had some literature or a New Testament to give her." Her partner's tears were still tugging at her heart. Not until she had made a resolution that from now on she would carry some literature with her was she able to get some sleep.

Several weeks later Ann and her husband boarded another bus. It was crowded so she had to share a seat with an elderly lady. Again her partner was talkative but this one was eager to dispose of her religious knowledge. The two hours drive was a continual jabber of "I know" church news. She did indeed know a lot of Scripture which she expertly applied to her way of life.

Ann had worked all day and was tired. She would have appreciated being able to get a few winks of sleep. But her companion kept up the conversation and touched many different subjects. "Anyway, what do you think of the moon explorers?" she asked.

"I think it's nonsense," Ann answered. "If God had intended for people to live up there he would have provided a way."

"But he is providing a way," her companion asserted. "He is giving these men the wisdom and intelligence to do these things. This is just like when Columbus discovered America. People thought he was crazy too. And God is helping these men to go to the moon."

After a while the subject of dress and the styles and fashions was brought up. "Do you think if Jesus would come he would take these girls with him to heaven?" Ann asked boldly.

"He sure would," was the hearty reply. "He don't care what you have on. It's what's in the heart that counts."

"It's no use," Ann thought to herself, unwilling to get into an argument. Secretly she was glad that her destination was not far off. What a contrast to the lady she had met on the bus the other time! She thought of the literature she had so faithfully brought along but what would be the use of giving this woman any of it. A verse came to her mind, James 4:6, "God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble."

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

— Willis H. Martin

The world is looking for something good, sound and commendable in the lives of the plain people. Many are impressed by the way they are living out the Bible in their dress and in other areas of their lives. I am more convinced of this than ever, since I have moved into an area where the people did not have the opportunity to observe the lives of the plain people before.

However, this double standard thing has proven to be very nauseating and is a real offense and reproach in the eyes of those who are watching us. We had a first-hand example of this when several young men from a very plain church came to serve their 1W in our local town.

The hospital staff had expected to see these young men come to work dressed according to the standards of their church. But the staff was surprised when they came in sporty clothes and boots and smoking cigarettes just like any other boy from town.

When she saw these new boys and found out they were supposed to be conscientious objectors, one lady made the statement that her boy smokes cigarettes, too, but he's in Viet Nam. It is hard to believe when we see these young men with their red hats, sport shirts, tight trousers and boots that there is any connection with the plain, modestly dressed ministers who come to town to visit them.

Just what do we mean by a double standard? When a church group accepts a certain standard or discipline (ordnung) it is expected that all members comply and order their lives accordingly. However it is a rather commonly accepted practice to make allowance for young people to deviate from this standard. In this way the second, or double, standard comes into being — a standard which is somewhat like but always below the original one.

"Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" I Cor. 5:6. The sin which is tolerated and condoned works right through the entire church and affects the whole body. If it is permissable for some members to wear worldly sport clothes without being challenged, then why not everyone?

The young folks are not altogether to blame for this as there seems to have been something wrong before the young got this far. Concerning the aforementioned IW workers, the superintendent made inquiry and was told by the bishop that the boys are in good standing in the church.

It is generally considered that the world forms its opinion of the church according to the lowest denominator. The influence of the church will go no further than its lowest standard, thus rendering the highest standards meaningless.

We need to be careful in giving allowance to young people for unscriptural practices because this may be turning the grace of God into lasciviousness. This means giving license for, permitting or encouraging sin.

When the Bible speaks of sin it indicates no age brackets. Therefore it is wrong to let things go with the idea that folks won't be held accountable even though they are partakers of communion. This is giving false hope to the erring and also exposing the church to great danger. ■■

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. Thomas, who was also called "Didymus" or "The Twin." (John 11:16)
2. True. Matthew was busy at his job of tax collecting for the Romans when Jesus called him. (Mark 2:14, Luke 5:27)
3. False. Not Peter, but John was called thus. In his Gospel, John never mentions his own name but always refers to himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." (John 21:7, 13:23, 20:2, and others)
4. True. Peter drew his sword and slashed off the high priest's servant's ear, but Jesus rebuked him for the action. (Matthew 26:52)
5. False. The Gospel of John does not list the Twelve. There are, however, four lists— one each in the first three Gospels and one in Acts. (Matt. 10:2-4, Mark 3:16-19, Luke 6:14-16, Acts 1: 13)
6. False. We know of at least one instance where the disciples were unable to work a cure— they could not drive the evil spirit from a man's son while Jesus was on the Mount of Transfiguration. (Matthew 17:16)
7. True. Thomas is often called the doubting disciple because he refused to believe Jesus was risen from the dead until he saw him with his own eyes. (St. John 20:24-19)
8. True. James and John made a special request for positions in Jesus' kingdom, and at another time all the disciples disputed with each other about which one of them would be the greatest. (Mark 10:35-45, 9:34)
9. False. Although Judas was a thief (John 12:6), he did take care of the finances for the Twelve. Apparently none of the other disciples suspected him of being untrustworthy until after the betrayal of Jesus. (John 13:29)
10. True. "And he (Peter) went out and wept bitterly." (Matthew 26: 75)
11. False. Paul was an apostle, but not one of the Twelve.
12. False. Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray him. (John 6:24)
13. True. In Greek, Peter is "Petros," or "rock."
14. False. Philip and Levi were not the same disciple, although Matthew and Levi were.
15. True. There were two James: James, son of Zebedee, and James, son of Alphaeus. (Mark 3: 17,18)
16. False. Only Peter, Matthew, John, (and possibly James), wrote parts of the New Testament.
17. False. We know for sure Peter was married, (Mark 1:30, 1Cor. 9:5) and it is very likely that some of the others were also.
18. True. Jesus rebuked James and John for having a spirit of revenge in wishing to punish the Samaritans. (Luke 9:55)
19. False. The disciples apparently felt their master didn't have time to bother with children and were displeased with the mothers. (Matt. 19:13, Mark 10:13, Luke 18:15)
20. True. Jesus took only Peter, James, and John with him on the Mount of Transfiguration. (Matt. 17:1)

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct.......Excellent
17-18 correct.......Good
15-16 correct.......Average

The Christian Indians of the Tuscarawas Valley

- by Dan G Troyer

It is hard for our generation to imagine just what it was like when the first white men arrived in this part of our state of Ohio. There was no sound of motors, no roaring of a freight train rolling down the track and blowing its whistle at every crossroad, no whine of chain saws that in a minute cut down trees that took 150 years to grow, no rattling of farm machinery, no sound of hoofs coming down the hard surface roads as we in our buggies go to town to shop.

The sounds you would have heard would have been the killdeer calling as he ran along the sand bars of the creeks, and the bubbling of the water as these creeks ran down the valleys into the beautiful and mighty rivers, and the shrill call of the blue jay flying through the tree tops, the cawing of crows as they spread the alarm of the coming of palefaces. At night you would have listened to the hooting of the owls, and the lonesome and weird howl of the great American wolves, which now are almost extinct.

When the white men came there were no roads, only trails winding through the dense forests. There was one that was called The Big Trail and it led from the Great Lakes to the Ohio River. The road on which the author lives was at one time an Indian trail, used by the wild animals and the red men. It connected with The Big Trail at the present site of Port Washington. The main trail followed the Tuscarawas Valley, where the first permanent settlement was built.

There is an old legend that the great French explorer, LaSalle, passed through the Tuscarawas Valley, although there are no records to prove it. If he did, he was undoubtedly the first white man to see the Valley. The first known to have visited the Valley were traders, — French, English, and Americans — most of them men who drank heavily and also taught the Indians to drink. They lived very much like the Indians and married Indian women.

The first white man to make a record of his visit to Tuscarawas was Christopher Gist. Gist kept a daily record of where he was, what he saw and did. He came to Ohio as an agent of George Washington and other Virginia gentlemen who had bought a million acres of land in Ohio. They wished to have good land, and sent Gist out to find it. Gist was one of Ohio's greatest pioneers, and also a great hunter and trail finder.

He was sent out from Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh) in the autumn of 1750, and reached the Indian village of Tuscarawi on December 5th.

In 1762 Indian trouble broke out, making it very dangerous for white men to live in the Tuscarawas Valley. The great Indian war chief Pontiac formed a plot among many Indians to drive all the white people out of the west, as people called the Central States in those days. Everywhere Indians rose in war paint — burning buildings, murdering and scalping. White people everywhere lived in terror.

In the autumn of 1764 General Bouquet with an army of 1500 men started out from Fort Pitt to battle with Pontiac. They came to Tuscarawas Valley on a Saturday and camped over Sunday near the present village of Bolivar. After the Indians saw this big army, the chiefs sent word that they wanted to talk peace.

After peace had been made, this army moved westward through Tuscarawas County to Sugar Creek, down through Broad Run and to the present location of Coshocton. Here they built a fort. They stayed until November and then marched back to Fort Pitt.

David Zeisberger and Schoenbrunn

David Zeisberger was born in Germany, and was a minister of the Moravian faith. He chose to come to America to live among the Indians. He first settled in Pennsylvania on the Allegheny River. Through his ministry many of the Delaware Indians were converted to the Christian faith.

Zeisberger tried to direct the Indians toward peaceful Christian living, but he was troubled because as fast as he taught them good habits, they also saw non-Christian white men and took an example from their unpure lives. He was pleased, therefore, to receive a message in the year 1770 from the Delaware Indians of the Tuscarawas Valley. This message told of a terrible disease, smallpox, that was carrying off Indians by the dozens. The medicine men could not stop it. The Indians asked Zeisberger to come live among them and teach them Christianity.

Zeisberger waited until he received the second invitation to be sure the Indians really wanted him. In March of 1771 Zeisberger started for the Tuscarawas River. He came to the stream at Tuscarawi, an old Indian camp. Then he followed the river south about twenty miles to a place where a strong spring flowed into the river. He followed this little stream till he came to two big trees growing so close together it almost seemed like one, but one was an elm and the other a linden. From beneath the roots of these trees flowed the spring. He was delighted with the spot and decided to build his cabin there. As he was a German he called the place Schoenbrunn, meaning "beautiful spring."

From the cabin he built at this spot, David Zeisberger preached the first sermon by a Protestant minister west of the Ohio River. Soon after this the smallpox disappeared.

The Indians believed it was because of Zeisberger's sermon and were more eager than ever to learn of the one and only God. Zeisberger returned to Pennsylvania, but promised to come back in the spring.

On May 3, 1772, he and twenty-eight Indian converts from Pennsylvania arrived at the beautiful spring and began to lay out a town. Trees were cut down and hewn into square timbers, split into shingles and pickets. Cabins were erected and the ground was plowed for corn.

In August of the same year over three hundred Indian converts from Pennsylvania moved to Schoenbrunn. These Indians brought with them cows, horses, pigs, plows, harrows, hoes, scythes, barrels, kettles, pots, and other supplies that the Indians of the Valley had never possessed.

The Governing of Schoenbrunn

When the new town had been built, some laws of standards of conduct were agreed upon for the governing of the town. These were the first laws made in Ohio.

1. We will know no other God, nor worship any other but Him who created us, and redeemed us with his most precious blood.
2. We will rest from all labor on Sundays, and attend the usual meeting on that day for divine service.
3. We will honor father and mother, and support them in age and distress.
4. No one shall be permitted to dwell with us without the consent of our teachers.
5. No thieves, murderers, adulterers, or drunkards shall be suffered among us.
6. No one that attends dances, sacrifices, or heathenish festivals can live among us.
7. No one using tshapiet (witchcraft) in hunting shall be suffered among us.
8. We will renounce all juggles, lies, and deceits of Satan.
9. We will be obedient to our teachers and their helpers, who are appointed to see that good order is kept, both in and out of the town.
10. We will not be idle or lazy, nor tell lies of one another, nor strike one another. We will leave peaceably together.
11. Whosoever does any harm to another's cattle, goods or effects, shall pay the damage.
12. A man shall have only one wife, love her and provide for her and the children. Likewise a woman shall have but one husband, and be obedient to him; she shall also take care of the children and be clean in all things.
13. We will permit no rum or spiritous liquors to be brought into our town. If strangers or traders happen to bring any, we will take it out of their possession and not give it back to them until they are ready to set off again.
14. None of the inhabitants shall run in debt with traders nor receive goods on commission for traders, without the consent of the helpers.
15. No one is to go on a journey or a long hunt without informing the minister or stewards of it.
16. Young persons shall not marry without the consent of their parents and the minister.
17. Whenever the stewards or helpers appoint a time to make fences or to perform other work for the public good, we will assist and do as we are bid.
18. All necessary contributions for the public ought cheerfully to be attended to.

These rules were made and adopted at a time when there was peace. However, six years later when the Revolutionary War broke out, some individuals of the Delaware nation took up the hatchet to join in the conflict, and the leaders of Schoenbrunn proposed and insisted on having the following rules added.

19. No man inclining to go to war — which is

SCHOENBRUNN VILLAGE

the shedding of blood — can remain among us.

20. Whosoever purchases goods or articles of warriors, knowing at the time that such have been stolen or plundered, must leave us. We look upon this as giving encouragement to murder and theft.

The Village Prospers

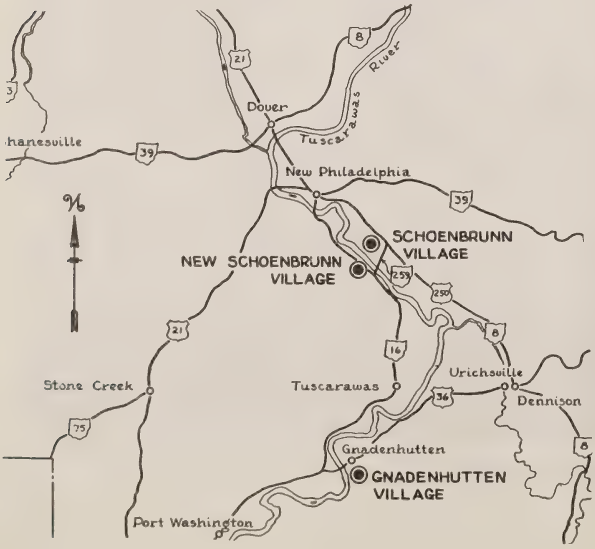
Let us try and picture a day at Old Schoenbrunn. Trees cut down with an ax are dragged into the village. There men hew them into square timbers. Pickets for fences are being split, and also shingles for the cabin roofs. With shouts the heavy logs are lifted into place on the cabin walls, much as the building is done at our present-day barn raisings. The women and children are hoeing in the gardens and fields. Smoke curls from the finished chimneys, telling the hungry men that dinner will soon be ready. Zeisberger hurries from group to group giving advice and encouragement. Curious red-skinned visitors stand about watching the work, amazed to see Indian men working so hard and so cheerfully.

The village of Schoenbrunn grew rapidly. But it so happened that there were members of two tribes of Indians living in it, the Delawares and the Mohicans. In spite of their Christian training, the two groups did not live as peacefully as the ministers wished. For this reason and also because the village was becoming too large, it was decided to build another town about ten miles down the river. This is how Gnadenhütten came into being.

In a valley where only a few years before there has been nothing but wilderness, there now stood two civilized Christian towns. Where war whoops had echoed through the forests and valleys, church bells now rang. The future seemed ever so bright. No one could know how soon it was to be darkened by the clouds of hate and bloodshed.

The Dream Is Shattered

The first trouble came in 1774 when war broke out between the white settlers of western Pennsylvania and Virginia and the Indian tribes of northeastern Ohio. If a white man killed an Indian, his friends took revenge on the first white man they met. Indian war parties came to hide out near Schoenbrunn, making it very dangerous for the white ministers to leave the village. It seemed as time wore on that nothing could save them. At last, however, peace was made and all was quiet again for a time.



Most of the year 1775 was peaceful. Zeisberger and the other white men traveled about freely, preaching to many Indian tribes. Many visitors came to Schoenbrunn. The soil was fertile and the crops grew well. Peace and prosperity once again seemed possible. Zeisberger dreamed of forming a state which would be governed by and for the Indians of Ohio. His dream, however, was not to come true.

In 1775 the Revolution broke out, and the American Colonies went to war against England. The heathen Indian tribes, of course, were always interested in war. Most of the tribes favored the British. The British leaders at Fort Detroit asked the Indians to help them and promised to supply them with guns and ammunition and pay for every American scalp they brought in.

The Americans sent a message to the Indians, asking them to take no part in the war. The Delawares took the advice of the Americans, but most of the others went over with the British. This brought about endless trouble for Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhütten, and finally brought about their destruction.

This came about for several reasons. Most of the Indian tribes hated the Delawares and were glad for a chance to do them harm. But the most important reason was that the British wished to send armies through the Tuscarawas Valley against the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania. This was designed to force General Washington to divide his already small army and send part of it to defend the West, thus weakening the forces in the East. Through this decision Tuscarawas Valley became an important factor in the Revolution, and finally became a blackened, blood-drenched waste.

War parties hovered about the towns, causing much concern to the Christian inhabitants. Stories began to come into Schoenbrunn that large parties of warriors were on the way to kill Zeisberger, and drive off the Christian Indians. The people became fearful and wanted to leave the towns. Zeisberger at first refused, but finally gave his consent. In 1777 the last church service was held in Schoenbrunn. The people sadly turned south and marched to Lichtenau, in which is now Coshocton County, out of the path of the Indians and the British.

Two years later Zeisberger, thinking the danger past and wanting to carry on his work at Schoenbrunn, led his people back to that village. What a shock awaited them! What had been a thriving, clean, and well-kept town was now only ruins. The savage Indians and the British had completely destroyed Schoenbrunn.

In spite of this setback, the Delawares started at once to build a new village across the river. The new village was called New Schoenbrunn, but for some reason it never thrived. The best days were past, and from this time on there was just danger, ruin, starvation, and bloodshed.

In September of 1781 a large band of redskins surrounded the new villages of the Christian Indians, not even allowing them to gather in their crops. These hostile Indians forced their captives to leave their homes, and marched them to a camp called Captive Town near where Sandusky is now located. Zeisberger and a fellow minister, Heckewelder were taken on to Fort Detroit and kept there all winter. In the spring they were tried as American spies, but nothing could be proved against them so they were released and allowed to return to their people.

While the ministers were in Detroit, the Christian Indians at Captive Town suffered severely. They had very little food and just a rude shelter. They suffered from cold through the long hard winter. Early in the spring of 1782 they were given permission to return and harvest their crops and bring back supplies, providing they promised to return to Captive Town as soon as the harvest was in. By the end of the first week of March, the harvest had been almost completed and the Indians at New Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten loaded food and supplies to take back to Captive Town. It was then that tragedy struck.

The Gnadenhütten Massacre

For several years roaming Indian bands had been raiding and burning homes along the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, murdering men, women, and children, and stealing what goods they could carry. A band of Shawnees attacked the home of Robert Wallace in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and carried off his wife and three children. A few days later John Carpenter, a white man, was captured by the Shawnee band. He escaped and returned home to report that two of his captors were Christian Indians who talked German.

Immediately the frontiersmen blamed their losses on the Indians of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhütten. They thought the Indians were double-crossing them, that they were really just savages who were using Christianity to cover up their murdering and stealing. The frontier pioneers sincerely believed that the only good Indian was a dead one.

A small army of 150 men under the leadership of Captain Williamson set out from Fort Pitt and marched toward the Christian Indian villages. On the way they discovered the body of Mrs. Wallace. On the night of March 6 Williamson and his men camped in the woods near Gnadenhütten, but far enough away from the village so that there was no danger of being seen. The next morning the men divided into two parties and marched upon the town from two directions. One of the parties came upon a young Indian, Joseph Schebosch, who was out looking for a horse. Although he pleaded that he was a Christian and a friend to the white men, he was killed. Another Indian was also killed as he was crossing the river in a canoe.

Further on the soldiers met a group of Indians working in the cornfield. The white men acted friendly, advising the Indians to pack their goods and come to Fort Pitt, where they would be protected and would be given anything they wished.

The Indians were delighted to hear this, for they had suffered much during the past few years. They hurried to the town with the soldiers to tell the others the good news. They were joyous and merry, for at last it seemed that their troubles had come to an end. They were to be placed under the protection of their good friends, the Americans. All their guns and weapons they willingly handed over to the soldiers for they no longer needed them for hunting. They treated the soldiers with cakes and wild honey. They had been planning to start back to Captive Town that same day, but now something better had turned up.

In the village the soldiers found Mrs. Wallace's dress which the Shawnees had sold as they passed through the town. With this evidence there was little doubt in their minds but that the Indians of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhütten had committed all the outrages along the border. Revenge would be sweet.

Suddenly, while all the Indians were together, they were seized and locked up in two buildings. They were surprised at the turn of events and especially so when they were told that they would have to die for their brutal crimes.

A trial was held, and the Indians were charged with murdering white settlers, stealing their goods, and burning their buildings. Of course, all the Delawares denied these charges, declaring that they were good Christians, that they had stayed entirely out of the war, and had tried to live as Zeisberger had taught them. Nevertheless, when Williamson asked the question, "Shall the Indians be put to death, or taken to Fort Pitt?" all but eighteen of the 150 soldiers voted for death. Some of the men wanted to burn the Indians in the buildings, but it was decided instead to tomahawk them, men, women, and children.

The finest kind of Christian faith was shown at the hour of death by the victims of the Gnadenhütten Massacre. When the Indians were told that they were to die, they were of course terrified. This was only human. But they soon calmed themselves and made a request for time in which to prepare themselves for death.

"We can call God to witness that we are innocent, " they said, "but we are prepared and even willing to die an innocent death for the sake of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. For we have promised to live for our Lord and in our weakness try to please Him and Him alone in this world. This we know, that we have in many ways been wicked. Let us have time to pour out our hearts in prayer and ask for His tender mercy. "

This permission was granted, and the Indians spent their last hours in prayer and confession. One of the Indians, Abraham, made the following public confession before his brethren, "Dear brethren, it seems as though we will all soon depart unto our Saviour, for our sentence is fixed. You know that I have been an untoward child and have grieved the Lord and my brethren by my disobedience, and have not walked as I should have done. But still I can and will cleave to my Saviour with my last breath, and hold fast to Him, although I am so great a sinner. I pray that He will forgive me all my sins and not cast me out. "

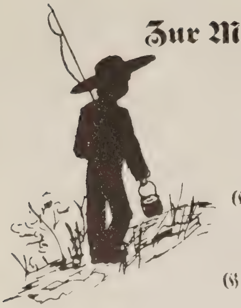
Another Indian had formerly been a great war chief named Glickikan, but now he had become one of Zeisberger's most faithful converts. As a Christian he called himself Isaac, and said, "I am no longer Glickikan. I am now Isaac, a believer in the true and living God, for whose sake I am willing to suffer anything, even death. "

The following morning the sentence was carried out. The Indians were told to walk out the door one by one. They began to sing and to pray, and as they passed through the door they were struck down with a tomahawk and scalped. One soldier turned his weapon over to another after killing fourteen, boasting that he had done "pretty well" but that his arm was tired. The slaughter went on until every one of the Indians had been scalped.

These Christian Indians met their death as only brave men and women can, comforted with thoughts of everlasting life. They died just as calmly as our Anabaptist forefathers did in Europe. In all, over ninety Indians were killed at Gnadenhütten — about thirty-five men, twenty-seven women, and thirty-four children.

Before leaving the scene of the massacre, Williamson's men burned the village and the bodies. The Tuscarawas Valley now lay in a desolate ruin. The once prosperous villages lay in ashes, the inhabitants dead or driven away. In the forests there were once more only the sounds of wild animals. Men shunned the valley as a bewitched place.

It is difficult to find in history any example of stronger and more noble faith than these poor red men showed during these stormy years. We should be grateful that we can live in the land where they lived, and be inspired to live a cleaner and better life because of them.



Zur Mitternacht im Zuckerhaus

-By Sarah M. Weaver

Gebt unſerm Gott die Ehre!

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Gebt unſerm Gott die Ehre!“

Es war ein fröhlicher Samſtag Morgen im Februar für der Sammy. Er ſchwingt ſeinen Milch-Eimer als er ſingt auf dem Weg zu die Scheuer. Der Andy lauft mit ihm, er hat ſeine Hände in die Säcke, denn es war kalt.

„Ich bin ſo froh daß der Vater uns läßt mitgehen heute Bäume anbohren,“ ſagt der Andy.

Der Sammy hört auf Singen. „Ja, ich auch. Ich will meine Arbeit geſchwind tun.“ „Vielleicht läßt der Vater der Amos und uns mol eine Nacht allein bleiben im Zuckerhaus.“

„Wir ſind groß genug,“ antwortete der Sammy. „O, das wird Spaß ſein! Ein Mitnachteſſen haben und ſpielen wir wären Pioneers!“

Es hat die Buben nicht lange genommen die Morgenarbeit tun. Sie haben nicht viel Breakfaſt eſſen wollen. Der Vater ſieht dies, und ſagt zu ihnen: „Ihr müſſet eſſen, denn es iſt nicht alles ſpielen. Ihr müſſet ſchaffen, und ihr werdet hungrig ob Mittag kommt.“

Aber der Sammy und der Andy fühlen nicht hungrig, denn ſie waren zu hitzig mit ihrem Vater zu gehen. Sie ſchwätzen und ſchwätzen was ſie tun werden. „Nau Buben, haltet euch herunter und ſeid ſtille, die Zucker-Bäume ſpringen nicht fort!“ Ermahnte die Mutter.

Schaffen im Zucker-Buſch war eine fröhliche Winter-Arbeit für der Sammy. Er war froh wo der Vater geſagt hat: „Der Schnee iſt am ſchmelzen und es iſt am wärmer werden. Ich glaube das Zucker-Waſſer wird laufen.“

Der Sammy tut ein wollig Muffler um ſeinen Hals herum wickeln und ſeine vierbuckles an. Der Morgen war friſch und kalt. Er geht mit ſeinem Vater in die Scheuer. Der Vater hat die Gäul an dem Boxwagen geſpannt.

Er fahrt an dem Shop wo die Speicheln und Eimer waren. Die zwei Knaben haben ihren Vater geholfen die Sachen auf dem Wagen laden. „Wie viel Eimer brauchen wir?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Wir nehmen mol einhundert. Etliche von die jüngere Bäume ſind groß genug anzubohren,“ antwortete der Vater, als er aus dem Shop kommt mit dem Bohren in ſeiner Hand.

Das Land vom John Miller war hügelig und die Bäume waren nicht gepflanzt für ein Zucker-Buſch. Aber bei kochen haben ſie genug für ihren eigenen Gebrauch und als ein wenig übrig zu verkaufen.

Der Amos hat Miſt fahren müſſen, darum iſt er nicht mitgangen. Der Sammy und der Andy halfen ihrem Vater die Eimer an die Speichel hängen, und die Sachen holen was der Vater bedarf. Wo es aber halber elf war ſagt der Sammy zum Andy: „Ich bin ſehr hungrig.“

„Ich auch,“ antwortete der Andy als er ſeinem Vater noch ein Speichel langt. Der Sammy hat der Eimer getragen und gehangen.

„Ich wünſche ich hätte jetzt der gebratene Moſt wo ich den Morgen nicht gegeſſen hab,“ ſpricht der Sammy.

„Eben kalter Moſt würde gut ſchmecken,“ ſagt der Andy.

„Habe ich euch nicht geſagt ihr ſollet eſſen?“ ermahnte der Vater als er ein Speichel hinein in ein Baum klopfte. „Denket nun an ſolche Kinder die niemals genug haben zu eſſen, und ſie haben auch nicht viel Kleider.“

„Meinſt du die Armen in India?“ fragte der Sammy.

„Nicht nur in India, aber auch in China, Ruſſia, Hong Kong und viel andere Plätze.“

„Die Mäm hat uns auch verzählt von Biafra,“ ſagte der Sammy.

„Ja, dort iſt auch ein armer Platz. Viele müſſen ſterben von Hunger.“

„Ich denk es tut uns nichts ſchaden für ein wenig Hunger leiden,“ ſagt der Sammy weiter.

„Es iſt gut für uns. Dann denken wir öfter an die Armen und tun mehr mitteilen,“ ſpricht der Vater.

„Ich wünſche wir könnten die Armen von unſerm Eſſen geben,“ antwortete der Sammy.

Die zwei Knaben haben öfters an die Armen gedenkt in der kommende Stunde. Doch waren ſie froh wo die Mittagſtunde kommen war.

Am Mittagtiſch fragt der Sammy: „Darfen wir Buben eine Nacht allein ſein im Zuckerhaus?“

Die Mutter antwortete: „Ihr brauchet eurer Schlaf wenn ihr in die Schul geht.“

„Vielleicht können ſie am Freitag Abend helfen.“ Der Vater wußte was für Freude es wäre für die Knaben. „Wir wollen mol ſehen?“ ſagte er weiter.

„Wir kochen nicht alle Tage,“ ſpricht die Mutter.

Der Sammy und der Andy hatten acht auf das Wetter. Sie hofften das Zuckerwaſſer tut laufen am Freitag. Aber bis Freitag war es alles zugeſchneet und zugefrohren. Sie waren nicht ganz verdroſſen, denn es war gut für Schlitten fahren.

Zwei Wochen waren vergangen. Am Samſtag hat der Vater, John Miller, die Gäule eingeſpannt in dem großen Schlitten. Auf dem Schlitten war ein groß rund Faß. Der Sammy nimmt die Leinen und fahrt die Gäule dem Pfad nach und hielt an die Bäume. Der Vater leerte das Zuckerwaſſer durch ein Siehe-Tuch in das Faß.

Die kleine Chickadees fliegen herunter auf dem Faß und kriegen die Motte (moths) das auf dem Siehe-Tuch war. Die Vögelein waren bald zaum.

Wo ſie am Zuckerhaus gekommen ſind, war die Mutter und die Anna dort. „Wenn ihr eure Abend-Arbeit getan habt dann hab ich eine Surpriſe für euch,“ ſagte ſie zu ihre Kinder.

Die Buben haben gedenkt was es ſein möcht, aber haben nichts geſagt. Es war weit für heimzugehen. Der Sammy und der Andy ſitzten auf die Gäule und ritten ſie heim.

Wo die Arbeit getan war hatte der Vater heiße Milch-Suppe gemacht und Käſe auf dem Tiſch getan. „Ich will mich geſchwind aus Zuckerhaus machen und die Mäm helfen der Melaſſe abnehmen. Ich näm Suppe mit für ſie und die Anna. Wäſchet ihr das Geſchirr,“ gebietet der Vater als er fertig gegeſſen hat und weg von dem Tiſch gangen war. „Der Amos kann die Chores fertig machen.“

„Ja, aber die Mäm hat ein Surpriſe für uns,“ ſagt der

Sammy als er über dem Tiſch ſchaute.

„Wohl, aber nicht bis ihr eure Arbeit getan habt. Dies iſt auch eure Arbeit wann ich euch heiß das tun.“ Er tut ſein Womas und Hut an und geht die Tür hinaus. Der Amos hat auch ſeine Kleider angezogen und war hinaus gegangen.

In eine Schnelligkeit war der Sammy auf ſeine Füße. „Ich krieg das Waſſer und wäſch, tue du der Tiſch abräumen.“

Sie ſpringen hin und her durch die Küch. Herein und heraus in die Buttry. Wann die Mutter ihre fleißige Buben geſehen hätte wäre es ſie lächerlich vorkommen.

Wo ſie im Zuckerhaus kommen waren, waren die Eltern fertig der Sirup aus die Pann nehmen und waren am friſch Zuckerwaſſer hinein laufen laſſen. Das Haus war voll von dem Geruch das brennende Holz und von dem ſüßen Melaſſe.

In ein Eck von dem Furnace war ein Keſſele. Die Buben ſchauen einander an und lachten. „Spatze!“ ſagt der Sammy.

„Ja,“ lächelte die Mutter. „Dies iſt der Surpriſe. Nehmet ein Eimer und holet ſauber Schnee herein.“

Wo die Buben das gebracht haben tut die Mutter ein Leffel im dick gekochten Melaſſe. Dann nehmt ſie ein Leffelvoll und leerte ein Striemen über dem Schnee. „Hier ſind ſaubere Stecken für ein jedes. Die Anna hat dies bereit.“

Die Buben nehmen der kleine Stecken und wickelen ihren Spatzen auf eine Balle und eſſen es. „Dies iſt der beſte Kändy in der Welt!“ ſpricht der Sammy.

„Wie weißt du das?“ antwortete die Anna. „Du haſt noch nicht von aller Art Kändy in der Welt gegeſſen.“

„Ich wünſche wir könnten die arme Kinder in der Welt auch von dieſem Kändy geben,“ ſagt der Sammy als er noch ein Spatz in ſein Maul ſteckt.

Noch eine Woch war vergangen. Am Freitag Abend kommen die vier Kinder von der John Miller heim von der Schule. Auf dem Tiſch liegt eine Note: „Tut die Abend-Arbeit, eſſet, dann kommt aus Zuckerhaus. Mäm.“

„Ich weiß was dies meint!“ lacht der Sammy, und ſeine Füße verlaſſen ſchier der Boden.

„Ich auch!“ ſagt der Andy als er die Treppe aufſteigt ſeine Schulkleider auszuziehen.

Die Mutter hat alles bereit für die drei Buben das ſie im Zuckerhaus bleiben können durch die Nacht. „In dieſe Box,“ ſagt ſie zu ihnen: „Habe ich ſome Wieners für euch daß ihr röſten könnet. Und da iſt Cocoa für heiß machen, und etlichen Küchlein.“

„O, gut! Gut!“ ſagen die zwei jüngere Buben als ſie herum hüpfen und ihre Hände zuſammen ſchlagen.

„Der Vater kommt nach Mitnacht zu ſehen ob dies Sirup dick genug iſt,“ ſagt ſie weiter. „Du weißt was zu tun.“ Sie guckt gegen der Amos.

„Ja, Mäm, ſorge nicht. Wir können euch wiſſen laſſen wann es bald dick iſt,“ antwortete er.

„Gebe acht, und halt das Feuer am gehen,“ vermahnte der Vater ob er mit die Mutter heim geht.

„Ja, Vater,“ ſpricht der Amos, „wir können es jetzt tun.“

Wo die Eltern und die Anna heim gangen waren haben die drei Buben nahe am Furnace geſitzt, tranken heiß Zuckerwaſſer und ſchwätzten von die Zeit der Pioneers. Von Indians und von Tramps. Der Sammy iſt endlich müde geworden, die Zeit ward lang. Der Amos ſteht auf und tut mehr Holz aufs Feuer. Die Buben meinten es geht noch ſo lange bis die Mitnacht Stunde kommt. Die Lampenglocke auf der Oel-Laterne war ſchwarz und machte nicht viel Helligkeit.

Endlich liegt der Sammy ſich auf ein ſchwerer Blanket nahe bei dem Furnace. Er denkt an die arme Kinder die eben nicht ſo eine gute Heimat haben als ihr Zuckerhaus, und an die Pioneer Kinder in ihre Block-Häuſer. Als er an die Indians denkt fürchtete er ſich ein wenig, denn er konnte bald nicht hören wegen dem krachen das Holz in dem Furnace und der Wind am Pfeifen.

Wie lange er geſchlafen hat wußte er nicht. Wo er erwachte ſieht er der Shep an die Tür. Er war am knurren und am beißen neben an der Schwelle, und am kratzen auf dem Boden. Der Sammy ſitzt geſchwind auf. Wo iſt der Amos? Wo iſt der Andy? Iſt er allein? Der Wind bloſt leere Zweigen von einem Baum neben wider das Zuckerhaus. Der Sammy war ſo erſchrocken, er war bald verſtürzt. „Nein! Nein!“ denkt er, „Ich darf nicht rufen!“

Die flackerde dunkele Laterne und das Furnace Feuer haben fremde, tanzigen Schatten auf der Wand geſchmiſſen. O, es iſt ſo dunkel! Wo! wo ſind die andern! Der Sammy ward beinahe am weinen.

Der Shep fängt an zu bellen. Dann ſitzt der Andy auf, wo nahe neben dem Sammy gelegen war. „Was iſt letz?“ fragt er in einem ſchläfrigen weg.

„Andy! Andy! Ich bin ſo froh es du da biſt! Ich habe gemeint ich bin allein!“ liſpelte der Sammy, am zittern.

„Wo iſt der Amos?“

„Ich weiß nicht. Ich war auch am ſchlafen.“ Dann war der Andy auch ſehr erſchrocken.

Der Hund raſt als lauter. Die Buben waren zu ſteif erſchrocken für ſich zu erregen. Ueber ein wenig tut der Sammy ſein Finger auf die Lippen: „Shhh, ich hörte etwas!“ Er ſpürret als wenn ſeine Haare ſtrack auf dem Haupt ſtehen würden.

„Ich hörte es auch,“ antwortete der Andy in eine leiſe Stimme. Ihre Augen waren groß.

Der Andy liſpelt im Sammy ſein Ohr: „Es lautet wie eine Stimme.“

Der Shep fängt an wider die Tür zu hüpfen mit ſeinem vorderen Füße und gautzend. „Das ſind Tramps am kommen,“ antwortete der Sammy.

Sie hören Treppen nahe kommen, die Stimme iſt als lauter geworden. „Es iſt der Vater und der Amos,“ lacht Andy.

„Ach ja, ſell is wers is!“

Bis dieſer Zeit war der Shep am ſchwänzeln denn er war ſo froh für ſie zu ſehen.

„Sind ihr wacker worden?“ fragt der Vater als er in die Tür hinein kommt.

„Der Shep hat uns erwacht,“ antwortet der Sammy. „Wir haben nicht gewußt wo du hingangen biſt,“ ſagte er zum Amos.

„Und ihr habt euch ſehr gefürchtet!“ lachte der Amos. „Ich war heimgangen dem Vater zu ſagen daß der Sirup dick iſt.“ Der Sammy und der Andy ſchämten ſich.

„Der Shep war raſſig,“ ſagt der Andy.

„Er hat andem wollen mit dem Amos gehen und hat nicht hinaus können,“ ſpricht der Vater.

„Iſt es Zeit zu eſſen?“ fragt der Sammy. Er denkt an die Wieners und die gute küchlein, und heiße Cocoa.

Der Vater und der Amos lachten: „Es iſt bald Morgen, bald Zeit für Breakfaſt eſſen!“ antwortete der Vater.

Der Sammy ſchauet gegen der Andy. „Wir haben das beſte vom Zuckerwaſſer kochen verfehlt,“ ſagt er.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

THE WRONG REWARD

- by Elmo Stoll

A LONE CROW FLEW OVER the schoolyard, caw-cawing as his wings beat the cold winter air. Philip Hochstetler stopped to look up at the black bird. It landed on the top of a dead elm tree in Oscar Evans' field, and perched there, balancing himself against the strong north wind.

"Caw-caw," called the crow. "Caw, caw-caawwwww."

"I'd give you something to caw-caw about," said Philip to himself, "if I only had that pellet gun Reuben and I are going to buy."

Just then Reuben Wagler came running over to where Philip stood watching the crow. "I know just what you are wishing," Reuben laughed. "You're wishing for a pellet gun. But you couldn't get a crow that far away, anyhow not."

"I could so get him," Philip insisted. "If I couldn't get him to fall down, I could at least get him to fly away."

"I could get him to do that much without a gun," Reuben said. He raised his right hand and pointed it at the bird as though he were sighting along a gun barrel. "Pop," he shouted, real loudly.

The crow jumped from his swaying perch and flapped clumsily up into the air and flew away.

"See, I got him," Reuben laughed.

"Yes, you did," admitted Philip. "But I still hope we'll soon have enough money to buy that gun."

Ever since school started, the two sixth-grade boys had been saving their money to go into partnership in buying a pellet gun. They could get one in the Sears & Roebuck catalog for a little over $12.00. That was only six dollars each. At first the money had seemed to pile up fast but the last while it had come in discouragingly slow. They were still a little over four dollars short of having enough, and no prospects of being able to earn more.

That evening as the two boys walked home from school together, they were still talking about how they could earn more money.

"Maybe we'll just have to buy a B. B. gun with the money we have," Reuben said. "That would be better than nothing."

"Nope," said Philip. "I won't give my half of the money for a B. B. gun. We had a B. B. gun at home once, and you couldn't kill a sparrow unless you stuck the barrel right under his chin."

"Well, I don't know — Hey, look! Somebody lost his billfold."

Reuben bent down and picked up a worn leather billfold. The boys saw at once that it was bulging with money.

"Wow, what a lot of money," said Philip. "Wonder whose it is. Is there a name on it?"

Carefully Reuben turned the billfold over, but there was no name on either side of it. "Maybe if we can't find out whose it is, we can keep it," he said hopefully. But then he opened it, and inside a plastic holder was a picture of a smiling woman.

"Why, I know who that woman is," exclaimed Philip.

"Who?"

"That's Jimmy Walker's wife. I've seen her often."

"I bet this is Jimmy Walker's billfold," said Reuben. "He's got lots of money. He probably doesn't even know he lost it."

"I know he's got lots of money," said Philip. "He owns about four farms, I guess. No wonder he loses some of his money along the roads."

"Come on," said Reuben. "Let's see how much money is in it."

The boys felt funny as they looked through the billfold. There was a whole row of twenty dollar bills, a lot of tens, plus some fives and ones. All together the boys counted $234.

"Whew," Philip whistled. "I guess you and me could buy a whole stack of pellet guns if we had that money."

"We sure could," agreed Reuben, "if we dared to keep it. Jimmy would have no way of knowing we found it."

"We wouldn't need to keep all of it," Philip said. "We just need a little over four dollars to buy our gun. There's no reason why we couldn't slip out one five and give the rest back to Jimmy. He probably doesn't know exactly how much he had."

The boys hesitated for a long moment. They knew it was wrong to steal, but somehow this was a bit different. After all, they had found the billfold, and surely they deserved something for finding it. Then, too, it wasn't as if they were taking it from some poor person — Jimmy Walker had more money than he needed anyhow.

"Shall we do it?" Philip looked questioningly at Reuben.

All Reuben could think about was the pellet gun and how badly they wanted it. If they passed up this chance to get the money, they would surely be sorry afterwards.

"I — I — I think it would be all right. Sort of like our wages for finding it," Reuben said slowly. "Just five dollars. "We'll return all the rest." Reuben reached into the billfold and started pulling out one of the five dollar bills.

Just then Philip thought of something. "Don't take it out," he said. "Let's take it all back to Jimmy. He's almost sure to give us a reward for bringing it back and then we'll still have the money we need."

"But what if he doesn't give us a reward?" Reuben asked. "What makes you think he will?"

"Sure he will. Why, just the other day I read in an old reading book how a storekeeper gave a boy too much money in change. The boy was tempted to keep it. But he knew that wouldn't be honest so he told the storekeeper about

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

They Didn't THINK

-Phoebe Cary

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here, I'm half-grown;
Surely, I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Ho, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized
him,
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more.
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong
'Cause you didn't think.

-New Era 3rd Reader 1898

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it. The storekeeper was so glad to find an honest boy that he gave him a job in the store. Years later when the storekeeper died, the boy became owner of the store, all because he was honest. The story said honesty always pays and I believe it's true."

"That's certainly better than stealing," said Reuben. "Because then we'd feel guilty all the time and would have to worry about somebody finding out."

"That's right," said Philip. "Jimmy is sure to give us a reward. Five dollars won't seem very much to him when he gets back over $200 that he probably has given up hopes of finding."

"When shall we return the billfold?"

"Let's take it back tonight yet," suggested Philip. "Then when he gives us the reward, we can send for the gun in the mail tomorrow."

"Okay, but how are we going to go? It's almost too far to walk."

"Why don't we ride our ponies down?"

"That's a good idea. But let's go before dark. Try to be at the corner by five, and whoever gets there first waits for the other. All right?'

"Sure," agreed Philip. He hurried excitedly on home, every few steps patting the bulge on his leg where the billfold was inside his pocket.

Philip arrived at the corner to find Reuben already waiting. Together they rode off down the road. They had only gone a short distance when Reuben said, "Hey, you didn't forget the billfold, did you?"

"No," said Philip, "and now I don't have to worry about losing it. Mom pinned my pocket shut."

"That's good. Let's make the ponies gallop, or we'll never get there. If we're going to let them walk all the way, we might as well have walked ourselves. It would have been faster."

The boys slapped the sides of their ponies and urged them to gallop. Reuben's pony hung back. He slapped it again. It started to trot, shaking Reuben up and down until he could scarcely hang on.

"Come on, you lazy animal," Reuben shouted, giving the pony a hard whack. Finally the pony was persuaded to gallop and the ride grew smoother.

With the ponies galloping, it did not take long until the boys reached the highway and were turning in at Jimmy Walker's lane. They suddenly felt very small and unsure of themselves.

"Philip, you do the talking," Reuben said. "You've got the billfold."

"Ho," said Philip. "That's no reason. You are the one who first found it."

"Doesn't matter. You have it now."

"All right, I don't care," said Philip. "I'll get the reward, too."

The boys got off and tied their ponies at the yard fence. Then they nervously walked up to the large white frame house. Philip pushed the doorbell twice and they waited.

A tall woman opened the door. They saw at once that it was the same woman whose picture they had recognized in the billfold.

"Is — Is Jimmy at home?" Philip asked.

"Yes, he's out in the barn," the woman smiled.

"Okay, we'll go out there."

They hurried out. Inside the barn door they walked past a large, gleaming bulk milk cooler. Farther in they could see rows and rows of Holstein cows. No one seemed to be around, though they could hear a milking machine going and somewhere a radio was turned on.

The boys walked in behind the first row of cows. They heard heavy footsteps coming down another aisle, and suddenly Jimmy Walker stepped around the corner right in front of them. He stopped short.

"Hello, there," he boomed in his big voice. "What can I do for you boys?" He had an unlit cigar in his mouth

The GOLDEN Rule

-by Laura Alice Boyd

There is a good rule that I know
That works wherever I may go.

The Golden Rule is its name;
It means that I treat you the same

As I would want you to treat me
If things were turned about, you see.

For if I'm always kind to you
And careful in the deeds I do,

And you treat me in the same way,
We'll both be sure of a glad day.

and now he took it out and held it.

For a moment Philip lost his voice. "We-w-w — we found a billfold," he stammered. "And we think it's yours."

"A billfold?" said Jimmy. "No, it must be someone else's. I didn't lose —" His words dropped off in the middle of his sentence. His hand was feeling around in his hip pocket. Then he felt rapidly through all his other pockets. "Well, if that ain't something. My billfold is missing. And you boys found one? Let's see what it looks like."

Not until then did Philip remember that his pocket was still pinned shut. Quickly he undid the pin and took out the billfold. Without a word he handed it to the tall man before him.

"Yes, sir, you did find it. Where was it?"

"On the road just west of the schoolhouse," Reuben said. "There's a lot of money in it."

"I know there is," Jimmy said. "I must have lost it when I was driving the tractor past there this afternoon." He put the billfold into his hip pocket without even glancing inside to see if the money was still all right.

"Well, thanks a million, boys," Jimmy said. "You saved me a lot of worry by bringing it back before I knew it was lost."

"Yes, we came just as soon as we could because we figured you would be hunting for it," Philip said. When was the man going to give the reward?

Jimmy Walker stood waiting for the boys to turn and leave. There was a long awkward silence. The boys began to feel uncomfortable. They looked at each other, unsure whether to leave or say something.

"Was there something else you wanted?" Jimmy finally asked. He looked at them in a puzzled way.

Philip and Reuben turned red. "No — nooo," stammered Philip. "That was all we came for. Just to bring the billfold back."

"Well, thanks again, boys," Jimmy said. He placed the chewed end of the cigar back into his mouth, turned, and walked with long steps up the aisle where he had come from.

Philip felt his neck grow hot. There was nothing to do but leave. There was no use waiting. There would be no reward. He had been mistaken. Their plans hadn't worked.

In silence they walked to where they had left their ponies. Philip stood with his hand on the pony's mane. "Jimmy Walker is a rich, old miser," he suddenly blurted out. "He's too tight to give a reward. Would have served him right if we had kept all his money." Philip swung himself angrily up on his pony's back.

"Well, at least this way we have a clear conscience," Reuben said.

The two boys rode slowly out the lane. At the highway Philip glanced hopefully over his shoulder. Maybe Jimmy was going to wave them back at the last minute and give them a big reward and praise them for being so honest. In the story in the old reader — but, no, this was different. There was no sign of Jimmy anywhere. No one came shouting after them to call them back. With gloomy faces they rode slowly down the road.

Philip's face had not yet lost its unhappy look when he reached home and entered the house. His mother noticed at once that something had gone wrong.

"Well, did it turn out to be Jimmy's billfold?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Philip sharply. He took off his coat and stood warming his hands at the stove.

"Was he glad to get it back?"

"Probably was." Philip wished his mother would forget about Jimmy Walker. He didn't care to ever hear the subject mentioned again. Hard telling when he and Reuben would be able to buy the pellet gun.

Mother wondered what was bothering Philip. Suddenly she thought, "I wonder if those boys kept some of the money for themselves. Maybe that is why Philip is so upset. Maybe he has a guilty conscience."

"Philip," Mother asked sternly, "did you and Reuben take out some of the money for yourselves?"

"No, we did not," Philip said forcefully. "But it would have served Jimmy right if we had." Philip scowled angrily.

"Why, Philip, what is wrong with you? Are you sure you didn't keep some of the money?"

"I'm sure," Philip said. "We were tempted to, but we knew it would be better to be honest. We thought he would do as much as give us a reward."

"But he didn't?"

"No. He didn't give us a thing. Just said 'thank you' and stuck all the money into his own pocket."

"Is that why you returned the money, Philip, just to get a reward?" Mother looked very displeased.

"N — nn — no, I guess not. But I thought he could afford to give one. I don't think it pays to be honest."

"Of course it doesn't pay in money," Mother said. "Many times it costs money to be honest. Besides you weren't really being honest. That isn't what I call honesty when you return money because you think you will be paid for it, or praised. That is simply looking out for yourself. Why, that is selfishness. Philip, you will have to learn to be honest because it is the right thing to do, because it is what God wants us to do, whether it pays or not."

Philip studied the floor intently. His thoughts were going fast. He had thought Jimmy Walker had been in the wrong, but his mother made it sound as if he himself had acted just as bad, or worse. His mother said it wasn't true honesty when you do something because of what you hope to gain by it —

"Philip," his mother said. Her voice seemed less rebuking now. "I think you were looking for the wrong reward."

Philip glanced up into his mother's face. "What do you mean?"

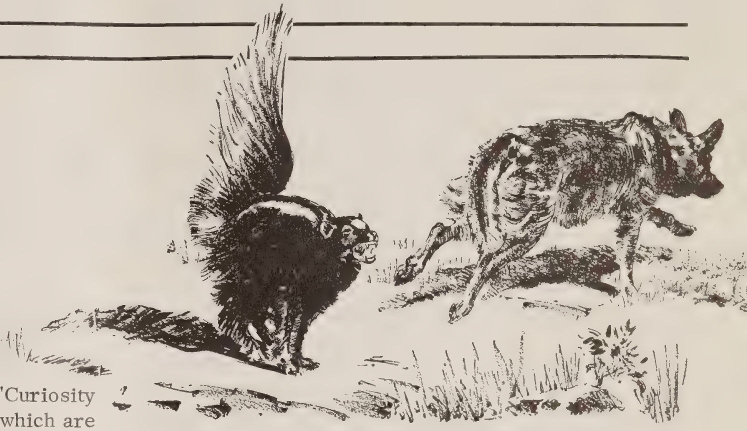
"Next time you are tempted to be dishonest, I hope you will resist the temptation for a better reason. I hope you will be honest, not for a selfish reason, but simply because you want to do what is right and do not want to displease God by doing wrong. Then you will have a better reward than Jimmy Walker can give you. You will have the reward of knowing that you did what was right for the sake of doing right. And I wonder if that isn't the most lasting reward of all."

"I wonder, too," Philip said slowly. He would talk with Reuben about it the next day. ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

MISTAKEN FOR A CAT

by David Luthy



Perhaps you have heard the expression, "Curiosity killed the cat." Well, it isn't always the cats which are so curious and nosing into things; some dogs are just as nosy. Patsy is such a dog. She is a German shepherd, and her curiosity is nearly as large as she is. From puppyhood up she has been very alert and always ready to explore the unknown. When she was a two-month-old puppy, she saw her first cat. Since it was something new and unknown to her, Patsy ran up to it and stuck her curious nose in the wrong place — SWAP the cat's paw struck her nose. You'd think Patsy would have learned her lesson from that painful experience, but she didn't. From then on every time she saw a cat, she would chase it. It was soon obvious that Patsy and cats just didn't get along.

When Patsy moved with her master to southern Ontario, she found that the new neighborhood was full of her favorite four-footed, furry "friends" — cats. But one day she discovered a new type of cat. Patsy had seen black and white cats before, but they had always been spotted. This one had two white stripes running in a V-shape down its black back. It was towards dusk when Patsy encountered this new breed of cats. She was just crossing the small bridge by Levi Slabaugh's, trailing the boys on the wagon, when suddenly she spied a form up ahead on the road. It was black and white and furry. Patsy wasted no time in racing toward the animal, for she knew how fast cats could run— especially when being chased by a dog. But this animal arched its back similar to the way a cat does. Then it stomped its front paws as a warning for Patsy to keep her distance. But Patsy had no intentions of leaving. Without further warning, the animal lifted its bushy tail straight up into the air then flattened it against its striped back. SQUIRT, a strong-smelling fluid struck Patsy, stinging her eyes. Patsy yelped and made a hasty retreat toward the boys on the wagon.

"Phhheewww! what a smell," exclaimed the three boys in one voice. "Get away, Patsy. Go take a bath in the creek."

Poor Patsy. She slunk away from the wagon not understanding what was the matter. If she had been able to talk, she might have asked the boys, "What kind of cat was that, anyway? I never saw a cat before which could spray me and make me smell so bad." And the boys would have told her, "Patsy, that was no cat you met; that was a skunk!"

Yes, Patsy had been mistaken. But it is no wonder since the skunk does resemble the house cat in size, and some of its features are the same. But there are plenty of differences, too. The skunk has a smaller head in comparison to its plump body. Its tail is much more bushy, and it has shorter, stockier legs. But Patsy's best clue that the animal wasn't a cat should have been that the skunk did not run. Out in an open place such as a road, a cat will dash off, trying to lose its enemy. A skunk, however, is not a fleet and graceful runner like a cat. A cat runs on the tips of its toes and is very quick. A skunk walks with its heels on the ground as well as its toes. It walks with a side-swinging motion, something like a waddle. One person has described this by saying a skunk walks as if it has shoes on which are too tight and pinch the feet. Needless to say, if a skunk walks this awkwardly, its running ability is even worse.

A skunk can not run and jump with the speed and grace of a cat, but it really doesn't need to. A cat needs this swiftness to surprise and capture mice, but the skunk has another method. Its claws are long and broad. With its front paws, the skunk can dig holes in the ground, unearthing mice nests. While a cat must wait to catch the mice until they come out of their nest, the skunk can catch them right at home.

Another reason a cat needs speed and jumping ability is for protection. A cat will seldom choose to face its enemy and fight; rather it will try and out run it. Only when completely cornered will the cat put up a battle. A skunk, however, does not need to run away. It has a secret weapon, as Patsy discovered. At the base of its tail are two scent glands which contain a strong-smelling liquid. The skunk has strong muscles near the scent glands which are able to squirt the fluid as far as ten feet with good aim. No one has ever heard of an enemy coming back for a second dose. One shot is enough. The liquid not only smells, it also stings the enemy's eyes. This stinging lasts only a few minutes, but the foul smell can cling to the enemy for a week — a constant reminder for the animal to keep its distance next time.

Because of its scent glands, the skunk is well protected against animals attacking. But there is one creature which can conquer the skunk. It isn't an animal; surprisingly enough it's a bird — the great-horned owl. This owl flies silently at night, exactly when the skunk is out hunting its own food. With a nearly noiseless sweep the great-horned owl can pounce on the unsuspecting skunk and carry it off. The skunk's scent glands are of no help, since the owl attacks from directly overhead — the only direction the skunk is unable to aim.

Skunks are most active at night and sleep during the day. Only at dusk, when the sun is slipping over the horizon, do they venture out of their dens to hunt. Mice are their favorite food. And since mice live in farm buildings and the surrounding fields, skunks often make their homes in the same area. It is not unusual for them to dig out a den under a woodhouse or shed. Many farms have skunks but the farmers don't realize it, since the skunks come out usually after dark.

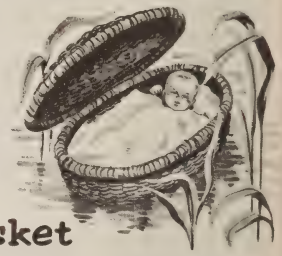
Skunks like, too, to live close to a garden, for certain insects are part of their diet. In the cool of evening many insects become sluggish and sleepy. Skunks enjoy walking up and down the garden rows finding their supper — not Mother's vegetables, but the insects which damage the plants. Crickets, cutworms, grasshoppers, and various other insects are eaten by the skunk, besides field mice and snapping turtle eggs. There is one other food the skunk will eat — chicken eggs. For this reason some farmers will shoot a skunk if they see one on their farm. But this is a mistake, for skunks help the farmer more than they harm him. The few eggs they steal from the hen house might best be considered as their pay check for the services they perform patrolling the garden at night and keeping the mice population down. And if the hen house is properly constructed, the skunk will not be able to get in. A skunk isn't like a rat which is determined to chew its way through a wall to get to food. If the door is closed and the walls tight, a skunk will not break in. Having a poorly constructed hen house, and blaming a skunk for taking some eggs isn't fair. It's like pouring cows' milk into open troughs to cool over night (rather than putting it in milk cans) and expecting the cats not to touch it. It's just too tempting.

Every state and all the southern provinces of Canada possess skunks. A skunk will live in any region where mice and insects are plentiful. When winter comes, the skunks in the colder regions will go into hibernation. During periods of deep snow and cold weather, skunks are tucked snugly in their dens. They are one of the seven common animals which hibernate. Ernest Thompson Seton mentions them in his short poem:

"The bat and the bear, they never care
What winter winds may blow.
The jumping mouse in its cozy house
Is safe from ice and snow.
The chipmunk and the woodchuck,
The skunk that's slow but sure,
The ringed raccoon who hates the moon,
Have found for cold the cure."

But the skunk does not sleep so soundly that it will not awaken if a warm winter day arrives. On those days Patsy will have to be on guard, but most of the winter she can relax. The black and white animal she once had mistaken for a cat is in its den, fast asleep.

This
Month's
Bible
Story



A Baby In A Basket

Pharaoh, king of Egypt, frowned as he sat in his brightly colored throne. His forehead was full of wrinkles. It was easy to see that he was displeased about something.

"It's those children of Israel," cried Pharaoh, as he spoke to the people gathered around. He waved his hand angrily. "You see how fast they are increasing. They have large families, and they are strong, healthy people. Why, very soon there will be as many of them as there are of us and then . . ."

Pharaoh paused.

The people nodded. They knew only too well what he meant. The Israelites were strangers in their land. They could not be trusted. If an army came to make war on Egypt, the Israelites might help the enemy fight. That would never do. It was not safe. Something needed to be done at once.

Many years had passed since Joseph's death. The Pharaoh who had treated Joseph and his brethren so kindly was also dead. In his place a different Pharaoh now ruled. The new Pharaoh knew nothing of how Joseph had once saved the whole land of Egypt from a terrible famine by storing up food for seven years. He only knew that unless something was done soon, there would be as many Israelites as there were Egyptians. He was alarmed by the thought.

The Egyptians discussed the problem until they thought of a plan. They decided they would force the Israelites to work very hard as slaves.

Pharaoh appointed men to be taskmasters over the Israelites. These taskmasters were harsh men who did not know how to pity. Their job was to force the Israelites to work hard all day. They had long whips and gave strict orders.

Every day the Israelites had to toil in the hot sun for hours, making bricks and building cities for the Egyptians.

But Pharaoh soon saw that his plan wasn't working too well. It was true that he had made life hard for the Israelites, but he had not stopped them from increasing. They were multiplying faster than ever. And the harder the men worked, the stronger they became. Their arms rippled with muscles, and Pharaoh trembled when he thought of how someday the workmen's tools might be exchanged for weapons.

"We will have to do something else to keep the people under control," Pharaoh cried. At last he thought up a new way to keep the Israelites from increasing — a way that was unbelievably merciless and cruel. "Every baby boy that is born to the Israelites will have to be thrown into the river Nile. The baby girls may stay alive, but all the baby boys must be drowned."

The mothers in Israel listened to the wicked commandment with horror. They cried out in distress. All through the land there was great sorrow and weeping. It had been bad enough to have to toil like slaves under the taskmasters' whips, but to have to see all their infant sons killed was far worse.

One day soon after Pharaoh's command was given, a little baby boy was born to a mother in the tribe of Levi. When the mother saw what a beautiful, healthy baby he was, tears sprang to her eyes. How could she ever drown him in the river? She shook her head bravely. She did not care what Pharaoh had said. She was not going to be afraid. She would not listen, but would hide her baby so that no one could drown him.

But a baby is a hard thing to hide. What if some visitor came to the house and heard him cry? What if Pharaoh found out that she had dared to disobey his commandment? The danger was great, but the mother decided she would rather take the risk than to drown her baby boy.

The Bible does not tell us where she hid the baby. It just says that she hid him. Perhaps he was a good baby and did not cry too much.

For three months the mother kept her baby hidden. None of the Egyptians guessed her carefully guarded secret. But the mother knew that it could not go on much longer. A boy could not be hidden forever. She would have to think of some other way to save the life of her son.

At last she had a daring idea. She went to the river and gathered an armful of the reeds and bulrushes that grew at the water's edge. She carried the bulrushes home and wove them into a basket large enough to hold a small child. Then she made another trip to the river. This time she carried home some mud from the river's sticky bottom. She smeared the outside of the basket carefully with the mud so that no water could seep through the cracks.

Now she was ready for the last part of her plan. She called her young daughter to her. Her daughter's name was Miriam. She told Miriam that she would need her help to save the life of her three-month-old brother.

Miriam was only too glad to help. Together the mother and her young daughter carried the mud-smeared basket and the baby boy to the edge of the river. We can guess that the mother probably held her son very tightly to herself for a few moments and kissed him lovingly. Tears must have stood in her eyes as she thought how it might well be the last time she would see her son.

Very gently the mother laid the baby inside the basket, and covered him so that the sun's rays could not beat down upon him. Then she tenderly pushed the basket out into the river. It floated in the slow current for a little distance until it became caught in some bulrushes that were growing in the shallow water.

"Now you stay here and watch what happens with the basket," the mother told Miriam. "But do not let yourself be seen."

The mother walked home with mixed feelings of fear and hope. Would her idea work? Would her baby be found? If so, what would happen then?

Miriam hid herself in a spot where she could watch without being seen.

We do not know how long she waited, but we do know that at last she spotted what she was watching for. A young woman came walking along the edge of the river. Jewelry and rings flashed in the sunlight and tinkled as she walked. Her dress was made of expensive cloth. Servant maids followed her. Miriam held her breath as she looked. It was Pharaoh's daughter, princess of Egypt. She had come, as she often did, to the river to bathe in its warm water.

The princess soon noticed the strange looking object floating among the tall bulrushes. She wondered what it could be. At once she sent one of her servants out to bring the basket to her.

When the princess opened the basket, she must have been startled to see a bright eyed little boy looking up at her. The baby was frightened to see a strange face bending over him. He started to cry.

Pharaoh's daughter was not cruel like her father. She felt sorry for the poor little baby who lay crying in the basket. Her face softened with compassion. "This is one of the Hebrew children," she murmured. She saw that he was a lovely baby, and she longed to have him for her own. Just then Miriam came running up to the princess. Her mother had instructed her what to say.

"Would you like to have one of the Hebrew women to nurse the baby for you until he is older?" Miriam asked the princess. "I will run and get one if you want me to."

Pharaoh's daughter said, "Yes, please do."

Eagerly Miriam raced home to get her mother and tell her the good news. The princess wanted to adopt the baby for her own. The child's life was safe.

Mother and daughter hurried back to the river's edge. The princess seemed only too glad to have someone to care for the baby until he was older. "Take the baby and be its nurse," she said to the mother. "I will pay you wages for keeping it for me." She called the baby, Moses, which means "drawn out" for she said, "I have drawn him out of the water."

The glad mother tenderly took her son into her arms and returned to her home. Her plan had worked even better than she had hoped. Now she knew that she must work very hard to teach and train her son so that when he went to live in Pharaoh's court, he would never forget his own people. Perhaps she sensed that the little baby she now cuddled in her arms had been saved alive for a special purpose.

- E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. What was Pharaoh's first plan to keep the Israelites from increasing?
2. What were the men called whom Pharaoh appointed to carry out this plan?
3. What was Pharaoh's second plan?
4. What did one mother do with her baby when it was born?
5. How old was the baby when the mother made a basket for it?
6. What was the girl's name who stayed to watch the basket?
7. Who found the baby in the basket?
8. What did she decide to do with it?
9. What did she name the baby?
10. What did the name mean?

ANSWERS: 1. Make them work hard 2. Taskmasters
3. Drown all boy babies 4. Hid it 5. Three months
6. Miriam 7. Pharaoh's daughter 8. Keep it for her
own 9. Moses 10. "Drawn out"

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

My Day

I started when the day was new:
I had so very much to do,
Breakfast to cook the house to clean,
A dress to make for little Jean;
I had no time to stop and play
For this was such a busy day.

The cereal burned, the baby cried,
The floor got tracked before it dried,
Things went wrong the whole day thru
With everything I tried to do.
Evening at last I knelt to pray
God said "You left me out today".

Today I took the upward look
Before the breakfast I must cook
I asked the Lord to bless the day,
To walk beside me all the way.
And everything just fell in place
And I was conscious of his place,
His smile spread sunshine all around.
A little liesure time I found
To play with Jean and baby too
Things took so little time to do.-

Evening again I knelt to pray
"Lord, thank you for a busy day."

Handwriting by Ruth Hershberger, Montezuma, Ga.

THE ROD IS NOT CRUEL

One of our neighbors always said they didn't believe in using the rod on their children. "That would be too cruel," they said.

They tried in other ways to get their children to listen, but it didn't always work too well. One day, puzzled as to what to try next to get their children to behave, they asked us, "What do you think of whipping a child?"

"You can read in the Bible not to spare the rod," we told them. "If we don't make use of it, we don't love our children as we should."

Of course, we realize that in some families the rod is used in a cruel way. We have to pray so the good Lord will guide us to use it at the right time — enough, but not too much. Also we must never let a temper go with the use of a rod. Often I sing right after giving the children a good scolding — just to make sure I'm not angry.

Some people are afraid their children will turn against them if they try to straighten them up too much. But it is surprising how soon after being scolded a child will turn around and say, "I like you, Mother. I want to be nice now. Shall I dry the dishes for you? I am your helper, am I not, Mother? That black book (the Bible) says you must paddle me so I'll listen, doesn't it?"

The parents of a year-old child once said to a friend, "When do you think we should start correcting the little one?"

"Start?" said the friend. "You've waited a half year too long already."

Yes, even at six months a child will sometimes start to throw toys on the floor on purpose from his high chair, then laugh and do it again and again. Once they are old enough to do that, they are old enough to learn what the warning "ak-ak" means, with a slap or so if necessary.

In order to train a child to obey, you will need to remind it again and again. It won't be done in a week or two. So far we have found it to be a good idea not to move things in the kitchen, or wherever, on account of the little busy-bodies. They have to learn to leave things where they are put, or else. Sometimes we even put something into their reach on purpose to try to teach them to leave it alone. Of course, dangerous things like knives and scissors should be kept out of their reach.

One thing we keep wondering — will we sometime get a little trouble maker on which these rules won't work? If we do, we will probably learn faster than ever before, and prayer can be a great help.

Every child is different, so we must learn to handle each in a different way. We were having a puzzle with our oldest child for a while. He started telling lies and didn't have a very good seat in church. What should we do? We tried this and that, and didn't know what to try next.

One Sunday we came home from church. "All right, little boy," we told him, "again you didn't behave in church, and we also found out about a lie you said last week. So you go to bed now and sleep."

"I want to eat first," he said.

"No. You'll have to go without dinner this time, and we'll be eating all those good donuts, too."

We felt a great pity for him, but knew we must fight it to get him to listen. About half afternoon he came down again. I said to my husband, "Dad, do you think that was enough? Other times it was never enough."

"I think he'd better go rest some more."

Ever since that he has a pretty good seat in church and is trying to overcome his little lies. I used to think, "Never in my house will a child have to be punished by going without a meal." But I learned that going without a meal won't hurt them nearly as much as failing to learn obedience will.

One Sunday we were at relatives for dinner when our second oldest boy got a determined mind at the dinner table. He happened to be across the table from us beside his older brother. Nobody took notice as bread passed him by and he didn't get any. He didn't say a word, but was real upset about it.

We told him, "That's all right. We'll give you some."

They filled his plate with this and that, trying not to miss him again. But he wouldn't touch a thing. We told him again and again to eat. He didn't make a move, just looked at us. What should we do?

We told him, "Once we've finished you won't have any chance to start eating anymore. Then you'll have to go without."

He still wouldn't move. Soon everybody was finished eating. Poor little boy.

Then I got as determined as he was. Someone suggested, "Maybe if you sit beside him he will eat."

I said. "The best lesson I can figure out for him is to go without."

After that whenever we were away for dinner, he asked for bread.

- Mrs. Eli H. Stauffer
Route 1
Narvon, Pennsylvania

* * *

Mrs. Simon Yoder, of Stuarts Draft, Va. writes: "Add color and food value to your rolls and cinnamon buns by adding 1 cup cooked squash or pumpkin sauce for each pint of liquid in your recipe.

3 cups sugar
1 cup salad oil
4 eggs, beaten
2 cups pumpkin sauce
3½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon allspice
2/3 cup water

Combine sugar, oil and eggs. Add pumpkin and mix well. Sift together dry ingredients and add to pumpkin mixture. Add water. Beat thoroughly and pour into greased loaf pans. Bake at 350 in a preheated oven, for one hour.

* * *

SPECIAL FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup sugar
3/4 cup vinegar
3/4 cup salad oil
1 cup catsup
1 medium onion
Salt, pepper, and garlic salt to taste.

Crisp bacon may be crumbled over top if desired.

* * *

HOMEMADE TEETHING COOKIES

Break 2 eggs into a bowl. Stir in one direction until creamy. Add 1 cup sugar. Continue stirring in the same direction. Gradually stir in 2 to 2 1/2 cups sifted flour into mixture and continue stirring until mixture is stiff. Roll out dough with rolling pin, between 2 sheets lightly floured wax paper, to a thickness of 3/4 inch. Use a drinking glass and a salt shaker to cut out doughnut shaped cookies. Place cookies on a lightly buttered cookie sheet. Let formed cookie stand overnight (10-12 hours). Bake in pre-heated oven at 325 degrees until lightly brown and hard. This recipe will make approximately 12 durable and relative crumbproof teething biscuits.

* * *

MUSINGS OF A GRANDMOTHER

— a widow of many years

When my husband died I was left alone with ten small children. There was very little income. I faced a dark and dreary future. Now when I think back over those days the tears still come although the time for crying has long been past. Those days of uncertainty had been traveled over rocky and stormy places. At one time I could see a dim glimmer of light. It kept getting brighter as time went on. The children grew up and married.

My baby that had been born seven months after the death of my loved one was growing up. Then he was out of school. I realized that soon I would not be needed anymore— and then what?

Quilting? Some day the quilt patches will be used up— and then what?

Grandmothers can't spend the rest of their lives feeding birds, knitting, quilting, etc. Why there will be lots to do! It will be summer again. Garden and flower beds to tend and berries to can.

— Middlefield, Ohio

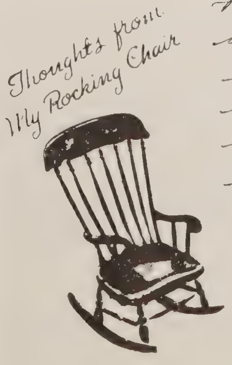
* * *

Some Mothers Write

I have an envelope in the bottom of my drawer with your name written on it so whenever I get in mood about something I think you could use in Family Life I scribble it on a sheet. Then I stick it in that envelope and send it to you. Sad to say, I don't get into the mood often enough, or maybe I just neglect it. With a large family there's so much to do always. They have to have something to eat, clothing to wear, there are knees to patch and everything that goes with this busy age of life. Well, so it goes, the sun rises and the sun sets day after day till Jesus comes in His great glory.

-W., Pa.

* * *



Parents naturally want their children to have of the best— and plenty. But happy is the child who was taught to be satisfied with little.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Handicapped Inventors

Many handicapped people are inventors. This does seem strange, doesn't it? Their inventions do not always come into the spotlight, or make a lot of money. Nevertheless, the invention may prove a bright spot in the life of the invalid, or handicap.

It seems if we cannot do something in the typical way of doing things we are soon tossing around in our mind how it can be done, in our own way.

One thing that has proven its worth to me was a sliding board. Now I suppose many of you will think of the sliding boards which have one end raised up high with a ladder leading to the top; you think of the cheerful voices of little ones as they crawl up, and glide down. But my sliding board is only about two feet long and a foot wide.

My invention materialized when I was in Florida four years ago. At times I wanted to go away. A strong man was not always available to lift me into the car, and then back into my chair again. I decided a board like this would be the answer to my problem. It didn't take long for Dave Schlabach, who worked with wood, to make me one that was smooth enough to slide on. The board was successful. Its use must be combined with patience though, for it takes longer to get in and out of a car than when I'm being lifted.

At present the board has a double duty. It is almost daily used to write on. My desk is too high so I pull the middle drawer out and lay the board on top. Dave Schlabach who fixed the board for me had his leg amputated and is an invalid now, too. His wife has been on the wheelchair for quite a number of years, a victim of arthritis.

The problem to get in and out of a car was solved. But there was another problem that was mine. For years I tried to find a solution with no success. To others this may have seemed like a puny problem, but to me it meant comfort or discomfort.

On many wheelchairs there is an opening between the back and the seat. Mine was this kind. I was not on the chair long in the morning till about half of my cushion was hanging out the rear. My oft repeated request was, "Zieg my cushion fodere." Whoever was present would take hold of it and pull it in its right position. Within the next hour there was the same trouble again. I remember once saying in exasperation, "Surely, if a man can be sent into space there can be a way to keep a cushion in place!"

Then one day I decided a pad of rubber between the cushion and the seat was what I needed. My thoughts went a little further. Wouldn't rubber on a tray keep the dishes from gliding all over when one is bedfast? But I discovered that we are living in a plastic age and a rubber pad was not picked up easily so these plans dwindled to nothing.

Finally Mother sewed bands on the two front corners of the cushion. These were tied to the iron supports. But the cushion soon stretched and pulled itself as far back as it could, like an unwilling dog pulling on his leash. This was fairly successful and would do, — as long as I couldn't find anything better.

Then one day I discovered that buggy makers were using a new kind of strip to close the oilcloth curtains. Some liked these better than the old fashioned snaps. This, I decided, was just what I was looking for. I paid $1.25 for a double strip about two feet long. This was cut in half. Then pulled apart. One part was sewed on the left bottom side of the cushion and the other on the left side of the seat of the chair. Then the remaining strip was sewed in the same way on the right side.

This has certainly been the answer to my problem. When the cushion is removed from my chair it sounds as if it were tearing.

One day a handicapped friend came to visit me. Her hands were weak and badly deformed because of rheumatism. Little squares were cut from strips like I use on my cushion and sewed on her clothes. In this way she could still dress and undress herself.

This strip is a tacky substance which is also used to close coats instead of using hooks and eyes.

At times it takes very small things to improve the comfort of the invalid. Dr. Brown of Wooster, who is also on a wheelchair, had his footrests padded. He advised me to do the same. This helps keep the feet warmer and is much more comfortable than the bare metal rests.

Another discovery I made was that a quilted back for my chair with thick layers of dacron inside, also helps keep me warm during the winter months.

Not all of my ideas and devices have been successful though. I'm sure I would be ashamed to write of all of my inventions of the past years.

I read in a magazine of an invalid who invented a comfortable wheelchair. I never inquired further. Being it was padded and looked more like an easy chair I decided that kind would be quite expensive.

At a rehabilitation center all kinds of designs are invented to help the individual. Each handicap employs different things, according to his needs.

If any of you handicapped readers have solved a problem by your own inventive ideas, tell us about it. Maybe someone will benefit from your experience.

• • • • •

in memory

P urity in his heart so young
A nd Satan's sword it never stung.
U nited was his sacred soul
L ovingly called to Jesus' roll.

H eaven is the home for him

H eart and soul, and all within,
O what a beautiful feeling it must be
O ft to sit by Jesus knee
V enturing around in a shining robe
E ver to be in that pleasant home
R esting forever, never more to roam.

— Mark H. Horning, Ephrata, Pa.

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HOME

-by Ray Schlabach

What do we see on the roads between 3:30 and 5:30 on a winter evening? School children hurrying along with their lunch boxes and books, people walking, horses trotting, teams coming up from the field, and cars and trucks speeding by. Everyone seems to be in a hurry, and they are all headed for the same place — home.

How many of us have stopped and thought about what home really is? The dictionary says it is "one's fixed place of abode; family residence ..." But home to us should be much more than that. It should be a place of affection, peace, and rest. A child comes home to mother with an empty lunch box. The child needs more food, clean clothing, a bed to sleep in, but she needs something more important than that. Only if the home is a place of affection and peace will this child be able to return to school the next day with a happy smile for her teacher and playmates.

If the home is a place of peace and harmony, the hard-working father has much to look forward to at the end of his day. He longs to spend time with all his loved ones when evening comes. After an evening with his family, a good night's rest, some moments spent in private prayer, and an abundance of food he is ready to meet the next day's tasks

Not all the people are as fortunate as we are. Several years ago we were dressing chickens one day. We piled the dead chickens on the milk cart and were on our way to the house when a car drove in. The man talked a while and then he told us the cart made him think of something his boss said he had seen when visiting in India. Every morning a cart would come through the town to pick up the people who had died of starvation during the night. Filling a lunch box or serving three meals a day in a country like this would not be easy.

Many institutions and organizations have been established to provide for people who do not have homes of their own. Perhaps they have come a long way in trying to make the institutions homelike, but even the best are still poor substitutes for a real home. Are we thankful enough for the home that is ours?

Whether our family is large or small does not matter. If our home is a place of affection, peace, and rest it is indeed a wonderful place. Is it any wonder that the people on the road seem to be in a hurry in the late afternoon? They are on their way home.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

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MARCH

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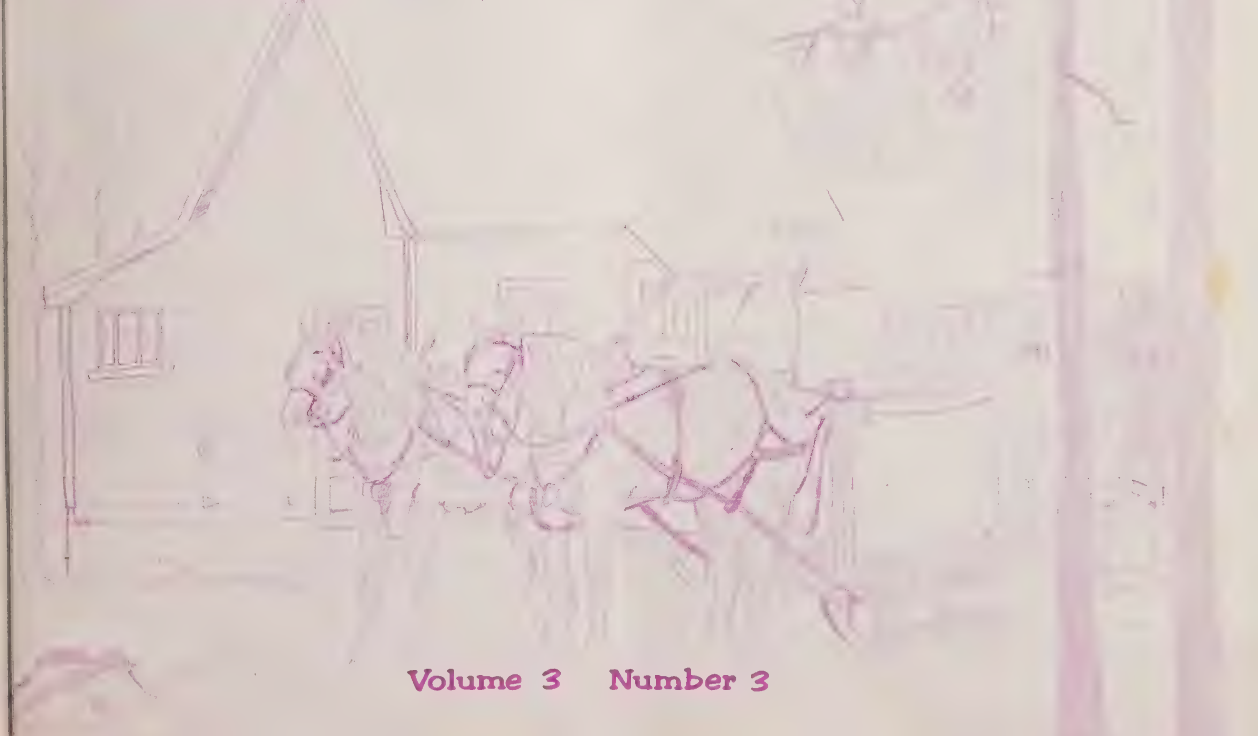

Volume 3 Number 3

letters to the editors

TWO EACH OF THE UNCLEAN

We like to quiz the whole family including Mom and Dad on the True and False Questions. Concerning No. 12 of the January issue, our Bible says that Noah took 7 pairs of clean animals and only one pair of the unclean animals into the ark.

I sincerely hope you don't think I am faultfinding with your work. -Elise R. Miller, Shipshewana, Indiana.

ANSWER. You are right and we thank you very much for calling attention to our error.

• • •

THE BIBLE IS MORE SERIOUS

I agree with the attitude expressed by Mrs. S. B. on more serious articles (January issue). However if Family Life took care of all our spiritual needs we would have no use for the Bible. Let us continue to read the Book Of Books. There are also other time-proven books which can be read and reread including Martyrs' Mirror, Menno Simons, Pilgrim's Progress, Wahres Christenthum, and others. Family Life does feature stories of everyday living teaching good morals. This material is generally read with interest by youth as well as adults. This may also be profitable but should not take the place of Scripture. -M. W. L., Pennsylvania

• • •

LEFTOVERS ARE FULFILLING A PURPOSE

A hearty Amen to the story "Left Over For a Purpose." (January) It was well stated. We have for some time already needed an eye opener on that subject.

-Ruby Yoder, Indiana

I thought it was such a worthwhile article. How needful are the single girls in God's great Vineyard. Working as a hired girl is a lowly task and scorned by a lot of people. Yet Chirst came not to the rich and popular but to the sick, poor, and those in need in true humility, healing and caring for them. It is true we can not heal as Christ did but perhaps we can be, through His help, a heavenly sunray and lighten their burdens, thus making life more bearable. There are also other walks of life which can be filled best by those who are "left over."

-A. L., Pennsylvania

The story was a wonderful inspiration to me. It made me look over my own life. Often I had wondered why God had created me at all. But in the fall of '68 Mother took sick and was admitted to the hospital.on Dec. 21. The doctors found a brain tumor and on the 10th. of Jan. they operated. They found it was cancerous. After 34 days in the hospital she returned home again and Dad and I took care of her.

For six wonderful weeks she improved fast but then she started losing ground again. By the last of March, Mother was so sick that I quit my job to take care of her full time. I also took care of the house and helped Dad on the farm. On Easter Sunday she got so sick we thought she couldn't live another week. But she got much worse and we had to tend her like a baby night and day. On July 19th. she finally fell asleep in Jesus.

Now I am working again part time and also keeping house for Dad. If God allows it I will also take care of my dad and he will never have to be pushed into an old people's home if I can help it. I feel I received a wonderful blessing taking care of my mother. We are responsible for taking care of our loved ones.

-Edith Burkholder, Pennsylvania

The "Left Over" story was a good one and there should be some more of that kind. We need those dear maidens.

-Mrs. D. Z., Ontario

I appreciated the story "Left Over For A Purpose." Lately a person who doesn't belong to a plain church told me he thinks it's wrong to look down on single girls as they have a purpose in life. Then in church I heard a minister's wife say she can't see how girls can make it without being married for who would they tell their troubles to? We do have feelings just as married ones do and need to be prayed for so we can stay in God's will and try to fulfill our purpose. -I. M. Y., Indiana

May I suggest a need for an article on "Single for a Purpose" in honor of the grouchy bachelors?

-Ira Stoll, Honduras

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HOW TO HOE COTTON

The Mississippi article in November F. L. was of much interest. That issue will be a keepsake for me as I know most of those who were on that migration. The Benjamin Miller was my dad and I had been told of those doings ever since I can remember.

One instance clearly stands out in my mind. Dad owned some land and was overseer over some others. They had colored people hoeing cotton. One man seemed to lag behind so Dad wanted to show him how to do it faster. He did not get far until he saw he was losing ground on the rest. So he returned the hoe and was satisfied as it was.

I read every word in F. L. and if I think the editor is wrong, I just remember that I am not always correct either and skip it from my mind. I know it would probably be lots worse if I tried to do it. -M. B. Miller, Florida

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WHY MOODY BOOKS?

...The only further comment I have is if as you stated, Moody was a false teacher, how can you sell his devotional books and list them as excellent?

-Mrs. Daniel M. Stauffer, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: The books referred to are called Moody books because they are published by Moody Press. They are published by Moody Press. They are not written by D. L.

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U. S. A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

Moody. We also sell a number of other good books sold by the same publishing house.

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HELPING THEM IN OR OUT-

Concerning the Article, "Don't hasten Their Destruction", (Jan. issue) it shows how selfish some people are. As for Amos, he should of gave him the money and never expected it back if he had the money anyways.

I also think people should leave their own work and go help the neighbor if he is in need of help.

-Mrs. A. Kuhns, Indiana

Why are such articles being put in Family Life just concerning our earthly goods? In the wealthy condition Amos or Alvin are in, if they are true Christians, they would willingly lend the money interest free. Read Matthew 5:42, "Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

I think Henry's plan measures up about the same as this insurance we have in our churches, or Amish Aid. Just more organizations to be concerned about and talk about on church Sundays. I can't understand why professing Christians feel it is right to take interest from their surplus money, especially when loaned to someone in need.

We can go to any loan company and they charge interest and so do wealthy Christians. For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

-C. F. Gingerich, Wisconsin

I also have thought of a plan something like Henry mentioned to help young couples who would like to farm and can't get enough help from home. But if a second mortgage is needed, I wonder if a different management would not be more advisable, unless something unforeseen has happened which makes the going unusually hard.

-George R. Martin, Ontario

I think Henry was right about Amos Eby being more concerned about losing a dime than about John Bowman's downfall. Some of these older people think young people should be able to make a living like they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. But they don't want to help anybody. Still they don't want us to work where there's too much modern machinery. -E. L. Miller, Ohio

If John Bowman couldn't shake his financial load with a small family, how will he with a larger family and the additional interest of the second mortgage, let alone paying the mortgages off? By loaning him the money, Amos Eby would not be hastening his destruction, he would be prolonging it, therefore the fall would be harder.

We have John Bowmans around and also Amos Ebys and most of the John Bowmans get financial help if they are able to take Amos Eby's management with it. As for Pete Shantz and his investment account, someone might want to borrow but Pete would be afraid. But somewhere else he gets the money and is successful and he points a finger at Pete. Others will get money and go bankrupt. Then he will criticise Pete for advising him to milk cows, had he told him to feed steers, he might still be going. The investors would then be on Pete's back and an endless list of other things would happen to poor Pete. Ah- I think I see old Pete walking over there— all alone— and he looks pretty friendless. Someone has put a label on the back of his shirt. Oh, yes, I can see it now, it says "A grandson of Old Scrooge himself." -I. R. M., Elmira, Ontario

I feel Amos should have given John the money because the article says he takes care of his things and kept his farm payments up. As for Henry's plan, it might work if the young farmer would be willing to start where his dad started. Around here, I think anyone can get money from our own people if they don't trade on a new tractor every other year. But for those who would have to have the latest of everything regardless of cost, I think it would hasten their destruction.

So far, I have been able to get the money I needed at 4 or 4 1/2% but I have gotten along without a tractor, too. I believe the ones that are willing to get down and work and sweat should not have too much difficulty in getting money. -A. T. M., Kalona, Iowa

The story is too short to give a good answer. First we would have to know if John is making a good effort to make ends meet. If management were lacking, more monney would do little good. Older people are sometimes looked upon as stingy or tight. But they labored and saved in hard times and have a higher regard for savings and take care of what they have. Older people would usually be only too glad to help younger ones if they believed it to be a reasonable undertaking, and this is as it should be. But younger ones are sometimes more interested in borrowing the money than trying to see how the older Amoses saved and managed.

As for Henry's plan, it might have some merit but something is wrong if some people loan money to the bank at 4% and others of the same faith go and borrow it from the bank at 7%. -Marvin Rhodes, Pennsylvania

After considering such verses as Deut. 23: 19; 24:10; Neh. 5:7-11, Ps. 15:5 I have often wondered why so many of our people charge interest. Sometime ago I borrowed money from our own people and when something was mentioned about interest, his reply was, "I can get almost that much at the bank. If I take it out of the bank, I will have to have it back in the bank for a few months before I get any interest again. So I need 1% more than I can get at the bank."

Incidentally, I borrowed money from the same man again and I am glad to say that his interest has changed a lot for the better. Have we ever stopped to think what our money is used for if we loan it to the bank or some kind of trust company? Probably we are mostly helping the rich or to hasten the poor to their destruction.

-M. G., Ontario

The article brings up some touchy questions and there are more sides to consider than to a T-shaped barn. In the first place if Alvin had the equivalence of two farms paid for (or more) he should have been able to help John out even if he would have had to borrow some money instead of trying to make Amos look like a tight wad. We should be slow to criticise someone who has money and tries to use good management with it. After all that may be the reason he has some to spare. Some people need financial help because of some misfortune, ill health, etc., but too often it is those who don't ask advice, or if they do, it is from someone who is in the same predicament as they are. Or perhaps if good sound advice is given him, he does just the opposite. A German poet has written—

Verschwende nicht dein Hab und Gut
Gedenk dasz Armut weh drauf tut
Man gibt dem nichts, der nichts mehr hat
Drum hast du uebrig, halt's zu Rath.

Read the whole poem in Liedersammlung B, page 143.

Some years ago a young married couple went to borrow money. Later it was found out that one of the young couple's parents had money in a loan company at a high rate of interest and didn't want to withdraw it.

Another farmer I knew well owned a farm, had money in the bank at a high rate of interest, bought another farm but didn't draw the money from the bank. Instead, he borrowed from other people at a lower rate of interest to pay off the farm. Later the company went bankrupt where he had his money and he lost nearly all of it.

One more illustration—David Hostetler, (now deceased) related to me how his parents had moved to White Horse, Colorado about 50 years ago. According to my memory they were among the first ones there. As usual, they were anxious to have more people move in, and as they did, it was a common thing for them to ask Hostetler for financial aid. He had some money so he helped them along (at least he thought he was helping them). But the winters were hard and the going was tough so soon nobody had any money, and they moved out.

Today people can live like the rich man we read of in the New Testament without having too much financially. Just go and buy everything your heart desires on credit or any scheme you can get by on.

As to Henry's plan, that might be all right but chances are some people would take advantage of it. Yes, we could put a man in to take care of it and to say who is eligible, but who would want that job?-S. M., Holmes County, Ohio

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LEARNED THE HARD WAY-

In the story, "Beware The Salesman", (Jan. issue,) I feel you covered the subject pretty well. Nowadays a person has to just say "no," and stick to it.

Once in another state we visited a man who told us how some fellows came around and wanted to treat the premises for termites. Although against their wishes, the family finally allowed them to inspect the house. They said they would treat the place for $500.00. Later they wanted inspect the attic and came down with many termites on a board and had a big fuss about it. When the job was finished, the bill I think was $1500.00 and he paid them. Later they discovered a newspaper in the attic from a strange city and of recent date that was messed up with dead termites. Then they knew these fellows had brought them along, and they tried to stop the check but it was too late. -M., Ohio

We appreciated the article about the salesmen, but it was too late for us. Just recently we learned the hard way. A high pressure salesman wanted to test our water to see of we needed a water softener. Since we were in need of a softener we let him test it. He said he would give us a discount if we bought one today. The one he had was expensive but he said we might as well throw our money away as to buy a cheaper one. Before we knew it, he had us signing the papers.

The next day we called the Better Business Bureau and they said it was reputable company but that it would be wise to compare prices. They also told us that some of the salesmen say things that aren't quite true. He said it was guaranteed for ten years, but we didn't read the guarantee until the softener was delivered. Then we were disappointed. Later we found out we could have gotten a water softener that was just as good for a lot less money.

-L. H., Indiana

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THE SNOW IS WHITE

The article "Secrets Of The Snow" on the back cover of the January issue states that snow is clear and that in Greenland it is often green. I cannot agree with this as in the Bible we read at least six times that snow is white. If in Greenland it were green then this portion of the Scripture that says that if our sins are like scarlet they shall be as white as snow (Isaiah 1:18) would be meaningless.

-Daniel D. Miller, Jr., Indiana

The author of that article has a lot of explaining to do, at least to convince me otherwise. If we hold a mirror flat the first flakes that fall on the mirror should be clear, but they are white. Even the first flakes falling on a dark coat or shawl are white. Then where does the reflection come from? -J. B., Maryland

A red wall reflects only the red light in the color spectrum of white light, so it looks red. A blue wall reflects only the blue. A white wall reflects an equal amount of all the colors in the spectrum so it is white. A black wall absorbs most of the light, but the light it reflects is also a mixture of all the colors. Snow reflects an equal amount of all the colors in the spectrum so it is white in the same sense that a wall is white.

Concerning the trillions of snowflakes you got on your snowshovel, my calculations show it must be a huge shovel. If one snowflake measures approximately 1 cubic millimeter, (1/20 by 1/20 by 1/20 inch) a trillion snowflakes would make 28,280 bushels. It would make a pile about 50 feet in diameter and 50 feet high. If placed end to end they would reach to the moon three times.

Considering the number of snowflakes that fall each year and the limited amount of shapes possible, I find it difficult to believe that no two are alike. To examine one trillion snowflakes at a rate of one per second, it would take 27,655 years, 184 days, 12 hours and 1 minute.

-Virgil P. Schrock, Tampico, Illinois

ANSWER—Since a snowflake is flat , it is hard to determine how much volume it has. We took the figure of a trillion out of an encyclopedia and can easily believe that it may be exaggerated.

As to the color, of course it is white. But what we meant is that it is not white in the same sense as other material is. You can cook or freeze milk and it will still be white. Chalk can be ground up and scattered and the particles will remain the same color. But snow is like ice. You can take a block of clear ice and chip it up and it will be white. The whiteness comes from the reflection of the air and from nothing else. By shredding clear ice into crystals, it reflects light which makes it white. Melt the ice chips into water and it no longer reflects the light.

Snow is formed out of moisture which forms as crystals which reflect the light. Even on the darkest night there is some light to reflect. Melt the snow, and the crystals dissolve and the whitness disappears.

The Bible refers to our sins being as white as snow is a fitting comparison. Even as the snow is white by reflecting the light, so can we be accounted white as snow if the Eternal Light is reflected in us.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

DO ONLY POOR GIVE?

Do those of us who have more material things give as God has given to us, or are we too busy making more, and let the poor give to the poor?

I have seen a very touching thing happen lately, at least it seemed touching to me. A family who had its share of sorrow, heartache and discouragement was given a nice sum of money from far and near. Who do you think it came from? It all came from widows, widowers and orphans! Others were also very kind in actions which of course meant a lot and was appreciated, too.

Let me ask, just why is it so hard for us who have more financially to give? Those who have barely enough to live on can give so easily. Maybe it's time we did some serious thinking. "For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Luke 18:25) -H., Missouri

FOUR BOYS IN A BOX

The day we were married one of the ministers who gave testimony said that life is like a clear spring of water. If you take a stick and stir at the bottom in the mud, it will get cloudy. But stop stirring and it will clear up by itself.

That spring we moved onto a rented farm with high hopes of making a go of life. This is now our own and we won't have to do what others tell us. But as life went on we found we were still glad for the advice of our parents as well as of other people.

God was good to us and heard our prayers and gave us a baby boy. What joy came to us as this was our very own and had features like ourselves. He grew and was a healthy baby.

Sixteen months later along came a brother. He also grew nicely and was healthy. Now we had two boys and I guess we spoiled them a little.

One day grandmother was there and as she played with the boys she made the remark that it would be nice if one were a girl. Then we would have one boy and one girl.

Then later on we had another boy, and then another and another with no girls. With five boys so close together I had my hands full as hired girls were hard to get. Some people teased my husband about so many boys and we thought that perhaps God had forgotten us that we have all boys and no girls.

Then it happened. The boys were real busybodies and got into everything. Phares had an old ice refrigerator which he used as a cupboard in the horse stable. One day the four little boys found this cupboard empty and all got into it at one time and pulled the door shut. Phares was at the other end of the barn working and I was in the house. But God was watching and he saw what was happening.

Every week a feed salesman came to our place to take orders but today he was late in coming. Now he drove into the lane, came to the house and asked where Phares was.

"I think he is in the field behind the barn," I told him.

The feed salesman decided to go through the barn to see how the steers were doing. While looking at the steers, he thought he heard some thumping but then it was quiet again. So he went and opened the door of the old icebox and there were four little boys, all wet with sweat and hardly breathing. God did not want any of them to go on at that time for they are still all four with us at this time.

Now I had to think, were we right in wishing for girls when God thought it best for us to have boys? The feed man came just at the right time, but I believe God knew all about it and was with us.

-Story of Mr. & Mrs. Phares Zimmerman,
Written and sent in by Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania

THEY KNOW WHERE TO GO

When parents are blamed by their own children and by other parents for being too strict, it becomes a challenge for us to explain why we as Christians cannot condone some things which we feel are wrong.

We see some parents in the church who are opposed to certain things, and yet their own children continue in these practices year after year. Is it because the parents want to hold love and respect for their children and want to allow their children the right to make their own decisions and hope and pray that someday they'll decide to amend their ways? I know that they talk to them often, sometimes at great length.

Trying to reason such things out has tried me sorely for a number of years, but the other day I received an answer. Like a bright light it dawned on me when I heard a bishop speak at a meeting. Now I feel I can face the scorn and contempt of the young folks and perhaps a few parents, even if I still feel the sting. This is but a short time we are called upon to take a stand and nothing to be compared toward facing the wrath of God in an eternity.

The bishop's words were simply stated— "I, too, was young and didn't behave as I should have. We had what we called our 'good times,' but we knew in whose homes we could gather to do these things." -Mrs. A. A. B., Indiana

DID YOU KNOW?

The Bible does not say that the two bears killed the children mocking Elisha's bald head, (2 Kings 2: 24) although it is possible that some of them were killed. The Bible merely states that the two she-bears "tare" (clawed) 42 of the children.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

Religion In Russia

The Russian government has celbrated the 52nd. anniversary of the godless state created by Lenin, but the "religious virus" is still affecting the Soviet society. From Soviet books, journals, articles, and press reports it is plain to see that the elimination of religion is still an unrealized goal. This is also true for the communist dominated countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and East Germany.

Many in America, especially the offsprings of the rich and the upper middle class are looking to the materialistic teachings of Marx and Lenin as an answer to the boredom of the "affluent society." But in Russia where these teachings have been brainwashed into the people from birth, many are now looking to the Bible for the spiritual values that they have not found otherwise.

No Victors

The Nigerian civil war has finally ended. The breakaway state of Biafra was forced by starvation last month to surrender. The civil war, which continued for more than two and half years, was one of the most tragic in modern history. As many as two million Biafrans, many of them children, have died. Thousands more are in such extreme stages of hunger and malnutrition that the war's sudden end may be too late to save them.

Even for Nigeria, which has officially won the war, the conquest is accompained by feelings of pain. "There are no victors in a civil war," said B. A. Clark, Deputy Secretary for Nigeria's External Affairs. His face was sad as he explained the statement further, "Not when the people you have been fighting were classmates or your friends or the man that used to work at the next desk or maybe even your cousin. All wars are bad, but civil are hideous."

Two Names For Eskimoes

Governments ofttimes have special problems with minority groups. Right now the government of Canada is having difficulty with the Eskimoes because of their names.

For centuries the Eskimoes lived in small groups scattered over northern Canada. Everyone knew everyone else and a person needed only one name. Often names were changed several times during the course of a person's life. If a strong hunter died, someone else in the group was apt to grab up his name.

During the past several decades, since supplies of wildlife are diminishing most of the Eskimoes have been receiving government assistance in order to survive. Each one was given a number for identification, but now the government is trying to get the Eskimoes to accept a surname or family name. An Eskimoe named Abraham Okpik is being sent to visit all of the scattered communities to persuade them to choose another name. But this is not an easy task as they are well satisfied with the way conditions are now. One man whose name is Kumak, which means louse, excused himself by saying, "A louse makes his presence known wherever he is. I don't need another name."

One elderly man argued, "I have a name and it is a good name. I am an old man and I do not have any sons to pass my name on. I will keep my name the way it is and it shall die with me."

"I have to go from door to door like a salesman," Okpik says, "and at night my head is so full of names, I can not sleep."

Okpik's own brothers have finally consented to accept a name, but they insist it must be Allen, which was their father's first name.

The plain people too, ofttimes present special problems to the authorities, but their objections are usually based on religious instead of cultural grounds.

Whales Wish To Die

In mid-January a herd of 150 whales committed suicide on the east coast of Florida. For some inexplainable reason the whales seemed determined to die. They flipped out of the water and onto the sandy beach near Fort Pierce. Boaters and state conservation agents repeatedly dragged them out into deeper water, but they managed to save only a few. The rest of the whales returned each time to the beach, where they eventually were allowed to die.

Experts on whale behavior say it is not unusual for one or two whales to beach themselves. But no occurrence of this proportion has ever been reported before. Some people have suggested that it may be a sign of some sort. All we can say is that if it is, it certainly is not an encouraging one.

Our Clean Fresh Air

When God prepared the world for people to live on, He supplied it with a mass of pure clean air. During the last 100 years, in what is sometimes called the machine age, man is slowly but surely polluting this huge reservior of air. Twenty-four hours a day huge smokestacks are pouring out steady streams of choking gases, which in some cases have laid waste all vegetation for many miles around.

But the main source of pollution is the automobile, which is increasing in numbers every year. In an open fire, where there is sufficient oxygen, very little dangerous fumes are thrown off. But inside the car motor there is seldom enough oxygen for complete burning of the gasoline, and as a result poisonous fumes of carbon monoxide and certain other gases are thrown into the air through the exhaust. These gases gradually build up in the atmosphere.

Health authorities say that up to ten parts per million of carbon monoxide in the air is safe. Twenty parts per million is cause for alarm, but a recent survey in Montreal showed 29 parts per million. In Los Angeles, it was reported that the safe limits are exceeded for ten hours a day.

Doctors report that under such conditions there will be a reddening of the eyes, congestion of the lungs and throat, and the heart may be damaged by lack of oxygen. A Montreal report said that the condition there was damaging the people's sight, their hearing, and even their brain cells.

The condition is especially dangerous on heavy damp days of fall, winter, and spring when there is little wind. On such days the smog rises a few hundred feet over the city, and sometimes inverts and comes right back down again. There are cases on record where such conditions persisted several days and hundreds of people took sick and many died.

Automobiles can be equipped so as to emit less of the poisonous gases. In 1965 the State of California set up certain minimum standards for automobiles, and the following year the U. S. government adopted these standards for the U. S. This helped to reduce the overall pollution but in view of the ever increasing number of cars, it is no more than a stopgap measure.

During the past several years, experiments have been carried on to develop a car that will not produce the carbon monoxide fumes. At persent 1000 government cars are being equipped with natural gas burners which produce very little pollution.

A steam driven motor is being developed which may sometime be used in trucks and busses.

But regardless of any measures which are or will be taken, the city air will never be as pure as the clean fresh air of the country. God's people have always been a rural people down through the ages. We should appreciate the fact that God blesses the country dweller with a favorable environment, in both spiritual and material things.

THE COMMANDMENTS FOR THE 20th CENTRY HUSBAND

1. Thou shalt put thy wife before thy mother, thy father, thy daughter, and thy son, for she is thy lifelong companion.

2. Abuse not the body either with excessive food, tobacco or drink, that thy days may be many and healthful in the presence of thy loved ones.

3. Permit neither thy business nor thy hobby to make of thee a stranger to thy children for the precious gift a man giveth his family is his time.

4. Forget not the virtue of cleanliness.

5. Make not thy wife a beggar, but share willingly with her thy worldly goods.

6. Forget not to say, "I love you." For even though thy love be constant, thy wife doth yearn to hear the words.

7. Remember that the approval of thy wife is worth more than the admiring glances of a hundred strangers. Cleave unto her and forsake all others.

8. Keep thy home in good repair, for out of it cometh the joys of thy old age.

9. Forgive with grace. For who among us does not need to be forgiven?

10. Honor the Lord thy God all the days of thy life, and thy children will rise up and call thee blessed.

-Sel. by Eli S. Bontrager

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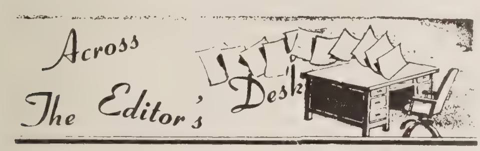


It's hard to find suitable material for our German section but this time we would like to call attention to what we feel is an exceptional article. It contains some good pointers for a successful marriage and should be of special interest to married people and those thinking of marriage. It also has two short stories in Pennsylvania Dutch. We would be glad to hear from our readers as to how well they are able to read these. The dialect differs a great deal in different parts of the country.

We wish to apologize to the author of "We Left Our Baby Behind" in the February issue. Just as the last sheets had been printed, we discovered that the author's name had been given as Aden A. E. Miller. It should have been Aden A. E. Yoder. We are sorry for the error, but of course those who are acquainted with the family soon noticed the mistake.

A young mother from Ohio recently sent in a gift subscription for a friend. She also said they were saving their copies of Family Life so that their little children could read them when they get older. Most of the material is of such a nature that it should be good reading next year, or the next. We have been asked, "How long will it keep on? Don't you think you will run out of material?" Actually we feel there is little chance of the well going dry. It is just a matter of keeping the pump going. There are enough topics that might be written about, that it should go on indefinitely. However the method of getting this material to the readers is by means of a very frail pump which is dependent upon a Higher Power for its source of energy. We are constantly beset by problems from without and within and we do not know what will happen from one day to the next. But, of course, we intend to keep going as long as God provides the leading and the means to do it.

Subscriptions and renewals for our magazines are accepted at either the LaGrange or the Aylmer address. However, for prompt service, please send them to the Aylmer address as this will help us to give you credit sooner. (But send book orders to LaGrange.)

Another suggestion is that if you are sending material for publication you address it to the editor of whichever magazine you are sending it for. Subscriptions and changes of address should not be addressed to the editor. Of course, these are minor items and can be straightened up by our walking from one room to the next. However, in an average day's mail of fifty letters or more, such little things can help us to do our work quicker and with less chance of mistakes.

If you have any comments to make on any articles in this issue, please have it in by April 10th. Letters to the editors concerning any articles usually appear the second month after the article was printed. Thus for anything in the March issue the comments should appear in the May issue. The deadline for this section is usually the tenth of the month preceeding the issue.

Maple syrup is an item that is getting scarcer every year, and it is predicted that within the near future a sugar camp will be hard to find. The one on this month's cover of Family Life is located on the Amon Martin farm near Waterloo, Ontario. The picture was drawn by the Martins' daughter, Mrs. Melvin Bauman.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Happiness Is Fresh Shrimp

Several months ago while traveling through one of the southern states, I saw a large roadside sign. The words caught my attention: HAPPINESS IS FRESH SHRIMP.

As we continued down the road I pondered on the four words I had just read. I realized, of course, that it was meant as an advertisement for seafood, and yet it seemed to me that the message of the sign was very similar to some people's thinking. The sign suggested that happiness could be found in good things to eat, in the satisfying of one's appetite.

One of the most interesting examples of men seeking happiness in eating comes from a practice of the ancient Romans. At the time of Christ, the Romans were nearing the height of their glory. Their vast empire stretched for thousands of miles and included millions of people. The nobility and ruling class had become pampered by success, ease, and riches. Servants waited on their every whim. They spent hours at luxurious baths, bathing in scented waters. And almost nightly there would be some elaborate banquet. The feasting would continue far into the night as course after course of the richest, and daintiest foods were served. Attendants kept the wine goblets brimming with the choice of Italy's wine. The banquets were orgies of excess.

The Romans soon discovered one annoying drawback — they could only eat so much until they began to feel acutely uncomfortable. Then one of the guests came up with a solution. He invented a trough-like structure called a vomitoreum. Soon vomitoreums were available at every banquet. Now when a guest had stuffed himself to capacity, he could simply walk to the vomitoreum, throw up the contents of his stomach, and return to the table to glut himself again. As revolting as it may seem to us, some guests are said to have repeated this cycle two or three, and even four times in one evening.

And yet, even with the aid of vomitoreums, happiness and eating have never been synonyms. Too great an emphasis on the gratification of our appetites leads to degraded and sensual living. The Romans who made a god of their appetite could only end up in frustration. It could not bring them happiness, but at the best a momentary enjoyment, a temporary pleasure that could hardly make up for the emptiness of the rest of their lives.

Three hundred years before Christ, a certain Greek man named Epicurus became famous. He was a philosopher who taught that the chief good in life was to enjoy to the full the pleasures of this world. Today a person who is devoted to good food and drink is sometimes called an epicure.

The philosophy of Epicurus reminds me of a restaurant I read about in Japan which specializes in fine eating. The menu says their meat is from cattle which have "been massaged daily to distribute the fat evenly." These favored cattle were also, according to the menu, fed two bottles of beer each day "to aid them in enjoying a carefree life which greatly improves the flavor of the meat."

It is easy for us to see that vomitoreums and beer-fed cattle are placing too much emphasis on taste and sensual enjoyment. Yet, it is not enough to see the error of the Romans and the Japanese. If we are to profit by their mistakes, we need to take a look at ourselves. One article in a nationally published magazine a few years ago stated that since the Amish are not allowed many pleasures, they make up for it by indulging in fine food and eating, an area on which no restrictions are placed. There may be some truth in the statement.

Amos Beiler is the name by which we shall call a young man who was invited, along with some of his friends, to a neighbor's home for supper. Amos was hungry for he had worked hard all day cutting firewood in the cold winter air. The host and his wife were friendly people and they had done their best to make sure Amos and his friends would have enough to eat. The first ten minutes at the table, no one had time to eat — they were busy passing the food around. Amos took some mashed potatoes, some delicious looking gravy, and a generous helping of corn. With a large piece of homemade bread spread with butter, he was ready to start eating, but he soon found there was more food. He took some peas and some beans that were fixed in tomato sauce just the way he liked them. Then there were sliced raw carrots, cheese, pickles, onions and salads. He felt hungry, plus he wanted to have good manners, so he took something from each dish. When he finally found a chance to eat, his plate was heaped with food.

Before he had his plate quite empty, everything came around again — potatoes, gravy, meat, beans, peas, bread, corn and salad. He was urged to take some more, as there was going to be a lot left over unless everyone ate better.

At last, when no one could be persuaded to take another bite of the first course, the dishes were carried off, and fruit and pudding were brought on, followed by large pieces of chocolate cake and a plate piled high with overnight cookies. Amos looked regretfully at the pudding and his favorite kind of cake. He wished he had saved more room for it. He felt pretty full, so he didn't take very much. But still, by the time he had taken a little of each, it seemed to pile up and he had all he could eat. The cake and the fruit were passed around the second time, but Amos shook his head.

Then the pie appeared — lemon pie with whipped cream. Amos thought he had eaten enough, but at the sight of the tempting pie, he weakened. Maybe he could handle just a small piece.

Amos felt uncomfortable when he finished. He even felt a little guilty, too, for he knew he had eaten more than was good for him. And yet it had been extremely hard not to. There had been so many different dishes and everyone had been urged to take more and more and more.

I'm sure most of us have been in situations similiar to the one Amos was in. The desire for food is a perfectly natural instinct which is good. When our bodies are in need of food, we become hungry, and it is well that it is so. Otherwise we might easily suffer physical harm by forgetting or neglecting to take nourishment. A person who has a good appetite should be grateful for it and thank God that he feels like eating and has something to eat. But we should also be conscious of the danger and the wrong of eating to excess — of eating more than is good for us.

For not only is overeating unhealthy for us, the Bible teaches that it is a sin — classed many times with drunkenness. "Lasst uns ehrbarlich wandeln als am Tage; nicht in Fressen und Saufen . . . " (Rom. 13:13) "For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty . . . " (Prov. 23:21)

It would follow, then, that if gluttony (overeating) is wrong, that we should try to avoid things which lead to it. Our pioneer forefathers worked hard, and they ate wholesome meals. Yet I wonder if they would not have been surprised at the elaborate variety with which we sometimes spread our tables today. It is more likely that their meals were simple and plain, yet sufficient for their bodily needs. I wonder if we today would not be less apt to overeat if we took their example and were more moderate in the number of dishes we serve.

It is right and necessary to eat to live. It is wrong to live to eat. All of us could perhaps profit by taking a close look at our eating and cooking habits. It is disturbing when news reporters get the impression that our eating is somehow not consistent with the simple and plain lives we profess. It is even more disturbing when we consider that we might be missing some of the meaning in Jesus' words when he warned, "Hütet euch aber, dasz eure Herzen nicht beschweret werden mit Fressen und Saufen und mit Sorgen der Nahrung, und komme dieser Tag schnell über euch," (Luke 21:34). ■■

TOO MANY RULES

-by David Wagler

SOME RULES JUST DIDN'T LOOK REASONABLE AND FRED HAD A HARD TIME BELIEVING THEY WERE FOR HIS OWN GOOD.

THE SUMMER THUNDERSTORM had pulled around to the east but it was still raining softly. Fred Graber pulled on his black raincoat and went to get his hat. "I'm going to walk across the fields over to Neal Eashs. We're supposed to decide about the horse barn over at the schoolhouse."

"But you're not going with that raincoat, are you?" his wife, Martha, exclaimed.

"Why not? It's raining and I don't want to get wet. I'll put on my boots and this raincoat and walk across the fields and— "

"But there're still buttons on that raincoat," Martha reminded him, "and you're not supposed to wear it with buttons."

"That wouldn't hurt anything," Fred retorted. "I bought this old raincoat out at the sale for 50¢ and surely nobody would think I'm proud with something like this."

"Maybe not, but you know it's against the rules of the church to have buttons on a coat. Here give it to me, and I will sew some hooks and eyes on it."

"I don't have time to wait all morning. By that time it would be too late to go to Neals. Surely it wouldn't hurt just for once, would it?"

"Once is once too many if it's something you're not supposed to have," his wife replied persistently.

"Oh, well, what's the use of arguing with a woman," Fred said impatiently. He looked out the window. "It's stopped raining now so I'll just put on my other coat and then you can just have this old raincoat as long as you want it."

As Fred walked across the fields, it started to drizzle again and he wished he had his raincoat. Martha had come from a family which had always been particular to keep up the church ordnung. But his folks had never put so much weight on external things. Oh yes, they had always tried to do what the church required, but sometimes they found themselves crowding the fence. After all, surely it would be more important to keep from getting wet on a damp cool morning like this, than to be concerned about a few buttons on a raincoat.

Eight years ago the church had decided to put up their own schoolhouse and it was built on Neal Eash's land. Fred had never taken too much interest in the parochial school movement because he had always thought the money might have been spent better in some other way. But now that his oldest son, Mervin was going to school, he had taken more interest, and last fall he was voted on the school board.

Fred decided to cut across the field, and go past the schoolhouse and size up the location. When he arrived at Neals, Neal was in the barn cleaning out the pig pen. After visiting a few minutes, Fred said, "The way it sounds, they want a barn over at the schoolhouse to put their horses in this winter. Do you have any plans for it?"

"Well, not exactly," Neal answered. "I guess the first thing is to decide where we will put it."

"The playground is so small," Fred said. "It's only a half acre to start with and if we put the barn on there, there wouldn't be hardly anything left for the children to play on."

"Yes, the playground is too small," Neal agreed, "but when the school was built we didn't know there would be so many children so soon."

"First thing you know they'll be playing ball out there in your field."

"Well, there's one thing we can do," Neal answered, "we can put the barn just along the fence out in my field."

"Let's put it right inside the fence corner, close to the road," Fred suggested. "That way it would be out of your way when you want to farm the field."

"But that would be too close to the road," Neal asserted. "The township wouldn't let us build that close."

"That wouldn't matter," Fred insisted. "They wouldn't find it out until we had it up and then they surely wouldn't make us move the building, would they?"

"Well, I don't know about that," Neal answered. "All I know is that it's against their regulations and I think we shouldn't put it there if it's against their rules."

"Rules, rules, rules," Fred blurted out. "Everywhere you look you just see rules and regulations, rules and regulations. You can't do this and you can't do that. I'm just about tired of it."

"Well, Fred Graber!" Neal exclaimed, "I'm surprised at you. I never thought you would talk like that."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't but I'm just about fed up. Everything we do, we have to do a certain way. Somebody tells us just how we can farm, somebody tells me what color I can paint my buggy, somebody tells me what kind of clothes I can wear and can not wear. Why, only this morning I got wet coming over here just because Martha wouldn't let me wear an old raincoat. It had buttons on it."

"But we need some safeguards to keep us away from danger. If everybody would go ahead and do whatever they thought best, then we might very soon have a lot of things in the church we didn't want."

"Rules are all right where they are necessary," Fred retorted, "but they should be reasonable. Some of the rules we have to put up with are ridiculous. Who could accuse me of having pride for wearing an old 50¢ raincoat?"

"There may be more reasons than we realize," Neal answered. "I think we ought to observe the rules whatever they are. Usually they are for our own good."

"Maybe it's for our own good, but I sure can't see no reason for not building this barn closer to the road. They will never make this road so wide that the barn would be in the way. And if they do, we can move it."

"Perhaps it is so, but just the same, I think we ought to build the barn back far enough according to the township rules," Neal said.

Fred was fifteen minutes late in coming home for dinner. As Martha passed the mashed potatoes she asked, "Well, what did you decided about the barn?"

"I guess we'll put it there on the west side of the schoolhouse, just across the fence in Neal Eash's field. I'd put it in the corner of the field up close to the road but Neal didn't want to. It's the silliest thing I ever heard."

"What's the silliest thing you ever heard?"

"That we couldn't put the barn out close to the road. But Neal said it's against the township rules and that's that."

"What's wrong with that," Martha asked, "We're supposed to obey the rules, aren't we?"

"Well, I guess so if they're reasonable. But I sure can't see no use in having so many rules and regulations all the time. That's about all I hear, just rules and more rules."

"But they're meant to be for our own good. How would you like to live in a country where there were no laws at all and everybody would do just as they wanted to?"

"I'm not talking about the laws. I mean all these little rules we have to contend with all the time, such as where to build a barn, or whether we have buttons on our coats. I can't see how that's for our own good. I got wet this morning going over to Neal Eashs and if I get pneumonia, then somebody is going to be responsible."

The next week, a frolic was announced to put up the barn at the schoolhouse. The whole neighborhood came to help and by evening the small barn was completed except a few finishing touches which had to be put on later. By the time school started, the stable was ready. Everyone was pleased, but especially the families who lived so far away that their children had to drive to school every day. Now they would have a place to put their horses.

Little Mervin was in the third grade this year. The last two years, Ann Hostetler had taught and although she was a good teacher, she had not always been able to keep order in school. But this year she would not teach, some suspected that she was dreaming of matrimony. At any rate, David Wenger would be the new teacher. This was his first year.

Little Mervin was a very active child and sometimes he got into mischief. It was the middle of October one evening when he came home a half hour late from school.

That evening after supper, Fred asked his wife, "How come Mervin was late coming home from school?"

"He had to stay in. He got ten marks on the chart so that was his punishment. I guess we'll have to talk to him and explain that he has to behave himself better."

"What kind of marks on the chart are you talking about?"

"They have a chart on the wall with the name of every pupil on it. Every time anyone breaks one of the rules, they get a mark. If they get ten marks in a month, they get a punishment."

"What kind of rules are these that they break?" Fred wanted to know.

"Oh, like having paper on the floor, coming in with dirty shoes, being late when the bell goes, and like that. They have a whole list of rules printed on a sheet and tacked up on the wall of the schoolhouse."

"Why do they have to have so many rules anyhow?" Fred wanted to know as the color began to mount in his face.

"Why, that's to keep order in the school and also to teach the pupils obedience. It's for their own good in the long run."

"Yes, that's what they always say. I think the teacher could teach them what they ought to know without having so many rules. Ann Hostetler didn't need that many rules. I'd just like to see that list of rules sometime."

Several days later Fred happened to be going by the schoolhouse an hour after school had dismissed. "Whoa," he said, "I think I'll just stop in and take a peek at those rules. The teacher has gone home a long time already, I suppose."

He found the chart on the wall and the list of rules. As he was reading them, there was a noise in the basement and soon the teacher came up. "Oh, did you come to visit the school? I'm sorry, but we dismissed at 3:30," the teacher said. "I was just getting ready to go home."

Fred was a bit embarrassed but he regained control of himself and said, "Oh, I was just going by, so I thought I would stop in and see this chart. We're sorry that our Mervin didn't behave himself. We told him he will have to do better."

"Well, he has been doing better the last few days. I think he will do all right now on."

"I sure hope so. If you have any trouble you let us know. I was just looking at these rules."

"It's so much easier to keep order since the children observe these rules," the teacher said, "and we thought it would be good for the children if they learned to obey rules now. I might save them a lot of trouble later on."

As Fred looked at the list of rules, he had to agree that they were nothing out of the way. The children should learn to obey such rules as these. After awhile he said, "Well, it's about chore time. I must go home."

"Come back sometime and visit the school during the day," the teacher said as Fred started for the door.

As he untied his horse and crawled on the buggy, Fred thought to himself, "The teacher is right, we should visit the school more often. It is a big job to teach a school and he is doing real well under the circumstances. I guess we have criticized him already where we shouldn't have."

So absorbed was Fred in his thoughts that he did not see the sleek new car coming from the west at a high rate of speed. As his horse was almost out to the gravel road, Fred was suddenly brought back to his senses by the blasting of a horn. Then there was a sound of screeching tires and flying gravel. Fred pulled back hard on the lines and the horse stopped halfway out on the road. The car went on the other shoulders and even then brushed against the horse's nostrils. It careened back and forth and finally came to a halt about 100 feet down the road. The man crawled out of the car and came back toward Fred. He was shaking.

Fred got home an hour later. Martha was just coming toward the barn with the milk pails. "Where have you been so long? We'll be late with the milking," she said. Then she stopped short and stared at him, Why, Fred, what's wrong? You look white as a sheet."

"Well, maybe I do," he faltered. "I just had a narrow escape."

"What happened, did somebody shoot at you?"

"Well, not exactly, at least not with a gun. I almost drove out in front of a car."

"Where were you? Did they hit you? Was anyone hurt?"

TRUE Or FALSE ?

Husbands and Wives

— By Elmo Stoll

Six thousand years ago Adam grew lonesome in the Garden, so God created a companion from one of his ribs and called her "woman." Ever since that time husbands and wives have been sharing life together. To check up on yourself and see how well you rate on husbands and wives of the Bible, try the following twenty questions. Answers and scoring scale on page 20.

1. Lot's wife was such a bad example that Jesus said we should try to forget her.
2. The New Testament tells of a man who died and was buried without his wife being told about it, though she was not far away.
3. When Job was suffering from terrible boils all over his body, his wife cared for him tenderly and was a great source of comfort.
4. Had Pilate listened to his wife, he would not have crucified Jesus.
5. The strong man Samson once called his wife a "heifer."
6. Abraham's wife, Sarah, was also his half-sister.
7. Anna, the devout woman who held the baby Jesus in the temple was the wife of Simeon, who also blessed the infant.
8. The Bible refers to a man's wife as his "better half."
9. The Samaritan woman at the well was lying when she said to Jesus, "I have no husband."
10. Moses' wife was an Ethiopian and may have been colored.
11. Sodom and Gomorrah were a wicked man and wife in the Old Testament.
12. Jacob worked seven years and ended up marrying a woman he didn't love.
13. The Queen of Sheba was one of King Solomon's many wives.
14. The Church is referred to in Scriptures as the bride of Christ.
15. A Biblical king is recorded as having passed a special decree that all the men in his kingdom should bear rule in their own homes.
16. Joseph's wife was an Egyptian, but the Bible does not tell her name.
17. King David had more than one wife.
18. The Bible does not say whether angels may be married or not.
19. The New Testament teaches that women should be submissive to their husbands but says nothing about how husbands should treat their wives.
20. In the book of I Peter, we are told that Abraham's wife called her husband "lord."

"No, I didn't get hit or I wouldn't be here now, as fast as that car was coming. But I thought for awhile they were going to wreck the car and it would have been my fault."

"Where was it? What happened? Tell me quick."

"Well, I stopped in at the schoolhouse a few minutes and then I drove out towards the road without thinking of what I was doing. My horse was anxious to go but when I heard this horn blowing I pulled back as hard as I could. I got stopped when the horse was about halfway out on the road and just then the car whizzed past. He had to get on the other shoulder to keep from hitting me and he swerved back and forth and it looked like he was going to crash into a telephone pole."

"What happened then, did he wreck his car?"

"No, he didn't. In fact we couldn't see that the car was damaged at all but he came back and he was plenty mad. The only thing he didn't tell me was what he couldn't think of."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? I knew I was in the wrong. I knew that if he had wrecked his car, then I would have to pay for it. And if they had gotten hurt or killed—well, I'm just really thankful nothing serious happened. That's all I can say."

"Well, no wonder you look pale. Let's go milk and maybe then you will feel better. We do have a lot to be thankful for, don't we."

When Martha started with her second cow, Fred was still milking on his first one. "Fred, where did you say this happened?"

"Right out there in front of the schoolhouse of course."

"And you say the car was coming from the west?"

"Yes, he came over that little hill by Neal Eashs."

"Well, I was just thinking. Didn't some of the people suggest that the little barn at the schoolhouse be built out close by the road?"

"Yes, yes, I know what you are thinking," her husband almost shouted at her. "I was thinking the same thing all the way home. I know it now."

"If that barn had been built out closer to the road, that man in the car wouldn't have seen you until you were practically on the road. Then he would have run right smack into you."

"Yes, yes. It would have been too bad if they had followed my advice and built the barn close to the road. It would have shut off the view from the west altogether. And to think how often the school children drive out there, probably without looking."

"Fred, don't you think it's a good idea to obey the rules, even if we sometimes think they are unnecessary?"

"Please, please, Martha, I've gone through enough this evening that I won't forget that lesson right away." ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

The Runaway Buggy

It never would have happened had there been work for us boys to do that afternoon. But you can't blame Dad; he meant it well.

"You can have the rest of the day off," he said at noon. "You've worked hard all week. Mom and I and the younger children are going over to Levis. There are visitors from Indiana there."

Dad had been a boy once too. He knew that fellows in their middle teens needed time of their own, an occasional day when they didn't have to work. There was nothing wrong with the idea.

I was sixteen, the oldest of us three brothers who stayed home that afternoon — that day when the buggy ran away. Stephen was next and then James. We're all grown men now, married and fathers of our own sons. But that afternoon we were still very much boys.

"What'll we do?" asked Steve.

Well, being boys it didn't take us long to think of something. The long summer afternoon stretched pleasantly ahead of us, and the time was too good to waste.

"Let's take a ride with the old buggy," someone suggested.

"But there aren't any horses in the barn. They're all in the back field."

"No, I mean coasting. We won't need a horse."

Our farm in southern Ohio was well blessed with the natural requirements for coasting. A hundred feet from our house the ground dropped sharply away in a long swinging slope, down to Camp Creek Valley. Our lane wound its way down the hill, and at the bottom was our mailbox and the highway. Half of the way down, the fields were cleared, but the rest of the distance the lane had been bulldozed through the woods. It was a full half mile to our mailbox, and every step was downhill.

Of course, we knew better than to try coasting down that lane. It was too steep, too long, too narrow. There were lots of places in the pasture field where a buggy could go sailing down one slope and safely up the other side.

So we wheeled the old buggy out of the shed. It was not a topbuggy, just an open rig. The mice had gotten into the upholstery, and the dashboard was gone. There were a few spokes missing in the wheels. The whole thing was past using and somewhat teetery. There were no shafts, but this just suited our purpose. Without a horse, we didn't need shafts.

"Get a rope," I shouted. "We'll need it for steering."

We tied one end of the rope to each end of the front axle, pulled the buggy out to the pasture, and got ready for our first ride. Steve and I seated ourselves in the front box, side by side — each with one leg over the edge for steering. With our feet on the axle and the rope in our hands, we figured we could steer as well as any engineer on the New York Central. Jim crawled on the back as our only passenger and we took off for a ride down to the lower end of the pasture.

There really wasn't much to it. We angled along the side of the hill, choosing our own speed. If we wanted to go faster, we nosed the buggy down the hill. When we were bumping along a little faster than we cared to, we headed back up the slope.

Going down was quite a bit of fun, but pushing the buggy back up the steep hill spoiled it. Furthermore, the field was pretty rough. Once in a while we jolted over a stone we hadn't seen soon enough, or couldn't decide soon enough which side to pass on. So after a few rides, we tired of the game.

That was when temptation began to beckon. The lane was in plain view, narrow but well-graded and hence smooth. No bumps and no rocks there. We even told ourselves it would be easier to push the buggy back up a smooth place than across a bumpy, grassy field.

"But we'll have to fix some kind of brakes," Steve said. "The buggy would keep on picking up speed, and by the time we got to the bottom we'd really be flying. Anyhow, we wouldn't want to pop out onto the highway."

"Of course not," Jim and I agreed.

Well, we obviously didn't have time that afternoon to fix up any fancy brake bands, or anything of that sort. And I'm not sure we would have been mechanics enough to make some had we wanted to. There were simpler and easier ways, surely.

I don't remember which of us three finally came up with the idea. Perhaps it is best that I don't remember. Anyhow, we all agreed that the idea sounded good. We were all ready to try it. The suggestion was for a very simple system of brakes that would require no band, no lever, no pedal, no air cylinder. Very little time and cost would be involved in installing the new system on the old buggy. And yet the new type of brakes was designed to bring the buggy to a standstill within minutes, even when the vehicle was headed down the steepest part of the half-mile long lane.

In ten minutes we were ready. Steve and I got into the cockpit again, my left foot on the left end of the axle and Steve's right foot on the right end. We knew we would have to be alert and work together if we wanted to keep the buggy gliding along the narrow lane. There was a ditch on the left and a steep slope on the right.

Jim crouched in back. This time he was not riding along as a passenger. He was part of the crew. He was the brakeman.

We pushed off. The buggy started slowly. A loose spoke in one wheel click-clicked every time it came around. The lane was even smoother than we had imagined. All of us were a little tense as we glanced at the ribbon of laneway winding down the hillside ahead of us, down, down, down until it passed out of sight among the trees. But we weren't worried much. We had brakes. We could stop when we wanted to. We had no intentions of going all the way down to the highway. Of course not. That would be too dangerous. A car might be coming the moment we hit the blacktop and we would be run over.

The buggy was moving faster. The loose spoke was no longer saying, "z-z-zip-p-p, z-z-zip-p, z-zip-p." Its voice had changed to a rapid, "Clickity, clickity, clickity." We were gaining speed with every turn of the wheels. Faster and faster we went. In an amazingly short time we were going faster than we had ever ridden a buggy before.

"Brakes! Brakes!" Steve and I hollered to Jim.

Jim was only thirteen, and a cement block weighs about forty pounds. Besides, he had to hang on with one hand. He fumbled and wrestled with it and finally got it up on the edge.

"Come on!" we shouted. "Toss it out! Brakes!" We were having a hard time keeping the buggy on the lane. The slightest movement set it weaving. We were still picking up speed.

The block tumbled off and hit the road. We had tied it to the buggy with strong number nine wire, and we figured when the block landed on the roadway, it would soon drag us to a stop. Steve and I braced ourselves.

But the buggy plunged on. Jim shouted something from the back, but his voice was lost in the rattle of loose spokes. He told us afterwards the block had raised a cloud of dust, and he couldn't understand why we didn't stop until we had driven out of the dust. Then he could see the torn wire swinging from the back axle.

From our place in front, Steve and I sensed that something had gone wrong. Our brakes had failed us. "Hit the ditch!" I cried in fear. We steered to the left, and in a few seconds it was over. I can still feel those front wheels hit the ditch and then the hillside with a lurch, crumpling in a shower of splintered spokes. Steve and I were flung against the side of the hill, but Jim got the longest ride. He came hurtling over the buggy and landed beyond us.

We were three sober boys as we went back up the hill. Fortunately we could walk. Half the distance to the top lay the cement block in the middle of the lane. A short length of wire stuck out from it, pointing toward the wrecked buggy on the hillside below. We grabbed hold of the wire and pulled the block to the side of the road. We had trusted that block of cement to stop us, and it had failed. The wire had snapped so quickly that we had never felt even a shudder.

You know, I think we learned a pretty good lesson from that wild buggy ride. It's a lesson that goes beyond brakes and buggies and blocks of cement. It's simply this: "It's a dangerous thing to start something you can't stop."

"I figured I could quit when I wanted to."

Our buggy ride was dangerous. We could have been killed as easily as not. What if one of those rocks we had been bumping over earlier in the afternoon had been lying on the hillside when we crashed against it? Even without rocks, what kept us from having broken legs or arms or necks? Yes, our ride had turned out to be dangerous fun.

But we hadn't planned it that way. We had brakes and we planned to stop when we wanted to.

That afternoon's events, it seems to me, was a short course in living. For since that day in 1952 I have seen a good many young men and women start out in life just the same as we started down that hill— out for a thrill, but blind to the danger; meaning no harm, and planning to stop in due time.

Some, of course, get away with it. Just like our buggy ride. We came through with nothing more than scratches and bruises. Yes, a person can do some mighty risky things in life, and slip by — sometimes. Dave was one young fellow who did.

Long before he was twenty-one Dave figured he was old enough to make his own decisions. He meant no harm by it; he just didn't like taking orders from anyone. So he disobeyed his parents and chose his own path. He couldn't understand why this grieved them so much.

"It's just their pride," he told himself. "They can't bear having it whispered that they didn't raise me right."

What finally frightened Dave was when he realized he was geting a curious satisfaction out of hurting his parents. In time he saw they were sincerely grieved, not so much because he was hurting them as because they realized something he had not — that he was coasting downhill without any brakes, and his soul was at stake.

Dave was more fortunate than most. He was able to walk back up the hill. Today he is a member of the church to which his parents belong, is obedient and appears to be satisfied living a Christian life. He realizes that his little ride down the hill was a dangerous thing to do. He is glad that by the grace of God he escaped without serious harm.

Dave is an exception. Most boys and girls who start out living in sin don't get away so easily. Harvey is only a few years older than Dave, yet the experiences of the last five years make him look much older. He got into the wrong company, took to drinking and high living, and today the doctors say he hasn't long to live. He knows he has made a mess of his life, yet all he does is shrug his shoulders. He is riding headlong downhill, helpless to help himself, no brakes.

Larry is a boy I never met. But they tell me his funeral was one of the saddest his home community had ever experienced. Saddest of all, only a few days before the fatal wreck that took his life in the early hours of the morning, Larry had said he wanted to make a break and live clean. But some of his old pals came and coaxed him to go along, and one more party, one more night of fun, a couple of drinks, and the chance for Larry was forever past. He had started a bad thing rolling, and he did not get it stopped soon enough.

Yes, it's a dangerous thing to start something you can't stop. The first drink of beer, the first cigarette, the first game of cards — these may look harmless enough. The first round of rebellion against parents, against the church, against God, against any authority — these things start small. The first playful hug, the first kiss, even the holding of hands — these are the innocent beginnings that lead to **marred** lives in courtship. There is always a start.

Lives aren't wrecked overnight. It takes time for temptation to mature into sin. It takes time for the conscience to harden. It takes time for a buggy rolling downhill to pick up speed.

But once started, the direction is set. A coasting buggy will never stop of its own notion and back up the hill. The first sip of whiskey is an invitation to another, and the first cigarette is the first link in a chain that grows thicker and stronger with every puff. The hundreds of men and women that have toyed with these things and then gotten hopelessly hooked, prove that smoking and drinking are a lot more dangerous than starting a buggy down the hill without brakes.

It is the same with rebellion. Disobedience is dangerous, for it spreads like a prairie fire. The self-willed person chooses to hoe a thorny row. The many spiritual wrecks scattered through the world bear out the danger.

And to give one more example, it is the same in courtship. The young man and his girlfriend may mean no harm, but one thing leads to another until there is tragedy and sorrow and shame. It is best to guard sin at its very outset, for then it is easily controlled. When temptation is fed, there is no stopping it.

The Natural Thing To Do

It has often been a puzzle to me why so many young men and women spend some of the best years of their lives in sin. What a waste of time and energy. And a thousandfold more important — what a dangerous thing to do.

There must be reasons why some young people go the wrong way when they grow up. I believe one reason is simply a matter of walking too close to the edge. There is a careless and reckless attitude, though with no serious intention of being bad. They want to cut up a little, have some fun, be just wild enough to make it look daring. (In later years, if they survive, they may see these things in their true light — not daring, merely foolish.)

The trouble with this kind of an attitude is that it is dangerous. There is something lacking in such a young person's life, he has not yet realized the sweetness and satisfaction that comes from serving God. In such a state there is a real danger of coasting down the hill, and having no brakes.

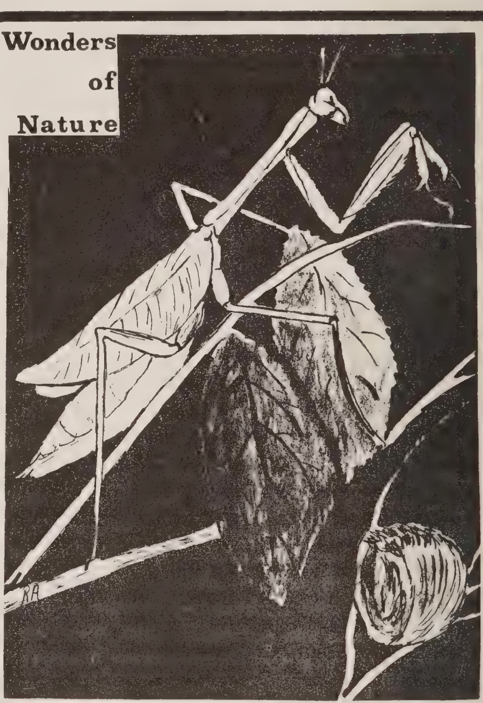
Another stumbling block to our young people, it seems to me, is the odd notion that it is the natural thing for them to sow their wild oats, to have a wild time, to live a wild life.

Natural? They are 100% right. For the person who is not a Christian, it is natural to live in sin. But let us remember that it is also natural for the sinner to continue sinning right on to the end of his life. It is just as natural for sinning to continue once it is started as it was natural for our buggy to keep coasting down that steep Pike County **hill.** There is no provision in nature for "settling down" after a few years.

Neither is there any provision to keep those wild oats from growing up and yielding a harvest. Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap. Nature is pretty strict with her accounts.

The prodigal son did the natural thing, too, when he left his father's home and went away to a far country. He did

Wonders of Nature



PRAYING MANTIS

This insect is noted for the "praying" position of its front legs.

The mantis is cruel and greedy and eats its prey alive. But it is also a very helpful insect, for it eats a large quanity of destructive insects.

The Mantis lays its eggs in a sticky substance and glues them on a branch where they remain all winter.

the natural thing when he spent all his money on his bloodsucker friends, and had a high time while it lasted. But life became just a little more natural than he liked when his money was all gone and he had nothing to eat but the husks the pigs didn't want.

But then the prodigal son did the first unnatural thing of his life — he turned his back on the mess he had made, and went to his father for help.

That was his only hope. He had a father who still loved him and was waiting anxiously every day for his son's return. Well, that is our only hope today, too — we have a heavenly Father to whom we must all turn for help.

But just think, the prodigal son could have had it so much easier and happier if he had realized a few things before he went so far downhill. And there was no guarantee he would ever come back up. He might well have become a corpse in a pig pen.

It takes more than a cement block to stop a buggy going downhill. We learned that the hard way. And it takes more than a strong will or good intentions for a sinner to stop sinning. All in all, it seems it is best not to start something you might have a hard time stopping. ■■

WHEN THE MORNING STARTED SO WELL, WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED HOW THE DAY WOULD END?

MOTHER And The MAMA GOOSE

-Name Withheld

IT'S SIX THIRTY on a Wendnesday morning and I am munching a slice of toasted raisin bread. My husband just left for work and the children are still in bed. It looks like rain and I think, "I should get those raspberry plants mulched."

I had intended to have a little nap this morning until the children get up. It was late last night when I got to bed. But why don't I go out right now and haul in some straw and do that mulching while everything is quiet yet?

It's so nice out early in the morning and it makes a person want to count his blessings. We have so many to count! Such a dear wonderful family. And how my outlook on life has changed since our baby was sick, which was over a year ago.

I used to be bitter and feel cursed because life was so hard on me. Our four children arrived in less than four years' time and life was getting to be very demanding, almost more than I could bear.

Then on top of all this, our baby got very sick soon after he was born. His illness nearly caused a nervous breakdown for me. But the Lord was so good and merciful and now I am glad for what I went through. After that, the sky was bluer, the children were a bit dearer to me and God's presence much more real.

So now, sixteen months later, my thoughts are running in a completely different channel, a much more pleasant one. The Lord loves little children and He must surely have thought me capable if He gives me four in so short a time. Surely He is with me; He has brought me through the valley of testing and now I can live out the rest of my life in peace.

Eight o'clock and I have mulched the raspberries and also set out twenty tomato plants. I grew my own plants this year and am quite pleased with the results so far. As I am on my way in, the school bus goes by and I think to myself, "I wish I'd accomplish this much every morning by bus time."

Within minutes the house comes alive with little feet running out to say good morning. As I fix their breakfast, I decide to bake some pies before I do the dishes and the ironing. We haven't had pies for a month. I'll make a lot of them for I have a recipe for crusts that keep well.

Soon the four-year-old is done with her breakfast and hurries outside to play. Immediately she is back all excited, "Mommie, the mama goose is off her nest and she has a little green duck with her."

Of course everyone leaves their breakfast to go see. Sure enough, proud mamma and daddy geese are taking three little goslings to see the world. Against the new green grass they do look a bit greenish yellow.

But then I remember that she had five eggs and we always take in the little ones until the eggs all hatch out. But I don't like to argue with a new daddy gander at all. Ida, the five-year-old, is brave and she says, "Mommie, I can go and get a box and catch the goslings and bring them in."

"No," I say, "they'll pick you." She keeps insisting. I am busy with the dough and I murmur something which

Ida must have taken for a yes.

Soon I glance out the window and see Ida with her two-year-old brother chasing slowly after the goose family. She is carrying a box and a three-foot steel rod. I open the window and say sharply, "You must leave those geese alone."

So they come in and all four proceed to drag chairs or step-stools of some kind to where I am working. They always have to have their fingers in the dough, whether it's cookies, biscuits, or whatever it may be. Then it's, "Mommie, why do you do that?" or "Mommie, can I have a bite?" or "She pushed me!" or somebody falls off their perch. Really it's small wonder we only get pies once a month, and that my nerves are still a bit tattered at times.

But Ida keeps worrying me about those geese. "Mommie, we will have to bring those eggs in and keep them warm so they will hatch."

Of course that wouldn't work but while one batch of cookies is baking I decide to go out and see if I can snatch away the goslings.

I take Ida's box and the pole and warn the children to keep their distance. But I soon see this is no easy job for a fraidy cat like me. I try to chase them fast enough so the goslings will lag behind. Then I will grab them quick. But who wants to be holding a box of baby geese with two angry parent geese blowing in your face?

God's Creation, Man

Louella Stauffer

Do you hear God whisper love through the cooing of a dove?
Awake and listen, God's creation, God is love.
Through the treetops breezes whisper melodies soft and low
And the streamlet swirls around a thirsty doe.
Gently do the raindrops patter a lullabye for weary mind;
See the splendor of a sunset— greater beauty's hard to find.
Shyly lovers share their secrets, life to them a rosy dream
Whence then misery? Oh mortal, 'tis the tempter's wicked scheme.
He sows his seeds of hate and discord— any fertile place 'twill grow,
Since the fall of earth's first parents, he has been man's greatest foe.

Bitterness, hate, misery reign, selfishness and earthly gain,
Pride, untruths and wickedness do many lives profane.
Won't you cast away false gossip, imaginations, and be kind?
Would you rather have your vengence and suffer guilty mind?
Is the grief you cause to others to you such a pleasure?
Then the righteous Lord will mete to you your rightful measure.
Won't you love a little more, can't you see the open door
Of heaven— future glory? Is it not worth to labor for?

Satan battles for each soul but God's love is pure as gold
Are you using this, Oh mortal, as your mold?
God is love, the Bible says, Beelzebub leads us astray,
With deceit he rules the world and does betray.
Those of us who do not eat of his tempting fruit so sweet
Will not taste the bitter morsel of defeat.
Awake and listen, God's creation, when your heart does pain,
Nature heals if you only stop to enter God's domain.

Just as I decide to give up, I look the other way a moment and something flaps me hard on the leg. I swing around with my pole and hit the mother goose on her long neck. Immediately she keels over, sorta flops around and acts like she is dead — or at least on her way there.

I panic so fast that I lose all reason. My one and only thought is I must chop her head off so she will bleed and then I can butcher her. We have long wanted to dress and roast a goose.

I run for the shop, find the axe and hurry back. With eight big wondering eyes watching me I chop at the neck of the goose. Off it comes! I look up to see Papa Goose hobbling around as if he were hurt, too. He is watching my cruel, cruel act. I gather up the goslings, put them into my box and take them to the porch. I am trembling all over, as the thoughts keep flashing through my mind. I am a cruel, wicked, heartless, selfish murderer, that's what I am.

I try to get water on to heat for scalding the goose, all the while feeling so sorry for the poor orphans. Mr. Gander had waited so faithfully all alone these long weeks till Mrs. Goose could again roam over the place with him. An hour before they had been so very proud and now what is left of their happiness?

The children all crowd around the box of goslings until it looks like there will soon be none left. I order everyone off the porch and into the house. Now the children crowd and push at the two big kitchen windows, each trying to have a whole window to himself. Needless to say the two oldest get the windows and the two-year-old scratches the one-year-old's face. So I slap his face which sends him howling into the dining room. Now the baby's eye is bleeding and in my nervous state I think, suppose he went blind just from their silly fighting. While I'm wiping off the blood I see something that looks like an ant inside his bottom eyelid. Amidst his screams and the three others watching I try to get it out and finally do get most of it out. Ida says, "Ugh, Mom, I'm not gonna watch any more." Then they all return to their gosling watching.

Now back to my pies. The three cherry pies are ready to take out so I stick in two crusts and fervently wish I'd never started baking pies in the first place. And there's all the dough yet staring me in the face. Oh, well, maybe I'll just make a bunch of apple turnovers so I'll be done quicker.

Now the water is hot and I take it out and go after my dead goose. But by now I realize I could never prepare that thing to eat after so cruelly murdering it. And besides the meat wouldn't be too good after setting for five long weeks. Probably it's nothing but skin and bones. Oh why, why did I ever chop off her head? Perchance she had merely been knocked out, and would have recovered in due time. No chance of recovery now so I just as well scald her and get the nice soft feathers.

Mr. Gander slowly follows me when I drag in the goose, like a deeply bereaved mourner. He watches me until he probably feels like Ida did when I was working on the baby's eye, "Oh, I just can't watch any more."

So he slowly walks away. But since he hears chirping on the porch, he goes to check. There're his babies! So he settles down on the front step and visits with them. And he remains there until I see that I will have to wash off those steps good if I don't do something right away. So I turn out his babies. Once more he is an extremely proud papa.

But our three month old puppy thinks he has found some new toys. The puppy and Mr. Gander have been such close friends ever since Mrs. Goose was setting that he doesn't think anything about it when puppy playfully nibbles on a gosling. So for the rest of the day among numerous other duties, I add dog watching. I finally finish my pies but the two pumpkin pies were not ready for lunch as I had planned.

After eating a quiet, sober, and belated lunch, Ida says seriously, "Since the accident, we just can't hardly work anymore, gel, Mom?"

This amuses me but I try not to let her see it. But it does clear the atmosphere somewhat. Children can sure tell when you're upset about something.

Now it is getting late and I notice that after the excitement, the breakfast dishes never did get done, nor the baking mess cleaned up. By the time this is finished I see I'll never get the ironing done today so I take some plants into the garden to transplant them. Somewhere along the line the sun had come out and chased away the rain clouds. But everyone had been too busy to notice. While I am in the garden I think about it, that on the morning of this same day I had been working here in the garden and in quite a different mood. It seems like a long time ago.

In the evening husband comes home and asks me carefree, "Well, how did your day go?"

I blurt out the whole sorry, goosey mess and he throws up his hands and says, "Why did you chop her head off for? She might have come to again."

This is just what I had been telling myself all day long. All at once the tears wouldn't hold back any longer. I burst out crying. (And I really bawled.) This takes him by surprise and, of course, he quickly assures me the goose was probably dead and anyhow it really doesn't make any difference now. How true, I think, oh why can't I look at things a little more matter-of-factly like he does. But the wound in my heart is bleeding for the poor little orphans and widow gander.

Then neighbor Yoder comes over and husband tells him how I ran after a goose with an axe and chopped her head off. Or at least that's how it sounds to me. They then both have a big laugh and the wound starts bleeding again.

But finally Daddy notices how depressed I really am and astounds himself over the cherry pies sitting there in a row and then he says, "Well, I guess somebody really worked around here today. And I noticed somebody mulched the raspberries and set out some tomato plants."

Then he changes the chubby one-year-old's pants without being told, and finds last summer's straw hats for the boys. Life isn't too bad after all.

Even so, sleep does not come for me until way after midnight. But the very next day I get to tell the whole episode to a very understanding sister. Sharing my troubles with somebody else somehow lightens the load a lot.

Of course by the next morning puppy is feasting on the last little gosling. Later my husband tells me that he saw it before he left for work but didn't tell me for fear I would be wearing black.

So I tell him, "That's not funny." After all, these men run off to work every morning leaving their wives with the responsibility of the whole farm, the children and everything. And then they don't understand why we can't concentrate on what they're trying to tell us what all happened at work today. Usually there's a few things happened at home too — things that we'd appreciate if they had been around to lend a helping hand. Then maybe we would still have more than just the feathers of our goose.

- Kansas.

* * *

MARY DIDN'T WANT TO PLANT THINGS ON FRIDAY BECAUSE IT WAS SUCH AN "UNLUCKY" DAY.

Afraid of Friday

MARCH
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"I am cutting some nice slips, Mary," Mother said as she was working in the garden, "and I thought you might want some for yourself."

"Oh, yes, I would like to have some," Mary said, but then she added, "no, I don't want them today."

"Why don't you want them today?"

"Because Friday is an unlucky day. Tomorrow or Monday they will have a better chance to grow."

Now it so happened that Father had been walking through the garden, too, but Mary had not seen him because he was concealed by some shrubs. When Mary had left, he walked over to Mother and said, "I overheard what Mary said and I think we ought to teach her a lesson. Take off all the slips and shoots and do not leave any for Mary."

On Monday morning Mary came for her slips but Mother told her, "I have taken off all and there are no more. You did not want them on Friday so Father told me to plant them and I did. They all look like they are growing."

When Mary went to complain to her father about it, he said, "But you could have had them on Friday. Why did you refuse them?"

"I did not refuse them, Father, I just wanted to wait until today to plant them."

"But why did you want to wait? You had plenty of time, and the garden was ready."

Mary felt that her reason was a silly one but she told the truth. She told him she did not want to plant them on Friday because it was an unlucky day.

Her father smiled and said, "How long has it been since you made this discovery? If I remember correctly you started reading a story book on Friday. And last Friday you began making your new dress. What has Friday done to frighten you?"

"Oh, nothing. But the children at school said that Friday is an unlucky day the same as the 13th of a month, and two weeks ago last Friday it was Friday the 13th."

"And did they explain to you the meaning of the word luck?"

"No, Father, but I know what it means."

"Well, what does it mean? Tell me."

"It means, Father, it means-," and Mary began to look about her quite at a loss for words. "I know what it means only I can't exactly say it."

"Then I will tell you, Mary. It means 'There is no God'. Who is it that says in his heart, 'There is no God?"

Mary remembered the Bible text and answered, "The fool says that; but Father, I don't see how the word luck could mean anything so wicked as that."

"Who causes the grass to grow for the cattle and the vegetables to grow for man?"

"God does that," Mary answered.

"Right, But if luck could prevent their growing, then this thing called luck must be more powerful then God."

"I did not mean to say that, Father, but couldn't the Lord have made some days and some things more lucky than others?"

Her father replied, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work' and do you suppose a blessing will be withheld from our work upon any of these days? It is true that people who do not commit their ways unto the Lord often fail in their undertakings, but it is their own fault. They do not like to acknowledge this but dare not speak out openly against God. So they make false gods to themselves and if they are prosperous, good luck gets the praise and if they fail, bad luck gets the blame. Is not this the same as saying, 'There is no God'?"

"It does look like it very much. But I never thought about it so seriously."

"But you must learn to think seriously on every subject. We are told that for every idle word we speak, we must give account at the judgement day. It is really amazing to hear the silly things that some people say about luck."

"What is that?" Mary wanted to know.

"Not long ago I saw an infant about ten months old whose face was badly scratched up. When I asked his mother what happened she said he scratched himself with his fingernails. When I asked her why she does not cut his fingernails she answered, 'But it's unlucky to cut a baby's fingernails.'"

Mary laughed, "Well Father, I remember I heard old farmer Brown say that he always sets an odd number of eggs under his setting hens for an even number would be unlucky."

"Can't you see how God is dishonored by such talk?" Father asked. "In the Bible we read that God said, 'I kill and I make alive. I wound and I heal. Neither is there anyone that can deliver out of my hand.' (Deut. 32:39), He who is concerned about a sparrow falling to the ground alone can cause the egg to produce a living bird. Yet His poor creatures pretend that by adding or taking away an egg from the nest, they can give the birth of life or withhold it."

"It is strange," Mary said, "that so many people believe in luck."

"If the Bible has been neglected and people are not properly taught," Father said, "then people do not want to know the knowledge of God. Satan is always on the watch to take advantage of ignorance. He is the father of lies and it is from him that the idea of good or bad luck comes."

"I see now that it was wrong for me to say what I did," Mary said, "and I am sorry I said it. I did not realize what I was really saying."

"Luck and chance are in themselves idle words but by believing in them we can deny the providence of God," Father said, "and we should always pray that we will not be misled. Of course planting a few plants is not a big matter in itself, but we should have faith in God that if we stay in His will, he can and will bless us in material things as well as in spiritual things."

"Yes, I see you are right, Father," Mary said, "the next time I am ready to plant something, I will go ahead and plant it regardless of which day it is."

-Adapted from the S.S. Times

WE SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT
OF PARENTS SACRIFICING THEIR
CHILDREN ON THE RED-HOT ARMS
OF AN IDOL. SURELY NO PARENTS
TODAY COULD BE AS CRUEL AS THAT.

IN THE

Author wishes to remain anonymous

THE EARLY MORNING SUN shone brightly on the Judean hillside. The last tint of purple still hung low over the horizon. It was a lovely morning. Nature was aflame with all its beauty. The birds were singing and the whole atmosphere seemed to speak of joy and good cheer.

Although the birds sang lustily they could not penetrate the world of two figures walking away from Jerusalem. The tall, slender woman had drawn her veil over her face until she and her husband passed through the large gate and were outside of the city. She did not want anyone to see her tear-stained cheeks. A sacrifice was supposed to be given with joy.

When her veil was removed it revealed a young woman with high cheek bones, full lips, and dark brown eyes. Her long dark hair hung loosely over her shoulders. The man's well-made tunic brushed over the stones in the wayside. Every now and then he would glance towards Suzanne, his wife, who was holding a ten-month-old child in her arms. "We must hurry," he said to her. "We should have started two hours earlier."

But Suzanne hadn't wanted to start two hours earlier. She was wishing they hadn't started at all. "No, I mustn't wish this," she rebuked herself. "The gods may be angry with me should I let such thoughts control me. No, no I must not let such thoughts keep Micah and me from fulfilling our vow."

Micah glanced sideways toward Suzanne as she walked beside him. Her eyes were downcast—cast on the rough ground before them. Micah knew his wife hadn't slept much the last few nights. It touched his heart when he saw how she tried to be brave after they had come to their decision. "Suzanne," he said softly, "let me carry John. You must be tired."

"No, Micah." She tried to keep her voice steady as she pressed their only child closer to her heart. "I—I want to carry him. I'm not tired." A tear stole down her cheek and fell on little John's white robe. He gurgled and laughed as he brought his little hand up against her chin. A lump rose in the loving mother's throat. She thought she would choke. For the next moment Suzanne wanted to cry. She wanted to run and hide her son, as the child Moses had been hidden by his mother,

Micah looked into the far distance. He could see other couples and groups of people walking in the same direc-

ARMS OF MOLOCH

tion. Behind them more and more people were pouring out of the gate of Jerusalem. They were all headed for the same destination— the valley of Hinnom.

Micah and Suzanne heard a rumble behind them. "Ah," Micah said, looking back, "it is the wealthy Jeshua coming out from the gate with his chariots and horsemen." Suzanne didn't look back. She wondered if his wife's heart too was heavy because Jeshua had insisted that they give one of their children to Moloch.

As the sound of the chariots and the call of the horsemen drew nearer Micah took hold of Suzanne's arm and guided her off the road. Thorny thickets reached out and tried to cling to her dress as she passed over the rough ground. As one of the chariots rushed past, Suzanne looked up in time to see the driver with a woman standing beside him, a small child in her arms. The woman was looking calmly ahead with an expressionless face.

Soon the rumble of the wheels and the thud thud of the horses' hoofs died in the distance. The dust again settled itself on the road. "Just think what favor we shall have with Jeshua and other leaders of Judah if we make this great sacrifice." Micah tried to encourage Suzanne as he led the way back into the road again. "As you know, Jeshua and many others have sacrificed more than one son and daughter to Moloch."

Suzanne wanted to answer him but she could not think of anything to say. How hard she had struggled to face this day bravely, and now...and now... It seemed as if all her reserved strength was fading away. Others were gladly giving their sons and daughters to pass through the sacrificial fire. She had feared Micah would mention it someday to her. When she saw his love for their son John and how Micah played with their child at the end of the day's work, Suzanne's fears had somewhat subsided. "He loves him too much," she decided.

"But we must give what we love the most," Micah had told her after she had disapproved of his suggestion that they give a sacrifice to Moloch. At first she seemed like a lioness fighting for her young. "Maybe if we do this we shall have many more sons some day," he reassured her.

Finally Suzanne let her husband's convincing words overpower the strong mother love that was in her breast. The next few days were like a nightmare to her. Little John was in her thoughts constantly. When he was asleep she would stop her work and stand by his crib for hours gazing lovingly upon him. At night when sleep had fled from her she quietly crept over to the child and laid her cheek against the warm soft cheek of the child's. At times she would caress his soft brown hair and hold his little hand in hers.

She tried to be careful so as not to disturb Micah nor John. Yet Micah often heard her and the struggle in his breast grew stronger at that time. He fought back the thoughts that made him doubt his decision. He must not turn back now. He had made the vow and it would be disgraceful not to keep it. Too, he did not want to displease the god Moloch.

These events of the last few days filled Micah's mind as they rounded a curve in the road. The valley lay before them. They could see other people gathering in the grove from all directions. Moloch, from his raised mound towered high above the ground. The flames from behind the idol were shooting skyward. The smoke hung like a cloud above the valley of Hinnom.

Suzanne shuddered at the sight. Her muscles tightened like iron bands around the bundle in her arms. She clutched her child more tightly to her breast.

As they came closer to the edge of the crowd of worshippers she drew her veil over her face. A priest came toward them. His long white robe swished around his legs as he strutted forward. The gold trimmings on his garment glistened like stars.

Micah took the child from Suzanne's arms and gave him to the priest. "The god Moloch bless you," the priest said to the young parents.

But little John didn't want to go to the stranger. He let out a cry and with his little hand he reached out toward his mother. Fear and anguish were on his face. Suzanne clenched her fists to try and steady herself. She wanted to spring forward and tear her child from the arms of the priest.

As the priest turned and walked toward Moloch, the trumpets blared and the cymbals clanged. Suzanne's strength gave way and she sank down on her knees to the ground. She buried her tear-stained face in the warm sand. No one noticed anything unusual for many of the other worshipers had fallen on their faces. They were chanting and moaning. Above the trumpetings and the clanging of the cymbals, above all the commotion Suzanne seemed to hear the cries and screams of her son being offered— offered up in the hot arms of Moloch.

"Horrible! Gruesome!" we may cry when we hear the story of how the Israelites had drifted away from God and began worshipping the god Moloch. But is it not more gruesome these days for parents to follow the modern Moloch. The children in the days of the Israelites had to suffer the tortures of fire. Their sufferings lasted but a short while. We can think of the innocent children's souls afterwards finding refuge with the only true God.

Today parents lead their children astray by following the modern Moloch. When the children lose their souls they must suffer the torments of an eternal fire—" where the worm dieth not."

But, you may say, we do not worship idols today. How can we serve the modern Moloch? Many children are unconsciously brought to the modern Moloch by parents who are too unconcerned.

The story of Doris would be an example. She was not very old till she noticed that the dresses her mother made for her were a little fancier than those that little Amanda wore. One day at school recess she said to her friend Amanda, "Mama got a new sewing machine. Look how she made the hem on the sleeves of my new dress."

She held her arm over close so Amanda could see, and pulled the hem out with her hand. "I wish my mother would make me some like those, too," answered Amanda. "It just looks like 'broidery. Mother even won't let me have short sleeves on my dress like you have." These words sounded surprisingly bitter for a little child.

Doris gave a toss of her head to swing one of her cap strings back on her shoulder. She didn't have to worry that her little cap would fly off. It was pinned securely on the back of her head. "I'm glad my mother isn't strict like yours," she told Amanda, "or I wouldn't be allowed to have anything pretty."

"But I do have pretty things too," answered Amanda a little provoked.

"What? Your long dresses?" Doris put her hand over her mouth and snickered.

There are many children like Doris whose mothers encourage pride to prosper in the hearts of little ones. This can be done not alone by dress but in other ways, too. One way is to speak glowingly to others of the child's accomplishments in the presence of the little one.

When a little girl like Doris grows up, she is very apt to have little conscience against conformity with the world.

Another example is Wayne. His parents tried to teach their children from the Bible. Also what was right and wrong in many different things. But they coveted the modern way of doing things, without seeing where such a path would lead them. At various times Wayne would hear his parents talk of what the ministers had said. They then loudly voiced their opposition.

One day he heard his father say, "How do the preachers think we can make a living anymore if we can't have equipment?" The Mother consented to this. Before long they had what they wanted. Wayne wondered why his parents went home so early on the day of communion.

As the years passed, the parents stepped more often out of bounds of the church rules. Wayne was now old enough that he could understand more. He thought his parents were right and didn't care too much about rulings himself. His parents wondered why he didn't make any efforts to join church.

Wayne left for his 1W service. A year later he came home with a wife. She wore a skirt above her knees, had her hair cut short, and smoked. His parents were grieved. They didn't realize that early they had laid the groundwork for their son's disobedience.

There are many idols in the world today. Things that men love more than God— or the peace in the church. When parents covet worldly goods, when they follow ways of pride, or when they teach their children disrespect for rules, they are leading their children to the modern Moloch.

When parents "veracht" the ministers in front of their children, the children will learn to not uphold the church's teachings. If they don't uphold these teachings they will not be obedient in the church. Their life will be spent in

ANSWERS:

1. False. Jesus told us not to forget, but to remember Lot's wife, so as to learn a lesson from her fate. (Luke 17:32)
2. True. Ananias was struck dead and buried without his wife, Sapphira, being told about it. (Acts 5:5-11
3. False. Job's wife greatly added to his trials by advising him to "curse God and die." (Job 2:9)
4. True. Pilate's wife sent him a note because of a dream she had had, saying, "Have nothing to do with that just man." (Matt. 27:19)
5. True. Angered because the Philistine men had coaxed from his wife the answer to the riddle he had given them, Samson said, "If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." (Judges 14:18)
6. True. Abraham's wife was his half-sister. (Genesis 20:12)
7. False. Anna was not Simeon's wife. She was an eighty-four year old widow whose husband had died years before. (Luke 2:36, 37)
8. False. Nowhere does the Bible call a man's wife his "better half."
9. False. Although the Samaritan woman had had five husbands, she spoke the truth to Jesus for the man she then had was not her husband. (St. John 4:18)
10. True. The fact that Aaron and Miriam murmured against Moses because of his wife shows that they were conscious of her being a foreigner, an Ethiopian (Numbers 12:1) The Ethiopian's skin was known to be darker. (Jeremiah 13:23) Pictures on monuments show Ethiopians were a mixed race, some Negro, some Semitic, some Caucasian, but probably all dark skinned. (Living Bible Encyclopedia)
11. False. Sodom and Gomorrah were two cities that were destroyed by fire from heaven because of their wickedness. (Genesis 19)
12. True. Jacob loved Rachel, but discovered to his dismay the morning after the wedding that he had married her older sister Leah instead. (Genesis 29:15-26)
13. False. The Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon because she had heard of his great wisdom, but she was not his wife. (1 Kings 10:1-13)
14. True. The church is called a "bride" in such passages as Revelation 21:2,9 and 22:17.
15. True. King Ahaseurus passed the law that men were to bear rule in their own homes when Vasti, the queen, disobeyed him in public. He feared her bold action would encourage all the other women in his kingdom to despise their husbands. (Esther 1:17-22)
16. False. The Bible does tell the name of Joseph's wife. It was Asenath, and she was the daughter of On. (Genesis 41:45)
17. True. David had at least nine wives without counting his numerous concubines. (2 Samuel 3: 1-5, 14, 1 Chronicles 3:1-9)
18. False. Jesus said plainly that angels, "neither marry nor are given in marriage." (Mark 12:25)
19. False. The Bible not only says women should be submissive to their husbands, but also expressly commands that husbands should love their wives and treat them considerately as the "weaker vessel." (Eph. 5:25, Col. 3:19, 1 Pet. 3:7, 1 Cor. 7:3)
20. True. Abraham's wife, Sarah, called him "lord" meaning "master" as a title of respect and submission. Her example is praised in Scripture. (1 Peter 3:6)

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct	Excellent
17-18 correct	Good
15-16 correct	Average

scattering and not gathering, in tearing down and not building.

There is another way that parents can lead their children astray, as in the case of Saloma.

Saloma was an obedient child and was considered a decent girl by her many friends. Yet she was young. Only seventeen. The parents had a financial loss. They heard of the high wages that girls were getting while working in a large town, only twenty miles away.

When they had considered letting Saloma work there, the widowed grandmother warned them, "Saloma is a nice girl but a large town can change that."

"We'll just let her go a short while," the father replied, "until we get some of our bills paid."

"Wouldn't it be better to put your trust in God, than to put your child in danger," she admonished. "Read the Bible and see how often God helped the poor and people who were distressed!"

The father felt rebuked and a little angered. After some consideration by the parents, they decided Saloma could try it. She got housework with a wealthy Jewish family, and stayed there through the week. When Saturday evening came Saloma felt proud of the amount of money she could take home to her parents. And the parents were pleased. Before they realized it their bills were paid and they had money in the bank. Still the weekly checks came in so handy that nothing was said for Saloma to quit her job. By now the house needed remodeling and there were so many other places where the money could be used.

Saloma was tired of her job and she wished she could come home and stay. Her parents decided to give her a good allowance if she would continue. The extra money looked good to the young girl. She soon found herself buying things which she had earlier thought she would never want. Her spiritual power was weakening and she didn't realize it.

At first she refused to watch TV. Now she knew the programs and she could hardly wait till evening to spend her time in front of the screen. Bible reading would be hurried or neglected. She couldn't find herself enjoying prayer anymore.

The change in Saloma came so gradually that her parents didn't notice for a long time. Too, she was careful what she said in front of them. Deep in her bureau drawers she hid her make-up, her eye shadow and other forbidden things.

The Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Saloma's sins did find her out, but it was too late. She had taken the downward path. She didn't have a desire for the plain path anymore. It is not necessary for me to continue Saloma's story for she was sold to the modern Moloch.

We often hear the verse being said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Proverbs 22:6) There are exceptions, but generally children go in the way they are trained.

Those who have been trained to respect the church and uphold its teachings have a hard struggle in some areas. They have to struggle against the many who have been taught to hang onto the borders of the church,—being a member but not caring if the church is being strengthened, or if its foundation is crumbling.

It is well to often take inventory of our own works. How would a church be if the members were all like ourselves? Would the church be built on a solid foundation, or on sand? Where would the children of the church be? On the road of the cross or in the valley of Hinnom?

When people become weak in faith and drift away from God, they turn to Moloch. It was in the days when King Ahaz ruled over the tribe of Judah that the children of Israel strayed away from God. In their spiritual blindness they thought they were doing their duty to offer up their children to Moloch. God punished them severely for their sins.

In these deceiving times people can easily stray away from the faith without realizing it and worship the modern Moloch. Selfwill rules. People rebel against authority. Peter spoke about such people when he wrote, "Presumptous (bold-arrogant) are they, selfwilled, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities (rulers)." (2Peter 2:10)

The flames of Moloch in the valley of Hinnon were horrible. Those flames died down. They were quenched. The unheeded cries of the little innocent ones lasted but a few minutes,— a few torturous, terrifying minutes. Then the souls of the children found rest.

There are other flames which cannot be quenched. In these flames the cries of the worshipers of the modern Moloch will go unheeded. And there is no rest.

As the song of "Poor Polly" states—

"O, must I burn forever more
Till thousand, thousand years are o'er?"

It is high time we get out of the valley of Hinnom and turn our face towards Jerusalem— righteousness. It is time to watch and pray. Time to pray and fast. Time to tear our children from the way of the modern Moloch and lead them to the true God. Then the church can be built and the true faith may be strengthened within it. ■■

"Watch With Me"

(Matt. 26:38)

Anna J. Miller

"Watch with me", in whatever we do
Means looking at things from Christ's point of view;
Oh, the strain and grief of human ills
As seen by us from the low foothills;
After reaching the summit of a higher plane
Our "point of view" won't be the same.

Altitude in our attitude shows
In our daily conduct by the heights we go;
One sad fact of life is when
Instead of ascending the heights we descend
By not watching with Him, as too many of us do,
No desire to see from His point of view.

"Wise as a serpent", in our highest affection
Willing to obey Him in all His directions;
"Harmless as a dove" sinners should find us,
We should gather them in with the utmost kindness
The "harvest is white" — do not idle be
And "the laborers are few" so "watch with me."

One thing in life that we find has no snares
Is the priestly work of intercessory prayer;
"Awake psaltery and harp" sing praise to His might
For He hast stood with me in this my night;
'Tis the blissful ones in eternity
That have kept God's words and have
"watched with me."

Arthur, Illinois

Are Robins Better Parents Than We?

Last summer while picking cherries, some robins set a good example for me. I had started picking at the bottom of the tree. When I got about halfway up I noticed a robin circling around and chirping as though he were very worried about something. Upon further investigation I discovered the nest. Mother robin was setting quietly on the little ones while Father robin tried to distract my attention from them.

I waited until the robin quieted down some, then went on picking. But the closer I got to their nest, the more excited Father robin became. Several times he flew down almost on top of me. Finally Mother robin could stand it no longer. She also joined in flying about and chirping wildly. I must say they did their best to lead me away from their young.

I had to wonder if we are as concerned about our children as those robins were about their young.

Menno Simons said, "It is better to die without children, then to have them that are ungodly." (Page 951)

Sirach says, "Though they multiply, rejoice not in them except they fear God."

Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6) He also said, "Withhold not correction from the child, for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die."

It is our resposibility as parents to teach our children and train them in the fear of the Lord. It almost looks like the biggest trouble nowadays is not with the children or young people, but with the parents.

Menno Simons says further, "Teach them, instruct them, threaten, correct, and chastise them as circumstances require. And keep them away from good-for-nothing children."

Many of our young people are dying on the highways on Saturday evenings. Why are they on the road on Saturday evening? Is God trying to tell us something?

Are we as concerned about our young when they are in danger as those robins in the cherry tree were? Actually the danger our children are in is a thousand times greater than that which the robins were in. For they are in danger of being devoured by a roaring lion, as it says in 1 Peter 5:8, "... the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

If we knew there were a lion out in the yard, we certainly wouldn't want our children to go out and play with him. Yet as parents we should realize that this "roaring lion" will come right into our house. He will go to church with us. He will go to bed with us and our children. He will sit at our table; he will walk with our children to school. He will go away with the young people on Saturday evening and try to make sure that we don't know where they are going or what they are doing so we won't feel so bad about it.

All this he will do if we let him. There is only one way to keep him away and that is with the help of God through Jesus Christ.

-G. D. H.

A PARABLE

-Author's name withheld.

I have a horse I am quite fond of, in fact I don't know how I would get along without him. He is a patient and faithful worker and has given me little cause for complaint. But some horse aren't, and because of slowness or laziness, they need an occasional poke to stimulate them a little. Some carry fancy whips and get into the habit of whipping their horses whenever the mood or urge strikes them.

Since carrying a pack of fancy whips is stylish, I also tried them and found it can become an engrossing habit. I applied them to my uncomplaining steed as often as I felt bored or had the urge, even in public.

Some people say it is neither very sensible nor Christian to act like this but a lot of respectable people I know do so. In fact I know some preachers who claim to be as good an example as anybody, yet they whip their horses many times a day.

Of course at times one hears reports of how a horse kicked back with unhappy results. But few pay any attention to this for they don't like to have their habits criticized. They also excuse themselves by saying their forefathers did the same thing. Since the business of making and selling whips is a very profitable business, it is strongly defended. There are some who have nothing to do with this business but these are even considered as queer. ■■

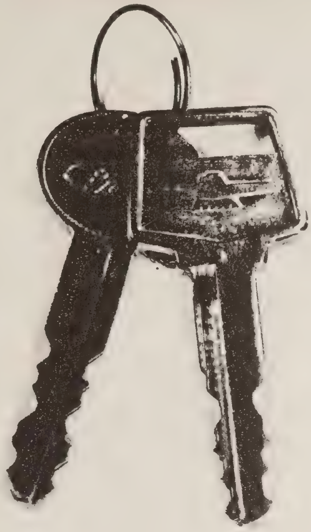
Question Mart

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Do any of the readers know where a German copy of Henry W. Longfellows' "A Psalm of Life" can be obtained. If so, please write to Harvey H. Nolt.

Route 3,
Ephrata, PA. 17522

Readers are invited to send in puzzling questions that some of our readers may perhaps be able to answer for them.



WE—
THE KEYS OF DEATH

- by Elmo Stoll

1.

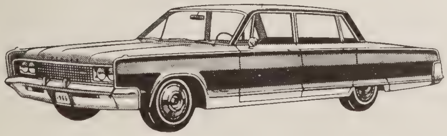
War has slain its thousands,
We our tens of thousands.
Mightier than rumbling tanks,
Deadlier than soldiers' ranks—
The twisted steel,
The crumpled wheel,
The sudden crash,
The fatal gash,
The wrenching thud
The pool of blood.
And all is still.
Thus we kill.
We—
The keys of death,
Of violent death.

2.

Divorce has slain its thousands
We our tens of thousands.
Not by courts and laws
Granted marital flaws.
Our success is owing
To the ease of going.
Constantly driving.
Leaving and arriving
No time to be together
Away in all weather
What once was meant
To bring content
And fellowship deep—
Is but a place to sleep.
The urge to roam
Has broken the home.
Thus family ties of goodwill
We break down, destroy and kill.
We—
The keys of death
Of subtle death.

3.

Hollywood has slain its thousands,
We our tens of thousands.
More alluring than the lighted screen,
More dangerous than the lustful scene.
A young boy and girl,
No appearance of peril.
Just a ride
Through the countryside.
But aloneness brings
With it baser things.
Their parents say
It's just a way
Of going to town—
Of getting around.
But the sober truth
For many a youth
Is we've unlocked the door
To plenty more.
Thus we continue still,
Virtue to kill.
We—
The keys of death,
Of tragic death.



4.

We—
The keys of death
Of physical death,
Of family death,
Of spiritual death.

Preacher's Monday Blues

We have often heard the remark made of young people having Monday Blues, or Blue Monday. But why should we think of a minister as having the Monday Blues?

Have you ever stopped to think how many hours a minister spends in reading, studying and praying so that he can be used to bring spiritual food for our souls?No doubt he is still laboring ofttimes after we are peacefully asleep.

Sunday morning comes and we gather to worship our God and to feed on His word and enjoy the fellowship of our brethren and sisters in Christ. What a wonderful privilege, we wouldn't want to miss it, would we? But do we sometimes enjoy sleeping a little better than listening to His servant who is speaking to us? What if God had a special message for us that day, and we would be asleep and fail to hear it? "God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," (John 4, 24).

When we sit down to enjoy a meal at the table we don't fall asleep and wake up when all is put away again."Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Maybe we do not thirst or hunger for God's word.

Do we realize that the message may be hindered and the message-bearer discouraged when he scans the bobbing and hanging heads of sleeping Christians in the audience?

Surely if we do our part and retire early on Saturday evening, God will supply sufficient strength for body and mind to keep an interest in the sermon. Let's keep our hearts and our eyes open during the service so they can be filled. Then when Monday morning comes, the minister won't need to visualize the sleeping Christians and carry the feeling of failure. -Iowa

PATHWAY READING SERIES

Here are four reading books for children aged 10 to 14. They come as a set being encased with an attractive slip-case-cover. These books were introduced in the fall of 1968 as reading textbooks for grades 5-8. They are being used in many parochial schools. They are also found in home libraries as a set. Each book contains over four hundred pages. In the entire set of four books, there are 188 stories and 224 poems for a total of 1,772 pages.

The unusual feature of these four books is that they were prepared especially for the plain people. The poems and stories contain VALUES — lessons which will influence a child's life.

Individually these books may be purchased at $3.95 each. (Schools receive a 25% discount off the total.) All four books may be purchased for the home library at the reduced price of $13.95.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

The Autumn Months of 1918— A TIME OF TRAGEDY

- by Joseph Stoll

What do you remember of the year 1918?" — Ask this question of any grandfather or grandmother who is old enough to remember that tragic year, and it is likely you will hear about the great Spanish Influenza epidemic. The disease struck both old and young, the rich with the poor, and whole families were bedridden. It swept disastrously through the World War I army camps, killing more soldiers than the enemy forces. There were few homes in America that escaped the disease, and in the end the flu became worldwide, leaving an estimated twenty million dead.

One of these deaths was my paternal grandmother, Mrs. Victor Stoll. She was the mother of eleven children, the youngest of which was only a baby. My father was then a lad of six, and he remembers the heartaches of that period.

Because of my grandmother's death of the 1918 flu, I have long had a personal interest in the epidemic and wondered what it was like. Just recently I had the privilege of reading two diaries that were written in 1918, and thus could follow a first-hand account of the havoc the disease caused in a large Amish community. The diaries are those of Eli J. Borntreger, Amish bishop of near Middlebury, Indiana, and his father, John E. Borntreger, who lived on the same farm as his son. Eli was at that time already a widely-known writer and church leader, and his eighty-year-old father was just as widely known.

The Spanish flu reached LaGrange and Elkhart Counties, Indiana early in October and continued with epidemic force for several months. The members of the Borntreger family escaped the flu until November, although many of their neighbors and relatives became sick earlier. The family, however, was not without a tragedy. The last week of September Mrs. Eli J. Borntreger was fatally injured in a farm accident.

"That fatal load of cloverseed!"

The Eli Borntregers had only recently moved back to Indiana, after having pioneered for more than twenty years on the plains of North Dakota and in the north woods of Wisconsin. While living near Exeland, Wisconsin, Eli had served as the first editor of the new Amish church paper, "Herold der Wahrheit". In 1917 the family returned to Indiana, to the old home farm between Shipshewana and

Middlebury — the farm which Eli's parents had cleared right after their marriage in 1864. (See, "An Amishman's Diary — 1864", September, 1969, Family Life.)

During the summer and early fall of 1918, World War I dragged on. A large number of Amish men were being drafted and sent to army camps. Eli Borntreger was quite active in working with these men, visiting them in camp and writing frequently, encouraging them to remain steadfast in their C.O. stand. During the last week of August he made a trip to Camp Sherman at Chillicothe, Ohio to see the men there. A week later he journeyed to Camp Custer near Battle Creek, Michigan. On September 10 he traveled to Lafayette, Indiana to speak to Mr. Brunfiel, a "farm help specialist", evidently to look for means of deferring the Amish C.O. men so that they could work on farms.

Meanwhile, John "Hansi" Borntreger puttered about the farm, doing a surprising amount of work for an eighty-year-old. He also spent much time reading, writing and studying. Having traveled much in his day, "Hansi" was widely known wherever Amish lived. When people in turn visited Indiana, the Borntreger home was a frequent stopping-off place. John then hitched up his driving horse and took them around the community, visiting the sick and the elderly.

Between the two men, John kept much the better diary. His entries are more detailed and cover a wider scope of subjects. Perhaps this was partly because he had more spare time than his busy son, Eli.

The combined entries of the two diaries furnish us a true picture of what life was like in the Borntreger home and in the larger community before the epidemic. A day-by-day account is given here covering a ten-day period in the latter half of September. The week began as a typical one but was interrupted by the sudden death of Mrs. Eli Borntreger. Her death was considered by the community as a great tragedy, but within a fortnight the Spanish flu had greatly overshadowed it, with as many as three Amish funerals in a day.

The diary accounts follow:

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18: (Eli) "Went to Camp Custer with Mose Yoders." (John) "I was reading and writing all day. It rained most of the time. Eli been in camp, Battel Creek."

THURSDAY, Sept. 19: (Eli) "Opened ditch in S. E. field." (John) "I been to Middlebury for bread. In the afternoon I been at Mannas J. Borntragers on business."

FRIDAY, Sept. 20: (Eli) "Cutting corn. Manas sowed 11 acres wheat." (John) "Cool, but no frost. I turned cloverseed upside down."

SATURDAY, Sept. 21: (Eli "Filled our silo." (John) "I got the machines and hands, and filled the new silo. I also helped tramping down. Then they moved to Joe Hooleys. I helped 2 hours."

SUNDAY, Sept. 22: (Eli) "Eli Weirichs, my wife and I were to church at Nottawa, and returned at night. 9 baptized." (John) "A heavy frost. Elis and Eli Weirich went early to Nottawa meeting. And baptized 9 young souls, and returned the same day. We went to Eli Kaufmans, not at home, then went to Andy S. Schrocks. Many more were there."

MONDAY, Sept. 23: (Eli) "Bought R.R. ties. Loaded that fatal load of cloverseed P.M. Oh, that it had never been." (John) "I went to Joe Hooleys and tramped in the silo; they got through till noon. They tore up the St. Joe Valley Line R.R. to LaGrange. Andy Borntregers been here this evening."

TUESDAY, Sept. 24: (Eli) "Cut corn. Mattie, my dear wife, was killed at 1 P.M." (John)"Jacob and Susie Mishler came here on a visit, very pleasant. After dinner Eli asked his wife Matta to drive the horses to pull a wagon-load of cloverseed stuff backward out of the barn. She done so, then the horses ran off and the wagon run against the barn. She died in a short time. They telegraphed for their brothers. Soon many people were here."

FRIDAY, Sept. 27: (John) "This morning many many people gathered here to Eli J. Borntreger to attend the funeral and hear the preaching, which was done by Eli Weirich and Joe A. Yoder. Text: 2 Cor. 5 and 1 Cor. 15: 31-to end. Perhaps 700 people were here. Her age was 48 yr. 17 days. She was buried in the family burying ground on the old homestead of J.E.B."

Within a week following the accident at Eli J. Borntregers, the Spanish flu had made its entry into the Amish settlement in northern Indiana. The first mention in either of the Borntreger diaries is on October 5 when John writes, "Went to see Barbara Yoder. She is sick . . . Many people are having Spanish Influenza."

The following day, a Sunday, the fall council meeting for the Forks district was held at the Will Miller home. The date for communion services was set for two weeks later, as was customary. No one could know that it would be more than a month before any Amish church services except funerals would be held in northern Indiana.

On Monday, October 7, John reports, "Cleaned the cellar. Then went to see sick Aunt Rebecca Schrock. Then been to Bush Johns, 6 sick. Old Frany Borntrager died this evening."

On Wednesday, John Borntreger's 81st. birthday, he wrote, "We stopped to see sick Rebecca Schrock, then went to see sick Susie, Menno's wife and their sick daughter, then went to see my sick daughter, Polly, F.R.Miller's wife, and son Elmer. We stayed all night."

On Saturday of that week, John's diary says, "Fannie Yoder got buried today. My wife went to see the sick people. I was at home reading. Many sick people."

SUNDAY: "We stayed at home. No meeting today at no place on account of sickness. Daniel J. Yoder's wife died of south Middlebury. William Kauffman's wife died in Clearspring."

A week passed, and John mentioned several times in his diary of "many sick people." On October 17, John Nisley was buried. On October 18, a Sunday again, John wrote:

> "In the afternoon we went to son Davids. Then we heard that Dan Christner's wife died on Saturday eve. Then we went to Abe Christners. Old Mattie, Mary, Saloma and Lizzie are sick."

The following day the entry reads, "We went to Nates and to Dans. Funeral was in the afternoon. Joe A. Yoder preached. Then she was buried in Yoder cemetery. Age 30 years, 1 month, 1 day. Then we stopped at Bush Johns, 4 sick."

The sickness was reaching a climax now. On many farms work came to a standstill as the members of the family all took sick at the same time. Sometimes even the daily chores were neglected. It was difficult enough to find able-bodied help to care for the sick. There was an Amish funeral almost every day, and sometimes two or three.

John Borntreger was rarely at home. He visited the sick and preached at funerals. Each evening he recorded in his diary the occurrences of that day.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20: "I took cider apples to mill. I got

3 gal. jelly made. In the afternoon we went to Abe R. Borntragers; he was very sick. Then at half past 6 he died. We went to – Miller and John E. Christner. He is also sick."

THURSDAY, October 22: "It rained last night and nearly all day. In the afternoon we went to the funeral of Abe R. Borntreger. He was 28 years, 1 month, 10 days old."

SATURDAY: "Rosa, Mrs. Gid Borntreger, and Erwin Miller and Mrs. Noah Miller died, all 3 on Friday. We went in Clinton to Joni Hershbergers, then to Emanuel Hershbergers. He is very sick."

SUNDAY, Oct. 25: "It rained last night and this morning. We then went to Jonas Nisleys for dinner. Then went to Em. Millers where Nathanel P. Miller preached a funeral sermon for Erwin Miller, son of Em. and Mary Miller. Elizabeth, Mrs. Jacob Lambright, died half past 11. Fanny Christner died Saturday, 5 P.M. We went there today. Rosa B. and Mrs. Noah Miller got buried today, too."

MONDAY, Oct. 26: "We came to Abe J. Christners last night. Today was Fanny Christner's funeral. M.J. Borntrager and Joe A. Yoder preached sermons. Her age was 35 years."

TUESDAY, Oct. 27: "Went in Clinton to Mrs. Jacob Lambright's funeral, at John J. L. Millers. Nathaniel Miller preached. She was 25 years old. Then we went to Joni Masts. She is very sick, also 5 children. Then we went to Middlebury and home. Iowa Christ. Yoder is here tonight. Already 3 Amish people died in LaGrange district . . ."

Unfortunately, John Borntreger's diary ends at this point. He used a notebook, and the pages were all full. He likely started another book; if so, it has been lost.

The influenza epidemic was still at its height. We must turn to Eli Borntreger's diary for information on the course of the sickness from this point on. His entries are much shorter and less detailed, and many days are blank.

However, we do learn that no church services were held until November 3 when Eli states, "Meeting at Andy Masts P.M." Whether this was a regular church service is difficult to tell. Usually church was held in the forenoon. As late as December 8, Eli records, "No meeting because of influenza."

Inserted in Eli's diary is a loose sheet of paper listing in his own handwriting the death of his wife on September 4, and the twelve deaths among the Amish during the month of October. There is no summary of later influenza deaths, though there were a number of them. The epidemic was not yet over.

But among the reports of sick and dying, there is suddenly a note of rejoicing in Eli Borntreger's diary. On Nov. 11, 1918 he states simply, "War ended. Bells ringing early in the morning."

On Friday, November 15, the sickness at last struck in the Borntreger home. Eli writes, "Sick with influenza." The following week there is a scribbled notation lengthwise on the diary page, "Sick with influenza, all six of us."

Eli recovered and was working around the farm again when December started. On December 3 his diary records, "Mrs. John D. Bontreger's funeral; 28 years old." The next day, "Joseph Mast's funeral, aged 21 years."

Neither of the Borntreger diaries lists the total number of influenza deaths among the Amish of northern Indiana. It is quite apparent though that the sickness took a heavy toll, and left many sober and saddened people. Surely it was a time when laughing and fun-making were forgotten and everyone realized that life and death were real.

A time of tragedy and spiritual testing, but who would dare say the epidemic was a tragedy spiritually? In many instances people were drawn closer to God. One bishop' in his latter days said, "Never in my lifetime was it easier to lead a church than during the trials of the First World War and the flu epidemic." ■■

(Editors' note: The following short selection was written by Elmer and Barbara F. Miller, who were teenagers at the time of the 1918 flu.)

On September 24, 1918 Eli J. Borntrager had planned to hull clover seed. Having only one load he had loaded it the day before and put it into the barn overnight. The next day he hitched his team to the back of the wagon and asked his wife Mattie, who was always a good standby and helper, to drive the team while he took the tongue to guide the wagon. The horses got scared and started running, pulling the wagon against the barn. Mattie was caught between the wagon and the barn and was instantly killed. Eli used to say she helped him to the last minute of her life.

The news of her death and funeral were sent out to her friends and relatives. Her brother Jake Miller came from Wisconsin and soon after his arrival he took sick with the Spanish flu which was just starting at that time. He got very sick so they sent word to his wife Anna. She came to help but soon she was also sick in bed.

During their sickness they stayed at Joni Yoders. (Joni's wife, Fannie, was a sister to Jake and to Eli Bontrager's wife.) Jakes were both very sick and were delirious at times. While they were there Joni's got sick and the whole family was down with the flu. Help in the neighborhood was scarce, since the people were afraid of the epedemic. However, Will Miller, a neighbor, came and gave them good care.

On October 10, Joni's wife, Fannie died. She was one of the first in our community to die of the flu. She had an infant baby with her in the coffin. Since the flu was contagious they were not allowed to have the funeral inside, so they had the services on the north side of the house. Joni was placed in a position inside an upstairs window so that he could see down on the small group.

My father, Ferandis R. Miller, (who was a brother to Fannie) was the only one from our family to attend the funeral, as Mother and I were both in bed with the flu and were quite sick.

My sister Barbara (now Mrs. Rudy Troyer) worked at three different places that winter where they had the flu and she never got it. She used to say the Lord spared her to help others. There were so many sick people and deaths. Mother used to say she was almost afraid when Dad came home, as he usually had news of more deaths.

Soon Eli Bontrager, and a widower, and his family were all in bed with the flu. At one time Eli and his son Manassas were very sick and were not expected to live. Manassas was in bed upstairs and with the help of the neighbors he was brought down into the room with the rest. Then there were six in one room. Katie Hostettler was the hired girl and she also took sick. But they finally all recovered. Then in about February or March the whole family got sick again. This time they had the mumps. My sister was working for them and she got the mumps, too.

-Middlebury, Indiana

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE ON "A BLESSED AND SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE" SHOULD BE PROFITABLE READING FOR YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE.

Von
Peter Yoder

Ein glücklich und erfolgreichen Eheſtand.

Gott hat die Menſchen ſo erſchaffen, daß ſie eine Neigung haben zur Ehe. Im ganzen iſt es wahrlich ſo, daß ein jeder das Gefühl hat ein Ehe=Kamerad zu ſuchen.

Gegen dieſem können wir nichts einwenden. Paulus konnte ſagen: „Es iſt dem Menſchen gut, daß er kein Weib berühre. Aber um der Hurerei willen habe ein jeglicher ſein eigen Weib, und eine jegliche habe ihren eignen Mann.“

Wir können dann ſagen, es iſt ſchriftmäßig für der Menſch zur Ehe greifen. Es ſind wohl hie und da Ausnahme, ſolche wo die Gabe haben ſich rein und keuſch zu halten außer dem Eheſtand. Der Menſch aber wo dieſe Gabe hat ſich rein und keuſch zu halten, ganz ungezwungen iſt, hielt es zum Teil heimlich. Am wenigſten ſo nach meinem Dünken würde er nicht ſuchen es andere einzuprägen, daß ſie nicht heiraten ſollen. Es war die erſte Menſchen im Anfang ſchon anbefohlen ſich zu vermehren und die Erde erfüllen.

Wenn aber der Menſch heiraten, oder zur Ehe greifen will ſoll es ſein nach des Herrn Befehl, ſein Weib zu ſuchen in der Furcht Gottes.

In alters Zeiten waren mit dem Eheſtand viele Mißbräuche eingeſchlichen. Das hat aber unſer Heiland Jeſus Chriſtus weggeräumt und Alles wieder auf die erſte Ordnung gewieſen, und es dabei gelaſſen. So hat auch der Apoſtel Paulus der Eheſtand in die Gemeine gelehrt, zugelaſſen und einem jeglichen freigeſtellt. Aber gleichwie ſie in Alters Zeiten an ihre Geſippſchaft oder Geſchlecht heiraten mußten, ſo iſt gleichfalls im neuen Teſtament den Gläubigen keine Freiheit zugelaſſen, als nur allein unter dem auserkorenen Geſchlechte und geiſtlichen Verwandſchaft Chriſti zu heiraten.

Unſere Voreltern haben im Glaubens=Artickel dieſes bekräftigt mit den Worten: Und keine anderen als wie ſolche die erſt, und zwar zuvor, mit der Gemeine in ein Herz und Seele vereinigt ſind, eine Taufe empfangen haben, und in einer Gemeinſchaft, Glauben, Lehre und Belehrung ſtehen, ehe daß ſie durch den Eheſtand ſich miteinander vereinigen mögen. Das haben ſie angeſehen als im Herrn trauen oder heiraten.

Dies macht eine wichtige Sache für uns Menſchen wenn wir zur Ehe greifen wollen und gedenken einen glücklich und erfolgreichen Eheſtand zu beleben.

Es gibt eine fleiſchliche Liebe wo der Menſch verurſacht ein Weib zu ſuchen. Es gibt auch eine innerliche geiſtliche Liebe wo ihn dazu bewegt. Ich hörte einſt ein mennonitiſchen Diener ſagen wie er bald lernte bei ſeine Verheiratung wo es mehr nimmt als wie die oben gemeldet natürliche Liebe, er ſagte: „You cant live on love alone.“ Nein, es nimmt etwas mehr. Es nimmt auch Arbeit unſere Koſt zu verdienen.

Wenn zwei junge Leute gedenken einander die Ehe zu reichen, tun wir zuſprechen die Worte von Tobias zu bedenken, da er ſagte: „Schweſter, ſtehe auf, und laß uns beten, daß der Herr ſich unſer erbarme. Denn wir ſind Kinder der Heiligen, und uns gebührt nicht ſolchen Stand anzufangen wie die Heiden, die Gott verachten.“ Solches ſollte gerade ſowohl vorgenommen werden ehe wir zur Ehe greifen als wie nachdem der Eheſtand aufgerichtet iſt.

Ja, das iſt doch ſo notwendig, und ich ſelbſt fühle nicht daß ich der volle Wert davon begriffen habe an der Zeit wo wir in den Eheſtand traten. Wir ſind ohne Zweifel ein manches mal geſtolpert unnd gefallen, aber wir haben immer geſucht aufzurichten die läſſige Hände und die müde Kniee. Wie Solomon ſagt: „Ein Gerechter fällt ſiebenmal, und ſteht wieder auf, aber die Gottloſen verſinken im Unglück.“ Wiewohl es kümmerlich oder ärmlich zugangen iſt, können wir doch glauben daß der Herr uns beigeſtanden, behütet und bewahret hat.

Jüngling und Jungfrauen die ihr einander vertrauet habt, ſuchet Zuflucht bei Gott wenn ihr im Herrn trauen oder heiraten wollt. Es iſt kein Kindergeſpiel, es iſt eine lebenswährende Sache wenn wir unſer Ehebund mit dem Bräutigam Jeſum Chriſtum getreulich behalten wollen. Ihr findet es daß das Eheleben nicht immer Honig und Zucker iſt, wie das alte Sprichwort heißt. Nein, es iſt auch zu Zeiten ein wenig Salz und Eſſig dabei zu genießen. Wenn ihr eine Zeitlang im Eheleben Lieb und Leid miteinander teilet, ſo tut eins dem andern ſeine Schwachheit immer mehr bekannt werden. Dann kann ein jedes auch an ſeine eigene Gebrechlichkeit denken, denn keines von uns ſind vollkommen. Wir finden daß es viel Geduld nimmt.

Von Zeit zu Zeit lernen wir als mehr von unſerm Kamerad ſeine Natur und Eigenſchaft. Demnach was aufkommt möchten wir nicht immer einerlei Meinung ſein. Hier ſollte eins dem andern ſeine Meinung gut ſtudieren um zu ſehen was der Vorteil möchte ſein. Wenn ſolches immer wohl und gut geprüft wäre könnte ohne Zweifel ein manchesmal Zwiſchtigkeiten unter Eheleut verhütet werden. Wenn wir ſchon ein wenig Wortſtreit hätten, doch einander ſchenken und vergeben, und bald vergeſſen dann kann es wieder gut ſein. Wenn aber ſchlechte Gefühler aufſteigen und wir ſie zu lange beherbergen kann es als ſchlimmer werden bis Eheſcheidung folgt.

Eheſcheidung iſt faſt eine alltägliche Sache unter der Welt heutigestags. Unter unſere ſogenannte Amiſche Gemeinden nicht ſo gar viel wo Eheleut ſich ganz voneinander trennen. Doch ohne Zweifel waren ſchon manche Fällen geweſen wo es beſſer ſein ſollte.

Junge Eheleut, ſo wohl wie uns andere auch, wenn wir in ein Geſpräch kommen wegen etwas tut oftmals eine ſagen es war ſo und ſo, das andere ſagt es war anders. Hier tut oftmals Diſputieres folgen wo nicht ſein bräuchte. Haben wir nicht ſchon alle erfahren wo wir eine feſte Meinung hatten über etwas, und doch ſpäter gelernt daß wir letz waren. O, wenn wir uns nur erniedrigen können zu ſolche Zeiten und unſer Irrſinn gutwillig bekennen. Iſt es Eheleut oder wer es ſein mag, wenn wir ſehen daß die andere Partei vernimmt daß ſie letz ſind iß es auch gut wenn wir uns hüten können nicht ſo raſch darüber gehen. Vielleicht in einem hohen Ton und lächerigen weg es ihm gut einſtecken: „Jetzt kannſt du ſehen daß du letz biſt!“ Solches macht die andere Partei nicht gut fühlen.

Ich denke oft an meinem Schwiegervater in dieſer Hinſicht. Ich ſahe öfters wo er vernahm daß jemand ſonſt ſahe daß ſie letz waren in etwas hat er ein wenig nieder geſchauet und nichts mehr geſagt, ſo daß der andere es beſſer nehmen kann.

Wir wollen ſuchen ſo viel wir helfen können einander nicht zu beſchuldigen. Oefters an die Worte von Jakobus denken: „Wir fehlen alle mannigfältig . . .“ Paulus ſagt auch: „Ein jeglicher prüfe ſich ſelbſt, alsdann wird er an ihm ſelber raum haben und nicht an einem andern.“ Dies meint aber auch nicht, daß wir nicht ſollen einander zurecht helfen. Es heißt auch: „So ein Menſch etwa von einem Fehl übereilet würde, ſo helft ihm wieder zurecht mit ſanftmütigem Geiſt, ihr die ihr geiſtlich ſeid, und ſiehe auf dich ſelbſt, daß du nicht auch verſuchet werdeſt.“

Wir gedenken hier eine kleine Lection Geſchichsweiſe zu geben.

Der Johnie Fiſcher und die Liſſe Krämer waren nur eine kleine Zeit verheiratet. Im Anfang vom Jahr hatten ſie guter Schlittenweg. Eine Nacht iſt noch ein wenig friſcher Schnee gefallen.

Mittags am Tiſch ſagt der Johnie: „Ich glab ich geh im Buſch fa a Lot Holz hole.“

„Ja, ich hab zeh, ma' ſind bald aus,“ ſagt die Liſſe.

Nachdem ſie gedankt hatten ſtund der Johnie auf und macht ſich ready fa geh.

„Wit net a wenig ruhe eb du gehſt?“ ſagt die Liſſe.

„Neh, die Tage ſind katz, und es is drei Mile dat nibbe, ich beſſer mach mich uf 'em Weg.“

Alles is gut gange, der Johnie hot ſei Lot Holz g'lade kat und ob er uf dem Schlitte is guckt er auf ſeine Watch was Zeit es is. „O Ich bin noch ziemlich früh heme.“ Er tret uf em Schlitte: „Come on Charlie and Mike.“ Uf e'mal ſind die Gäul ſchnell g'ſtopt, der Johnie is ſchirr forne ab g'falle. „Was is letz?-Ich wet ich hab a Stumpe getroffe.“

„Ja, richtig,“ ſagt er, a klenne Stumpe about a Fuß hoch uſt a wenig zugedeckt mit friſcher Schnee. „Was mach ich jetzt?“ denkt da Johnie. „Ich weß, ich geh mal naus am Weg, vielleicht kann ich a Stick Drot finne und hinne dra ſpanne.“ Da Johnie hot a Stick Drot g'funne am Eckpoſte, er hot die Wog feſt g'macht hinne und die Fuhr dra. „Come on Charlie, be eaſy,“ Wäck get das Drot. „Ich hät ſolle wiſſe das ſell faule Drots net ſtänd.“ „Ich denk ich muß nuff zum Jeck Beachy lafe und a Ket hole.“ Der Johnie get da Weg hinab.

„Jeck! hoſt a Ket es ich habe kennt, ich bin wette am a Stumpe räunt do hunne im Buſch mit mei Lot Holz, ich hab denkt ich kanns Ding vielleicht zurück ziege.“

„Jo, ich hab a Ket es du nämme kannſt. Brauſt Hilf?“

„Neh, ich kanns mache,“ ſagt der Johnie. „Wie g'ſchwind brauchſt du dei Ket?“

„O well, Ich hab welle Bleck ſchlefe morge, aba ich muß net. Eins von die Bube kann ſie a hole,“ ſagt der Jeck weiter.

„Neh, ich bring ſie heme noch da Obet.“

„Du biſt aba ſpot,“ ſagt da Jeck.

„Sell macht nix aus, ich war ſchon oft ſpot.“

Der Johnie ging der Weg hinab mit die Kett und alles is gut gange. Er hot die Lot zurück gezoge a wenig, dann hot a widde forne dra g'ſpannt und is um der Stumpe fahre. Wo er zum Weg komme is hot er ſei Fuhr an ein Sappling gebunne, und is gange dem Jeck ſei Ket heme nämme. Wo er zurück komme is hot er die Fuhr los g'macht und da Weg ab ſtärt.

Der Johnie guckt uf ſei Watch: „Es is aba ſpot, ich wunne was die Liſſe ſagt wenn ich heme komm?“

Wo da Johnie im Hof nen g'fahre is hot die Liſſe die tür uf macht, „Ich hab ſelle klenne Hammle getränkt und gfüttert, und eh Kuh g'molge fa Supp mache, du kannſt da reſt von die Chores uſt mache wann du ſo ſpot heme kommſt!“ Die Tür war zu g'ſchlämmt.

„Ja, ſo gets,“ denkt da Johnie, „aba ich habs net helfe kenne. Wo er ſei Fuhr weg gedu hot, hot er gedenkt: „Vielleicht ſet ich nen geh und die Liſſe ſage wie alles gange is, aba no det ſie denke ich bin am ſtichele daß ſie ſoll noch komme und helfe und das will ich net.“

Wo der Johnie fertig war mit die Chores iſt er nen gange. Die Liſſe war ſchon im Bett. Die Supp war uf em Tiſch g'ſtanne aber ſie war kalt. Er hot ſie um em Offe g'ſtellt, das Feuer hot gut gebrennt, und ſie war bald warm, dann hot da Johnie geſſe.

Der Johnie ſitzte ſich ein wenig am denken ob er die Liſſe etwas ſagen will vom Glück wo er hatte im Buſch. Er hörte ſie ſchnarchen, ſo denkt er: „Ich loſ ſie ſchlofe bis morgefrüh am Breakfaſt Tiſch. Warten bis Tag kühl is, dann ſage ich es.“

Der nächſte Morge wo ſie am eſſe ware ſagt der Johnie: „Ich hab a wenig unglück kat im Buſch geſtenachmittag.“

„Ei! was war das?“ fragt die Liſſe.

„O ich hab mei Lot Holz g'lade kat und aus dem Buſch ſterte welle, dann bin ich wette en Stumpe g'räunt.“

„Ja, was hoſt du no g'macht?“

„O ich bin zum Weg gange und hab a Stick Drot g'funne, ich hab gedenkt ich kann die Wog hinne feſt mache und des Ding z'rück ziege, aber das alte Drot is verriſſe. No bin ich zum Jeck Beachy g'loffe und hab a Ket g'holt, no hab ichs allright raus kriegt. Ich hab mei Fuhr no beim Weg agebunne und bin geh dem Jeck ſei Ket heme nämme.“

„Well, du hättſt ſei Kett a net brauche grad heme nämme,“ ſagt die Liſſe.

„Well, da Jeck hot g'ſagt ens von die Bube kann ſie hole, aber er hot welle Bleck ſchlefe heut, ſo hab ich gmehnt ich ſet ſie heme nämme grad.“

„Ja, well du hoſts net helfe kenne es du ſpot warſt, und no hab ich mich ſo dumm ag ſchickt, des ſpeit mich aba ganz ſchlimm,“ ſagt die Liſſe. Es ſind del Träne in ihre Auge komme, ſie hot mit dem Schnupptuch ſie gedrückelt.

„O well, des is fabei jetz, ma welle vergeſſe dawege. Ma kenne froh ſei daß ich nicht weh gedu bin ware, ich bin ſchirr forne ab g'falle wo die Gäul ſo ſchnell g'ſtopt ſind,“ ſagt der Johnie.

Der Abe Krämer hot a gutmenige Frau kat mit name Roſe. Eh Tag is da Abe in die Stadt gange. Wo er am heme komme war nächſt am Scheuerhof Tor ſah er die Roſe nach dem Haus zu geh mit a Korb voll Eier. Er ruft am top von ſei Stimm: „Roſe, komm und machs Tor uf.“

Die Roſe ſtellt ihr Korb um em Bode und ſpringt ihm das Tor uf zu mache. Ob ſie ganz zum Tor komme is ſagt der Abe: „Hoſt die Chores fertig?“

„Neh, ich hab net.“ ſagt die Roſe in ihrem gutmenige Ton. Ihr Herz war ſchon a wenig hart am kloppe und ſie war a wenig zitterich.

„Du hättſt ſolle die Chores fertig habe, ich hab dir g'ſagt da Mittag wo ich fort bin, es iſt vielleicht ſpot bis ich heme komm.“

Die Roſe hat nix g'ſagt. Wo der Abe durch das Tor war hot ſie es wieder zu g'macht. Sie ging zum Haus und eilte das Abendeſſen ein wenig im Gang tun. Dann ſprang ſie nach der Scheuer und tat alles was ſie konnte für die Chores g'ſchwind fertig machen. Sie wartet bis alles fertig war,

dann laft ſie mit dem Abe nach Hauſe.

Mit großem Zittern fing die Roſe an zu ſagen wie alles gange is. „Wo ich naus gange bin fa melge hab ich nix zeh kenne von die Küh im Hof. Dann hab ich g'funne ſie hen das Tor um geſprängt, und ich hab ihre Tracks zeh die Lane hinnere. So bin ich noch gange und hab ſie g'funne ganz am hinner End vom Platz im Stengel Feld. Del von die Junge waren a biſſel wild und ſind gern uft im Feld rum g'ſprunge, ich war ziemlich müd bis ich ſie alle heme kriegt hab.“ „Ach ja, ſo gehts,“ petzte der Abe mit ein, da die Roſe weiter redete;„und wo ich nächſt am Haus komme bin hab ich da klee Jecke höre kreiſche ſo laut er konnte. Wo ich neu komme bin ſagt die Meri: „Da Jecke hot holt kriegt von dem Dipper-Händel und hot ihn vom Offe ab gezoge, und die Supp alles ausg'leert!“

„Ach! hot alles müſſe letz geh? Es is a'wunne daß er ſich net gebrennt hot,“ ſagt der Abe.

„Er hot a biſſel uf ſei Hand kriegt.“ ſagt die Roſe, „Und bis ich acht gebe hab kat uf ihm daß er endlich ſtill war, und der Bode ufgebutzt, bin ich naus gange hab welle g'ſchwind die Eier noch neu hole, no hab ich dich zeh komme.“

Wo ſie am Tiſch ware und ready fa eſſe, ſagt der Abe: „Well es ſpeit mich daß ich ſo ruff war mit dir, ich kann net recht eſſe. Aber ſo gehts, ich kann mei Natur uft net recht drunne halte.“

„Jo, iß juſt, iſt jetz alles fabei,“ ſagt die Roſe.

„Ich will abba probire beſſer du,“ ſagt der Abe.

Obige Beiſpiele ſind nur Geſchichtsweiſe gegeben um uns erinnern wie der Satan ſein Geſpiel haben kann zwiſchen Eheleut. Manche ſolche Geſchichte kommen vor, ohne Zweifel. Und es müßte gar nicht ſein wenn wir arme Menſchen uns nur beſſer in acht nehmen könnten.

Möchte der Herr uns behüten und bewahren, daß wir ein glücklich und erfolgreichen Eheſtand haben können. Ja ein heiliger Eheſtand und nicht ein Weheſtand.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

by David Luthy

WHAT THE NETHERLANDS HAS GIVEN US

N
W
E
S
The North Sea
NETHERLANDS
Vlissingen
BELGIUM
GERMANY

It was Thursday afternoon and Sarah Beiler had just rung the bell to summon her pupils from recess. When everyone was seated she called for fifth and sixth grade geography class.

"Do we need to bring both our text and workbooks?" asked Fannie King.

"No, " said Sarah, "just your text." Turning to the seventh and eighth graders, she said, "Don't forget that we are going to be checking your workbooks in about twenty minutes. Everybody make sure they have them finished. Sam, check and see if yours is finished since you had a blank page last time."

The fifth and sixth graders were gathered around Sarah's desk. Their geography books were open and they were patiently waiting for class to begin.

Sarah sat down and opened her book. "Okay, who can tell me what country we are going to read about today?"

All the pupils' hands shot up at the same time.

"Yes, Rachel."

"The Netherlands."

"That's right, the Netherlands. Can anyone give me another name for the country?"

"Holland," whispered a few students as they raised their hands.

"Yes, Holland," agreed the teacher. "Two of the Netherlands' most populated provinces are called North and South Holland, and thus the whole country is sometimes called that."

"What does Holland mean?" asked Sam Beiler.

"Did your lesson tell you?" smiled Sarah.

The pupils quickly glanced over the pages of their open books. Mary Fisher raised her hand. "It doesn't say what Holland means, but it does tell what Netherlands means. It says Netherlands mean 'low lands'."

"Why is that a good name for the country?" asked Sarah. She looked at Henry Fisher. "Can you tell us, Henry?"

Henry hesitated and moved his mouth in the funny way he always did when he was puzzled.

"Can you tell us, Mary?" asked the teacher, looking at Henry's sister in the sixth grade.

"I think it's because so much of the land is below sea level and there are so many dikes and canals," she answered.

"That's right," said Sarah.

For ten more minutes Sarah Beiler discussed the geography lesson with her fifth and sixth graders. She glanced at the clock and saw she could only allow five more minutes for this particular class. "Who can now tell us what six things the Netherlands is most famous for?" she asked.

Elam Beiler answered, "Tulips and windmills."

Henry Fisher added, "Wooden shoes."

Mary Fisher said, "Dikes and canals."

With the mention of each of these five items, Sarah nodded her head. But when John Lapp said, "mountains," for the sixth item, she shook her head, no. The students suggested various things but each time Sarah shook her head, no.

"We give up," said Mary. "What is it?"

"I really didn't expect you to guess it," smiled the teacher, "for it isn't mentioned in your geography book. It is something only we as Amish value as important."

Now the pupils were more puzzled than before. What was the item from the Netherlands which Amish thought important? No one could even guess.

"How many of you have read the book, THE DRUMMER'S WIFE?" asked the teacher.

Mary Fisher was the only pupil in the geography class to hold up her hand.

The teacher could see that some of the seventh and eighth graders were interested in the geography class, too, for they had stopped working and were listening. "How many many of you have read THE DRUMMER'S WIFE?" Sarah asked the two top grades.

Five or six hands were raised.

"Where do most of the stories in the book take place?" the teacher asked.

"In the Netherlands," answered Jake Fisher, who was in the eighth grade.

"And what are they all about?" Sarah asked.

"They're stories about martyrs," answered Jake.

"Yes," smiled Sarah, "they are stories about martyrs, people who gave their lives for their faith — the faith we as Amish have. That's one of the Netherlands' most important items — martyrs. And for us Amish that is the most important item."

Sarah closed her geography book and dismissed the fifth and sixth graders. Before the two top grades were called to class she paused to say, "Tomorrow at story time after dinner, I would like to read a story to you about a martyr who lived in the Netherlands; that is, I want to read it if I remember to bring the story from home."

NEW!

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by

Elmo Stoll

This is Pathway's newest book, having been published in December of 1969. It is a story about Amish young people—the people they meet, the temptations they face. It is for ages 10 and up; especially suited for seventh and eighth graders. Hardbound. 232 pages.

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"We'll remind you," said some eager sixth graders.

"Put a note in your lunch bucket," said Mary Fisher.

Sarah Beiler laughed. "With all this encouragement, I don't see how I could forget."

And Sarah didn't forget. The next day right after the noon hour she removed some papers from her briefcase and began reading the story to the pupils:

A MARTYR FOR FAITH

Part I. Taken By Surprise

It was a windy day in Vlissingen of the Netherlands. Gusts of wind blew in from the North Sea and chilled the city streets. Dark clouds told the people that a storm was approaching.

"We will have to make certain the windmill is shut off," said Dirk Mieuwess to his wife. "A wind like today's will whip the sails so fast it will tear them and break the wooden frames."

"No one will come yet today to grind their corn," said his wife. "We should shut it off before it shakes apart."

Dirk and his wife lived in a small cottage beside a large windmill. Using the wind to grind corn for farmers was how they made their living. Other windmills dotted the area around Vlissingen, a few were also used to grind corn, but most served as pumping stations to drain the land. For Vlissingen was built on a stretch of land which was mainly below sea level. To make it at all habitable the people had to drain the land into the large canal they had dug and back into the sea which was close by. The area around the city was like much of the Netherlands — low land, land which would be flooded by the sea if it were not continually drained.

"If the storm passes over, I shall want to go into the city yet today," Dirk told his wife. "I need to see Hans and find where we will meet for our next service."

"Yes, you should go," agreed his wife. "I had thought maybe Jacob would bring his corn today to grind and could tell us. But the weather will surely keep him at home."

The storm did pass over. A few showers fell, but the bulk of the dark clouds did not empty themselves. They passed further in toward the heart of the country. That is how it often was. A storm which began at sea skirted the lowlands around Vlissingen and traveled further inland. Towards late afternoon Dirk prepared to go to the city.

"Do be careful," warned his wife. "You know the city authorities are often on the alert for any Anabaptists. Don't stay longer than you need to, all right?"

"Yes," promised Dirk, "I'll stay no longer than I must."

"I'll have some herring and good thick soup ready for you when you return," she called after her departing husband.

As Dirk walked the two miles to the city he thought about his wife alone at the cottage. "Dear God," he silently prayed, "keep her safe from any harm, if it be Thy will."

"Hello," said a loud voice. The greeting startled Dirk for his head had been bowed as he walked and prayed. He was unaware of the approaching figure from a side road.

"Going to Vlissingen?" questioned the stranger.

Dirk nodded.

"Mind if I walk along?"

"No," said Dirk. "I am glad for a companion." He noticed that the man was slightly wet. "Did you get caught in the rain?"

"Oh, a little, I guess," said the stranger staring down at his cloak. "I was out of Middleburg a few miles when the sky darkened and the rain fell. I crawled inside the closest straw stack I could find, but it wasn't as close as it might have been."

While the stranger talked, Dirk stole a glance at the heavy pack the man was carrying. "Must be a peddler," Dirk thought to himself.

"Do you live close by?" asked the stranger. "I notice your cloak is very dry."

"Yes, I have a mill a half mile back down this road," answered Dirk. "I'd guess by your pack you are a peddler, though I never saw you in this area before. The peddlers usually stop by our cottage every month or so. But I don't remember your face."

"I'm a peddler, all right," said the man, "but I'm new in the area." And he laughed a little. "New at the job, too. Sort of odd how I became a peddler. I come from Zierikzee and used to be a baker. But one day I witnessed the death of an Anabaptist who had been a peddler. They auctioned his pack off. I had a notion to buy it so I paid two guilders and six pennies and became a peddler. That was four months ago, and I'm still a peddler. I rather like the trade."

The peddler continued talking, but Dirk wasn't listening. His heart had jumped when the man had mentioned the auctioning of the Anabaptist peddler's pack, for he had known the man. They had shared the same faith and worshiped once together.

"Don't you think?" said the peddler. "Don't you think?"

Suddenly Dirk realized the man was still talking to him. "Oh... oh, I am sorry. I must have let my mind wander. What was it you asked?"

"I asked," spoke the peddler, "don't you think it is too bad this province of ours is overrun with Anabaptists?"

Dirk didn't know what to answer. He knew if he hesitated much longer the man would become suspicious. Finally he shrugged his shoulders, "I live in the country not the city; we don't find out so much about the Anabaptists there as city people do."

It was a good answer. The statement was true yet it did not really say how Dirk felt about the Anabaptists. The peddler seemed satisfied with the answer.

"I heard in Middleburg today," continued the peddler, "that the authorities are making new efforts to capture the heretics. They say it isn't hard to decide who the Anabaptists are for they refuse to have their babies baptized. They say only adults can make a confession of faith, not little babies."

"What do you think about it?" asked Dirk before the peddler would have a chance to ask him.

"Well, I agree with the authorities that babies should be baptized. We can't let people choose whether they want to join the State Church or not, that would divide the nation."

Dirk didn't expect a different answer. He realized that the authorities felt each baby should be baptized into the State Church and thus grow up under its authority. But ever since Dirk had read the Bible two years before, he knew that babies should not be baptized. "The church," he thought to himself, "is to be made up of members who freely join — not forced to join as little babies."

The two men walked on in silence. They were approaching the city gates. Dirk knew that it was late afternoon and that the gates would be closed for the night in a few hours. He must make his visit to Hans a short one lest he be trapped in the city overnight and his wife worry about him.

"Here is where I turn off," said the peddler, as he motioned toward a cobblestone street to the west.

Dirk said good by and continued walking south. In a half hour he reached the tall building where Hans had his bakery. The building was built of stone and had stood for a hundred years at least. Its tall slanted roof wore new tiles here and there, otherwise the architecture had changed little in Dirk's lifetime.

Opening the shop door, Dirk was surprised to find no one in the large room. "Maybe he has closed for the day," Dirk thought. Then he heard voices from an adjoining room. They became louder as the speakers approached the baking room where Dirk stood. For a second fear passed over Dirk. Was Hans captured by the authorities? "No," he told himself, "I am just too conscious of the danger since talking with the peddler."

Dirk could hear footsteps now and the voices were louder. A figure came through the doorway and entered the baking room. Three more followed. One of the men was Hans, and his hands were tied. No sooner had Dirk seen the rope around Hans' wrists than he realized his fears were real. Hans had been captured. Dirk's immediate reaction was to flee. He grasped the door handle firmly and flung the door open. He ran out onto the street with all possible speed. He did not dare look back. He ran and ran and ran. Down one narrow street and then another. Where could he hide? How could he leave the city gates running and panting like this? Surely the guard there would detain him.

Dirk did not have to worry much longer for at the next corner any hope of escaping was dashed to the cobblestones like a water jug falling out of a person's hands. There, approaching from the east were soldiers on their routine rounds of the city streets. Dirk slowed his speed, but it was too late, one of the soldiers had spied him and was instantly suspicious of the running figure.

Captured. Dirk Mieuwess was captured. His poor wife back at the cottage would have a fearful night, but not as fearful as the night which lay ahead for Dirk.

Part II. Questions

The room was cold and damp. Dirk strained his eyes peering through the tiny window in the prison door. He thought he heard footsteps approaching, but he could see no one. Prayerfully he returned to pacing back and forth in the small dungeon cell. Would he die a martyr tonight? in the morning?

"Dear Lord Jesus," Dirk silently prayed. "Help me to stand firm in the true faith even if it means giving my life." Dirk shivered at the thought of death. He loved his God and the faith, yet he was only human and the thought of death fast approaching made him shudder. "Give me grace and strength to remain steadfast in the faith," he prayed. "Help me, loving Father to stand the test."

Abruptly Dirk stopped praying and pacing. Footsteps. He was sure of it this time. Before he could reach the door to peer through the small barred window, there was a jingling of keys and the door opened.

"So, an Anabaptist," sneered the first person to enter. He was followed by two others.

"Yes, at least he's suspected of being one," answered the second man. Dirk recognized his voice as that of the jailer.

The third man said nothing. He merely stared contemptuously at the prisoner. Dirk could tell by the man's fine clothing that he was a nobleman, perhaps a city official.

The jailer left the room, and the two men began asking Dirk questions. Who was he? Where did he live? Why was he in Vlissingen? Did he attend services at the State Church each Sunday?

"Why don't you attend services?" questioned the first man, who was a minister in the State Church.

"I do attend services with God's faithful," said Dirk trying not to show emotion in his voice. "But we do not attend the State Church."

"Have you been rebaptized?" asked the city official.

"I was baptized a year ago upon my personal confession of faith and my promise to live a life faithful to the Gospels," replied Dirk.

"What was wrong with your first baptism?" questioned the minister. "The baptism you received when a baby."

"The Bible teaches us to believe, repent, and be baptized," answered Dirk. "How can a baby believe and repent?"

The two men argued with Dirk, trying to weaken his firm faith. They used human reason, but it failed to weaken Dirk for his faith was founded on the truths of the Bible, not human reasoning.

"Who baptized you?" asked the city official.

Dirk knew he could not answer this question. If he did, the Anabaptist minister would be hunted down and cast into prison like himself. "I can not tell you that."

"Can't tell us," thundered the State Church minister. "But you shall tell us." His already loud voice became even louder stressing the word shall.

"You see," said the city official, "we have ways of getting people to talk. Tomorrow you shall see them; then, perhaps, you will be ready to tell us who it was that baptized you."

Part III A Chance To Escape

Weeks passed and then months. Soon it was a year that Dirk had been in prison. God had answered his prayers and had given him the grace to remain true to the faith even after being tortured. The first month in prison had been the worst. Dirk had suffered much physical punishment and mental anguish. But as his stay grew longer, it seemed the authorities forgot about him. For months he sat alone in his cell with no visitor except the jailer.

One day as Dirk was walking back and forth in his small room for exercise, he heard a number of people walking in the dungeon corridor. Gazing out his small door window he saw two prisoners from other cells leaving their rooms and following the jailer. Were they escaping? No, the jailer would not be with them. Were they being set free? Hardly, they were in prison for city crimes. It was a strange happening, something which Dirk could not understand.

That evening when the jailer brought his meal, Dirk asked him, "Where did you take the other prisoners today?"

"Never you mind about that," he answered. "And not a word about it to anyone."

Now Dirk was more puzzled than before. What was the jailer doing with the prisoners? It was a real mystery. If the occurrence had happened only once, Dirk might have forgotten about it, but it began to happen frequently. On the fourth day that the two prisoners were let out of their cells by the jailer, Dirk was surprised to hear his door being unlocked.

Riddles

-By Helen Baker Adams

God's world has riddles that you and I
Wonder about and ask, "Why? Why?"
Why does a spider spin fine lace,
The pansy have a monkey face,
The yellow warbler make a floor
Over the egg inside his door
Laid by the lazy cowbird? Why?
Why does the swan have a homely child?
Why is the mountain lion wild?
The mourning dove builds a slipshod nest,
His song is sadder than all the rest
Of the birds. Do you sometimes wonder why
A lamp is necessary to light
A firefly in his evening flight!
There is many a wonderful riddle to trace
And each makes God's world an exciting place!

"You might as well come out, too," ordered the jailer.

What a wonderful feeling. After a year confined to a small room. Dirk was once more walking up the steep dungeon steps. If only he were really being allowed to go home to his wife and cottage beside the windmill. Fresh air, crisp autumn air. Dirk could hardly believe he was outside the dungeon breathing fresh air. What a contrast to the stale air of his prison cell.

Dirk had often wondered what it was that the prisoners did outside with the jailer. He discovered, now, that they were working at the jailer's home which was a hundred feet away from the prison. There they chopped wood, hauled stone, and had even built a high stone wall.

It was not until the following spring that Dirk or any of the prisoners were again taken by the jailer to his home to work. Each time they went there the jailer kept a careful watch lest anyone try to escape. He never turned his back toward either of the two prisoners lest he provide them with an opportunity to strike him. He did not, however, fear Dirk. He had learned to trust him as a sincere person who would do violence to no man. But he did not trust the other prisoners.

One afternoon as Dirk and two of the other prisoners were working in the small woods beside the jailer's house, an odd thing happened. The jailer, who usually kept careful watch, fell asleep. It wasn't long before the two prisoners noticed this and began whispering. Dirk suspected immediately that they were plotting to escape. "Come on," he heard one of the men say. "Here's the chance we have been waiting for."

The two men laid down their axes and disappeared among the trees. Dirk was left alone — alone, that is, except for the napping jailer. Should he, too, flee? Oh, how he longed to disappear among the trees and run until he was so far away from the dungeon that no one would ever find him. But what would happen to the jailer when the authorities found out he had fallen asleep and the prisoners had escaped? Would they kill him? Dirk was perplexed. He wanted very much to escape, yet he could not bear to think his escaping would cause the jailer to suffer and maybe even die. "No," Dirk told himself, "I must stay here and not escape."

Part IV. Faithful to the End

Did Dirk ever regret his decision not to escape? No, he felt a pleasant calm within him that he had done the right thing. The jailer was punished severely for letting the two men escape. Dirk was almost certain the man would have been killed had his Anabaptist prisoner escaped, too.

For nearly a year Dirk remained yet in his prison cell. The authorities once more tried to persuade him to give up his faith and return to the State Church. They wished him to say it was wrong to have been baptized upon his confession of faith, wrong not to serve in the King's army, wrong not to attend the State Church. But Dirk was unwavering. He remained faithful to the teachings of the Bible.

The city authorities decided Dirk must either recant or die. Dirk refused to give up his faith. So, in 1571 in the city of Vlissingen, the Netherlands, he was burned at the stake. He died a martyr — a martyr for faith.

Sarah Beiler put down the papers she had been reading from. The classroom was very silent. "There," she said quietly, "that is the most important thing the Netherlands has given to us — forefathers who loved God and the faith enough to die a martyr's death." ■■

(Editor's Note: This story is based on the true happening recorded on page 872 of the Martyrs' Mirror.)

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

THE OLD BOX TRAP

- by Clarence Hawkes

One day while Harold was playing in the attic he found a strange-looking box, and he took it down stairs to show to his grandfather.

"Well, well," said Grandfather, "you have found the old box trap. I made it when I was a boy, and I caught many a squirrel in it." Then he showed Harold how to set the trap and how to bait it.

In the afternoon Harold took the trap to the orchard and placed it upon the top of a stone wall. After carefully baiting it with an ear of corn he sat down to wait, for he expected that a squirrel would come along and be caught at once. But as no squirrel appeared he went home.

That night after he was in bed he thought of his trap. "I hope I'll have a squirrel in the morning," he said to himself, and with these words he fell asleep.

The next thing Harold knew he was walking in a beautiful forest. Presently he came to a great oak tree, where stood a fine little house. The door was wide open and he went in. There stood a table covered with candy.

Harold reached out his hand to take a piece of the candy, but no sooner had he touched it than the door of the house closed with a loud bang. He tried to open the door, but could find neither knob nor latch. He pushed upon it with all his might, but it would not move. Then he ran to the windows. They were covered with iron bars. He walked up and down the room shouting for help.

"Father! Father! Mother! Mother!" he cried; "come and help me. I am caught in a terrible house, and I cannot get out."

The more he cried and pounded the more frightened he became. He shook the bars of the windows and bit them with his teeth until he fell down, too tired to move.

Then he heard a noise like the sound of a great army marching. He looked out of the window and saw coming through the woods a giant as tall as the tallest trees.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the giant, nearer and nearer and the ground shook at every step he took. Then the little house was lifted high in the air, and Harold saw, in terror, a great eye looking at him through the window.

"Oh, ho!" roared the giant. "I have caught you at last. I'll take you home, and the children shall have you to play with. You did not know what a box trap was, did you? You thought it was a little house!" And the giant laughed until the woods rang.

Then he walked away carrying the house, and taking such long steps that Harold was tumbled about in a most uncomfortable manner.

The giant waded across a wide river and climbed a steep mountain. At last he stopped in front of a great cave, and thumped upon a rock.

Very soon a giantess, nearly as large as the giant, came out of the cave bringing a baby in her arms. She opened the door of the trap and peeped in. "Take the boy out, Thunderbolt," she said, "and let me see him." The giant reached in and took Harold in his great hand.

"See how he trembles," said the giantess. "He is frightened almost to death. But he is a pretty little thing for the baby to play with. You don't suppose that he will bite, do you, Thunderbolt?"

"Oh, no!" roared Thunderbolt, in tones like the deepest thunder.

Presently the baby reached out his hand, and the giantess gave him the boy to hold. Harold thought that he would surely be squeezed to death; but the giantess came to his rescue and put him back into the great trap.

The giant baby began tumbling the little house about to amuse himself. Over and over it rolled, and the boy inside was thrown about in great pain and terrible fright. Suddenly he felt himself falling down the mountain side.

The next minute he was sitting up in his own bed, and the morning sun was streaming in at the window. The box trap and the dreadful giants had all been a bad dream.

As soon as breakfast was over Harold ran to the orchard. There was his trap, the door was shut, and inside was a beautiful gray squirrel trembling with fear!

"What a beauty!" said Harold. "I shall keep him in a cage and have him to play with!" But he remembered his dream, and then he lifted the door of the trap. With a quick leap and a patter of small feet upon the wall, the squirrel scampered away to the maple grove.

- Brooks' Reader, 1907

Wonders of the Date Palm

By Weldon Woodson

That was the first Palm Sunday. Then, people waved palm wreaths in the air and strewed them on the road at the approach of a hero. Christ was very popular with the common people. They showed their love for Him by means of palm leaves, or "branches", as the Bible terms them.

The leaves were from the date palm. We have this palm in California and Florida. It grows the luscious dates we eat.

When Jesus lived, date palms covered the whole Jordan Valley. They were found in groves in some districts. Other places had single trees which served as well-known landmarks.

The historian Josephus, who was born about the time Christ died, described a grove seven miles long near Jericho. In fact, Jericho was nicknamed "City of Palms." Josephus also reported thick stands of palms around the Lake of Galilee, on the Mount of Olives and about Jerusalem.

Now, a few places in the Holy Land where palms once stood are nothing but sand dunes. The disappearance of the palm is due to neglecting it. It requires much care. It takes thirty years to mature. It bears bumper crops of dates for as long as a hundred years. It yields less and less fruit after this. It dies when about 200 years old. It must be regularly watered and pruned during its entire life.

The trunk of the palm lacks branches and reaches a height of eighty feet. It is not solid like other trees. Instead, pith fills its center. Tough bark surrounds this.

The leaves join the bark near the top of the trunk. Those in the middle shoot straight up, but the ones about them droop. They measure up to eight feet long. The older leaves die as the trunk grows taller. When chopped off, they leave rugged stubs.

The fruit hangs below the leaves in giant clusters like grapes. A single cluster weighs as much as fifty pounds.

In California, farm workers pick dates by climbing a ladder and sitting in a saddle attached to a tree like a telephone linesman. Or they may stand on the platform of a steel elevator on wheels. They roll it from tree to tree. They use it when palms reach great heights. In Bible days, however, pickers climbed the trees by means of the stubs left by the decayed leaves.

The Bedouins say that the palm tree has as many uses as the days in the week. Its fruit, leaves, and trunk benefit man.

The dates afford food. In addition, the fruit goes into the making of palm sugar. Palm oil, which comes from dates, is used for soaps and candles. It forms a grease for metals and machinery when mixed with other oily substances. Palm-kernel oil, a white oil with a pleasant odor, is used in margarine, soaps and candles.

The seeds are not wasted. Women and girls string them as beads. Men and boys crush them into a meal for camels, cows, and sheep. Or they may make a meal out of them for animals by soaking the seeds in water for several days. Animal feeders inform that they are more nutritious than barley.

Some persons cover the roof and sides of their houses with the leaves. Many use them for fences. These things are made from leaves: couches, baskets, bags, mats, dishes, and poultry cages. Housewives use small leaves as dusters.

The trunk makes firewood when sawed into right-sized blocks. The bark goes into the manufacture of rope.

So valuable is the tree that the ancients regarded it as sacred. Ornamentations representing it were carved in Solomon's Temple. A number of 2000-year-old coins have leaves of the date palm on them.

The Hebrew word for palm is "tamar." The Jews thought of the tree as a symbol of elegance. Because of this, they often named girls "Tamar."

- from Words of Cheer

* * *

This
Month's
Bible
Story

Why Moses Fled For His Life

Moses should have been happy. He was the most pampered child in all of Egypt. Pharaoh's daughter had adopted him for her own son. She made sure that he received the best of everything. He had royal clothes to wear and rich food to eat. He didn't have to work. He had the best teachers in Egypt to give him his schooling. And most important of all, someday when Pharaoh died, Moses would be in line to become the new ruler of Egypt.

But in spite of all these things, Moses was not happy in the courts of Pharaoh. There was an uneasiness inside of him that made him restless. Many times a faraway look would enter his eyes, and he would sit and stare out of the palace window, thinking troubled thoughts. Dim memories drifted back. He thought of another home— the home of his real mother. He recalled what his mother had taught him before he left her to come to live with Pharaoh's daughter. She had told him over and over about the one true God—the God of the Israelites. She had taught him the gods of the Egyptians were false gods that could not help anyone. The Egyptians worshiped the sun and the moon, they prayed to statues of gold and silver, and some of them even worshiped bugs and beetles. Moses became sober as he thought of these things, and the discontentment inside of him grew.

It was true that Moses had been only a boy when he had been taken away from his mother, but he still remembered. This palace was not his real home. The princess was not his mother. The Egyptians were not his people. Their idols were not his gods.

The years passed as Moses grew to manhood. He spent hours in school, learning more and more. Pharaoh's daughter wanted her adopted son to have the best education he could possibly get. She believed he might someday sit in Pharaoh's throne.

Moses studied, but his heart was not in it. Finally his schooling was over; he had been taught in all the wisdom of Egypt. But all the time a longing for his own people increased, for now he was hearing rumors that saddened him. He heard how hard the Israelites had to work. He heard that cruel taskmasters stood over them with long sharp whips. He heard how they toiled from morning to evening, building bigger and bigger cities for the Egyptians. He heard how their baby boys had to be thrown into the river Nile and drowned.

Moses felt a great urge inside him. Somehow he had to help his oppressed people out of their suffering. Somehow he had to deliver them from their misery. He had to think of a way to free them from their slavery and toil. Perhaps that was why his life had been saved—so he could help his own people.

One day Moses went for a long walk. Suddenly he heard the sound of angry shouting voices. He came upon two men fighting with each other. Their faces were full of hate and violence.

At a glance Moses saw that the one man was an Egyptian and the other an Israelite. His blood boiled inside him. Here was his chance to help one of his own people. He struck the Egyptian and killed him. Then he quickly dug a hole in the sand and buried the body so no one would know what had happened. He felt sure the Israelite would understand and be grateful. He would not tell anyone about it.

The next day Moses again went for a walk. Perhaps he was looking for another chance to help his people. Strangely enough, he again heard the harsh sound of quarreling voices, and came upon two men fighting with each other. Just as he had on the day before. But this time one of them was not an Egyptian. Both men were Israelites.

Moses was puzzled and disappointed to see two Israelites quarreling. He could not understand why they would do so. He felt they should stick together and help each other. Moses spoke to the one who had done the other wrong, "Why are you hitting your brother?"

The man turned and with an ugly look, snarled, "Who made you a judge and a ruler over us? Are you planning to kill me the way you killed that Egyptian yesterday?"

The words startled Moses. They frightened him. He realized that people knew about the Egyptian he had killed. People were talking. It was no secret. Soon the news would get back to Pharaoh's ears. And Pharaoh would be furious if he found out that Moses had killed an Egyptian. Trembling with fear, Moses hurried back home, wondering what he could do when Pharaoh found out.

Sure enough, very soon Pharaoh heard about it. "Moses must be killed," Pharaoh roared angrily.

Just in time Moses escaped out of the palace and fled for his life.

As he ran, Moses must have felt very discouraged. His plans had not worked. All his hopes had come to nothing. He had tried to help his people and had miserably failed. Now he would have to flee far away, for there was nowhere in all the land of Egypt where he would be safe from the terrible wrath of Pharaoh.

For days Moses tramped through wild desert lands. At last, tired, footsore, hungry, and weary, he came to the land of Midian far to the east of Egypt. He sat down beside a well to rest.

As evening drew near, Moses saw a flock of sheep coming to the well. Caring for the flock were seven girls, all daughters of one man. The girls drew water from the well and started giving their sheep a drink.

Just then some men shepherds came running up with their sheep. Laughing as though it were a joke, they chased the seven girls away and let their own sheep drink the water the girls had worked so hard to draw.

Moses was tired from his long journey, but when he saw what the men were doing, he jumped to his feet. He would not stand for such unfairness. He drove the men back, and kindly helped the girls water their sheep.

When the seven girls arrived home in the evening, Jethro, their father, said, "How does it happen you came home so early today?"

"There was an Egyptian at the well," the girls said. "He not only chased the shephards away, but he also drew water for our sheep."

Jethro said, "Where is he now? Why did you leave the man with no place to stay? Invite him over, so that he will have something to eat."

The girls hurried back to the well and invited Moses to their home.

Moses went to the home of Jethro. He decided to stay and work for Jethro. Jethro needed someone to care for his sheep, so at forty years of age Moses became a shepherd in the land of Midian. -E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. Was Moses happy with his life in Pharaoh's court?
2. What kind of gods did the Egyptians worship?
3. Why did Moses one day kill an Egyptian?
4. How did he try to hide what he had done?
5. What two men did he find quarreling the second day?
6. Why did Moses have to flee from Pharaoh's palace?
7. To what land did Moses go?
8. How did Moses help the seven girls at the well?
9. At whose home did Moses decide to stay?
10. How old was Moses at this time?

ANSWERS:
1. No 2. False gods, such as the sun and moon, bugs, and idols. 3. He wanted to help the Israelites 4. He buried the body in the sand 5. Two Israelites 6. Because Pharaoh wanted to kill him for having killed the Egyptian 7. The land of Midian 8. He chased the men away and drew water for them 9. Jethro 10. Forty years old

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

My Grace Is Sufficent For Thee"

When it seems as though I'm going thro' the grind
With so many problems to occupy my mind,
I hasten to the Book, what a treasure I find:
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

There's a precious soul who lost out along the way,
My burden for her grows more heavy day by day,
Broken hearted, then I can hear the Saviour say,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Problems at home and at school with which to cope,
Enough to make any concerned mother mope;
But wait! I remember there surely is hope—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

There are times when Satan seems to be
The invader— the only worker I can see!
With haste to the Intercessor I must flee;
"His grace is sufficient for me."

I see His face, my own hangs in shame;
Why do I not always call upon His name?
Remembering the promise that ever is the same:
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

O, for patience, for courage, for strength to endure,
The armour of God to serve him evermore!
When trusting completely what treasure's in store—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

-An original poem by a Mother
Sent in by Mrs. Leona Jones, Ind.

* * *

I suppose everyone who looks Across The Windowsill is also glad to see warmer days approaching. Our lovely, old fashioned winter with heaped up snow will soon be bowing its farewell. Wanting an early bloom we have three hyacinth bulbs in a pot in my window. For some reason the flowers are stunted. They have no fragrance and are turning brown over the top and remain cupped in by the long green stems of the leaves. Instead of being bright yellow they are pale. I'm sure we've done something wrong, but I don't know what.

A friend wrote, "Almost a year ago we sent in an article. Hope you didn't destroy it as we are still patiently watching for it." This was a good article and has now been used. I suppose many others have been wondering as this friend, "Why don't they print the article (or poem) we sent in?" There are no set rules if or when we will use any writing, although if we think it more suitable for a certain season, we usually keep it for then even if it is ten months off. This may seem like a long time to the sender but to us it is but ten deadlines. Many of the articles are edited and typeset and then are filed, waiting for a corner to be fitted in. This waiting period may be several months at least. But I hope you will keep on writing, for it is comforting to see a file with many original (and also selected) material ready to be printed.

One of my "rhyming" friends, whom I've never met personally, recently wrote, "It seems when a point of truth is dumbly struggling within us for utterance, we have to keep struggling until we can express it. If we don't we are poorer all the rest of our days. However when we do express them aright God uses them to strengthen someone else with."

There have been times when a recipe has come to my desk that I thought to myself, "This is an old time recipe. Surely everybody has it already." But I've learned what is an old recipe in one community may be quite new in another. It so happens that from an English friend of Nabraska comes the recipe to make apple tarts. We would call them "moon pies." Her recipe calls for 2 cups dried sour apples, 2 cups water and a pinch of salt. This is cooked till soft, then 2 cups sugar, the juice and rind of 1 orange, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon is added. Cook, until water is simmered away. Use plain pie dough and roll out as for pie. Put a generous amount of apple mixture in center. Fold over and seal edges. Trim off excess dough around the edge that was pressed down.

When we made the moon pies mother would put the cooked apple snitz through the colander, then add some apple sauce to make it milder.

Mrs. Clifford Badger of West Salem, Ohio writes that freshly popped popcorn served with milk and sugar (or honey) makes a delicious and economical breakfast food. This is quite unusual but I suppose it would be " puffed corn."

* * *

Mrs. Sam K. Yoder, Mifflintown, Pa., sent in the following recipe. She writes that this bread becomes soft like white bread.

Whole Wheat Bread

Melt 1 stick margerine
Add 2 2/3 cups milk and heat to scalding. Cool to lukewarm.
Dissolve 1 cake Fleischmans yeast in 2 cups warm water
2 beaten eggs
1 heaping cup sugar— raw or granulated
2 tsp. salt.
Mix all ingredients and add 5 cups whole wheat flour and 7 to 8 cups white flour or enough to finish.
Finish as with white bread. Makes 4 loaves.

* * *

Königsburger Klops (or meatballs with gravy)

1 1/2 lb. hamburger
1 chopped onion
3 eggs
2 slices bread. Soak in water than squeeze dry.
2 medium potatoes. Cook in jackets and chop fine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Mix all these ingredients well. If it doesn't stick mix in some bread crumbs. Form small balls about 2 inches round. 1 1/2 quart boiling water,

1 chopped onion, 3 bay leaves, 5 cloves. Put meat balls in this boiling water and cook for 10 minutes. Do not crowd. Keep finished meat balls in hot oven.

WHITE SAUCE

Melt 1 tablespoon margarine in pan. Rub in 4 tablespoons flour. Then slowly pour in 1 cup cold buttermilk and 1 cup sour cream. Add 1 cup strained water used for boiling meat balls. Cook for 2 minutes. Remove from stove and slowly stir in 2 well beaten eggs. Heat but do not boil. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over meat balls. Best eaten with salt water potatoes. Hot cooked potatoes cut in small junks, may be added to the mixture before serving.

This is also delicious when made with milk.

Mrs. Jacob Eicher, Aylmer

PLAN YOUR GARDEN FOR THE BIRDS

-Agnes Ranney

Are you planting a flower garden this spring? Keep the birds in mind when you choose those bright packages of seed, and you will have feathered visitors in your garden all summer long. They will return long after the last flower has faded, too, to brighten your yard even when the snow is falling.

Loveliest and gayest of all are the hummingbirds. They return from the south early in the spring and stay until late August. Red, orange and purple seem to be their favorite colors. Their long sharp bills are just right for sipping nectar and gathering tiny insects from the bell and trumpet shaped flowers. Coral bells, petunias, morning glories and nasturtiums are among their favorites. Early morning is the time to tiptoe to your garden if you would see these tiny birds darting from blossom to blossom, hovering on whirring wings as they take a sip of nectar from the bottom of each cup.

While you enjoy the blossoms, many flowers will be ripening seed for the birds to eat as fall approaches. Asters, California poppies, marigolds, and zinnias produce heads that will attract such seed—lovers as juncos and chickadees. Could anything add more to your garden than a pair of goldfinches feeding on a clump of blue forget—me—nots? The stiff stalks of the taller flowers will stand up even through the snow and provide a meal for song sparrows and purple finches.

And don't forget to plant sunflowers. Though they may not be considered very elegant garden flowers, the seeds will provide a feast that will attract birds to your dooryard all through the winter. You might plant a row at the foot of the vegetable garden, where their bright yellow faces will turn to the sun from early morning until sunset.

When the flowers are faded and the heads heavy with ripe seed, cut the heads with stems a foot or more long. Tie them in bunches with strong string and hang them in an airy place to dry. Then, when the cold winds begin to blow, hang one of the sunflower heads in a tree near your window and watch the chickadees and juncos and purple finches gather around for the feast. The nuthatches will come, too, headfirst down the tree, darting quick bright glances here and there before they snatch a seed and disappear.

The flash of wings and cheery calls of your visitors will bring life and color to your garden until it is time to select your flowers for another spring.

CHILDREN IN CHURCH

Yesterday was Sunday our day of worship. Being a Mother of small children, and my days being full during the week, I am always looking forward to our day of rest and worship. But I have a problem which often leaves me tired and nervous. As soon as the services are over little girls come and beg for the baby. I kindly explain to them that I would rather they would not have the baby. I feel I have perfectly good reasons. The girls return again and again. When you firmly say "No" then they grab one of the other little ones, chase them around until they fall. This gives Mother so much more to take care of. Yes, their mothers are standing by, but their little girls just love babies.

The house of worship to me is a sacred place where God dwells. Should we allow our children to run and be disrespectful in his place of worship, or am I being overly critical?

Comments wanted! — A Mother

Some Mothers Write

The other day our English neighbor was here and gave our four year old boy a handful of chestnuts and then he came and showed them to me. I asked him if he said, "Thank you". He said, "Yes, and I always say thank you to the Gute Mann too before I eat." -T., Pa.

When our 3½ year old daughter would cough I'd tell her to hold her hand over her mouth or look away. One day when I was cutting apples she was watching. She coughed but didn't turn her head so I corrected her. She said, "Why? Do apples catch a cold, too?"

- N. W., Indiana

A FATHER WRITES ALSO —

As Christians we need the props knocked out from under us at times so we put stronger ones there to replace them. We can not very well build a tabernacle by ourselves so we need each other. So feel free to use or not to use the articles written by me. They are only expressing my concern for the souls of mankind. I often ask myself where is the deep concern of our forefathers.

- S., Pennsylvania

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Housecleaning time is to most women: A joy to begin with. A satisfaction to do. A relief to be through.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

My Friend Fannie

A year ago I was already planning on what I would do during my summer vacation. "I will visit Fannie," I decided, "otherwise I will not do much visiting. Mostly stay home with Mother."

Our plans are easily made and just as easily changed. Before I went home on vacation word came that my friend Fannie (M. Yoder) had passed away. Although she had been bedfast for over seventeen years, this news came unexpectantly. I recalled that she had told me the year before that the doctor had been there and examined her. He had said she has a good heart. By the way she said this, I sensed that she would not have cared if the doctor had found it otherwise. She had earlier expressed a desire to leave this world.

Fannie and I spent many happy hours together. When she was on the wheelchair I could still walk. Soon after she became bedfast I found myself on the wheelchair. We lived only one and a half mile apart so someone could easily take me to her home in the morning and then come and get me in the evening. Too, they would often drive me home. Those hours by her bedside were short indeed. We shared our secrets, our fears and our joys. Inbetween our visits we sent notes back and forth by way of the school children.

Fannie lived with her elderly parents and a retarded sister, Sarah. Sarah played a great role in Fannie's life. Although in some ways she was natured like a small child, in other ways she could work and help care for her weaker sister. Sarah's memory was remarkable when it came to remembering the names and faces of the many strangers that came into their home. Friends often brought gifts along for Fannie— and for Sarah, too. Even the smallest gift seemed to please her very much.

When Fannie was on the wheelchair she crochetted booties and gloves for others, and sold various products. Later she sold beads and pigeon ring beads. This brought her in contact with many people which she enjoyed.

When Fannie was younger her parents built a "dawdy house", and their daughter Maryann (Alvin E. Troyers) moved into the large house. A ramp was built between the two porches so the wheelchair could be taken back and forth. Since a cellar kitchen was built into the new little house an elevator was made on the porch to take Fannie downstairs. A heavy enough weight was fixed unto it to balance Fannie and her chair and one extra person.

An amusing thing happened one Sunday while they were having visitors. Because it was a warm day they were seated on the porch. One of the men was curious about the elevator. He stepped on it. Nothing happened. Then a heavy-set woman stepped beside him. The elevator shot downward with its helpless victims. As soon as it hit the floor the woman in great fear jumped off. Again the elevator went into motion and gave the man a wild ride upward again.

Fannie could go to church quite regularly when she was on the wheelchair. Henry Miller, who had his home with them for a number of years, would often take her with him. He was strong and could lift her and carry her.

The parents, Mose J. Yoders, could not retire as other elderly people do. Yet with their trials and burdens there were many blessings. They knew nothing of the lonely life which many old people experience. Their days were filled with an unselfish care for an unfortunate daughter, and to welcome the many visitors that came to their home.

Fannie was also the foremost concern of her parents. Through the years while she lay bedfast she never suffered from bed sores. She had excellent care. Many times her sister who lives at home and her sister Katie, Mrs. Henry Raber, were in the home helping. Also the nieces and nephews wanted to help what they could.

Children were a delight to the invalid. She taught them different things. They would help string beads and put pigeon rings together. Till they were finished the floor was maybe strewn with beads and rings. She often expressed a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the children.

By the time Fannie became bedfast she couldn't sit alone. The "grace that is sufficient" served her these many years so that she learned in whatsoever state she was in, therewith to be content, as the Apostle Paul wrote.

Through these years many friends from far and near found themselves by the side of her bed. These visits she enjoyed immensely. When the spring housecleaning and gardening time came she experienced more lonely days. As she said, smiling, "The people are now too busy to come."

Once she told me, "I don't like when people come in and say they only have 10 or 15 minutes to visit." I agreed with her, but we confessed that we were glad for the short visit anyhow.

Often when I crawled out on my chair in the morning I thought of my invalid friend who could not sit alone, and had to be turned in bed. She could read. This helped pass her time.

Once an elderly girl visited her. The girl said how she desired to be young again. Fannie answered, "I certainly wouldn't want to be young anymore." Her desire was fixed on a higher plane— to be in a place where no one ever grows old. This desire was fulfilled on March 15th, 1968 when she peacefully passed away, at the age of 53.

The following words were written while thinking of my friend Fannie—

A helpless cripple with nothing to do
But being cheerful the whole day through
(Not knowing that the cheer she gives
Will bless and brighten other's lives).

A helpless cripple with nothing to do
But praying and blessing the whole day through,
A brother is strengthened because she prayed
And can face the future unafraid.

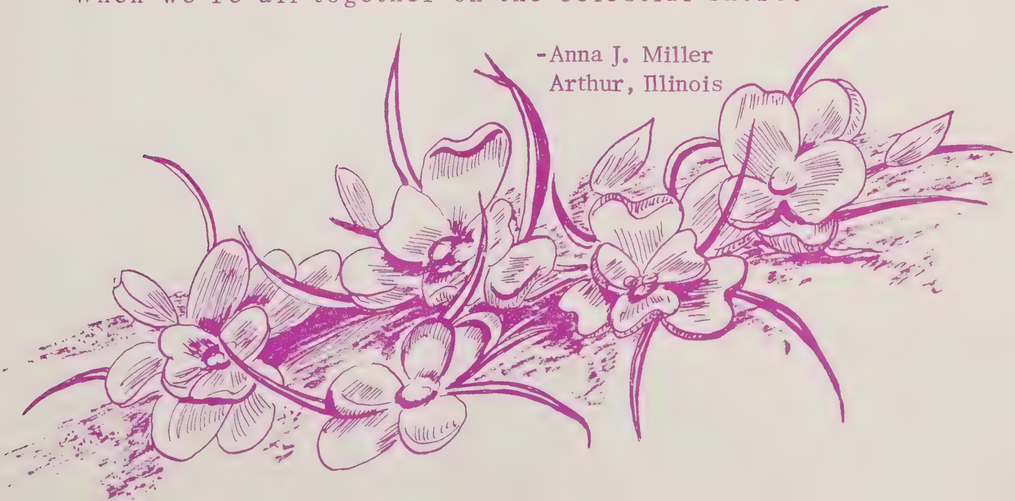
A helpless cripple with nothing to do
But being patient all the day through;
The impatient folk are ashamed when they
Behold the sufferer's patience each day.

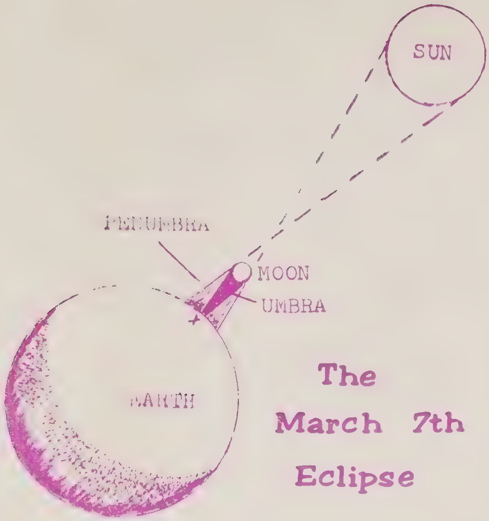
A helpless cripple with nothing to do
But daily having heaven in view
Knowing that there are no cripples there
But each alike God's glory will share.

BEHOLD THE MAN

"Behold the man!" was Pilate's jeer
As the crucifixion was drawing near.
Christians through the ages have beheld and known
And the vision has all the more glorious grown;
The crown of thorns has become a crown of gold
The now glistening garment was the cast-off robe.
Little children have beheld with an awakening to "come"
With a dim foreknowledge of their heavenly home.
Sinners weary and tired of the hatred and strive
In faith have beheld — and gained a new life.
Martyrs beheld the vision, and smiled in the flames
And in "living for Christ" we still do the same.
Toward Him the souls of men ever yearn,
Toward Him all eyes of Christians turn.
We "behold Him" yes, with a love sincere
Till He comes again in the clouds to appear.
We'll "behold Him" then as never before
When we're all together on the celestial shore.

-Anna J. Miller
Arthur, Illinois





The March 7th Eclipse

March 7th is a day which the residents of the east coast will probably remember as long as they live. It's such a rare occurrence that if the place where you live is ever in the path of a total eclipse of the sun, you can count yourself fortunate indeed.

For residents of the United States, this year's eclipse is probably the most favorable one (provided weather conditions are suitable) that will happen during the next 100 years.

When the moon's shadow sweeps in at a speed of nearly a mile a second, chickens go to roost and the stars can be seen. In the twilight the corona around the sun makes a breathtaking spectacle and sometimes there are tongues of fire or "red flames" which can be seen extending out in different directions from the sun. Although it lasts for only a few minutes there is probably nothing else in nature so awe-inspiring.

In ancient times eclipses caused panic and the Chinese believed that a great dragon was trying to eat up the sun. But today astronomers can forecast eclipses with accuracy. The exact path of total eclipse of the sun is difficult to predict. In a book printed about ten years ago, I found a map showing the March 7th eclipse as crossing over Florida at Sarasota and out into the Atlantic ocean. But the present calculations say that the shadow will sweep in between Panama City and Gainsville, Florida. As it heads north, the western edge of the shadow will be close to Tifton, Georgia; Sumter, South Carolina; Mount Royal, North Carolina, and Portsmouth, Virginia. Then it will be out over the Atlantic ocean until it crosses Nova Scotia and on toward Greenland.

This eclipse will occur at the most favorable time of the day for viewing. At 1:20, it will come into Florida and about 15 minutes later, it will leave Portsmouth, Virginia.

Scientists with their instruments are anxious for the opportunity to witness an eclipse of the sun. But the most beautiful part of it can be seen with the naked eye. One astronomer who had traveled to far parts of the earth to obtain data on different eclipses, admitted that he had never taken the time to view the natural wonder of the eclipse itself.

It is dangerous to look at the bright rays of the sun with the naked eye and under no conditions should anyone be allowed to use field glasses or a telescope to look at the sun. After nearly every eclipse we read of people who suffered damage to their eyes by trying to look at the sun. It can cause blindness.

The path of the total eclipse is about 100 miles wide but the sun is partially eclipsed over most of the United States and Canada. Central Ohio is about 500 miles from the center of the eclipse. At about 1:35 EST approximately 80% of the sun will be covered. But chances are, if you didn't know it, you would probably never notice the difference. In other words, the sun is so bright that if it were only 1/5th as bright you would notice very little difference. It is hard to realize how bright the sun really is. ■■

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SCHOOL BELLS RINGING

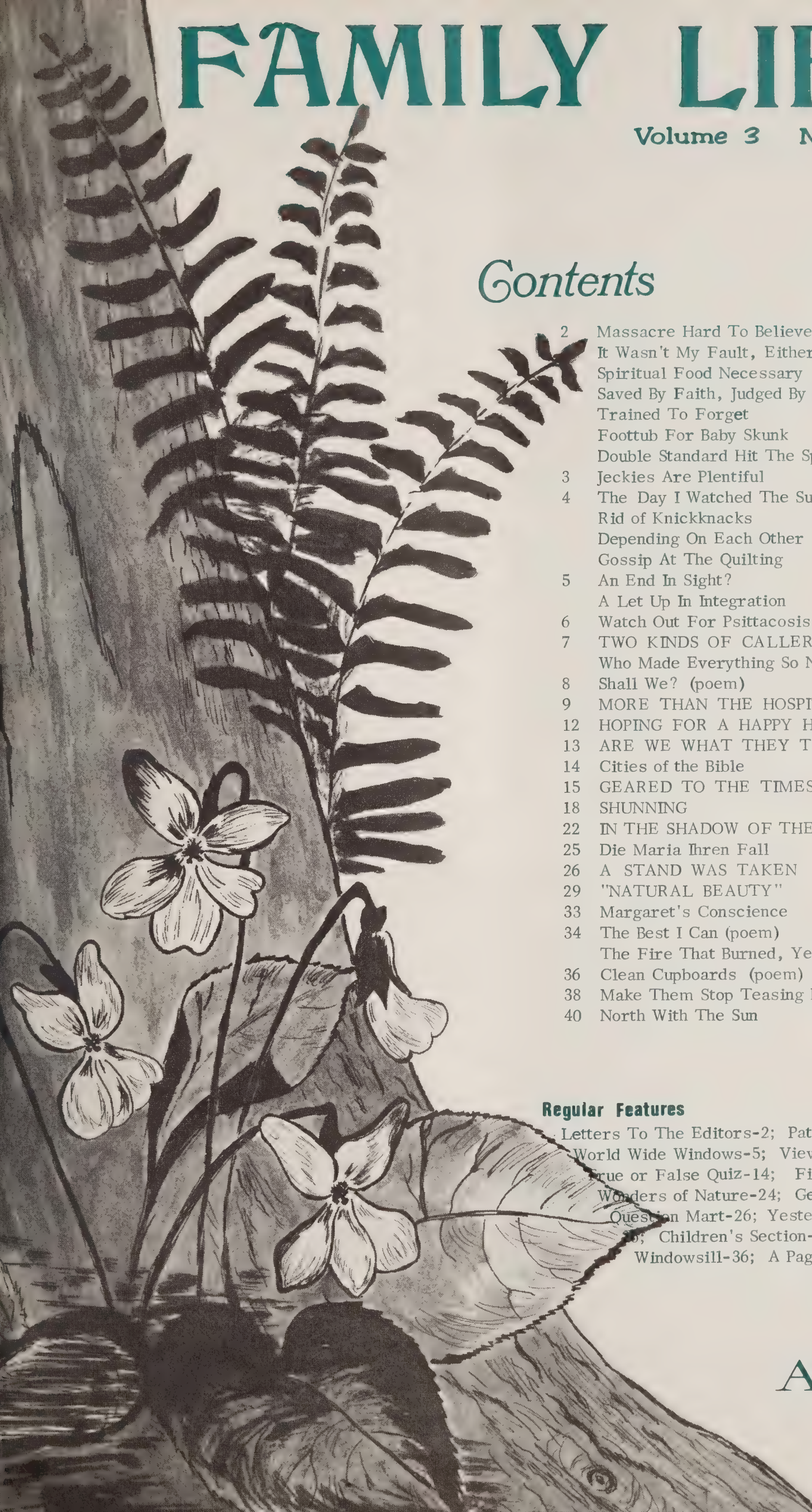
New schools, new classrooms, new teachers, new pupils, new parents, new experiences— that is the parochial school movement. This book is an attempt to share with as many people as possible the lessons which have been learned by those who have been involved in school movement for some time. The author, Uria R. Byler, is no believer in half-way methods; throughout the book he calls for all-out devotion and dedication to make every effort toward high moral and scholastic standards.

This book should be helpful reading for any beginning teacher.

PAPERBOUND 81 Pages PRICE $1.50

FAMILY LIFE

Volume 3 Number 4



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APRIL

1970

letters to the editors

MASSACRE HARD TO BELIEVE

I find the story about the massacre of the Christian Indians (Yesterdays & Years, Feb.) hard to believe. It seems we are inclined to think that the United States always did what was right. That was the way history was taught to us in school.

I had read in a newspaper about a massacre of a village of men, women, and children in Viet Nam. I thought it couldn't be that people were so cruel, and that years ago the U.S. Army would not have done any such thing. But compare the two and you come up with about the same thing. Only the last was published more.

— D. Oberholtzer, Pennsylvania

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IT WASN'T MY FAULT EITHER

The story, "It Wasn't Johnny's Fault" brought back some memories of when I was a little boy. I, too, was sometimes made fun of, so I can easily sympathize with Johnny. I know some other boys that were mocked worse than I was, and where are some of them today? Out in the world, and I often have to wonder if some boys, yes, even parents will have to bear some of the blame.

But if Johnny's mother was really that poor, why didn't some of the neighbors help out? Or maybe they tried and couldn't, as some people don't seem to be able to be helped. I still feel grateful to all the people who helped us, and most of those that made fun of me became good friends of mine in later years. — Missouri

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SPIRITUAL FOOD NECESSARY

I appreciated very much the article on "Home" which was on the back cover of the February issue. There is one point the author omitted which I feel is very important. When listing the things a man gets or does at home, he did not mention spiritual food (reading God's word and meditating on it). I'm afraid too many are neglecting doing enough of this, and that is the reason our churches have so many spiritually sick members. If Jesus felt it was necessary to spend hour after hour and whole nights communing with his Father, so much more do we need to read, meditate, and talk to our Father. I wonder how many of our children hear their fathers pray for them? Are many fathers taking the precious Word and reading to their children before retiring at night?

If some nights sleep doesn't come, I don't count sheep. I talk to my Shepherd. -Mrs. P. W., Jr., Pennsylvania

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SAVED BY FAITH, JUDGED BY WORKS

May I add a comment on "Faith, Works, and the Anabaptists"? Truly this was a heart searching article. A number of years ago the following illustration was given of faith and works: A certain person was drowning, a life boat came in view and a voice invited him to enter. Upon entering the boat only one thing was left for him to do, go with the tide or grab the two oars, one on each side of the boat, and row back to shore. The first oar he found was named Faith. Taking this in hand, he plunged in the other oar, too, which was named Works. Using both together, he made good progress. But if he used only one oar, he went in circles and also drifted away from shore and headed for the shipwreck.

By faith we are saved; by works (the last oar to be taken out of this time) we shall be judged. (2 Cor. 5: 10; Rev. 22: 10) -L. N. J., Ontario

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TRAINED TO FORGET

Our children are eager to read Family Life when it arrives. I think it is wholesome reading and a good influence for them. I wish I would have had the opportunity to read such magazines when I was young. I am sorry to say that my hobby was reading exciting stories, and I read a lot of trash. I read mostly everything except Scripture, and no normal mind could remember what I read. I had no intention of remembering, so I was training my mind to forget as fast as I read. I am not sorry that I forgot the trash, but I will regret it as long as I live that what I now read I would like to remember but my mind has been trained to forget. I shall have to pay for it the hard way. -C. M., South America

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CAN'T READ GERMAN

I wish you wouldn't print German as I can't read it.

-Mrs. Miller, Ohio

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FOOTTUB FOR BABY SKUNK

The article "Mistaken For A Cat" (Feb.) reminded me of an incident that happened some years ago. My wife happened to look out the window and there were our little children following a baby skunk with the foottub and trying to put it over what they thought was a little kitten. Luckily she got them stopped before they had the experience that Patsy had. -L. H., Missouri

• • • •

DOUBLE STANDARD HIT THE SPOT

The article on double standard (February) sure hit the spot. I am one hundred per cent agreed with the author. But the article on "The Rod Is Not Cruel" is hard to understand. Sending the children without food when the rod would have been the answer. I would also like to read an article from them in twenty years from now when the children are older. We raised our children and would feel too poor to tell anyone how it is done.

-A. M., Pennsylvania

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BEE STINGS EASY TO GET

I think the editorial hit a tender spot (Across the Editor's Desk, February) about signing names. It might be the criticism that we mostly fear instead of the honor we receive. From what I've been around bees and from what I've learned, you'll get stung some time or other if you are looking for honey, and sometimes if you aren't looking for any. -O. A. Graber, Ontario

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FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U. S. A.— Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

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PRINTSHOP IN AYLMER OR LAGRANGE?

Is the picture on the Pathway Newsletter of the Aylmer printshop or the one in LaGrange?

-Mrs. J. J. Zook, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: It is a pencil sketch of the Pathway printshop here at Route 4, Aylmer, drawn by Sarah Weaver.

• • • •

"JECKIES" ARE PLENTIFUL

It was a good article, ("Yust Der Jeckie," February), but I do believe there is more than one "Jeckie." About a year ago I wrote an article for Family Life. Month after month passed and I was real disgusted. Every month my husband hurriedly looked through the magazine the day it came only to say, "Hoo-Hoo, your article wasn't printed." Finally I felt like "yust der Jeckie."

Recently you wrote that whether they are printed or not, you still appreciate the letters. I wondered how this could be as it seemed to me it would be a waste of time. But the more I thought about it, the more I could see your point. So today I shall take time to write you a few lines and sometime when I get in the right mood I may try another article. (P.S. The hoo-hoos of my husband were all good natured. I do not want to complain for he is very good to me.) -Mrs. J. Z. Pennsylvania

"Yust Der Jeckie" was almost like hearing a story about myself. I want "Jeckie" to know that he has done good by writing his story in Family Life, as I thought it very interesting.

I will try and write one of my experiences about being patient and content, hoping someone may be helped by it. My husband works in a feed mill. This winter he was very busy, and had to work overtime. Often my husband had to come home late for supper, sometimes late for bed, leaving him very little time with the family of three children. I became very discouraged and thought I could not go on until I thought how would I live if I would know I had only two more weeks to live. Since we do not know when will be our last day in this life, with God's help I'm trying to live each day as though it were to be the last day of my life. This has helped me to be more content and patient and it also reflects in my husband and children. "Be ye also patient; establish your hearts for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." (James 5:8)

-A Mrs. "Jeckie," Pennsylvania

ANSWER: We admire your patience, but hope your husband can find other work so that he will have time to spend with his family.

I want to send sincere thanks to "Jeckie" for sharing his struggles with nervous depression, or just plain tribulation. How we could feel for him. Would almost have thought I wrote it myself. We know that there are many grievous happenings in the world, such as suicides, complete insanity; and deadly sins are commonplace. But all who place their trust in the Lord find help and healing in due time for every trial and all distress. God's grace is sufficient. -Mrs. J. M. S., Pennsylvania

I read "Yust Der Jecky." I am married to just such a man and he is very dear to me, even if he is not a smooth, easy talker. I know there are times when he feels very insignificant. He thinks when most men speak the crowd draws closer to hear what they have to say, but when he talks, folks are so uninterested in what he has to say they start talking to each other about something else.

I know he isn't too interested in saying much if the talk is all "welt und gelt," but talk about the Bible or religious things, then he can hold his own and very seldom that he doesn't know where a certain verse is to be found, or the meaning of it.

The "Jeckies" in life may not be leaders, but I believe they are ideal followers. The one I know best tries hard to live a good and honest life. No shooting of game out of season for him, no trying to get the best of the other fellow in a deal, and no dishonest deals ever. He makes mistakes at times the same as all human beings, but tries to right them and is very much concerned about raising children to become Christians and about things concerning the church. I feel most men respect him though he doesn't know it.

I believe there are times in the lives of all of us when we feel we don't amount to very much and other people are much more looked up to. At such times the best place for us is alone in a quiet place on our knees. An earnest talk with our Father does much to help us keep trying not to be "a somebody," but to be a Christian soldier.

I thank God for giving us a few "Jeckies". We wives of them love and respect them, and at times when they are depressed we try our best to cheer them up and convince them they aren't as insignificant as they feel they are.

-"Yust my Jeckie sei frau," Pennsylvania

Dear Jeckie: A kindred spirit, I thought, after reading your interesting letter in Family Life. If you are real, Jeckie, I would enjoy hearing from you. Would also like to know how the people like David Eby really feel. Can't they realize how the sensitive feel or are they too busy building up their own egotism?

-A sympathizer of Jeckies everywhere, Maryland

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Words of Love

Louella Stauffer

Powerful the words that come off your tongue,
They mold the character of your young.
For good or evil, words stand or fall
And never a one can you recall.
It behooves Christians to use words wisely so as to let them:
Show faith in the one and only true living God,
Give respect to the ones in authority,
Be a mirror to the self-righteous,
Show kindness to your oppressors,
Show meekness to the mockers,
Give comfort to the bereaved
Help the wise to remain humble,
Give strength to the weak in character,
Teach truth to the doubting,
Give hope to the dying,
Chasten the wayward,
Expound the Word of God to those who hunger for truth,
Discipline the children,
Support the ministers of the church,
Help lift the fallen,
Bring salvation to the wicked,
Teach self-denial to the selfish,
Be in harmony with your fellow-laborers in the church.
LET LOVE EMBRACE ALL AND THE GATES OF HEAVEN WILL OPEN FOR YOU.

. PATHWAY PEN POINTS

THE DAY I WATCHED THE SUN GO DOWN

Although I was born in 1928 and lived through the depression, I remember little of what one may call real hardships. But I do remember what happened one day when I tried to do something I thought my father would not find out about.

Father had a shop where he kept his rather limited supply of carpenter tools. The tools I remember best were the bit set, as that seemed the most attractive to me. (I wonder why boys so like to drill holes.) We boys were reminded not to bother the tools, and on occasions we had to be punished. The door to this shop had a lock on it, although I can't remember of it being locked regularly. What I remember best was one day my two older brothers got the key and locked the door from the inside, then called for me. When I came, of course, I could not get in. This was amusing for them, and after they gave it up and went to something else, I thought I would try it. So I got the key and locked the door, and called for them, but they didn't come. I began to pass the time at other things, though I knew I wasn't supposed to play in there. I chased mice and turned the old burr mill that stood in one corner. Time passed and I forgot where the key was and I could not find it. There was a way to get out from the shed through a side door that was usually hooked from the inside. I got out, but did not have my problem solved. Dad came home and soon found the door locked. It did not take him long to find out who had done it. Then came the verdict, "If you don't find the key till the sun goes down, you will get a switching," and I was acquainted with that. Although he was good to us children, the switchings he gave us were to be remembered.

So the search began. I think I turned over most everything in the shop, every now and then stepping outside to see in what position the sun was. In a way time passed swiftly, in another way it passed slowly, and I began to look forward with displeasure to what I felt sure was coming to pass. As the sun sank lower, so did my spirits. I gave up looking for the key, and wandered up the road to the sweet apple tree. The tree in past days I had visited with joy as I tasted the good fruit its branches bore, but not so now. I sat down beneath my favorite tree. I was just waiting, waiting, waiting for the sun to set, which was indeed very near. All at once I spied my uncle and first cousin coming down the road in the wagon. Surely, I thought, they are coming to our place, and just as surely my father would not switch me in their presence. So my spirits did revive a bit as I planned to go with them home. Upon which I put my hands in my pockets, and there was the much-looked-for key. I don't remember that I waited for my uncle, but rather think that I made tracks for the house, very eager to find my father. Now I knew I could meet him in peace, and be forgiven.

- M. Rhodes

RID OF KNICK KNACKS

Many years ago my first cousin died of a bad heart. While she was strong and not sick, we often enjoyed being with her. Many times I have to think of those days. Then she got sick again and she felt her time was nearly up. She refused to go to a doctor in a car or other places. She prayed a lot and tried very hard to keep Satan out of her life, although she was tempted probably the same as anyone else. One day she made rid of her knick knacks and other things she thought it not right to have. She made rid of things which we ourselves maybe couldn't have seen wrong. A few days later she looked the room over and in a short time passed away. I have often wished we could be more like she was. We people of the Amish faith have more of those "pretty" things than we should have, such as artificial flowers, all kinds of pictures, and decorated mottoes hanging on the walls. If this cousin felt she couldn't go with Jesus having these things, how can we feel so unconcerned? What do such things do us good except for the lust of the eye? I feel we people could do without these things. I have seen so many "pretty" things in houses already that it made me wonder how they can feel good about it. I think such things are treasured too much. Luke 13:34 says, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Since I thought of this, I have discarded with things like that, but maybe I still have some or more than I should have. The same with going so many places with the cars. Sometimes it can't be helped, but other times I feel we do it too willingly. Let's pray God to help us to better or change things like that. There is nothing more beautiful than heaven.

— Kalona, Iowa

DEPENDING ON EACH OTHER

I once read a short story which shows how people can help one another if they are willing and use what God has given them. Too often we complain about what God hasn't given us instead of making the best of what we have.

The story goes like this: There was once a blind man who met a lame man on a bad stretch of road. He asked the lame man to be kind enough to help him over the rough place.

"I can't do it," said the lame man. "I am not strong enough. I can hardly drag myself over. But you are strong. If you will carry me, I shall guide you, and we shall both be able to move along."

"Very well," said the blind man. And he took the lame man on his back. One man used his strength and the other used his eyes, and they soon passed over the troublesome place.

Wonder how many of us pitch in and help each other like these two men did? Too often we are too busy pitying ourselves to think of combining forces and conquering the "troublesome place."

— Ontario

GOSSIP AT THE QUILTING

I was to a quilting where there were about twenty-five people gathered to quilt on two quilts. Soon the talk turned to some people who were neighbors to most of us. Those of us who weren't neighbors, knew them. They had talked about these people for over an hour when all at once the woman beside me said, "Why can't they say one good thing about them?"

"Yes," I said, "I wonder, too. If we stop to think, would we like to be just talking about people's bad faults when Jesus comes? If we asked ourselves this question, a lot of gossip would not be said."

"Yes," she said, "I think you are right. How much better it would be if all of us would pray about these things instead of gossip about them." — C., Iowa

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW

An End In Sight?

In 1940 the United States' first peacetime draft law came into being. It has been steadily renewed by Congress every four years. But with 1971 drawing near, the draft law comes up for reconsideration. There is definite talk about eliminating the draft and having a volunteer army similar to the arrangement prior to World War II. Both conservatives and liberal are backing the change and there is a real possibility that it will take place.

The idea of the draft did not begin in America; it dates back a few thousand years to ancient Greece and Rome. No major draft was used in the American Revolutionary War of 1776 (except in Virginia and Massachusetts). The first national draft law was passed in 1862 to strengthen the ranks of the Union Army in the Civil War, but even then only 10% of the soldiers were drafted -- the others were all volunteers. With the coming of a major war (World War I) in 1914, a major draft law was passed calling 2.5 million men into service. And in 1940-1945 there were nearly 16 million men drafted.

Before 1940 the draft was used only during actual war years, but beginning in 1940 it was used to retain a constant peacetime army of a few million men. Now the Nixon Administration is considering returning to a draft only in major wars, thus freeing young men from a peacetime draft. It is estimated that a volunteer army will cost $3.3 billion more a year; these extra funds would be used for raising military salaries and increasing the soldiers' benefits such as housing and food allowances.

Will the thirty-year-old peacetime draft finally come to a halt? In June of 1971 we will find out.

A Let Up In Integration

Racial inequalities in the U.S. have been termed as "the nation's most critical domestic problem." Much attention, time, effort, and funds have been directed toward finding a solution to the civil rights problem. Protest marches, integration, black power, riots, soul brother, ghettos— all these and many related terms fill the newspapers as everyone from churchmen to politicians seeks to solve a problem created 250 years ago by the kidnapping of Africa's citizens.

Sixteen years ago when the Supreme Court declared segregation unconstitutional, integration became the symbol of the civil rights movement. During the years since then the federal government has held firmly to the position of total integration of all schools. Although some violence and a good deal of anger has gone with it, one after another the southern states have slowly given in to federal pressures.

Suddenly there seems to be a shift in emphasis, if not in direction. The Nixon administration has indicated that it intends to let up, temporarily at least, in the drive toward integration. While many northerners are left bewildered and dismayed by the abrupt change in policy, a good number of southerners have been quick to make the most of it. Alabama's George Wallace announced that he is once more running for Governor "to get our schools back from the Federal Government."

There is, of course, much speculation as to the government's reasons for the slowdown. Was it because Nixon sensed that there might be open revolt among southern whites if government policies were not eased? Was it because some social experts are now contending that in many cases forced integration has caused as many problems as it solved? The answer likely includes a number of factors. All we can know for sure is that there are no easy solutions, either in the government or in the church, when problems have been permitted to compound and worsen for years. It will take more than 10 years to heal the 250.

"FORBIDDEN"

If your mother says "Forbidden"
And your father says the same,
Kindly listen and obey—
Disobedience is a shame.

They are your parents,
They've gone this way before.
From their years of experience
They know where temptations are.

They tell you not to go there
For it is a sinful place.
Do not let your conscience wander
Lest you forget God's loving grace.

Don't forget, dear young people,
You must reap just what you sow;
When your parents say "forbidden"
You must tell your longings "no".

Sometime you too may be a parent
With a child so young and sweet,
And if he turns at your "forbidden"
Your young days he will repeat.

Then you will mourn with sad regret
But you'll find you can't retreat
For the Bible tells us plainly
What you sow—that you must reap!

Let us read our Bible daily
And turn our prayers to God above
That He may show us what's forbidden
And guide us tenderly with love.

-Sel. by Eli Bontrager

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Watch Out For Psittacosis

If you ever develop a high fever, start chilling and have a severely upset stomach, you had better go see a doctor at once. It is possible that you have Psittacosis. Psittacosis (pronounced sit-uh-KO-sis) is a highly contagious disease which is caused by a virus and can be fatal. Since this illness is often caught from parrots, it is also called "parrot disease."

Actually, unless you own a pet parrot or live in a tropical country, it is not likely that you will ever catch psittacosis. There is, however, a second kind of "parrot disease" which you are in danger of catching, regardless of where you live. This second kind doesn't give you a high fever, instead it causes you to act like a parrot — you start repeating everything you hear. The real name for this second kind of "parrot disease" may sound more familiar to you than psittacosis — it is "gossipitis."

The two kinds of "parrot disease" are alike in that both are highly contagious, and both are very serious illnesses. The queer thing about the second kind of "parrot disease" is that it gives upset stomachs to other people instead of to the one who has the sickness. Stated in that way, it may sound humorous, but in reality it is far from funny. For almost always gossip is unkind. Too often it accomplishes nothing good, but leaves behind it misunderstandings, tears, and ill feelings.

Some years ago the U.S. government became alarmed about the spread of Psittacosis. It clamped down on the import of parrots into the United States and ordered that all parrots brought into the country had to pass strict inspection to make sure they were free of "parrot disease." In the same way, as Christians we do well to become alarmed about "gossipitis," that second kind of "parrot disease." From time to time we should give ourselves a thorough checkup to see if we are free from the symptoms of this serious "disease." We should take a critical look at our conversation when we are with friends. What do we tend to talk about most?

The trouble is, gossip may be more difficult to diagnose than psittacosis. It is not always easy to decide what is gossip and what isn't. What one person may mark off as "nothing but gossip," another person may not class as such at all. Although, admittedly, there are no simple answers that fit all situations, certainly we should be able to profit by considering some general guidelines, and applying them honestly and conscientiously to our conversations.

"Do I add to the things I repeat?" This should be the first question on our checkup list. Often there was nothing wrong in telling the story as it originally started out, but by the time it has passed through half a dozen people, it is no longer accurate. When we relate something, it is surprisingly easy to add some comment of our own. We guess at some details that sound reasonable. The person we relate the story to accepts our guess as fact and then adds a few guesses of his own in the retelling. In no time at all the story is twisted and warped until it is barely recognizable. I remember how as children we used to play what we called "telephone." A long line of children would sit side by side. The child at the end of the line would whisper a sentence into the second child's ear. The second child would whisper what he thought he heard to the next in line, and so on. When the sentence emerged from the opposite end of the line, it was fun to see how much it had changed. The game is fun for children to play, but the trouble is that too many of us are still playing the "telephone" game as adults — we whisper what we think we hear. And the rumors that sometime result are too serious to seem very laughable by the time they reach the end of the line.

"Do I jump to conclusions?" A boy we shall call John felt badly when some of his friends went on an outing and he wasn't invited to go with them. He jumped to the conclusion that they didn't want him along, and soon rumor had it that the boys had not wanted John along. The truth was that the invitation had been sent and lost. Meanwhile the boys had jumped to a conclusion of their own. Since John didn't show up to go with them, and didn't give any explanation why not, they decided he just didn't care to be with them. They concluded that John didn't like their company, and they felt insulted. That is the way it often is — the evidence seems to point in a certain direction and we immediately conclude, without further investigation, that it is so in fact. Jumping to a conclusion is dangerous enough, but telling others about the conclusion we have reached is far worse, for that is gossip.

"Have I talked to the person involved?" A young farmer bought a set of work harnesses at a farm sale. The owner said the set was complete and in good condition, so the person buying didn't bother checking everything. When he got the harness home, one of the reins was missing. The buyer felt badly to think that the other person had been dishonest. The longer he thought about it, the worse he felt. But he didn't say anything to the person he bought the harness from. Some time later he mentioned it to someone else, how the man hadn't been as good as his word. The story spread. By the time it got back to the seller of the harness, it had sown seeds of doubt and mistrust in many hearts. And the man was completely innocent. One of his sons had removed the rein from the harness in order to use it in another harness. The father had not known the rein was missing at the time of the sale. The affair was then settled to the satisfaction of both the buyer and seller, but how much better it would have been if the man who felt wronged had gone directly to the person involved. Even if the wrong had been intentional, only the guilty person had the power to make it right, and there was little to gain by spreading the story throughout the neighborhood. Not only is it unwise and unfair to go to other people with a complaint instead of to the person involved — it is also unscriptural. Jesus gave clear, unmistakable instructions, and yet we seem to find excuses for not obeying. "... If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone ..." (Matthew 18:15).

"What is my motive in telling?" When we are tempted to repeat something we have heard, it would be well to ask why we do so. Is our motive right? Do we tell something because we are interested in bettering the situation and helping find a solution, or do we merely love the telling of a tale? Or worse yet, do we have a dislike for the person involved and are secretly glad he has done wrong? Have we prayed for the person who did the wrong? Would we even feel right praying for him? In checking our motive, we must be sure we are honest with ourselves. It is not enough merely to start some juicy morsel of gossip with, "Oh, I'm so concerned about Eli's Dan. Did you hear that he . . . " Or, "We must be sure to pray for Susie. Milo Sally heard from Amos Sarah that Jake Miller said he found out from John Hertzlers that one of his neighbors saw Susie with . . . "

That kind of pious pretense will hardly fool the listener, but even if it did, God would still know better, and would be doubley saddened to see us not only guilty of gossip, but of hypocrisy, too.

Although the word "gossip" never occurs in the Bible, there is plenty of evidence that the problem existed from the earliest times. King David prayed earnestly, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," (Psalms 141:3). Jesus pointed out that the words which escape our lips are an index of the contents of our heart, (Matt. 12:34). He also said that on the final day we shall have to give account of every idle word we have uttered, (Matt. 12:36). Paul admonishes Titus to use "sound speech which cannot be condemned," (Titus 2:8); and all of us are familiar with the emphasis the Apostle James places on the wise use of our tongues, saying that no man can tame the tongue by his own power. He calls the tongue "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," (James 3:8).

I fear we are likely to take too lightly the wrong of gossipping, of spreading rumors that are either unkind, untrue, or unnecessary. When we gossip we disobey the Golden Rule, for none of us like to be gossipped about. By our example we influence others to do the same. Thus, in a world where love is desperately needed, we spread hard feelings, suspicions and mistrust. These feelings are serious for they do not build up. They always tear down, wherever their chill is felt — whether in the home, between friends, in the church, or in the community.

None of us will ever be entirely immune to the "parrot disease" that makes us want to repeat things we have heard. But by the grace of God all of us can try harder to stay free from this deadly disease that makes other people feel bad.

WHO MADE EVERYTHING SO NICE?

The snow falls softly to the ground
And you can see for miles around,
The pretty landscape soft and white;
Just who made everything so nice?

Trees which are covered with woolly snow
Move to and fro as the wind doth blow
And the water will soon turn into ice;
Just who made everything so nice?

The children's laughter is ringing out
As they run and play , and shout;
They love the snow, they love the ice;
But who made everything so nice?

God made the snow fall to the ground,
He made the landscape all around,
He made the water turn into ice;
'Tis God who made everything so nice.
— Eileen Horning (age 14)

IT'S TOO BAD THAT THE "LEVIS" HAVE TO SPOIL IT FOR THE "DAVIDS."

—Author wishes to remain anonymous

TWO KINDS OF CALLERS

"I THINK I'LL TRY baking some homemade bread today," Shirley Smith told her husband, Bob, at the breakfast table one morning.

"Good," he smiled at her over the top of his cup of coffee, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "I haven't had homemade bread for a long time."

"Well, you know I've never made any before so don't build your hopes too high," she warned him gently.

"Oh, I think you'll be able to make some all right." Bob was just a little amused as he encouraged his young wife. His mother had always made bread and he had no idea what all could happen when someone made bread for the first time.

"Anyway, I'll eat it even if . . . "

Shirley was no longer listening. She was looking out the window with a puzzled expression. "Who is that coming up our drive?" she wondered.

"I believe it's Levi Gingerich," Bob answered, after watching the man closely for a little while. "I wonder what he wants."

"I can easily guess," Shirley exclaimed with a shade of annoyance. "I'm sure he wants to use our phone. This is the third time this week and it's only Friday morning."

"Does he come that often?" Bob wondered, slightly surprised both by the idea of Levi coming three times a week to phone, and also by his wife's tone of voice. "But why should that bother you?" he added.

"Keep your eyes and ears open," Shirley told him as she got up to open the door, "and maybe you'll find out."

"Hello!" Levi smiled when Shirley opened the door. "I would like to use your phone if I may."

Shirley hid her impatience with an effort. "Yes, go ahead."

When Levi came into the kitchen Bob took notice. He smiled inwardly as he took in the details. Yes, he saw Shirley's point now. Apparently Levi had come straight from the barn. Bits of hay, straw and even manure clung to his clothing. His old hat was dusty and he must have walked through a spider web that morning. Bob's eyes traveled downward. Even his inward smile faded as he realized that Levi had not taken off his boots. When Bob noticed the little puddles of dirty water on the kitchen floor he remembered that Shirley had scrubbed and waxed the kitchen floor only last night. He glanced sympathetically at Shirley, who was back at the breakfast table, her freckled nose slightly turned up at the barnyard odour.

Levi's call had gone through and he was talking now. "I was just wondering if you are going to the sale at Henry

Freys?" ... "Oh, I see. Sure. Well, that's fine then. I would go along if you don't mind." "Okay. I'll be ready then. 'Bye for now." And with that Levi hung up.

He turned to the Smith's and asked, "How much do I owe you? I called to Harvey Burkholder."

"That's a local call. It doesn't cost us anything so we don't want anything," Bob told him.

"Well, if you think so. Thanks and good-bye," and with that Levi was gone.

All was quiet in the Smith home for a few minutes. Then Shirley raised her eyes and looked at Bob. "Well," she said quietly, like the lull before the storm, "do you know now what I don't like about Levi coming here?"

Bob shifted position in his chair. "Yes," he admitted, "I can't say that I blame you. But if Levi doesn't believe in having the phone and needs to use it what is he supposed to do?" Bob tried to be reasonable.

"That's just it!" Shirley burst out. "How can Levi believe it's wrong for him to have the phone, but all right to come out and use ours? Of course, I could understand it if it was something serious. But you heard what he wanted. He called Harvey Burkholder to see if he could go to the sale with him at Henry Freys. Well, you know as well as I do that Harveys live only two miles up the road. Levi's horse is quite capable of going that distance. Why didn't he drive up and talk with Harvey? Besides, it wouldn't have been necessary for him to talk to Harvey at all. That sale is only around ten miles from here. Levi could have started early and gone with the horse. What kind of belief do these people have anyway, that says it's wrong to have phones and cars but there is nothing the matter with using your neighbor's every chance you get, even when it's not a bit necessary? Frankly, I don't understand it!"

"Well," Bob answered slowly. "Well, I really can't say. I'm sure there must be some explanation but..." His voice trailed off. Shirley had a way of bringing out her point and he didn't know what to say in this case because, like Shirley, he couldn't understand it either.

"Is Levi coming back?" wondered Bob suddenly, as he saw a black coated man coming toward the door.

Shirley turned quickly, then said, "No, it's someone else. I don't think I know him." Just then the doorbell rang. As she went to answer it Shirley whispered over her shoulder, "Probably another one who wants to use the phone."

When she opened the door the tall man outside smiled in a grave way. "Hello, I'm David Weaver," he said. "I wonder if you would allow me to use your phone. Our little girl is very sick."

"Yes, of course. Come in," Shirley responded. She had already taken in his clean clothes and the fact that he left his boots outside the door. After he was shown the phone, David quickly dialed the doctor's number. "Oh, hello. Yes. This is David Weaver. I was hoping you would come out to see our little girl. We were up with her all night and her temperature is a shade above 103 degrees this morning." David's voice had been grave as he spoke and his face was more grave still as he listened to the doctor. It was plain to see that he felt his little girl was in danger. "All right, doctor, we'll do that. Thank you very much." David hung up and turned to the Smiths, inquiring, "Do you know what it costs for that call? It was to Dr. Hill."

As Bob had said to Levi, he also said to David, "That's a local call from here. You don't owe us anything."

"Well, I don't want to use something of my neighbor's for nothing." He put several coins on the table and turned to go. "I don't like bothering you like this at all, but I'm afraid little Anna is a very sick girl."

"That's quite all right," Shirley assured him. "If anything like this turns up just feel free to come. I hope your little girl will soon be better."

"Yes, I hope so, too," David answered in a low voice. "I must be going now. Thanks for letting me use your phone."

After he had gone Shirley was quiet for a few minutes. Finally she said, "I respected that man. His way of doing things makes more sense, doesn't it?" Bob nodded as Shirley went on. "I don't think David would use a phone or car unless absolutely necessary. It's too bad the Levis have to spoil it for the Davids. Some of our neighbors have also been complaining about the different Levis. Of course, we see more of those than the Davids."

"Yes, that's true," Bob answered, then added, "Donald McNeil and I were discussing this very problem last night. He told me that the group of plain people here have talked of having a public phone booth put in somewhere in the neighborhood. I wonder if they're going to."

"Well, I wish they would do something so the Levis wouldn't leave a bad impression for all their people, including the Davids."

Shirley got up and started to gather the breakfast dishes while Bob slipped on his coat to leave for work. "Don't forget the bread," he reminded her.

Shirley laughed. "You know I almost did. Be sure to come home hungry."

"I will," Bob promised, and with a friendly smile he left for work.

Shall We?

Shall we speak of the faults of others
And say how weak they are?
Shall we tell when a friend has fallen
And spread the tale afar?

Shall we publish the errors of others
And hurt them with our words?
This will give birth to rumors
Which spread wings like flying birds.

Shall we tell of the wrongs of others
And blame them when they fail?
O, let us think before we speak,
We too are weak and frail.

For the circumstances we know not
And therefore can not see
The things that others have to bear
How weary they may be.

For we may often fail to see
The stones along their way,
Likewise the thorns upon the path
Which they must walk today.

Nor can we see into the heart
And know their secret care;
O, let us think before we speak
And for them breathe a prayer.
S. M. W.

BEHOLD,

BY A SIMPLE ACT OF GOD,

HOW MANY HEARTS WERE MELTED.

MORE THAN THE HOSPITAL COULD DO

-by Levi and Harley Lambright

WHEN OUR CHILDREN STARTED with the measles a friend told us, "Measles is something to take care of."

But the same day, another friend, a minister, assured us, "I wouldn't worry about the measles, as it is nothing serious. The children can keep on going."

Our family of seven boys and one girl took its turn at having the measles. Two and three were down at a time. Three beds were lined up in the living room and Mother walked the floor as a faithful nurse, taking care of the sick as any mother would do. The children's fevers would go up to 103 then 104, and the child did not eat for a day or so. Then the fever would always retreat and the child would start on the road to recovery. As time and the measles moved on, there were only the two oldest boys left to take their turn. It was on a Friday evening that the oldest, John (aged 20) started with a little fever, but not much. The next day he did not know if he was sick or not. Being a strong healthy boy, he was not alarmed and went on with his usual daily work.

It wasn't until Tuesday that the measles came out in full bloom for John, and he took unwillingly to bed. He tried to faithfully stay in bed, but he was very miserable and kept going from one bed to another and then out onto the easy chair and back to bed again. By now his fever was up to 104.

The days passed. The measles had always left the other children within a few days, but John did not seem to be getting any better. These were restless days for Mother. Why didn't John get better? It was past time. His fever wasn't so high; it was 101 right now. But in spite of this, he was sometimes mixed up in his mind. And he was just as miserable as ever. His cough was another strange thing. Before with the other children a cough went along with the measles but would start to break loose from the chest after the measles were out. But for John it just seemed to tighten up—a short hacking cough. This was a clear sign he was not improving very fast over the hump like the others had. And still stranger he had now quit coughing altogether. And, oh, those weird eyes.

Thursday came and everyone began to realize that John definitely wasn't getting better, if anything,sicker. When his fever went up and his talking didn't make any sense, Dad called the family doctor. "Give him a warm foot bath and aspirins to keep the fever down," advised the doctor. "Measles sometimes can get real serious if it goes into the head for it can cause suffocation." With the report of the doctor's words, the whole family realized they had something serious on hand.

A song abruptly passed through Mother's mind, "Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home." The same song that had constantly come to her over and over for a day or so already. "No, no," she said inwardly, shaking the thought from her. "John is sick, but he must get better!" A small voice told her, "God's will is best; submit to it." With a confused, harassed mind she continued cooking breakfast. "Lord, I'm coming home." Oh, there come those words again. They haunted her. "Oh, please, no. John must not die. I couldn't bear it; not our John." All morning at intervals the song would pass through her mind. But the ever small voice inside said, "You still want God's will. His will is best. He does not forsake His own. Submit to His will." Mother vigorously battled with herself. Yes, she really wanted God's will—usually——but this——. Finally, in her turmoil she prayed within, "Oh, God, help me then to submit to your will." Then and there she saw the victory ahead; only a little farther to total surrender. But still her nature rose up against the haunting, troubling thoughts.

It was time for Dad to come in from choring. The clock struck quarter till seven. Mother decided to go check on John again. This time the sight that met her eyes at the bedroom door made her exclaim in shocking surprise, "John! Are you better? How do you feel?" There, sitting on the edge of the bed was John with his trousers already on. He still looked quite weak, but he smiled and talked and answered questions sensibly.

"I want to write my letter," he announced.

"Just lie down and relax, John," answered Mother. "Are you able to write?"

Yes, he would try to write. But first Mother wanted to take his temperature. When the time was up, she removed the thermometer from John's mouth and held it toward the light. What she read made her heart leap for joy. His body temperature was normal! Oh, it was simply wonderful, too good to be true.

John talked and smiled—— just so normally. What had made the change? The aspirins?

"Just to see him smile is worth a thousand dollars," said Mother.

There were lighter and more grateful hearts during devotions and breakfast that morning. Mother felt as if 50 pounds had been lifted from her. Her battle with herself and her pent up emotions were all thrown into the background. John was better again— much better. She just couldn't be thankful enough.

Soon John asked again for a tablet and pen. He must write his letter. Today was the day. She would be expecting it. He would write just as usual. When he was given paper and pen he raised himself to a sitting position, slowly, determinedly. He scrawled on the date and greeting, but he discovered that he was too weak and shaky to write at all plainly. His efforts looked like a first grader's early attempts at writing. What was wrong? Wasn't John really back to normal? His eyes, too, did not look normal; at times they would roll upwards more than they should have. Yet everyone had hopes that he was over the worst and would soon be better.

In the late forenoon Dawdy Miller came to see how everything was coming along with the sick. He visited some with John, then nestled himself on the rocker on the porch and fell asleep. Dad was out in the barn somewhere and Mother was starting to prepare dinner, checking on John from time to time. On one of her trips to the bedroom, she asked John, "Would you eat some oranges?"

"Uum, maybe," he said.

So Mother went out but soon returned again with some oranges. Then she noticed that John had fallen asleep. "All right," she thought, laying the oranges down on a small table beside the bed, "I'll just let him sleep." She quietly went out again.

About five minutes later Mother heard a slight sound in the bedroom. She wondered if John had awakened and turned her steps toward the bedroom. At her first look into the room she stopped— squarely stunned. An indescribable surge of fear shot through her like an electric shock. "Look at John!" she exclaimed. Then she ran to the front door and hollered. "Levi. Oh, Levi! Come quick once. Oh, quick!"

Dad instantly knew something serious was wrong and ran for the house. Dawdy had awakened and immediately gone to the bedroom. There on the bed was John, his legs drawn up, his arms moving back and forth. His face was deeply flushed, mingled with a bluish hue, and puffed up abnormally. His eyes were rolled back into his head.

"John, John," Dawdy said.

No answer.

"Put his legs down," said Dad. "John, here. John, John."

No response —only a weird staring off into space. Mother uttered a series of exclamations and dropped into the rocker overcome with grief.

"It's going just like the doctor said," Dad bemoaned. "It's in his head and it's suffocating him. Oh, John, we can't do without you."

"Yes, we can. We can if we must," Dawdy kept saying as he stood by the bed fanning John with a magazine. "We will all have to die sometime anyway."

The family went through a prayer period as they never had before. Next Dad ran to the schoolhouse which was only 40 rods up the road. He told the teachers to toll the bell. John was dying.

Coming back home Dad found John still restlessly moving his arms about. And Dawdy was fanning him with one hand and feeling his pulse with the other. Yes, he was here, but suddenly he relaxed, lying still. Dawdy bent down closer. Had he actually passed on? No, he was still breathing.

Death never seemed more real. Everyone said things without fully realizing what they were saying. Nor did anyone care. Dinner was forgotten. Nothing else mattered. Everything was dropped as all thoughts were focused on a departing one. Behold, by a simple act of God, how many hearts had melted.

The ambulance driver examined John and said, "Yes, there's still life." They lifted him onto the cot and carried him out to the ambulance.

"You want to go along, don't you?" someone said to Dad.

"Oh, I guess. We'll go along, won't we, Mother?" asked Dad, his mind reeling from the sudden confusion.

Soon Mother and Dad were seated on each side of the cot, while Dawdy, who wanted to go too, sat up front. Rapidly the ambulance sped for the LaGrange County Hospital. John had become restless again, and Mother and Dad had to watch him lest he roll off the cot. In a matter of minutes they were backed up to the emergency entrance of the hospital.

John was rolled into the emergency room and was soon supplied with oxygen. After examining him a little, Dr. Connigen (the family doctor) looked worried. About one half hour later he came out and spoke to Mother and Dad, "It could possibly be spinal meningitis— the contagious kind. I have made arrangements to send him down to Fort Wayne."

In a short time Mother and Dad were again seated in an ambulance with John. He was to be under oxygen all the way. Siren whining, the ambulance made its way out onto the open highway. Here it shot forward at nearly 100 miles per hour. In towns and places of heavy traffic, the siren cleared the way. No stopping for red lights, crossroads, or other traffic. Someone's life was at stake and not a moment could be wasted.

(The scene changes here to the Fort Wayne hospital where John has been rushed into the emergency room. The rest of the account is told by his father, Levi.)

Now we were at the place where thoughts started to come again, "Maybe with God's help there might be a chance that John will still make it." But those thoughts became weaker as the afternoon wore on.

A few hours after we arrived at the hospital, John's breathing got harder and louder till the patients in the other rooms could hear him. His fever had zoomed up to 106. He was getting so stiff that he was pushing his head back. When we wanted to push his head forward, his neck was so stiff that his whole body would move. And his hands and fingers were twisting up tight. Not like a fist but lengthwise. To open up his hands we had to use both hands to pull his fingers apart. How long can a person last that way?

Many prayers went up. We did not want to pray in a selfish way; so we asked God to take us from this earth first and spare John's life. He could do more good here than we yet could. We were coming to the point of complete surrender. We realized it would take more than our will and more than the hospital could do. Only if it was

God's will would John not die.

Soon three nurses came into the room; two of them had their arms full of quart bottles of rubbing alcohol. The other had an armful of towels and a dishpan. They emptied the alcohol into the dishpan and began to dip the towels into the liquid and then lay them on John—from head to toe. As soon as the last towel was placed, the first towel was turned around, then the next, and so on. Then the first towel was redipped in the alcohol as were the others in turn. The nurses kept this up for a while and then took John's temperature. But they just shook their heads; it was still the same—106. They did not give up but kept on with the towel and alcohol routine.

Finally the cooling effect of the alcohol had caused John's temperature to drop one-tenth of a degree. More efforts were made and before long it had dropped one whole degree. At 103 they stopped the alcohol bath.

Friday evening came and I realized the others at home would be anxiously waiting for word from the hospital. I called the neighbors and asked them to tell the family, "John is still unconscious and breathing hard." That night was probably the most sleepless night our family ever experienced. Their mother and I were in a large hospital fifty miles from home beside the bed of our very sick son who hung somewhere between life and death.

Sometime in the night a special friend walked into the room and joined our sorrow. After looking at John a while she said she would not even know him. His face and lips looked so different— so puffed and swollen; he didn't look natural. There were two tubes in his nose for oxygen.

Saturday morning came without us able to see any change in John either way from the night before. But when the doctor examined him he said, "Well, I have some hopes this morning. Last evening I was very pessimistic. Every hour now we are gaining; the longer he lives the more hope we have."

Every word the doctor said had a lot of meaning for us. We were now coming more to our natural senses, realizing that these things don't just happen. A higher power is the regulator. John can't die unless God wills it. Some of the other patients in the nearby rooms were also sharing these feelings. One of the men patients told us that at 6 o'clock that morning he had knelt beside his bed and prayed to God to spare John's life. "It really helps to pray; I know it does," he told us.

We took turns that day staying at John's bedside. Only two were allowed to be in the room at the same time; since there were three of us (counting the special friend) we had to take turns. All day Saturday John lay unconscious; and of course his eyes were closed. No, we had not seen his eyes since we had entered the hospital.

Towards Saturday evening John would move his arms a little more. He even reached up once and rubbed his head. We could see his eyes moving around under the eye lids. These we hoped were promising signs. By night he was a little more unruly so that we had to hold him down. A nurse gave him a shot to keep him still.

That morning we had asked the doctor if he thought John's mind could be effected that he would not be normal if he does come to. The doctor had said, "Yes, this could be very possible, and has happened to others with so high a fever." We were faced with something new. Continually we had been earnestly praying for God to spare John's life. Now we realized that God knew more and better than we did. Which was harder to bear: death or a retarded son? We now looked not only to a higher power to control John's life but also his mind. God's will be done. He knows best.

Sunday morning as the nurses were doing their daily routine work, one called John's name real loud, just as different ones had done before. Finally by handling him and calling his name, they got him to open his eyes. This was something wonderful for us to see— John with his eyes open. He would kind of look us in the eyes like a little baby, not realizing much. The nurse hurried out the door to call the girl friend who was sitting in the lobby resting from the tired night. "Come quick, John's got his eyes open."

Now we were all three by his bedside. This was a happy time, maybe too happy. We talked to him, asked him if he knew where he was. We told him we were at Fort Wayne, but he did not realize it yet.

Off and on that Sunday morning we talked to John; he seemed to realize some things we were saying but then he would fade away again.

By Sunday P. M. it was harder to get John's attention. We could not converse with him; neither would he sleep. Our hearts became heavier again. Will his mind return like it once was, or not? We had no idea. We depended on a higher power. But we also realized since he had been unconscious so long, he probably would be semi-conscious the first day or so. It would take time for his mind to clear up again. So that evening we limited our efforts to talk to him, thinking he needed to rest.

On Monday he showed signs of improvement. He seemed to actually realize for the first time where he was— in the Fort Wayne hospital. We began saying to each other that we believe his mind will be all right with some time. As the evening before, the nurse brought John a tray— a very light meal of liquids and Jello. Relatives and friends began calling the hospital to find out about him. We were glad to report that he was much better. Back in our minds we had to think, "They will never realize what we have been through these past few days."

Tuesday John was still improving and getting back his natural appearance more and more. Feeding through his veins stopped. Neighbors and relatives came to visit. To them we appeared very happy and cheerful, and we were! We alone had seen the remarkable change that had occurred between Friday and Tuesday. It was a miracle before our very eyes.

Wednesday more improvement was seen. The severe cough which had mysteriously left John on Friday had reappeared on Monday. By Wednesday the coughing was almost conquered. It seems that in order to get well again from the measles, this coughing had to finish its course.

After we had a fair night's rest, Thursday morning came. I had returned home the night before and called the hospital Thursday to find out what the doctor had discovered after examining John. I could hardly wait. Mother said over the phone, "Bring some of John's clothes along. The doctor says he can come home today."

A friendly neighbor brought us home, free of charge. This trip home from Fort Wayne was altogether different than the one down a week before.

A bed was waiting in the living room. This was now what you would call a real reunion where the whole family is together. I don't think we were overly happy as the seriousness of the matter was still in our minds.

It was good to see John back in the house again and to think of a week earlier when we could see nothing but death. But we felt that a miracle had happened and did we thank the Lord enough? Or did we forget like the nine in the story we read of in Luke 17?

The question had been asked whether we feel that we could have done anything to prevent him from getting so seriously ill? Perhaps he should not have been allowed to go on with his work when he first got the measles. But his mind was on his work and he talked about how he ought to do this and that yet. Perhaps this was one cause of his getting so sick. We do not know.

But we feel that this was God's will and that perhaps this was to happen to break our family selfishness, that is to teach us that we have to give each other up on this earth sometime.

We must say with Paul that it is only through the Grace of God that we still are what we are. We are thankful for His goodness toward us for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. ■■

(Editor's note: John has been back at work at Pathway's LaGrange office for the past few months. He has experienced no ill after-effects of his serious illness— neither mental nor physical.)

HOPING FOR A HAPPY HOME

- Author wishes to remain anonymous

"I SURE HOPE Beulah has calmed down since last night," Mattie thought to herself as she awoke in the morning. The night before, Beulah and her husband, Ralph, had had one of those frequent arguments. This time it was about whether their four-year-old daughter, Linda, should or shouldn't spend a week with Grandmother.

Ralph and Beulah were the parents of six lively children, all under the age of ten. There were three boys and three girls.

Mattie had been hired to help with the housework. It was a serious problem for her, too. Many times she thought she could not go on, that it would take more patience than she had, but for Ralph's and the children's sake she felt she must do the best she could.

Beulah's mother enjoyed having her grandchildren spend several days at a time at her house. But always when one of them came home after having been with Grandmother, the entire family suffered for a day or two. Grandmother gave them everything they wanted, babied them and usually sent a new toy or book home with them. This always made trouble with the other children. "But," Beulah declared, "there is nothing we can do about it. For after all, Grandmother gets lonely."

Mattie had been raised in a home with strict discipline and often she found it hard to be silent. Like Ralph, she felt that for the good of the children they should not be allowed to stay with their grandmother. "After all," she reasoned to herself, "the parents are first of all responsible for their children."

Then there was the time when Ralph corrected the oldest son, Larry, because the boy thought it was great fun to hear a neighbor boy tear recklessly by in his sports car. "Why, Daddy," Beulah cut in before her husband had finished speaking, "he's just a normal boy. You can't expect him to be different just because he's our son."

Mattie overheard and she could hardly suppress the feelings that welled up inside of her. Once again she just told her feelings to herself. "No, they won't be different from other boys unless you teach them to be and that's what God gave them to you for."

On another occasion they had an early supper so they could go to the store that evening. At the supper table, one of the boys, Lee, did not behave even after a warning, so Ralph said, "Because you have not behaved you shall not go with us to the store."

Ralph got ready and said to his wife, "Mother, are you ready to go?"

"No," she answered, "if Lee can't go I'm not going along, either. I will stay home and help him with his homework."

"So you think I did the wrong thing?" Ralph asked.

"Yes," answered Beulah.

"Well, what do you think we should do to help him overcome this embarrassing habit of acting funny just to draw attention?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but this certainly isn't helping the situation."

By this time Ralph was impatient to go as he had been ready to go earlier and Beulah was in no hurry to go. "All right, Lee can go but remember, it's against my will."

So saying he left the house and waited outside until the others were ready to go. Lee and his mother went along, both feeling quite satisfied that they had gotten their own way.

When they had left, Mattie went about her work silently, but inwardly she was very much perturbed. She was only too glad when the family left, leaving just the baby to tend and the stack of dirty dishes to wash. Now she was left with her own thoughts. As she had so often done before, she vowed to herself that if ever she were married and had a family, she would want to agree with her husband on child discipline. "If I don't agree with him," she told herself, "I hope the last place I will ever say it is in front of the children. I want them to think that he is the greatest daddy in the world, and if they heard me arguing with him, just how great would they think he would be?"

The husband should be the head of the home and have the final word on discipline as well as other major matters in the home.

So Mattie's thoughts ran on as she washed the stack of dirty dishes, swept the floors and tucked the baby in for the night.

When the family returned from their trip, everyone seemed their usual selves.

"So, ' Mattie said to herself, "that's the end of the argument and what an end to come to for Christian parents!"

She feared that in this case as well as many others previously, they had never asked one another for forgiveness for the harsh tones and impatience with one another. She supposed as she looked ahead in the lives of the little ones that they would think this is the accepted way and so follow the same example.

But Mattie knew this was not right and resolved firmly that it shouldn't be this way if ever she had a home. She felt that confession and forgiveness are vital parts of the Christian life, especially of husbands and wives.

It wasn't just Lee that got by with things. Six-year-old Lucy seemed to have the knack of getting her own way. One day while she was ironing, Mattie overheard the following conversation between Lucy and her mother.

"Mother, I want a cookie."

"No, not now."

"But I'm hungry."

"No, it's almost suppertime."

"But I want a cookie now," Lucy said impatiently and stomped her little feet.

"All right, you can have just one."

Mattie gave her head a determined shake as she looked up from the shirt she was ironing to see Lucy munching her cookie contentedly. "I guess she'll be just like her mama, when she grows up — determined to get her own way and satisfied only when she does," Mattie mused to herself.

It seemed to Mattie that everytime she came to work she found a sink full of dirty dishes. She recalled that when she was a little girl, her mother made her wipe the dishes even though she didn't like to. Mattie knew that Linda and Lucy were big enough to help her. They were willing workers if only Beulah would see the need of teaching them while they were young. One day Beulah told her two little girls, "Someday I want you to help some busy mother like Mattie is helping us." But she was missing the best opportunity she would ever have to teach them.

Mattie was thinking about such things one evening as she sat in her room in deep meditation. She wondered what life held for her. Would she always be a hired girl? "If so, then let me serve in whatever area you have chosen as my lot," she prayed.

"But if I would have a home of my own, then let it be that my husband and I can dwell in unity and love and teach our children to do the same.

"Let me never reprimand or scold him in the presence of our children. I want to speak to him and treat him in such a way that no one need ever question our love for one another.

"And when we speak to our children, may they know what we mean and that we expect them to obey. Otherwise we should not have spoken."

Mattie sighed as she thought how vitally important it is to teach children right so that when they become husbands and wives, they can have a Christian home built on true love.

Mattie's mind went back to Beulah. How could she help her? Should she be more patient? She felt sure that part of Beulah's trouble was on her parents' part in not breaking her selfishness and stubborn will when she was young. But, what could be done now? She felt very small and helpless. What a big responsibility for anyone entering marriage to think that so much depends on how they give themselves into God's will.

- S., Pennsylvania.

Are We What They Think?

When strangers trust us so completely, it makes us wonder if we are worthy of it.

-by Mrs. Eli E. Hostetler

There had been little time to get ready after the message arrived saying that a good friend, and aunt in Holmes Co., Ohio had died. So we got a driver, his name was Dave, but he told us his car was not in very good shape. If we wanted to go at all we had to start right away so we decided to try it. Now we were not too sure that we had done the right thing. There were four of us, Eli C. Miller and his wife, Ella, and my husband and I.

As long as we kept going, all was well. But by the time we reached the throughway that went toward Windsor, the motor had stopped four times and we had received four shoves.

It was close to midnight when we stopped at a service station on 401 to see if we could have the engine fixed. But they refused to even look at the motor. It was Saturday night and they were open only for gas and oil and minor things. So we headed on toward Windsor.

On the edge of Windsor we went through four traffic lights and it was very nerve-wracking, hoping that the light would turn green before we got there. Once we had to make a right hand turn (permissible on a red light in Canada when there is no traffic) and went around the block. The next time the light was green. We wondered what would happen if the engine should stall right at the intersection. But traffic was light at this time of night.

Soon we sighted a gas station that was all lighted up so we breathed a sigh of relief to think that now we could get the motor fixed. But we got the same answer. The mechanic told us they would take no job like this over the week-end but he did agree to take a look at the engine. He felt sorry for us since we were so far away from home, and if it were nothing serious maybe he could fix it.

He took one look at the motor and then came and told us, "If I were you, I'd fill her up with oil and gas and head for home as quick as I could. It might get you that far yet."

What should we do? It was past midnight already and we had not had supper yet. There was a restaurant beside the gas station so we went in to get something to eat, and to council over our predicament. Ella and I thought we should go home but the men said it would not be a good idea to start home at this time of night with a sick car. Maybe we could sleep in a motel and start back the next morning. We were tired and there was one close by.

As we were still nibbling on our supper, Dave, our driver decided to go to the washroom. But before he got there a middle aged couple at another table stopped him and asked, "What kind of people are these you are driving?"

"They are Amish-Mennonites," Dave answered, "and they are on their way to a funeral tomorrow down in Holmes County, Ohio. We are having car trouble so guess we'll have to turn around and go back."

"But how will these people get to the funeral?" he wanted to know.

"I guess they won't get there," Dave answered. "The mechanic over at the garage advised us to fill the car with gas and oil and head for home as fast as we could."

The man reached into his pocket, got his car keys and handed them to Dave saying, "Here, you can have my car. It is nothing fancy but it will take you to Holmes County and back. Then you can take your car on home."

Dave didn't know what to think of this unexpected turn of events so he came over to our table and told us what the man had said. "Shall we take his car?" Dave asked.

We looked at each other in astonishment and didn't know what to say. We decided there must be a catch somewhere. But then the man came over to our table and offered us the keys.

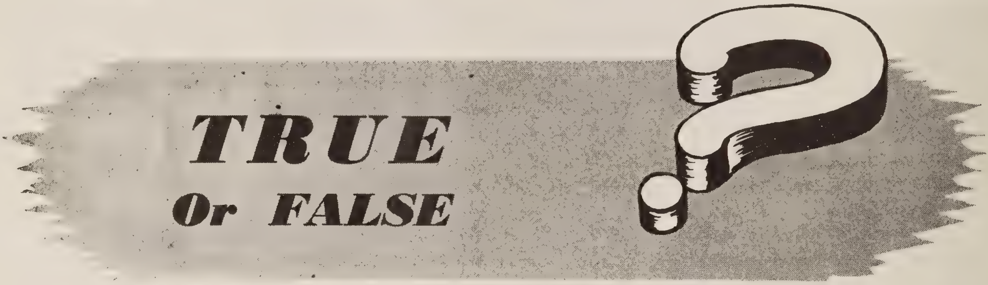
"But this is so unusual we don't know what to say," Eli C. said.

"Why is it unusual?" the man wanted to know. "You have car trouble and are on your way to a funeral. I offer you my car. All you have to do is buy the gas and oil and bring my car back again on your way home."

"But what if we should get into an accident?" I asked.

"But you won't have an accident," he said. Then we perceived that he took us for such godly people that God would not let us get into an accident. A prayer went up from my heart that God would help us that we could be what this man took us for.

He said he would give Dave the papers for the car and it



Cities of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

It is interesting to know that Cain, the first man born on earth, became a builder of a city. "And he builded a city, and called the name of the city after the name of his son, Enoch." (Gen. 4:17) From that time forth, right to the third last verse in the Bible, the Scriptures are filled with references to cities. The following twenty questions deal with well-known cities of the Old and New Testaments. Answers and scoring scale appear on page 17.

1. The main purpose for walls around Biblical cities was to keep wild animals out.
2. Paul was struck down by a bright light while on his way to the city of Damascus.
3. Jesus performed his first miracle in the city of Nain.
4. Nineveh was a small fishing village located in the land of Israel.
5. All of the following cities were visited by Paul on his journeys: Corinth, Athens, Ephesus, Thessalonica, and Philippi.
6. Bethlehem was a city in Galilee.
7. The Bible often likens heaven to a city.
8. Though Jerusalem was more important at the time of Jesus than was Nazareth, in population Nazareth was actually the larger city.
9. The "cities of refuge" in the Old Testaments were cities where outlaws could flee and be safe from being punished.
10. In Bible times Samaria was the name of a country and not of a city.
11. Though Paul often talked of going to Rome, we do not read that he ever reached that city.
12. Joppa and Jericho are two names for the same city.
13. The only time we read of a city named Shushan is in the book of Job.
14. Babel is the name of a city built soon after the flood.
15. Babylon was a great city and the home of King Nebuchadnezzar.
16. Sodom was such a wicked city that no city since has deserved as severe a punishment as it suffered.
17. There was more than one city named Antioch in the Bible.
18. The small city of Endor is never mentioned in the Bible except in connection with the tabernacle service and the worship of God.
19. Gaza was the capital city in Egypt where many of the Pharaohs lived.
20. Bethany was near to Jerusalem and was the home of Mary and Martha.

would be perfectly legal. So we counseled again among ourselves. We still felt that perhaps there might be a catch. Maybe he will send the police after us and say we stole his car. But then the thoughts came that we ought to have faith in God, that He was providing a way for us to go to the funeral and that we would actually hurt this man's feelings by not accepting his offer.

Finally we decided to accept it and prayed that we are doing the right thing, and that God would keep his hand over us and bring us safely back.

So we took the man and his wife to their home, they lived only a few blocks away, and we continued on our way with the borrowed car.

When we arrived at our destination we found out it was Eli C's uncle that had died instead of his aunt.

We told our experience to different people and they told it to others and before we started home, we heard a report that the Aylmer people had rented a car in Detroit and driven it themselves. But we soon tracked this rumor down and found that a man who was hard of hearing had understood it that way.

Everything went well but we did find out that what the owner of the car said was true. His car was nothing fancy and Ella and I, in the back seat, swallowed a lot of Holmes County dust which seeped in through the trunk and under the back seat. But we vowed we would not complain, and stuffed our shawls into the cracks which kept out most of the dust.

When we got back to Windsor we filled the car up with gas and oil and took it to the man. He came and gave Dave's car a shove to get started. We also gave the man some money but at first he didn't want to take it.

He told us that the evening when he met us in the restaurant was the first time he and his wife ever ate there. He said he feels it was God's will that he be there at that time.

We asked the man at the filling station if he knows the man who lent us the car. "Oh, I've seen him around before but I don't know his name," he answered and then added, "In all my life I have never seen anything like this before and probably never will again."

The question is, are we worthy to be considered as this man took us to be, God's holy people? ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

Geared To The Times and Anchored To The Book?

One man is driving a Cadillac, listening to the radio as he zips along the highway at 75 miles an hour. He is a life insurance executive and has an appointment with his lawyer about an impending case.

The other man sits on the buggy seat, waiting for the traffic to clear. "Whoa, Prince," he soothes his horse, "just a minute till this car is past." As the Cadillac whizzes by, he slaps the reins on the horse's back and the buggy makes muddy marks across the strip of concrete. Safely on the other side, the vehicle slows and the horse resumes its steady plodding along the graveled country road, soft from the spring sun.

Both men claim to be Christians.

The first man is dressed in a light gray business suit, tailored to fit his position in society. His striped necktie is outlined against a starched white shirt as he unbuttons his coat. His briefcase lies on the seat beside him. Cigarette smoke is whisked out of the car by the air conditioner.

The second man is in his farm clothes. His denim pants are patched at the knees, but clean from Monday's wash, and still smelling faintly of detergent. His beard is blown back over his shoulder by the March wind, and when a puff loosens his broad black hat from his head, he grabs for it with his free hand. He mentally checks off the items he wants to buy at the hardware and order from the mill.

Both men are church members.

The first man has his wife with him. With the radio going they are not talking much. She wants to go to the beauty parlor while her husband sees his lawyer. Her hair is bobbed short and dyed an unnatural auburn color. She smoothes it with her dainty fingernail-painted hands. Her lips are painted, too, and her eyelashes finely penciled. Her dress is halfway to her knees— down to her knees, that is— and she fingers her diamond ring where it is rubbing a bit uncomfortably. She, too, is puffing smoke.

The man on the buggy has his wife along, too. She is well protected from the cool wind by a dark woolen dress, halfway to her ankles, thick black stockings, a shawl and a bonnet. She wears no jewelry, but she does wear a prayer cap. She is unpainted, but the fresh air has reddened her cheeks to a healthy glow. She is going along to shop for poplin and denim and Broadcloth. She still has sewing to do before gardening time comes.

Both women partook of communion last Sunday. Both are church members in good standing.

The man in the Cadillac laughs when you ask him about nonconformity to the world. His wife says dress and conduct don't matter. It's what is inside that counts with God.

The man in the buggy says he agrees that the heart is what counts with God. "But," he continues, "I figure what is inside comes out." Then he quotes Jesus, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." His wife on the buggy seat quietly nods her head in agreement.

The couple in the Cadillac and the couple in the buggy have little in common. Neither couple would feel at ease visiting in the other's home. This is strange, for they do claim to have one thing in common— faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

How can we explain?

Geared to the Times

Several years ago there was an exchange of ideas in the "Mennonite Weekly Review" about what was worldly and what was not. The Review is an inter-Mennonite paper that goes into the homes of both conservative and liberal-minded Mennonites, so you can imagine a discussion on worldliness could well turn out to be a warm one.

It started with a letter from a Pennsylvania reader who complained to the editor about the photos of Mennonites in "worldly" dress that appeared in the Review. This letter was printed in the "Readers' Response" section. There was nothing wrong with his letter that I could see except that he made the mistake of not signing his name.

In just a short time the Pennsylvania letter drew a reply. A lady from Oregon gave her opinion in these words:

"I had to smile at the letter, 'Name Withheld' from Pennsylvania in the Readers' Response section in the February 10th issue. This unnamed person seemed to be insulted by the pictures of the people in this paper whose dress showed 'No separation.' I hadn't noticed anything 'worldly', 'Christian', or 'separating' about any dress, but I do see people— people who have done, or are doing, something for the cause of Christ. People and churches who are not so busy separating themselves that they do not have time to serve the world. Not so busy 'standing against' that their heart is closed to compassion. Not so busy condemning that they find no time to fellowship with other Christians. Not so busy with dress that they forget to be tolerant and understanding. Not so busy being different, that their lives fail to be a true Christian witness.

"We are living in a changing world. The late Henrietta C. Mears once said, 'In all our teaching and serving we must be geared to the times and anchored to the book.'"

When I read the letter from Oregon the first time, I thought to myself, "What a catchy phrase that is, 'geared to the times and anchored to the Book.' It sounds good to the ears, sure thing, but I wonder if those who try it aren't going to run into difficulties."

The more I have thought about it, the more convinced I have become that it isn't possible for a person to be geared to the times very long, and remain anchored to the Book. The whole idea is a contradiction in itself. It isn't possible to serve two masters, to serve God and mammon at the same time thus, impossible to be geared to the times and at the same time anchored to the Book.

I am sure the lady from Oregon is not the only person who thinks it is perfectly proper for a Christian to be geared to the times. Somehow when people want to, they can ignore or reason away Scripture passages that teach a separation from the world. (Here we can all be on our guard!) Some Scriptures that are shrugged off as nonessential are the following:

-The words of Paul in 1 Corinthians 11 teaching the veiling of women, and that it is a shame for women to cut their hair.

-The instructions of both Paul and Peter concerning modest apparel, and forbidding the wearing of jewelry.

-The warning against the unequal yoke with unbelievers.

-The commands against divorce and remarriage, against violence and revenge, against going to law.

-The practicing of the holy kiss, feet washing, and a banning and shunning of apostates.

There are others, of course.

The writer from Oregon may be a very sincere woman. She may be an extremely nice person, kind to others and helpful to those less fortunate than she. The man and his wife in the Cadillac were probably friendly people, too, beneath the artificial shell. They were probably active in community clubs, and regular givers to CARE and THE MARCH OF DIMES.

I have friends who are very liberal in their thinking about dress and worldliness. Most of them would rather not talk about the subject, but when they are pushed to it they agreeably disagree. Few of them are as outspoken as the lady from Oregon who wrote to the "Mennonite Weekly Review."

In spite of the niceness of many of these people and in spite of their unwillingness to talk about the subject, they are proclaiming with their lives that they think it is possible to be geared to the times and still be anchored, at least officially, to the Book.

Under such influences some of our young people are deceived into thinking that plain clothes and a separated life aren't really necessary after all.

First in the Community

The desire to be recognized by the world, to be popular and accepted (and not thought queer!) is a feeling that grows on a person. It may begin harmlessly enough, but like a cancer it can spread until it dominates one's entire life.

People go to great lengths to be in fashion. We have all seen how women rush to be in style, like a flock of sheep that never think for themselves. When the times dictate tight-fitting dresses or high-heeled pointed shoes, they wear them regardless of how uncomfortable it makes things.

A few years ago there was a big outcry that "God is dead." It became the proper and popular thing among the churches to hurriedly come to the defense of God, and prove He was still alive. I don't think God really needed any help from man, but that is not the point. The point is that many of the people who shouted the loudest would have been quiet in an instance had it brought them persecution rather than honor. The motive even in noble things can be merely to do as others are doing.

More recently it is the accepted thing among Protestant churches to be very much concerned about race problems. There is nothing wrong with this except that a generation or two ago these same churches were all excited about the black man in Africa, and paid no attention whatever to the black man at home. Today some church papers are filled almost from front to back with articles on racial equality, the ghettoes, and how to help the Negro. It's the accepted thing, so they major in it.

This tendency to sway with the crowd is one of the sneakiest forms of worldliness. As churches go up the ladder in dress and living standards, they are usually influenced more and more by liberal Protestant churches, and less and less by the Anabaptist idea of what the Bible teaches.

The lady from Oregon seemed to think the churches that practiced a separation from the world weren't accomplishing much. What she forgot was that these "plain" churches weren't competing at all in some of the activities she considered important. She, however, was likely pleased to see the feature article that appeared on the same page of the Review as her letter did.

This article told how the First Mennonite Church in an Illinois town had installed a pipe organ, "the first pipe organ in any of the local churches." The article was complete with a photo, showing the Mennonite organist seated at the instrument and the chairman of the music committee standing behind it.

Everything about the article and the photo spoke of being "geared to the times" in the latest, most modern way. The organ was the result of "six years of ardent anticipation and continuous planning for the purchase of a true pipe organ to produce religious music at its best for the First Mennonite Church and the community." The custom-built, 3600-pound organ was designed in keeping with the best recognized contemporary practice."

Now I admit I don't know much about pipe organs. I don't even know what they cost, but when there are wood pipes of solid mahogany, and metal pipes of zinc and alloys of lead and tin, and there are many miles of wire to carry the electrical impulses to the magnets which in turn operate the pneumatic valve action below the pipes— well, every line sounds like money to me.

And somehow I just can't picture the early Christians of whom we read in Acts, starting off their services with a pipe organ. I can't imagine the Anabaptists spending thousands of dollars to buy an organ. I can't believe the imprisoned brethren at Passau who wrote the hymns of the Ausbund felt any need for an instrument. Is it just because they lived in another time and age, or is there some deeper reason?

I feel certain the article about the pipe organ interested the writer from Oregon. I am certain such happenings are what she meant when she said, "I see people who have done, or are doing, something for the cause of Christ." I am certain she would not have seen anything "worldly" with the way the people in the photo were dressed, even though the organist had bobbed hair and wore a short skirt, even though the men were clean-shaven, wore neckties, and could have been mistaken for Chicago lawyers.

Geared to the times? The First Mennonite Church of Morton, Illinois is right up front, in fact, ahead of the other churches in town. In this respect its members have been very successful. Have they also been successful in staying anchored to the Book? Or has their Christianity become watered down until it is no different from that of the other churches in town?

The Narrow Way

The couple in the Cadillac, the lady from Oregon, and the First Mennonite Church with its new pipe organ are

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. False. The chief purpose of city walls was not connected with any threat from wild animals, but for protection from robber bands and invading armies.
2. True. Paul was just outside the city of Damascus when he was converted. (Acts 9:3)
3. False. Jesus' first miracle of turning water into wine did not take place at Nain, but at Cana of Galilee. (John 2:1-11) Nain was the city where Jesus later raised the widow's son to life. (Luke 7:11-15)
4. False. Nineveh was an exceedingly large city of "three days' journey." The capital of Assyria, and located hundreds of miles northeast of Israel, it is best known because of its repentance at the preaching of Jonah.
5. True. The five cities listed, plus many others, were all visited by Paul. (Acts 13-18)
6. False. Bethlehem was not in Galilee, but about six miles south of Jerusalem, in Judea.
7. True. Heaven is referred to as a city by such terms as "the holy city," (Rev. 22:1), a "city which hath foundation" (Heb. 11:10), and "city of the living God." (Heb. 12:22)
8. False. Nazareth was a small and despised place, hardly thought worthy of note. It was much smaller in population than Jerusalem, which was the largest city in Israel.
9. False. The six cities of refuge were set up by Moses as a place of safety, not for outlaws, but for those who had accidentally killed a man. If a person was in the wrong and had slain a man on purpose, the keepers of the cities would not protect him, but were commanded to turn the guilty man over to the avenger. (Numbers 35)
10. False. Samaria was the name of both a region (John 4:4) and of a city. (Acts 8:5) In O.T. times it was also the name of a hill. (1 Kings 16:24)
11. False. Paul did finally reach Rome, though as a prisoner. (Acts 28:16, 2 Tim. 1:17)
12. False. Joppa and Jericho were two separate cities, more than forty-five miles apart. Joppa, the home of Dorcas who was raised to life by Peter, is a port on the Mediterranean Sea, northwest of Jerusalem. (Acts 9:40) Jericho, the city whose walls tumbled down at the time of Joshua, is located northeast of Jerusalem, close to the Jordan River. (Joshua 6)
13. False. Shushan is never mentioned in Job, but was the Persian capital where Queen Esther lived. (Esther 2:8)
14. True. The city where the tower was built was called Babel, and thus the tower came to be known as the "Tower of Babel." (Gen. 11:8-9)
15. True. Nebuchadnezzar became so proud of the greatness of Babylon that just before he lost his reason he boasted, "Is not this the great Babylon, that I have built?" (Daniel 4:3)
16. False. Although Sodom was very wicked, Jesus said that the sin of Capernaum in rejecting him was greater, and would surely suffer a worse fate on the judgement day. (Matthew 11:23, 24)
17. True. There were, in fact, sixteen Antiochs, two of which are mentioned in the Bible — Antioch in Pisidia (Acts 13:14), and Antioch in Syria, where the Christians were first called Christians. (Acts 11:26)
18. False. Endor was never in any way connected with the tabernacle. Endor is known chiefly for the witch who lived there, and the fact that King Saul consulted her the night before his violent death. (1 Samuel 28:7-14)
19. False. Gaza was not in Egypt, but southwest of Jerusalem near the Mediterranean Sea. In the time of Saul it was one of the five chief Philistine cities. It was from Gaza that Samson one night carried off the city gates. (Judges 16:3)
20. True. Bethany was just two miles east of Jerusalem.

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct	...	Excellent
17-18 correct	...	Good
15-16 correct	...	Average

all geared to our times. And yet the times we live in, as we all know, are times such as the world has never known. There have been more and greater changes in our generation, historians say, then occurred since the time of Noah.

In His sermon on the mount Jesus said, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Has the gate been remodeled into a four lane highway to keep in touch with the times? Hardly.

The Apostle James stated with force, "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." And John, the beloved disciple of Jesus, said simply, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Somehow these verses, and others like them, leave the impression that people of God aren't like other people, and that the difference goes deeper than a mouth confession. Somehow Christians are a people set apart from others, separated unto God, a people whose faith frequently gets them into trouble because they would rather die than give it up. The record is full of accounts of Christians being persecuted by the world rather than being accepted by them as equals.

Can a pilgrim traveling the narrow way be geared as the masses are geared, if the masses are on the broad way to destruction?

A narrow way for Christians is not the way of popularity, acclaim, liberal doctrines, the latest in fashions, homes, automobiles, or music. Or so it seems to me.

Being geared to the times sounds very nearly like being geared by the times, as if the times had the say-so. A Christian doesn't take his orders from the times. Not if he is anchored to the Book. -Guaimaca, Honduras

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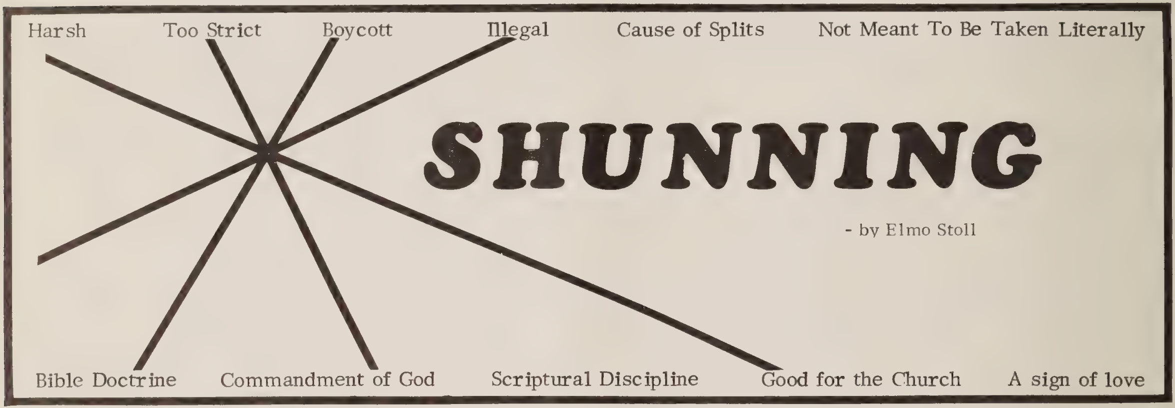


SHUNNING

- by Elmo Stoll

THE AIR WAS TENSE inside the courtroom at Wooster, Ohio that November morning twenty-three years ago. It was the opening day of one of the most unusual trials in history — Andrew J. Yoder, 33-year-old father of seven, was suing an Amish bishop and ministers for causing him to be "shunned." The three days of the Wayne County trial were to receive wide attention and thorough coverage in local and national newspapers.

The trial opened on November 4, 1947, but Andrew Yoder's complaints dated back to five years earlier. At that time he had been a member of the North Valley (Helmuth) District Old Order Amish congregation of southeastern Wayne County, Ohio. But he became dissatisfied and decided to change membership to a more liberal church. In July of 1942 he started attending services at the nearby Bunker Hill (Beachy) Church. Some weeks later he purchased a car.

His action brought him into conflict with his home church. After two decades, the details of the confrontation that followed are not clear, nor are they important to this article. Undoubtedly mistakes occurred on both sides. It is enough to know that Andrew paid no heed to the voice of the church when he was asked to make amends. He was banned by the church, and in the years that followed, shunned as a disobedient and fallen member.

As grounds for his suit against the church leaders, Andrew Yoder claimed that the "shunning" or "meidung" held on him caused him great financial loss, since he could no longer buy or sell with many of his neighbors. He claimed the "shunning" has the same effect as a boycott, and was therefore illegal and an infringement upon his rights. He also held that the "shunning" damaged his reputation. In view of these grievances which he had borne for five and a half years, he asked damages of $10,000 from each of the four defendants: John Helmuth (bishop), John Nisley and Isaac Miller (ministers), and Emanuel Wengerd (deacon). Apparently Andrew Yoder did not consider the total of $40,000 sufficient to cover any future loss — he also requested the court to rule that the "shunning" be discontinued.

Andrew Yoder testified in court that his reason for the purchase of the automobile was so that he could take his infant crippled daughter, Lizzie, each week to the doctor in Wooster, a distance of sixteen miles. By this claim Andrew won considerable public sympathy in spite of the fact that as one of the ministers stated in his testimony, this reason had not been made clear at the time the automobile was purchased. It hardly made sense, anyhow, since the Amish church did not forbid the hiring of an automobile when necessary, and as one of the ministers testified in court, "He (Andrew) knows that if he needed transportation to take him and his child to the doctor that we would have helped him just like we do in lots of cases. We always help each other because that is what the Bible tells us to do. He knows that is true, so why does he say he could not take care of his child without owning an automobile?"

The church leaders did not hire a lawyer to defend their case. They came to court as summoned and answered the questions put to them. They repeatedly stated that the "shunning" was not a boycott, since its purpose was not to harm Andrew but to help him. They pointed out that Andrew had voluntarily become a member of their church, with the full and clear knowledge that if he persisted in disobeying its rules, he would in time be banned and shunned. He had vowed upon his knees to be faithful to God and the church. He knew it was a serious and lifetime contract. They explained that by his failure to remain faithful to his solemn agreement, he had brought the ban and subsequent "shunning" on himself.

Nevertheless, the jury of nine men and three women ruled in favor of Andrew Yoder, but they awarded him only one-eighth of the damages he had asked for — a mere $5, 000. Since the defendants did not voluntarily make the payment, a public auction at John Helmuth's (the bishop's) farm was ordered to obtain the money. He did not resist the action.

Although the court case was unusual, it was not the first of its kind. At least twice before, a banned member had sued its church leaders for damages. Both previous cases occurred in Ohio. The first such case occurred in 1878 when a man named Joseph Liecthy sued John Holdeman (founder of the Holdeman Mennonite church) because Holdeman had excommunicated him from the Williams County congregation on the grounds of drunkenness. The second case took place in Holmes County in 1919 when Eli Gingerich sued Swartzentruber because he was banned after leaving an Old Order church and joining a more liberal one. Both Eli Gingerich in 1919 and Joseph Liechty in 1878 won their cases in court.

We should not be surprised that secular judges and juries fail to understand or sympathize with the Amish's historic and present position on expelling and shunning of unfaithful members. To the world the practice of "shunning" seems like a harsh, unloving custom. It appears to them both unfair and unreasonable.

It should not alarm us that the world does not understand the value of Scriptural discipline in the church. What should alarm us is when we ourselves begin to question and doubt the practice of shunning unfaithful brethren. Let courts and judges rule as they like. It does not matter how often they decree "shunning" as "illegal" or "unkind." What does matter is that we ourselves are thoroughly grounded in the Scriptural reasons for this vitally important practice in the church of Jesus Christ.

The following discussion of "shunning" is arranged in question and answer form. For many of the answers we have quoted from the writings of our forefathers on this subject, especially from the writings of Menno Simons. Menno was the most outstanding leader among the persecuted Anabaptists in Netherlands during the 16th century. He wrote much and traveled extensively, teaching and preaching.

- What is meant by "shunning"? The German term for "shunning" is "meidung." It refers to the practice of refusing to have social or business dealings with a person who has been expelled from one's church. It is applied to the extent of not eating with the banned person. Another term for shunning is "avoidance."

- Upon what Scriptures is the practice of "shunning" or "avoidance" based? There are a number of Scriptures which support "shunning", but it should suffice to list here the five major ones.

1. Matthew 18:15-18 In these verses Jesus explains the pattern to be followed in disciplining an erring brother. If the brother remains unrepentant, the matter must be made known to the church. "... But if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." Now the Jews to whom Jesus was speaking were totally separated from the "heathen and publicans." They had absolutely no dealings with them, did not eat with them, in fact, were reluctant to step inside their houses.

2. The second passage upon which the practice of shunning is based is the entire fifth chapter of 1 Corinthians. The report had reached Paul that the Corinthians left undisciplined a man who "had his father's wife." In this chapter the apostle Paul very earnestly commands them to "put away from among yourselves that wicked person." (v. 13). He tells them to "deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." (v. 5). And once the church has "purged out" such a person, Paul explains further what their relationship should be toward him, "but now I have written unto you not to keep company if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat," (v. 11).

3. 2 Thessalonians 3:6. "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us."

4. Titus 3:10 "A man that is an heretick after the first and second admonition reject."

5. Romans 16:17 "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them."

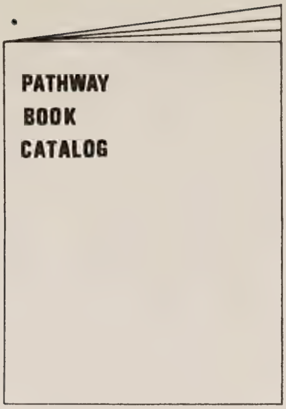
- Did our forefathers believe in shunning? This question can be best answered by quoting from article 17, of the Dordrecht Confession of Faith. This confession was drawn up in Dordrecht, Holland, in 1632, and was signed by 51 Mennonite ministers. It was later also adopted by the Amish in Switzerland.

"As regards the withdrawing from, or the shunning of, those who are expelled, we believe and confess, that if any one, whether it be through a wicked life or perverse doctrine—is so far fallen as to be separated from God, and consequently rebuked by, and expelled from, the church, he must also, according to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, be shunned and avoided by all the members of the church (particularly by those to whom his misdeeds are known), whether it be in eating or drinking, or other such like social matters. In short, that we are to have nothing to do with him; so that we may not become defiled by conversation with him, and partakers of his sins; but that he may be made ashamed, be affected in his mind, convinced in his conscience, and thereby induced to amend his ways."

- What is the purpose of shunning? Dirk Philips, a bishop and co-laborer with Menno Simons, taught that the purpose of shunning is threefold:

"First, that the church may not become a partaker of the strange sins, and that the little leaven leaven not the whole lump, (2 John 1:11; Gal. 5:9, 2 Cor. 5:5). Secondly, that the person who has sinned may be ashamed and his flesh be mortified thereby, but his spirit saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, (1 Cor. 5:5, 2 Thess. 3:14, 15). Thirdly, that the church of God be not evil spoken of on account of wicked members in it, and be not censurable on their account before

Here is the 1970 . . .



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the Lord. (Ezek. 36:17-24, Josh. 7:20)."[1]

Concerning the first of these three reasons, Menno Simons writes in greater detail. "It is a common saying, 'One scabby sheep mars the whole flock.' The lepers were not allowed among the healthy in Israel; they had to stay in segregated places until cured. O brethren in the Lord; the leprosy of the soul is a leprosy above all leprosy, whether it be in doctrine or in life. It eats like a canker . . ."[2] On another occasion, Menno wrote, "We should expel the . . . carnal . . . from His holy congregation . . . , avoid and shun them until the day of their conversion, lest they through fair but vicious words tear us away from the confident hope we have in the truth of Christ . . ."[3]

- Has not the question of shunning caused a lot of trouble in churches? Shunning is a practice commanded and sanctioned by God for the protection of the church. The obeying of God's commandments brings a blessing to all involved, not trouble. But what has caused trouble in the church has been people who were no longer satisfied to accept what God has ordained. The question of shunning has caused trouble in the church in the same way as have other Bible doctrines the worldly mind finds hard to accept: nonresistance, nonconformity, modesty in dress, prayer veiling, subjection of women, and foot washing. All of these and many others have been haggled over during splits and divisions because some members wanted a closer walk with the world. Shall we put the blame on the doctrine or on the worldly thinking that can no longer submit to it?

- Is it not true that shunning is done at times in a spirit of revenge, and out of spite toward the person shunned? This is all too true in some cases and is to be deeply regretted. When the need arises to discipline an erring member in the church, the ministers and the members should pray earnestly that they might act out of love and concern, and never out of ill will or spite. In cases like this we should take extra precautions to guard against any feelings of dislike and hate entering in. "And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." 2 Thess. 3:14-15

- Should shunning be just for those members who have fallen into coarse sins, such as fornication, drunkenness, and murder? Our forefathers taught that not only the person who leads a wicked life is banworthy, but also the one who errs in doctrine.[4] The Bible also bears this out when it mentions an heretic, (Titus 3:20). An heretic is one who errs doctrinally, and not necessarily one of low morals. Jesus taught that even a sin between brother and brother can be banworthy if the person refuses correction (Matt. 18:15-18). Many times the person's attitude and self-will in resisting church counsel become of greater seriousness than the offense for which he was originally called into question.

- Are not wayward members often driven farther away from the church by shunning? If they remain unrepentant, it is well that they are driven far enough away so that their influence does not harm other members.

- But would many not repent sooner if they were not shunned? Evidently not, or God made a mistake when he commanded shunning as a means of bringing about repentance, (2 Thess. 3:14). Unfortunately today the reason shunning is in certain cases not more effective is the hypocritical way it is carried out. If some members do not really believe in shunning, and side with the expelled member, he is only encouraged and strengthened, instead of being brought to repentance. When the entire congregation stands united and consistently admonishes and rebukes the erring member with deep sorrow and love for his soul, it becomes a powerful force in moving him to repentance. But much of this power for good is lost when some of the members, although not actually eating with the banned member, seek every opportunity to be in his company and laugh and visit together as though nothing were wrong. It is a reproach to the church, and a mockery before God when members obey only the letter of a commandment, but disregard the spirit.

- Isn't it true that many people who shun others aren't in any better spiritual condition than the ones they shun? Wherever such a condition exists, it is to be lamented indeed. However, it cannot be Scripturally bettered by doing away with the shunning. Instead let those persons who are inconsistent repent with godly sorrow and walk in newness

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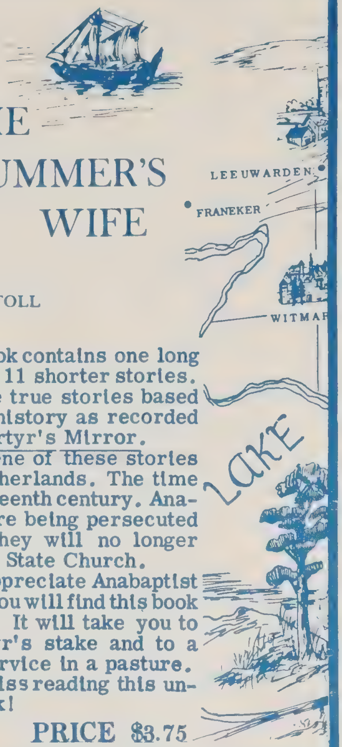

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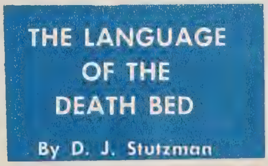

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of life so that they may be worthy of observing all the commandments of God.

• When Paul says in 1 Corinthians 5:11 that we should not eat with an unfaithful member, does this not just mean in communion? A careful study of this chapter will reveal that it is not speaking of communion. Paul says that if his words were to be understood to mean that we must shun the sinners of the world, we would need to "go out of the world." If he had meant only in communion, there would be no necessity of leaving the world, for it is not difficult to shun the world in communion. In answer to the above question, Menno Simons had the following to say, "Others think that the ban should not be practiced beyond evangelical transactions, such as the breaking of bread and the kiss of peace. These make it serve their purpose, twist the plain speech of Scriptures which say, 'Have no fellowship with him,' 'With such a one do not eat,' 'Let him be unto you a heathen man and a public sinner,' and many other similar expressions.[5]"

• Should shunning also be practiced between husbands and wives, and between parents and their children? Menno Simons answers this question very clearly. "First, the rule of the ban is a general rule, and excepts none; neither husband nor wife, neither parent nor child. Second, we say that separation must be made by the church, and therefore the husband must consent with the church in the separation of his wife, and the wife to the separation of the husband. Third, we say that the ban was instituted to make ashamed unto betterment of life. ... Therefore it becomes me ... to seek the reformation of my own body, namely, of my spouse and also of my nearest blood relations, parents or child. Spiritual love must be preferred to anything else. Fourth, we said the ban was given that we should not be leavened by the leaven of false doctrine or of impure life by the apostate. It is plain that none can corrupt and leaven us more than our own spouses, parents, etc."[6] (Note: Although Menno here advocates shunning between husband and wife, he also recognized that this matter was laden with great danger and needed to be handled with consideration. "Therefore beware that in this matter of matrimony you press none further than he is taught of God, and than he and his conscience can bear ...")[7]

• Are we allowed to show the banned persons needful services, love, and mercy? We are not only allowed, but commanded. It is our duty to help anyone who is destitute and in need, even if it were our bitterest enemy. Menno Simons says, "All those who can rightly see into these things will doubtlessly not deny necessary service, love, and mercy to the banned. The Scriptures do not forbid these, but they forbid common daily intimacy, conversation, society, and business. The ban is also a work of divine love and not of ... cruelty."[8]

• When the Bible says, "Have no company with them," does that forbid a friendly greeting when we meet? Once again, we cannot improve upon the answer which Menno Simons penned four hundred and twenty years ago. "Good manners, politeness, respectfulness, and friendliness to all people becomes all Christians. If, then, an apostate should greet me with a common greeting of Good Morning, or Good Day, and I should be silent, if he should be respectful to me and I should turn my face from him and behave austerely and unfriendly toward him, I might well be ashamed of myself. For how can such a one be convicted, led to repentance, and be moved to do better by such austerity? The ban is not given to destroy, but to build up."[9]

• Is it possible to be too strict in shunning? Menno Simons warned against both the danger of being too strict and of being too lenient. "Worthy brethren in the Lord, I would pray and admonish you all in humility to consider well the proper meaning of what Paul speaks, and how we should understand it, lest you give too much liberty to the careless conscience, to its own destruction, and lest you bind the sensitive conscience too strictly, since you have no binding word. For I hear and see, and have, alas, seen too much these many years, that some on every hand know no bound nor discretion in this matter, with the result that there is much dispute and trouble about this excommunication."[10] Menno says that he himself has for years been accused by one side of being too strict, and by the other of being too lenient.[11]

• Should members ever be shunned before they are expelled from the church? Menno's answer is "no." "It is not the custom or usage in the Scriptures to shun anyone as long as he is carried and tolerated in the church. Therefore we should not shun anyone before excommunication, for if we do we practice a ban neither known nor mentioned in the Scriptures."[12]

• How serious should the ban be considered? Very serious indeed. Menno Simons said the ban is a death certificate of our souls.[13] He considered it so serious that he wrote the following words only three years before his death, "(Do not)... say with scorners, 'Let them ban, their ban is not fatal,' and similar insipid expressions. I tell the truth in Christ and lie not that I would rather allow myself to be cut into pieces until the day of judgment if that were possible, than to allow myself to be excommunicated according to the Scriptures, by the servants of the Lord, from His church. O brethren, take this seriously."[14]

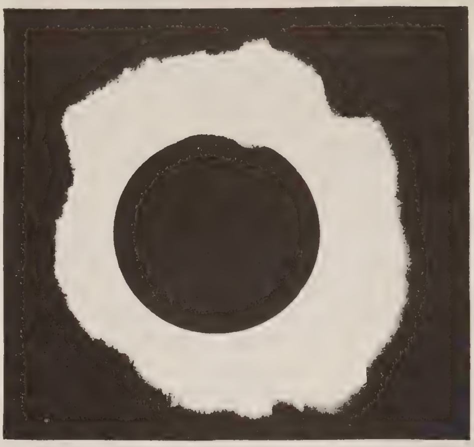
We have already quoted so much from Menno Simons, that we might as well let him add the summary to the article. After reviewing at length all the Scripture passages which teach "shunning", Menno says, "I verily do not see how a God-fearing heart can oppose in regard to this matter. There are such good fruits and benefits contained in this shunning. But it seems that this vine must always have its harmful worm."[15] ■■

Footnotes:

1. Dietrich Philips, Dietrich Philip Hand Book, Pathway Publishers, 1966 edition, page 233
2. The Complete Writings of Menno Simons, Herald Press, 1956 edition, page 471
3. Ibid., 968
4. Dordrecht Confession of Faith, article 17
5. The Complete Writings of Menno Simons, 457
6. Ibid., 478
7. Ibid., 479
8. Ibid., 480
9. Ibid., 479
10. Ibid., 474
11. Ibid., 484
12. Ibid., 476
13. Ibid., 967
14. Ibid., 966
15. Ibid., 475

"Sleep, riches, and health, to be truly enjoyed, must be interrupted." - J. F. Richter

CLOUDS COULD HIDE THE SUN BUT THEY COULD NOT HOLD BACK THE POWER OF THE ONE WHO DESIGNED THE ECLIPSE.



TWILIGHT WAS CLOSING in on us. By all appearances, it was evening in spite of the fact that ten minutes earlier we had gotten a glimpse of the noonday sun. The railroad watch in my hand showed 1:14. Anxiously we looked up at the overcast sky. High flying clouds covered the heavens from horizon to horizon. Steadily the second hand moved on. We looked for an opening in the clouds to let in the blue sky but none appeared. It was plain to see that we were hoping where there was no hope. Then the truth dawned upon us, "Only a miracle can help us now."

As I look back on that day the picture is vividly impressed on my mind as if it were only yesterday. Eight people standing beside a country road feeling very much alone, still clinging to the hope that somehow they would see the sight they wanted so much to see. They hoped for a miracle but the miracle that happened was not the one they had expected.

A total eclipse of the sun is said to be one of the most awe inspiring occurrences in the realms of nature. Partial eclipses are frequent but one that is total is rare. The sun is so much larger than the moon that its rays crowd in from all sides, forming a cone-shaped shadow. When this shadow strikes the earth, it may vary in width from a few feet to about 175 miles. Within this shadow there is darkness of a kind that is not seen otherwise. Stars are visible and all that can be seen of the sun is a glowing red corona with tongues of flame leaping out into space for thousands of miles.

Usually there is a total eclipse every few years, but most of them occur in the middle of the ocean or at the poles where few people can ever see them. The almanac said that on March 7th, 1970 one would be visible over the eastern part of the United States where millions of people could see it. The path of the shadow would be approximately 100 miles wide and the darkness would last for a little over three minutes.

In other words, it would be the eclipse of the century. Not since 1878 had there been such an opportunity in the U.S. The next one of equal importance would not occur for more than a hundred years.

This eclipse would occur during the middle of the day which would make it especially impressive and the chances for a clear sky would be better. During the past ten years the weather bureau had kept records throughout the path of totality. These figures showed that Florida would have the best chance for a clear sky at this time of the year. Further north the chances would be poorer. According to the figures, Florida would have an 85% chance for a clear sky. Norfolk, Virginia rated a 60% chance while Nantucket Island, Massachusetts had the poorest chance of all (only 40%). Later when the reports came in, these statistics showed up in an outstanding way but not the way we had expected.

We had never seen Florida before and since we had relatives and friends living there, we decided to go at this time. When asked about the Florida sunshine, a friend who had spent part of the winter there remarked, "The sun was shining every day we were there."

If that were the case then this would be the best place for us to go to see the eclipse. On Wednesday noon, three days before the scheduled event we entered Florida, headed for Sarasota. All that day and Thursday we did not see one ray of sunshine. Part of the time it was raining and the weather was chilly. When we left Canada, there had been snow on the ground and when we got to Florida I did not remove my heavy underwear. In fact they felt comfortable.

I felt fortunate that this cloudy weather came when it did, confident that by Saturday, the day of the eclipse, the sky would have cleared. We had arrived at St. Petersburg by train and were told that this is the land of sunshine. We were assured that a day without sunshine is so rare that in this city the daily newspapers give out their papers free the day after a day without sunshine.

Imagine my surprise when our first full day in Florida the sun did not shine at all. The next day I went to Tampa on business and managed to come through St. Petersburg on the bus in order to pick up a free copy of the paper. Maybe this would at least in part compensate for my disappointment in the Florida weather. But when I got there I learned that it was only the evening edition that would be free and it would not be on the stand until 10 minutes after my bus left.

Although Friday was warm and the sun did shine, the weather map showed a low-pressure area moving eastward across the gulf, below Louisiana. This would mean clouds and rain but surely it would lift long enough for us to see the eclipse the next day. When I mentioned the gloomy weather outlook to a friend, he confidently replied, "I can not believe that the skies would be cloudy for such a momentous event!"

So I took courage and concluded that my anxiety was caused by a lack of faith. In my lifetime, I had seen greater miracles than this. Surely the One who had made the sun and the moon,

In The Shadow Of The Moon

-by David Wagler

and earth and set them into paths that would produce something as grand as a total eclipse, could also push back the clouds even in a low pressure area so that we could view it. All we needed was faith.

On Friday evening we made up a group to travel to the path of the eclipse the next day. There was the aged Joni Yoder who had already seen 82 summers and had enjoyed each one of them with the vitality of an 18-year old. Although he had only a few years of formal schooling, his education had been obtained by keeping his eyes and ears open in school of life.

Menno and Malinda Yoder, aged 78 and 73, asked to be included in the group. Menno proved to be a quiet soft spoken individual while his wife was more vocal, as well as keenly alert to the wonders of nature. Although she had joined the expedition partly because of our promised stopover at Silver Springs to ride on the glass-bottom boat, she entered into the days activities wholeheartedly. Her comments during the day proved to be an inspiration to all of us. In fact when our morale sank to dangerously low depths, Malinda's pointed observations started us looking upward again.

Carl Sansburn accompained the group solely for the purpose of seeing the glass-bottom boat. Driving several hundred miles to see the sun get dim, seemed to him the heights of foolishness.

The last member of our group beside my wife and I was John Miller, a Mennonite minister, who learned of our trip at the last minute and asked for a seat. He was referred to our driver, Dan C. Bontager, who consented to taking the extra passenger. John was the one who had made the remark the evening before, that he can not believe the sky would be cloudy for such an event.

While the plans were being made, Ike Zook, a friend submitted the information that he had read in the Sarasota papers that the eclipse could be viewed right here in Sarasota without the expense of travelling several hundred miles. What he did not realize was that there is quite a bit of difference between a partial eclipse and a total one. Enough difference that we had come more than a thousand miles to see it. During the day when the clouds became thicker we frequently thought back to Sarasota and supposed that likely the sun was shining there, and that maybe Ike Zook was getting a better view than we were.

Saturday morning dawned with a clouded sky. But the clouds were scattered and we hoped the sun would melt them away. When the sun peeped over the horizon, the clouds took on a reddish tinge. Back home this would be a certain sign for rain, but here in Florida surely it could not mean this, at least not today, the day we had been waiting for.

By 7:45 we were heading north. As we proceeded, the sun was covered more and more by high-flying clouds. Yet we could still see the sun through the clouds when we stopped at Lake City, Florida, shortly before noon. This was 30 miles inside the shadow. We planned to eat dinner and then go on to Jasper which would be in the center of the shadow. But by the time we had finished our dinner the sky was more cloudy and we could only get an occasional glimpse of the sun. The clouds were of the high-flying type which commonly precede a rainy spell and covered the sky as far as the eye could see. Had it merely been a summer thunderstorm, we could have driven elsewhere but there was no opening. We decided there would be no use in going further north under the circumstances. So we drove west of the city onto a lonely country road. Here we could get a good view towards the southwest so we settled down to wait.

Rapidly our spirits took a nose-dive. Here we had come this far to see the event and now all we could see was clouds. Perhaps back at Sarasota the sun was shining brightly. About 20 miles west of us, thousands of spectators had gathered at Perry, which had advertised itself as the eclipse center of Florida. Would everyone be disappointed? What would all these people say when the clouds obscured the sky so that the eclipse could not be seen?

Now it was 1:05, only 12 minutes to go and not a patch of blue in the sky. Why did this have to happen? Where was our faith? Was it all in vain that we had hoped and prayed for a glimpse of one of nature's most awesome wonders? It was a once in a lifetime proposition, probably never again would we have the opportunity to see it. Now it was so close, just as if at our fingertips and yet it was so far. Surely God would still provide a way.

The next time I pulled my watch it was 1:10, only 7 more minutes, and the clouds were getting darker. Actually what was happening was that the sun was almost covered. Only a crescent remained at that time and even this was hidden from our view.

1:13: Only 4 more minutes and we still looked for the opening to appear. Yesterday at this time the sun was shining brightly, but today when it really mattered, the whole sky was covered.

1:14: The sky was getting darker in the west. Twilight was gradually creeping over us. Then it was that we first realized that only a miracle could save the day for us. It was too late even to hope.

There was a foreboding stillness in the air. As the twilight deepened, my thoughts flashed out, "What if it were the shadow of death approaching and there were no escape." Could we resign ourselves to face it so calmly? Could we see beyond that shadow with the eye of faith and rest in the hope of the glorious sunlight which we knew was somewhere beyond? The twilight became darker.

At this stage Malinda broke the silence with the exclamation, "Surely there could be at least a little break in the clouds so we could see through!"

We looked— but there wasn't.

Now as I look back, I am glad that the little break in the clouds did not appear. We knew that many people had gathered from Florida northward to see the eclipse and they would not see it. Would it be right for us to ask the Creator of years ago to step in and work a miracle? When Jesus was here on earth He worked many miracles, but none of them were for His own personal benefit. No, we could not ask it.

God has ordained that His people must endure clouds and storms the same as others. If He would shield His people against all disappointments, then many might want to serve Him for selfish reasons— for what they get out of it.

Although easily within His power, it was well that He did not provide us with a patch of blue sky that afternoon. He had something for us which was to be of more value.

Now it was 1:15 and the darkness out of the southwest was closing in on us. What if this were as dark as it got? How would we be able to tell when the shadow passed over us?

In the distance we could see the headlights of cars on the highway. Now it was 1:16 and the twilight was getting deeper. A man in a car went by and he was smoking a cigarette. He looked at us nonchalantly as if to say, "What goes on here?" We were too deep in meditation to pay any attention to him.

A half minute later it was still darker and I said, "This is it." But the shadow had not actually reached us as yet.

At ten seconds before 1:17 darkness swept over us and we knew that now we were inside the shadow of the moon. I looked at my watch. It has a large white face with black munerals but it was so dark that I could not tell the time.

We held our breath. There were muffled exclamations of surprise and awe. The stillness was so deep that it could be felt. This was something totally different than any of us had ever experienced before.

I looked up to see an arc of shadow passing eastward through the high-flying clouds. It was the shadow of the moon. We had hoped to see this shadow passing over the earth but now we saw it in the clouds above us. We were inside the darkness of a total eclipse.

It was some time before we came to our senses. Our disappointment at the clouded sky had been so keen that this sudden turn of events was overwhelming.

Since we were only 30 miles inside the shadow, we could see the sunlight playing on the gray clouds far to the south. There was a silvery effect around the horizon but this darkness was different from the darkness of a winter evening. Ordinary darkness surrounds you from the outside and keeps crowding in. But this darkness was from the middle and went outwards. The distant horizons were lighter than the middle.

The sun and the moon look to be about the same size in the sky. During a total eclipse the moon passes in front of the sun and shuts off the rays of sunlight. But actually the sun is many times larger than the moon. In fact it is about 400 times the diameter of the moon, but it is also about 400 times as far away. If the moon were a little bit farther away from the earth, its shadow would never reach the earth and there would be no eclipse.

Man in his wisdom has learned to predict exactly where and when such an event will occur. Considering the speed with which these bodies travel through space, it requires precise calculations to determine just exactly where the boundaries of the shadow will be. What if the astronomers had been wrong and the eclipse would have occurred somewhere else? But the moon was exactly on time and at the right place. If the rest of God's creation would stay within its intended boundaries as well as the moon, then there would be a lot less confusion on earth.

I glanced at my watch again but it was still in darkness. Malinda was the first to break the silence. "Why, this is really good," she exclaimed, "here we are alone and this is all so inspiring."

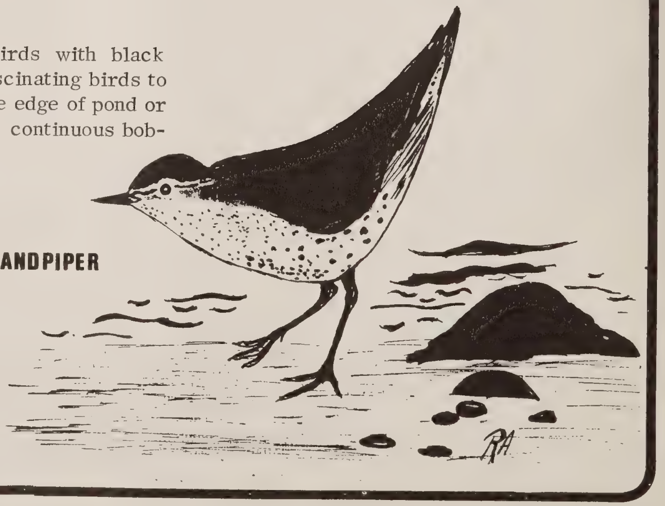
Everyone nodded in assent. The spectacle which had unfolded itself in front of our eyes was so different. The cars on the distant highway crept along with their head and tail lights ablaze. The woods which were several hundred feet away showed up black.

For a few short minutes we were in another world. True, we did not see what we had hoped to see, but even

Wonders of Nature

SPOTTED SANDPIPER

These grayish brown birds with black spots on the breast are fascinating birds to watch as they run along the edge of pond or stream with their body in continuous bobbing motion.



this fraction of splendor nearly took our breath.

In the southwest the horizon became lighter. Then suddenly the shadow passed over and the darkness was gone. I could read my watch again and the darkness had lasted about 3 minutes. Toward the east the darkness was receding swiftly. I hoped that the thousands of others who would even now be engulfed in the shadows would be inspired with awe, even as we had been.

Later we learned that at Perry, where so many had gathered to see the eclipse, some had left before it came when they saw it was cloudy. Perhaps they had left cursing the One who created the sun, moon and earth because He had spoiled their day. Had He permitted a clear sky, probably many would have praised the scientists who were able to predict the eclipse and would have completely forgotten the Creator who designed it. It was reported that somewhere a woman called the weather bureau and wanted to know if the eclipse couldn't be postponed until the next day because of the cloudy weather.

As soon as it was over, we pulled ourselves together and started homeward. Suddenly the oldest member of the party burst out with the well-known hymn, "How Great Thou Art." Everyone joined in immediately and very spontaneously. The words came from the heart and they carried a special meaning. We had just witnessed one of the great things that the Great One had done. Not only had we seen it but we had heard it, felt it and tasted it.

Millions watched the eclipse on television, confident that they had seen all there was to be seen. It is true that the television can show the covered portions of the sun but it can never capture the wonders of such a mighty event. It can not convey the feelings of any significent occurence of nature, much less total eclipse of the sun.

Radio and television are tools of the world and can convey the moods of the world to the people of this world. They can not convey the wonders of God or the hidden mysteries of the universe. Only God can do that. There is no substitute for the actual experience. Perhaps the nearest is the printed page which is the means which God chose to preserve the wisdom of the ages for all generations.

Later we learned that rain had fallen at Sarasota at the time of the eclipse and they had seen nothing at all. Practically all of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas had been cloudy. From Norfolk, Virginia the eclipse was visible but the best view of all was from Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, which had been given the poorest chance.

Our friends felt sorry for us that we had travelled so far to see the eclipse only to be bound in by clouds. What they did not know was that even if we did not see what we had hoped to see, we had no regrets. Life does not consist of all sunshine. God's blueprints ofttimes call for victory through defeat and life through death. Even the most important event that ever happened on this earth was victory through defeat (at the first Easter). God can bestow more through disappointment than the children of this world can obtain in success.

There are moments of special importance that impress themselves upon our memories. It may be the birth of a child, the death of a loved one or the appreciation of unusual phenomenon of nature. These are moments we will always cherish.

The thing which impressed us the most about the eclipse was the solemnity of the event, so overwhelming and awe inspiring. Although we did not get to see what we had hoped to see, yet we were struck by the touch of what we did see. If a touch of His presence is so powerful, how powerful must His presence be. If we were so overcome by the natural phenomenon, how awesome will it be to see His coming? How overwhelming joyful must it be for those who are awaiting His reappearance in the clouds and are prepared to meet Him. ■■

Die Maria Ihren Fall

Die Maria ist ein klein sechs Jahren alt Mädchen dasz gerne spielte. Auf ja, dies war aber fröhlich spielen im Sand mit dem kleinen Wagen, oder mit die Puppies. Sie helfen öfters ihre Mutter mit kleine Arbeit sticken aber am meisten spielten die Maria und ihre Schwestern und kleiner Bruder mit der Kätzchen. Sie nahmen die auf ihre Schosz und spielen sie währen ihre Kindern. Die Kätzchen wahren oft in der Wäschhause.

Das Wäschhause war nimmer mehr gebraucht fur wäschen. Den die Mutter wäscht in die Keller. Anstatt wurden aller hand von Sachen d'rin gehalten. Die Schlachtbank und ein sitz Bank stehen an der Wand. Die öel und gas Fässer standen in der mitten. Es waren auf Schäufeln, Hacken, Räuchern, und ein paar unkraut Hagen. Die haben kürze schärfe gebogene Blatten. Diese hängen an die Wand. Aber wenn die Kinder im wäschhause spielen schmeisten sie die Geräte öfters ab. Nun sagte der Vater, "Kinder, ihr sollt nicht spielen im Wäschhause. Bleibet auf der Auszenseite. Spielet unter die Bäumen. Maria, du bist die Ältste; gehorche mir so tun die andere auf."

Aber die Kätzchen waren in dem verbodene Gebäude und die Kinder wollen sie sorgen. Darum gehen sie hinein. Wo sie hinein gehen blieben sie. Sie könnten nicht verstehen warum der Vater sagt, "Spielet nicht in dem Wäschhause."

Die Maria findet eine Farbe-bürste, stellte sich auf die Bank und spielt sie war am anstreichen die Schlachtbank. Alsobald vergist sie dasz sie auf der Bank stehet und sie fiel herab. Dort liegen die zwei schärfe unkraut Hagen. Die Maria stotzte hie mit der rechte Hand. O, dasz that sehr weh.

Die Mutter war am Tische sitzen in die Küche am die Groszmutter einen Briefe schreiben. Da hörte sie die Maria weinen. "Ach, die Maria hat sich schaden gethan. Das kann ich vernehmen an ihre Stimm."

Da kommen die drei kleine Kinder in die Küche. Die Maria ihre Hand war sehr blutig und sie weinte, "Es thut weh."

Die Mutter wäschte ihre Hand und thut öel darauf. Da das öel darauf kommt hörte das bluthes auf und es nimmt die Schmerzen. Aber wo die Mutter es aus butzen wollte muszte die Maria nach mehr weinen. Die Hagen haben haut abgenommen von ihren Daummen und auf unten am Daumen auf der Hand.

Da lies die Mutter es ein wenig die Groszmutter ihre

Brief ans ende bringen. "Was thust du, Mutter?" fragte die Maria.

"Ich schreibe die Groszmutter."

"Schreibst du ihren ich habe meine Hand weh gethan?"

"Ja, ich sage ihre das. Soll ich auch sagen das du ungehorsam warest?"

"Nein, Mutter, denn ich will gehorchen was der Vater sagen thut. O, mein Arm thut so weh!"

"Ja," antwortete die Mutter, "du hast ein Faden das von der Hand durch die Arm gehet. Wann du deine Hand weh thust gehet der Schmerz der Faden nach. Kannst du das verstehen?"

"Ja," antwortete die Maria.

Da schickte die Mutter die grosz Schwester an der Postbox mit der Brief und sie fing wieder an die Wunde sauber zu machen.

"Maria," vermahnte die grosz Schwester, wo sie zurück gekommen ist, "Ich habe dich gehört weinen draus von der Postbox."

Endlich war die Hand sauber und gebunden mit einem weiszen Tuch. Aber die Hand und der Arm thun noch weh. Da singte die Mutter ein paar Lieder und reibte der Arm. Nun war die Maria ruhig. Die Maria und ihren Geschwistern weiszen warum der Vater sagt, "Spielet nicht ins Wäschhause." F. M. B.

* * *

MONEY WILL BUY

A bed but not sleep
Books but not brains
Food but not appetite
Finery but not beauty
A house but not a home
Medicine but not health
Luxuries but not culture
Amusements but not happiness
A crucifix but not a Saviour
A church but not a heaven.

"In God have I put my trust:
I will not be afraid what man
can do unto me." Psalm 56:11.

Question Mart

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Any letters, diaries, or other writings dealing with the former Amish settlement in Alabama would be appreciated. Please send any information you might have about this settlement to THE EDITORS, PATHWAY PUBLISHERS, AYLMER, ONTARIO CANADA.

Also, anyone who once lived in Dodge City, Kansas is encouraged to share with us their experiences. We are looking especially for old letters of first-hand accounts of the people who lived there.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

THE CIVIL WAR TOOK MORE AMERICAN LIVES THAN ANY OTHER WAR IN HISTORY. IT WAS A TIME OF TRAGEDY FOR THE NATION, AND A TIME OF TESTING FOR THE CHURCHES.

A STAND WAS TAKEN

Peter S. Hartman (1846-1934) was fifteen years old when the American Civil War began. Living near Harrisonburg, Virginia, he was ideally located for witnessing America's greatest tragedy—the Civil War.

This article has been adapted from Peter Hartman's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," a booklet published by Eastern Mennonite Associated Libraries and Archives, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

"IF LINCOLN IS ELECTED"

The election of 1860 was a very excitable time. John Brown's raids, one in Kansas and one in Harpers' Ferry, so disturbed the political parties in the United States that they could not agree on their candidates for president. The new Republican party nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The Democrats were divided. The Northern Democrats chose Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois as their standard-bearer; the Southern Democrats, James A. Breckinridge of Kentucky. John Bell of Tennessee ran for the Whig party, called the Constitutional Union party. This division in the party made it easy for the Republicans to win. Everybody said that if Lincoln was elected there would be war.

At that time we had only one paper a week published in Harrisonburg, and my father sent me in for the paper in the evening. One evening I brought the paper home and the first thing my sister read, for she read for the family, was that "Lincoln was elected." That just made us all weak. We all trembled. It almost made the blood run cold in our veins.

In '61, when Lincoln took his seat, Virginia held an election to decide whether Virginia should secede or not. They had this election about January or February and Virginia was very strong to stay with the Union. But when Lincoln soon called for 75,000 men to whip the Southern states back into the Union and looked for Virginia to furnish her quota, Virginia rose up in rebellion and called for another election. This time the hotheads were in control. They were fired up awful and threatened that they would kill all Southern men who would vote for the Union. *

My father was a Union man and most of the Mennonite people were for the Union. My father was sick in bed when the election was held; so he wasn't bothered. My father said that Virginia would become a battlefield if

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*Samuel Horst reports in his book, MENNONITES IN THE CONFEDERACY, that radical Southerners threatened people with hanging or shooting if they did not vote for secession. Armed men forced people back to the polls compelling them to change their votes, (pp. 26-27).

Virginia should secede. The state voted for secession and that meant war.

Long before the war commenced they set to drilling. Everybody between the ages of eighteen and forty-five had to drill. Drilling stations were all over the country; right at New Erection there was one. The Mennonites would not drill; they would pay their fines, which were not very heavy. But when the draft came off on a Sunday at Weavers Church while there was preaching, a captain came and there notified every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to report for war. I never want to see another day like that— a whole congregation in tears.

THE CHURCH OPPOSED TO WAR

Just about the time the Civil War began, the Mennonite Church decided that if any of the members would voluntarily go to war, they would voluntarily go out of the church, without a church trial or anything of the kind. It was a dangerous thing to have a church trial. The church was very loyal and stayed together well. Only two brothers, Shenk by name, voluntarily went into the war. I knew them both. One of them was wounded and taken prisoner and died in prison. The other one came home but never came back into the church.

"THERE IS A TREMENDOUS STORM BREWING IN THE SOUTH

Before the war commenced there was a great deal of war talk, and I remember of hearing an old man say to my father, "There is a tremendous storm brewing in the South, and when that storm breaks with all its fury, it will shake the South to its very center." That storm did come and I saw it come. It drenched the South all over with blood and tears. Our brethren were ordered out to war. Most of them reported at Harrisonburg, but there was one brother who would not go. So they sent for him, took him out of his house, carried him out onto a wagon, and hauled him down below Winchester. That was Michael Shank. They forced our brethren into war. They could not help it.

The Fourth of July, 1861, was one of the most remarkable days I ever witnessed. The armies were in the field on both sides, but those at the head of the government concluded that they would make another effort to prevent the war. So on the Fourth of July they appointed a time for a delegation from the South and one from the North to get together to see if they could not come to an agreement. When that day came, we saw something we never saw before. The sky was overcast but was not cloudy. It was so dark the sun scarcely shone through. There was, however, a straight line from east to west over the Mason and Dixon line, north of which it was clear as crystal. The southern sky was gloomy. Soon after, it was learned that the special agents of the sections could not decide the case. The armies were in the field ready for war.

THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE

On July 21 was the first great battle. About the next day we heard that one of our neighbor boys was killed in that first battle. I knew him from a child up. Captain Rolston, one of our non-Mennonite neighbors, was wounded and half-dead on the battlefield. The Northern men took him prisoner and his folks did not know but that he was dead. So they appointed a day to preach his funeral sermon, but that Sunday morning he came home very unexpectedly and told them they did not need to preach it. The war went on and forced some of our men into battle— Mike Shenk and Crist Good. Crist Good told me over and over he was forced into battle but he would not shoot anybody. At the first battle the captain came up and asked him if he shot. He said, "No, I did not shoot." Sometime later he got into another battle After it was over, the captain came to him and asked him whether he shot. He said, "No, I didn't see anything to shoot at." "Why, didn't you see all those Yankees over there?" "No, they're people; we don't shoot people."

THE PERIOD OF HIDING FOR MENNONITE DRAFTEES

In the fall the government concluded it would let these drafted men, mostly Mennonite men, come home and put out the seeding, then they were to go back to war. But there were more than one who did not go back. Then came a period of hiding. Pretty near all of our brethren subject to draft went into hiding. Through this winter our brethren were hunted down with guns like wild animals, but they did not succeed in getting any of them. My cousin, Simon Burkholder, had a place fixed under the barn into which he could get and shut himself up so that they could not find him. He was in hiding for eighteen months. One evening as he came in about dark, he discovered there were some men around the barn after him, and it seems one of the scouts saw him about the time he saw the scout. He ran, and just as he jumped over the fence, they shot at him and he dropped his hat. The scout got his hat, but the next day when cousin Simon Burkholder went to go into the barn he found the scout had dropped a fine silk handkerchief; so he got the handkerchief in place of the hat.

John Heatwole was a potter and they called him "Potter John." He was hiding away back in the mountains and the scouts worked a long time to try to get him. Finally, they found out where he was, but his folks at home learned that the scouts had found out his hiding place. They sent word out by a nearer cut than the scouts could take and told John Heatwole to get out, for the scouts would be after him. It was wintertime and there was snow on the ground; so he concluded he would better cross into West Virginia. He went out of his hiding place and walked backwards up the mountain a long way to throw the scouts off the tracks. Then he went on to West Virginia.

Abram Good went back and forth through the lines. When the guards asked for his pass he would answer, "Whoever heard of a white man having a pass?"* The captain called to the guard that he should let him pass, for he did not have sense enough to know that he must have a pass. the guards mistook his citizenship, too. The guards were changed every two hours, and he would change sides when he learned that if we could get across the Ohio River or across the Potomac they could not take us on either side.

So Abram Good got to piloting some of our folks to Ohio. After two trips the authorities found out that he was taking some men out that way, and they gave the scouts orders to go out and shoot him on sight. When Abram came back from a trip he never let himself be known. One time when he came back he went to see where his son was plowing, but when he tapped the slow horse with a stick it jumped forward suddenly and broke a trace and the singletree flew back and broke his leg. A physician had to be called and through him it was found out that he was at home.

Abram Good was one of the most peculiar men I ever saw. Great things did not excite him. They sent scouts out to shoot him at sight. They called him out of bed one night and told him what they had come for. "Well, you'll give me time to write my will? I will have to call one of my neighbors to write it out." He got to talking to the captain, who was very friendly to him, and they found out they had known each other when they were children. By the time he got somebody to write the will, the captain told him he would not need it.

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*At this time all Negroes were expected to have a pass to prove they were not runaway slaves.

SEVENTY-TWO MEN TO WEST VIRGINIA

In the early spring of 1862 seventy-two men started in one company to go across the line through West Virginia. I don't know who their pilot was. When they got out to Petersburg, West Virginia, they met four or five men that had been paroled. They had been captured by the Northern army and were under oath not to do anything against the United States until they would be properly exchanged. These five men stopped them in the road and told them to give up their arms. Joe Heatwole said, "O brethren, pray mightily to God; He will deliver us!" Then the men said, "Give up your arms!" They pulled out their Testaments and Bible, but they did not take them. That was the right kind of arms for nonresistant people to carry. Carry the right kind of weapons and you are all right. That was an awful calamity, it was thought. Two of them (Peter Blosser was one) slipped away and went home and reported that the others were all prisoners. This report caused great sorrow and excitement. We will leave them now for the present.

After the war was over the people out in West Virginia were just about equally divided in sentiment. There were fighting men there. These five men that captured our seventy-two men had no right to do what they did. The other side rose up when the war was over and reported to the government of the United States that they had violated their oath and that they were subject to punishment. They got up writings and came in here to the valley to have our brethren sign up. "We are going to have revenge. Just you sign up here; we will get them all right." Not one signed the paper. They were nonresistant to the core. They were nonresistant in times of peace as well as in times of war. These officers had to go back and drop their suit. That was the end of that.

PRISONERS IN RICHMOND

Now we will go back to the prisoners who were marched to Staunton, Virginia, and then taken by train to the Libby Prison at Richmond. They were in a horrible prison for six long weeks. We are going to prove to you that they thought of their duty and of God and their folks at home. We believe that they were a sincere set of men. They were not all Mennonites; some few were Brethren and some did not belong to any church. Manassas Heatwole did not belong to church, and all those who did not belong to church could not get out without entering the army. Here is what they wrote in prison many years ago:

WE'LL ALL GO HOME

Prisoners we are closely confined,
But this not one of us should mind,
For Christ hath told us, in His Word,
That we should ever obey our Lord.

We know it is God's holy will,
Our fellow men we should not kill,
But we should lead a Christlike life,
And not spend all our days in strife.

The Lord hath said we all can see,
Persecution we should flee,
And this we surely had in view,
A safer place we did pursue.

But we were captured on our way,
And here as prisoners now we stay,
Absent from home and from our friends,
With no one near who pity lends.

Dear brethren all, both far and near;
Be with us all engaged in prayer,
That we from prison may be free,
And serve our God where'er we be.

Although the world may at us look,
As though we too much undertook,
To leave our dearest friends behind,
And seek a safer place to find.

But this we did for conscience's sake,
We did not wish God's laws to break,
For those, who will the Saviour grieve,
Damnation surely will receive.

But there is One who reigns on high,
That always will to us be nigh,
And if we put our trust in Him,
He will from prison us redeem.

Then let us all the Lord obey,
That from the truth we never stray,
So that we may all stand the test,
And when we die go home to rest.

(The above poem may be sung to the tune of "Sweet Hour of Prayer.")

They were in prison six weeks, but there was no law in the Confederate government to exempt anyone from war. They got this question up in the Confederate Congress as to what should be done with these people. It didn't do any good to keep them in that dungeon. By some means or other they got a Mennonite Confession of Faith in that Congress and had the article on nonresistance read. It was a very strange doctrine. Our congressman was John Hopkins. When it was read, a congressman from South Carolina got up and asked, "Is there anyone in these halls that knows anybody like that? Do they live it out?" "Yes," said our congressman, "they are my next door neighbors and they live it to the letter." The South Carolina congressman said, "Any people who live that ought not be asked to fight." Five men taking seventy-two was evidence enough that there was no fight in them.

The law was passed without much trouble that all Mennonites, Dunkards, and Quakers who would pay their fines would be free for $500.00. Then there was another trouble. A good many of them did not have the money. So it came home to the church what was to be done. The church decided that they would make up the money. My father solicited funds, and he said he never had money flow in like it did at that time. Everybody had money for that purpose. Soon the money was made up. When they got the money, they paid the fines for all those who belonged to the church. Only those who belonged to church when the war began could pay their fines. Our brethren came home and with great rejoicing.

-To be continued

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HERE IS ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE KEIM SISTERS, LYDIA AND MARY.

— Elizabeth Miller

"NATURAL BEAUTY"

MARY KEIM COULDN'T HOLD BACK THE TEARS WHEN SHE THOUGHT ABOUT HOW UGLY HER FACE WAS— CROOKED TEETH, DARK SKIN, AND WORST OF ALL— PIMPLES. IT JUST DIDN'T SEEM FAIR THAT SHE COULDN'T BE PRETTY LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

Oh, isn't it lovely outside!" exclaimed Mary Keim as she and her friends stepped from the schoolhouse to go home. "Why, it's just like summer."

"It sure is nice," agreed Susan Mast, stopping to push down her stockings. "I wanted to come to school without a coat, but Mother wouldn't let me. She was afraid by tonight it would be cold again."

"She's just like my mother," said Mary. "Last year one morning it was so nice and warm and we coaxed until we were allowed to come without any wraps. That forenoon it began to rain and it got cold so fast that by evening it was snowing. Dad had to come to school to get us and bring our heavy coats along. She can't forget that, and just this morning she reminded us of it again when we asked if we could come without wraps."

The girls walked leisurely out to the end of the school yard and then chatted just a moment before they parted. Sometimes they lingered and talked too long and just recently the teacher had to remind them again that they were to go home directly after school. So tonight the two groups turned and waved to each other, then started home.

For a moment the girls headed east and walked in silence. Mary turned to wave again to Susan. Susan and she were the only girls in the sixth grade and they were very good friends. Mary often wished they would live the same direction from the schoolhouse so they could walk home together. There was nothing wrong with the girls she walked with, except they were all older. There was her sister, Lydia, and her two seventh grade friends, Alma Nisley and Rachel Miller, and the two eighth grade girls, Ruth Anderson and Naomi Troyer.

"D'you know," said Rachel suddenly. "I think Fannie Graber is pretty, just plain pretty."

"I think so, too," said Lydia, turning to glance at the group of girls going in the other direction. "But I'm afraid Fannie knows it, too, and that rather spoils it."

"What do you mean? She's friendly and I like her," said Rachel.

"Oh, I like her, too," assured Lydia, "but for some reason she seems to be — well, I don't know. She's all right, I guess."

"I wonder what it would be like to be pretty," said Naomi. "Like Fannie's big sister. She always looks just so-so."

"I don't know," said Lydia. "I think Fannie's sister is rather pretty, but I like Alma's sister better."

Alma looked up in surprise. "Why, Anna's not pretty. I mean she's — she's just average, I'd say."

"But she's neat and she's friendly," insisted Lydia.

"Well, we're not talking about neatness and friendliness right now," protested Alma, a little annoyed. "We're talking about beauty — natural beauty."

"Say, I know," said Ruth. "Let's pretend we can make ourselves look just like we want to. I would want blond wavy hair like Fannie Graber."

Before she could go any farther she was interrupted by the other girls. "I want Susan Mast's long slender fingers," said Alma.

"I want Lydia's pretty blue eyes," added Ruth.

"I want Fannie Graber's wavy hair," said Naomi.

"I already asked for that. You can't have it," said Ruth laughingly.

"Neither one of you can have Fannie's hair," said Mary in disgust. Up until now she had walked along in silence without joining in on the conversation. It seemed to her all that the older girls talked about lately was who was pretty and who wasn't. Maybe if she herself had had more of what the girls called "natural beauty" she wouldn't have minded. But every time the girls brought up this subject she remembered the fact that she wasn't pretty. She knew her sister was tall and slender and more ladylike than she was. But it didn't really bother her, not as long as she could have her happy times with her friends.

The girls ignored her remark and soon they were all confused with who could have what. Then Alma made a suggestion. "Instead of each one of us having only a few pretty things, let's imagine a girl and think of something each o us would give to her to make her pretty."

"Yes, let's," said Rachel. "We'll call her 'The Girl of Natural Beauty.'"

"Yes," added Lydia, "and she may have beauty from the girls in our school only. Let's not include anyone who does not go to our school."

"I'll start," said Noami, all excited. "I think she should have blond wavy hair like Fannie Graber. And since she has Fannie's hair, she can't be like Fannie in any other way."

"It's my turn," said Ruth. "I suggest she should have blue eyes like Lydia."

"And a nose like Ruth's that doesn't turn up," said Alma.

Ruth looked surprised. Quickly she felt her nose. "That's the first time anyone told me I had a pretty nose," she laughed.

"Well, at least it's not as big as mine," insisted Naomi. "Let's go on. Lydia, what do you suggest? Think of something we haven't mentioned."

Lydia tried to think. "She should have straight even teeth that flash when she smiles like Rachel."

Now it was Rachel's turn to blush in pleased surprise. "What else?" she asked. "What else shall 'The Girl of Natural Beauty' have?"

Mary walked along silently, wondering what she had that the other girls admired. Surely there was something about her the other girls liked. Her thoughts were interrupted by Rachel's voice. "I know something else. I think 'The Girl of Natural Beauty' should have long eyelashes that curve upward like Lydia's."

Mary looked up sharply. This was the second compliment her sister had received. Lydia had two and Mary had none.

"What can we give to 'The Girl of Natural Beauty' from Mary?" asked Ruth.

"Pimples," said Lydia, without a moment's hesitation.

"No!" cried the other girls together.

"'The Girl of Natural Beauty' must not have pimples," said Rachel. "She must have fair, smooth skin like — like," she glanced from one girl to another, "like Alma," she finished.

"And rosy cheeks with dimples like Annie Troyer's," added Ruth.

Mary's cheeks burned with embarrassment. She lowered her eyes and walked on, trying not to pay any attention to the conversation of the girls. She was glad when they finally reached their lane and had to part. Even though she didn't feel like it, she turned and waved at the girls.

"See you tomorrow," called the others.

"Yes," she answered without enthusiasm. Without a word she followed her sister in the lane and up through the yard. Her face brightened when she saw her little brother, David, laughing with glee at the sight of his sisters.

"Girls, what makes you so late?" asked Mother. Her voice sounded displeased. "Benny's been here for ten minutes already. Did you forget we are going to Grandpa's tonight?"

"Oh, it was so nice and warm and we got to talking," answered Lydia. "Come, Mary, put David down. We'll chore so fast we'll make up for lost time." Quickly she hurried upstairs. She was almost finished changing when Mary came up.

"Just think," said Lydia. "Only three more weeks and then school will be over. We'll still see our friends on Sundays, but I wish school would last the year round."

"I don't," said Mary, trying to blink back the tears. "I wish I wouldn't have to go to school another day this year!"

Lydia looked at Mary sharply. "Why, Mary, you like school. I know you do and you know it, too."

"I do not. I hate it." Mary flung her coat down on the bed and turned her back.

"Mary, what's wrong?" asked Lydia, very much surprised at her sister's outburst.

"Nothing," grunted Mary. "Go away and let me go."

Without another word Lydia turned and went downstairs. Mary went over to the mirror and took one long hard stare. She was very displeased at what she saw. Her face was too round; her nose turned up; her brown eyes that often sparkled with fun were now dull. Her hair was not blond, yet it wasn't brown either. It never stayed smooth, not even for half a day. It came out of the braids and looked as if it hadn't been braided for a week. Her skin was dark — even darker than her sister Lydia's. As if she didn't have enough unpleasant features in her face already, recently she had developed another mark of ugliness — pimples.

"It isn't fair," said Mary, addressing the girl in the mirror. "Why can't I have just one pretty thing? Even my teeth are crooked and uneven."

"Mary, are you coming?" called Mother from the bottom of the stairs. "Remember, we're going to Grandpa's tonight and you have to hurry with your chores if you want to go along."

"Yes, coming," called Mary. The thought of going to Grandpa's cheered her up a little, because Aunt Mary was going to be there. Aunt Mary was the Keim girls' favorite aunt, because she had been their hired girl when they were younger. But two years ago she had married and moved to Missouri and Mary had not seen her since. Quickly Mary changed into her everyday dress and hurried downstairs. Lydia had already fed the chickens and was on her way to the barn when Mary came out of the house. "Come on, slow poke," she called, "I'll beat you to the barn."

Both girls ran and reached the barn almost at the same instant. "Beat you!" cried Lydia.

"You did not!" protested Mary. "And what if you did? You had a head start."

"So you're still mad, are you?" taunted Lydia. "I wonder what came over you anyway."

"You should wonder, shouldn't you? Of course, you're happy because the other girls think you're pretty. And then you have to make things worse for me by making a smart remark about my pimples. I guess you thought it was funny to have all the other girls laugh at me. You think you're smart, that's what you think!" Mary fairly spat the words at her sister, who stood in dumbfounded surprise.

"All right girls, what's the trouble?" asked Dad who came around the corner of the barn at that minute with a bag of feed on his shoulder. "Do you have to argue like that when we're in a hurry? Come, Mary. You give the cows feed while Lydia helps Benny throw down straw."

Mary forced herself to be cheerful as they hurried with the chores. Finally they were done and the girls went upstairs to dress in their school clothes again. When they were alone in their room Lydia brought up the subject again. "I'm — I'm sorry," she said. "It was very mean of me to make that nasty remark on the way home from school. I didn't think you'd care. But do you know, we have the habit of teasing each other at home and before we know it we do it in front of others without thinking about it."

"Forget it," said Mary shortly. She knew there was a lot of truth in what Lydia had said. Even though Lydia and she loved each other a great deal, they had a way of getting into sisterly squabbles. And right now Mary was too excited about seeing Aunt Mary to carry the unpleasant subject any further.

"I'm finished," said Mary, smoothing down her hair with a brush and tying her covering under her chin. "I'm going down to see if David is ready." She hurried downstairs. There she found David dressed in a clean blue shirt and new trousers. His eyes glowed with excitement.

"Is David all ready?" she asked.

SPRING

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And butterflies are coming
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blooms the warm red clover
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh, happy little children!
God made them all for you.

"You can brush his hair and then get his coat and cap," called Mother from the bedroom. "Dad and the boys went to get King."

Mary gathered up the hair brush and David's coat and cap. "Come, David, let's go by-by," she said, picking him up and carrying him over to the table. "Let's go by-by with King. Giddap, King." She entertained him and added to his excitement so that he did not mind at all when she brushed his hair. Just as she was finished Lydia came downstairs.

"May I have David?" she asked, picking him up.

"I guess not!" said Mary. "I got him ready to go, now I get to have him, too. You want to come to me, don't you?" She stretched her hands out to the baby. Eagerly David went to Mary. "David likes me, even if I'm not pretty," she thought, hugging her brother. She started for the door. "We're going, Mother," she called.

Half an hour later the Keim buggy drove into Grandpa's lane and came to a halt in front of the small white house. The girls and their mother climbed out. Mary suddenly turned shy. She hadn't seen Aunt Mary for so long that she felt like she was meeting a stranger. "Mother, you take David," she said. Then she stepped aside to let Lydia go first.

Aunt Mary met them at the door. She greeted Mother warmly. "And so this is your baby. My, he isn't much of a baby anymore. And Lydia!" Aunt Mary shook hands with Lydia. "My, how you have grown. Why, you've turned into a young lady. And here is Mary, my little namesake!" Mary held out her hand awkwardly to shake hands with Aunt Mary and was glad when it was over. But Aunt Mary did not let her be ill at ease long. Soon she and Lydia were helping Aunt Mary set the table and together they went to the spring-house to bring in the things Grandma had set out to cool.

"Are Amos's coming over to eat?" asked Lydia. Amos's lived in the large house at Grandpa's and did the farming. Mary knew why Lydia asked. Their daughter, Annie, was the same age as Lydia and the two girls were great friends.

"No," said Aunt Mary. "They ate supper over here last evening. We thought it would be better than to all be at Grandpa's at the same meal. Annie didn't like the idea very well, but we told her she could come over after supper to play with you girls."

Supper was delicious and Mary was especially pleased when she got to sit next to Aunt Mary. They had barely finished eating when Annie appeared in the doorway, smiling at her cousins.

"Come right in," teased Aunt Mary. "You're just in time to help us with the dishes."

"Why don't we let the girls run along?" suggested Grandma. "They have to wash dishes at home. Tonight we'll wash them as we visit and let the girls off for once."

The girls smiled at each other, happy with the thought of being excused from the dishes. Together they went out the front door. "Let's sit on the swing," suggested Mary. "It's such a nice warm evening."

"Yes, let's," agreed Annie. "How many days of school do you have left?"

"I'm not even quite sure. There are only two weeks after this one," answered Lydia.

The mention of school reminded Mary of the unhappy experience of that afternoon. As Lydia and Annie went on chatting about school and comparing how far they were in their books, Mary sat in silence. "I wonder if Annie thinks I'm not pretty, too?" she thought. She took a closer look at her cousin. Annie's hair was almost like Mary's; it wasn't pretty. But she had a light complexion and soft blue eyes. "Maybe Annie isn't what the girls at school would call 'The Girl of Natural Beauty,' but at least she is prettier than I am," thought Mary. The unhappy feeling she wanted to push away came back until she couldn't bear it any longer. "I'm going in and get David," she said, starting for the house.

"Oh, yes, do," said Annie. "He's so cute. I wish I had a little brother like that."

When Mary got to the screen door she recognized the voice of Aunt Lena in the kitchen. "Oh, Annie's mother came over after supper, too," thought Mary as she stopped to brush her shoes on the grass. She was just reaching for the door knob when she heard her name.

"It's too bad Mary is having such a time with pimples," Aunt Lena was saying. "Lydia is growing into such a pretty young girl."

Mary turned and fled. Where could she go? She would not go into the house and let the others know she had heard what they were saying. She couldn't go back and face the other girls. Mary wished she could go home all by herself and hide so no one would ever have to look at her again. Just today she had learned that the girls at school thought she wasn't pretty, and now Aunt Lena had said the same thing. Mary walked around to the front of the house where the younger children were playing.

"Hey, Mary, come and help us play Gray Wolf," called Benny. "We almost don't have enough children to play."

Mary stood for a minute without answering. By then some more of her cousins were coaxing her to help play. "All right," she said. "I'll help." Anything would be better than going into the house or over to the swing where the older girls were still talking.

The rest of the evening passed more pleasantly for Mary. It was getting late when Mother called to her from the doorway. "Come in and talk to Aunt Mary for awhile before we go home, " she said. "Tomorrow when she comes to our house you will be in school and you won't have a chance to talk to her at all. "

Reluctantly Mary followed her mother inside. She was warm from running and very tired. Puffing for breath, she went over and flopped down on a chair. Aunt Lena looked at her sharply and then at Annie and Lydia, who were sitting side by side on the woodbox. Mary was sure she saw her glance at Grandmother and shake her head.

Mary answered the questions Aunt Mary asked her and tried to be friendly, but she was glad when Dad got up and announced it was time to go home.

Everyone in the surrey was tired and quiet as King plodded homeward. From her seat in the back Mary gazed at the sky and watched the stars twinkle overhead. But her mind was not on the stars; it was spinning in circles. "It isn't fair, " she told herself again. "It's just plain not fair. Everyone I know is prettier than I am. "

When the surrey stopped in front of the Keim yard, Mary was the first one out. She hurried into the house and upstairs before any of the others had time to come in. She had had all she could take and she could not face another person that evening. She flung herself on the bed and let the tears she had been fighting all evening come. She heard Mother and Lydia and the little ones come in. David and Eli were crying and Benny, who had slept on the way home, wanted to lie on the couch to sleep instead of going to bed.

"Did Mary go upstairs already?" Mary heard Mother ask.

"I guess. She's not down here any more, " answered Lydia.

Mary heard Dad come in and help Lydia and Mother get the children to bed. "Where's Mary?" she heard him ask.

"She came in and went upstairs before anyone else came in, " answered Mother.

Soon Mary heard Dad's footsteps as he was bringing the boys up to bed. She lay very still so as not to attract his attention. Even after the boys were in bed and Dad came into their room, she pretended to be asleep. But Dad was not tricked that easily. "Mary, " he said, "What's wrong?"

Mary did not answer.

"Mary, " Dad's voice was firm, but kind. "I want you to go downstairs with me. "

Mary knew she had to obey. Without a word she followed Dad. Mother looked surprised when they came into the living room. "Why, what's wrong?" she asked.

"These two girls have some explaining to do, " said Dad. "I overheard part of an argument tonight at chore time that made me curious, and ever since things haven't returned to normal. " He turned to the girls, "All right, let's hear about it. "

Mary looked at Lydia and Lydia looked at Mary. Neither of them spoke.

"What is the trouble?" asked Dad. "Is it something that happened at school or . . . ?"

Mary burst into tears. "It's not fair, " she sobbed. "It simply isn't fair. "

"What isn't fair?" asked Dad. "Lydia, do you know what she is talking about?"

"Oh, it's not really anything, " Lydia said. "Tonight on the way home from school we started talking about how we would like to be pretty and things like that and . . . "

"And everyone is pretty in one way or another but me. Even Aunt Lena said I'm not pretty, " sobbed Mary.

"Aunt Lena?" exclaimed Mother. "I thought you said this happened on the way home from school. Where did Aunt Lena get in on this?"

Between sobs Mary and Lydia told the whole miserable story, from the wishing period and "The Girl of Natural Beauty" on the way home from school to the conversation Mary overheard in Grandma's kitchen.

"But where was I?" asked Mother. "Why didn't I hear Aunt Lena say that?"

"I don't know. I didn't go in the door because I didn't want them to know I had heard. I just wanted to go away and not let anyone see me again, " Mary broke into fresh tears.

"Oh, I remember, " said Mother. "It must have been while I was taking care of David. I left the kitchen for a short while. Didn't Grandma say anything to Aunt Lena when she talked like that?"

"I don't know, " said Mary. "I didn't want to hear any more so I went away. "

"Well, don't worry, Mary, " soothed Mother. "Aunt Lena didn't mean any harm —"

"But it is true!" said Mary. "Lydia has blue eyes and long eyelashes and no pimples. She is much prettier than I am and everyone can see it. "

Mother sighed. "Mary, brown eyes are just as nice. And besides, we must be satisfied with the way God has made us. There are so many things that could be worse than having —"

"But why didn't God make everyone pretty?" broke in Mary.

Dad reached over and tapped Mary on the shoulder. "Listen, Mary. Have you ever taken a look at my eyes? What color eyes do I have?" he asked.

Mary tried to take a quick look, but Dad hid his eyes with his hand. "Tell me, what color are they?" he asked.

"Why, I don't even know, " said Mary, quite surprised at herself. "I never thought to look. "

"All right, " said Dad, "take a look right now. They're brown like your own, aren't they? Lydia has blue eyes like Mother's and yours are brown like mine. But up until today when the other girls started talking about what they call "natural beauty", you never gave it a thought. In fact, I'm sure you never gave your own appearance a second thought. You see, Mary, when we see people every day and learn to know them, we accept them and love them for what they are and not for their looks. "

"But I still can't understand why some people are so pretty and others are so homely, " objected Mary. "Why couldn't I be the one to have long slender fingers and blond wavy hair?"

Mother sighed again. "Mary, have you ever given it a thought how it would be like if you couldn't see or walk or hear?"

Mary shook her head. Then she nodded.

"Do you know God could have made you like that, too? Don't you think He was very good to you to make you healthy, even if He didn't make you as pretty as you would like to be?" asked Mother gently.

For a minute they sat in silence. Then Dad spoke again. "Mary, you remind me a lot of another young girl I used to know. She often felt the same way you do — that she had been cheated because she was not as good-looking as some of the rest of the girls. She complained about her turned-up nose and her big boney fingers and her straight unruly hair. She let her appearance bother her so much that she became unhappy. One day she and her mother went to town and when they came home the girl had been crying. It was not until later that we found out why. While they were in town they had met a crippled girl on the wheelchair. The sight of the helpless, twisted body had touched the young girl's heart so much that she cried on the way home and promised never to complain about her looks again."

"Who was the girl?" asked Mary, very much interested.

"Do you think you could guess?" asked Dad. "Her name was Mary, too."

"Aunt Mary!" gasped both girls together.

"That's right," said Dad, looking first at one surprised girl and then at the other.

"But Aunt Mary isn't homely," exclaimed Mary. "She's — she's —"

"She's what?" asked Dad. "Does she have pretty blue eyes, blond wavy hair, and long slender fingers? No, she doesn't have any of these. But let me tell you what she does have. She has a beauty that is much deeper than the skin. After that time when she and Grandma were in town, Grandma helped her find a certain Bible verse. She applied this verse to her life, and for many years she had a home made motto in her room to help her remember her promise."

"What was the verse?" asked Lydia.

"It was Proverbs 31:30, a verse every girl should know by heart," answered Dad, reaching for his Bible. Paging through until he found the page, he handed it to the girls and pointed to the right place. Together they read, "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Do you know what it means?" asked Dad.

Lydia nodded her head.

"I think so," said Mary, a little less certain. "Vain means worthless, doesn't it?"

"Yes, in this verse it means worthless or empty," said Dad. "A pretty face, in other words, does not make a praiseworthy woman, but the inner beauty — the beauty of the heart does. You know, I never worry about our girls growing up and being homely, but I am concerned whether they will be beautiful on the inside."

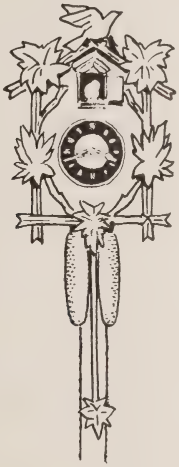
Mary was silent for a moment. Then she said, "I guess a person can't help it if she doesn't have a pretty face, but if she isn't beautiful on the inside, it's her own fault."

Dad smiled. "Very good, Mary," he said. "I think you've caught on to the lesson. Even though you can't be 'The Girl of Natural Beauty,' you can be a girl with inner beauty. And that's what really matters."

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

Margaret's Conscience

— Emma J. Ballou



Many years ago the northern part of New York was one vast wilderness. In this wilderness, not far from the St. Lawrence River, stood a log house. In the house lived a little girl, who spent one long, unhappy day because she did not obey her conscience.

Little Margaret loved her home. She loved the great river beside it, and the meadows and orchards. But, better than anything else, she loved the old clock that stood in the living room.

Often, when the other children were playing in the sunshine, she would steal in and stand before it.

Her father had told her that if she would listen closely, she could hear what the clock said to her. She would be sure to hear it saying, "Do right, little girl; do right, do right."

It was in midsummer. The father and mother were away from home, and the children were left to take care of themselves and the house.

They soon grew tired of playing, and the older ones settled to their books. The two-year-old baby fell asleep on his blanket in the shade of the great maple tree. Then it was that Margaret took her station before the old clock, to watch it and hear it talk to her.

The clock had no frame around it, no glass over its face. It stood on strong brackets that were fastened on the wall. The pendulum hung within easy reach of a small child's hands.

Margaret soon grew tired of looking at the clock. She began to think how much she should like to take hold of the leaden cones fastened to the cords, and draw them down to see the weights go up.

She wondered why pulling those small weights down drew the large ones up. She thought she should like to touch the swinging pendulum.

She took one step nearer to the clock, and was startled by hearing it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right."

"I haven't done anything naughty, have I?" exclaimed the child, as she stepped back and looked up at the face of the clock.

If Margaret had only turned away from the temptation then, she would have saved herself a good many hours of unhappiness. But she wanted very much to touch at least the shining ball of the pendulum. She went close to the clock and put her hand upon the pendulum. It felt cold and smooth. Then she wondered if she could make it swing a little faster

She gave it a push, and was quite delighted with the result. She pushed it again, a little harder than before. But this time a dreadful thing happened.

With a sharp, quick sound, that seemed to Margaret like a cry of anger, the pendulum stood still. The silence that followed was awful to the child.

The clock stopped. She had never in her life known it to do such a thing. What could she do? How could she undo the thing that she had done?

Her conscience told her that she had known she was doing wrong all the time. Oh, how she wished she had let the clock alone!

The end of the long day brought the father and mother home. The older children had learned that the clock had opped, though they did not know the cause. They rushed t to tell what had happened.

"The clock stopped!" exclaimed the father in surprise. That is very strange. Surely I wound it last evening. I ave never forgotten it. Let me look at it."

Margaret was by his side, watching his face very closely.

"Very strange," he repeated. Then, as if a thought had ddenly struck him, he said, "I fear some one has been eddling."

Just then he looked down into Margaret's face. Guessing y the distress on it who the meddler was, he said kindly, Was it you, Margaret?"

"Yes, father," she said, "I just touched it a little bit; I dn't mean to hurt it. Oh, father! Won't it ever tick any ore?"

Her father saw how unhappy she was, and said gently, You did very wrong. Though you did not mean to hurt it, u did mean to touch it; and you know you ought not to do that."

Then he set the clock and started it, and it began ticking away as gravely as ever. - Jones Third Reader, 1904

THE BEST I CAN

I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!'

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold!
Yet I am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy golden head,—
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan!"

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what, all strange things were;
She was only a child at school!
But thought: "It is part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

Our best! Ah, children! the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task, at the close of day!
But for strength from above—'tis the Master's plan—
We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

This
Month's
Bible
Story

The Fire That Burned, Yet Didn't Burn

Day after day Moses took his shepherd's staff into his hand and herded Jethro's sheep across the hot fields in search of green grass. The rough life of hard work was a big change from the soft, pampered living he had been used to in Egypt. Yet Moses grew to love the out-of-doors and the sheep he herded.

At first it must have been humbling for Moses. Here he was, one of the best educated men in Egypt, doing the work of a mere shepherd. He who might have been a Pharaoh someday, had to work with a staff in his hand and sandals on his feet. He had to forget for the time being the things he had learned in Pharaoh's court, for they were of no use to him now. He had to start all over learning — learning from Jethro the secrets of caring for sheep.

As the years passed in a strange land, Moses did not forget his own people in the land of Goshen. When he married Zipporah, one of Jethro's seven daughters, and had a little son of his own, he remembered again how back in Egypt his people had to drown their sons in the river. Just as a reminder that his people lived in Goshen and not in Midian, Moses decided to call his son, Gershom, which means, "A stranger here." "It is a good name for him," Moses said, "for I have been a stranger in a strange land."

Meanwhile back in Egypt things were not going any better for the Israelites. The taskmasters' whips still cut their bleeding backs. They still groaned under heavy burdens. They still stumbled to their homes at night so tired that every bone ached. And as the years passed and the slavery continued, they began to sigh and cry to God for deliverance from their bondage.

God heard their cry. He heard and remembered the promise he had made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. God had promised that their descendants should someday live in the land of Canaan. They should not forever toil in slavery for the Pharaoh of Egypt.

One day Moses took the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, farther from home than usual. He wandered far out across the desert until he was close to a mountain called Horeb. Suddenly he was startled to see fire leaping up out of a bush on the side of the mountain.

Moses watched the fire. To his surprise the fire burned on and on, and yet the bush was not burned up. Moses was curious. He realized that this was surely something unusual. "I'm going to go over and see this great sight," Moses said to himself, "and find out why the bush isn't burned up."

He turned aside to see the sight. Suddenly he stopped. A voice was calling out, "Moses. Moses."

"Here am I."

The voice said, "Don't come any closer. Take off your shoes, for the place where you are standing is holy ground."

Quickly Moses stooped and slipped off his shoes.

The voice continued, "I am the God of your father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

Moses hid his face and trembled. He was afraid to look upon God.

God said, "I have surely seen the troubles of my people who are in Egypt. I have heard them cry out as they are struck by the taskmasters, and I know their sorrows. I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land, a land flowing with milk and honey. Behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me, and I have seen how cruelly the Egyptians oppress them. Come now, and I will send you to Pharaoh and it will be your job to lead my people out of Egypt."

But Moses did not feel that he could do such a great work. Years before he had been eager to help his people, and had tried to deliver them before the time God had appointed. He had been ready before God was ready. But now when God was ready, Moses was no longer ready. He said, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

God said, "I will be with you. And this shall be a sign unto you — when you have led the people out of Egypt, you shall worship me on this very mountain."

Moses said to God, "Behold, when I come to the children of Israel and say, 'The God of your fathers has sent me,' what shall I say when they ask me what your name is?"

"I AM THAT I AM," God said. "Tell the children of Israel I AM has sent me unto you. Tell them this is my name for all generations, for I am not a God that has been, or will be, but I AM."

Still Moses was afraid. "Behold," he said, "they will not believe that I am really sent of you. They will say, 'The Lord never appeared to you.'"

God said to Moses, "What is that in your hand?"

"It is a rod."

God said, "Throw it on the ground."

Moses threw his rod on the ground. Instantly it turned into a snake. Moses was frightened and ran from it. But God said, "Grab it by the tail."

Putting out his hand, Moses caught hold of the snake's tail. Immediately it stiffened in his hand and turned into a rod again.

"This will be a sign for you to show the children of Israel," God said, "so that they may believe I have sent you."

Then God said he would give Moses a second sign. "Put your hand inside your garment against your chest."

Moses did so. When he took his hand out again, it had turned as white as snow and was covered with crusty flakes as though he had leprosy. Leprosy was a terrible disease, and to see his hand like a leper's hand was a frightening moment for Moses.

"Now," said God, "put your hand inside your garment again." When Moses obeyed, his hand came out completely normal again. The white scales of leprosy had vanished.

"If they don't believe the first sign," God said, "they will surely believe the second sign. And if they don't believe the second sign, there is yet a third sign you can show them. Dip water out of the river and pour it on the ground, and it will turn into blood before them."

But Moses was not ready yet to go. He thought up another excuse. He said, "Oh, my Lord, I am such a poor speaker. I don't think I can talk well enough."

God was displeased with Moses' unwillingness to obey him. He said, "Who made your mouth anyhow? Didn't I make it to start with? Then go and do as I say. Surely if I made your mouth, I should be able to teach it what to say."

Moses was still unwilling to go. He came right out and asked God to change his plans. He said, "Oh, my Lord, please send some other person."

Finally God became angry with Moses. "Isn't Aaron the Levite your brother?" God asked. "I know that he can speak well, and behold, right now he is coming out to look for you. When he sees you he will be glad. Go with him and tell him what to say, and he will say it for you. He will speak to the people and will be your mouth."

Moses said no more. He gave up at last. He took the sheep back to Jethro and said to his father-in-law, "Please, let me go back to my relatives in Egypt and see if they are still alive."

Jethro said, "You may go in peace."

Forty years had passed since Moses fled from Egypt. He was now eighty years old. As he prepared to make the journey back to Egypt, God spoke again to Moses and said, "Don't be afraid to go back, for the Pharaoh that wanted to kill you is dead and another Pharaoh is now king."

Moses was glad to hear this. He took his wife and his sons, set them on an ass and set out for Egypt. In his hand he carried the rod; he did not want to forget it for he would surely need it for the task ahead.

God said to Moses, "When you get back to Egypt, see that you do before Pharaoh all the miracles I have given you. But I will harden his heart so that he will not let the people go until I slay his firstborn son."

At the same time that Moses was traveling toward Egypt, his brother Aaron was coming into the wilderness to meet him. They met at the mountain where Moses had first seen the burning bush. Aaron was glad to see his brother who had been missing for forty years. They kissed each other. Then Moses told Aaron the whole story of how God had appeared to him and the task he had been given to lead the people of Israel out of Egypt back to the promised land of Canaan. Together the two brothers journeyed to the land of Goshen.

- E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. What name did Moses give to his son?
2. What did this name mean?
3. What was unusual about the fire Moses saw on the mountain?
4. Why did God tell Moses to take off his shoes?
5. What did God say his name was?
6. What was the first sign God gave Moses to show in Egypt that he had been sent of God?
7. What was the second sign?
8. The third?
9. What excuse did Moses give when he asked God to send someone else?
10. Who did God say would do the speaking for him?

ANSWERS: 1. Gershom 2. "A stranger here" 3. It did not burn up the bush. 4. Because he was standing on holy ground 5. I AM 6. His rod turned into a snake when cast on the ground 7. His hand turned white like a leper's when put into his garment 8. Water would turn into blood if dipped from the river and poured on the ground 9. He said he couldn't speak well 10. His brother, Aaron.

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

CLEAN "CUPBOARDS"

I've just been cleaning cupboards and with neat housewifely art
I have set things all in order in the storehouse of my heart;
There are things I always meant to save and look at every day
And then again a lot of things I should have thrown away.

There were things in wild disorder, and mixed among the lot
Were bitter things and ugly ones that should have been forgot;
But there are scraps of tender dreams— a child's remembered kiss,
And a poem that my mother wrote— ah, how I treasured this.

Now that I've tossed the dark things out, each cringing one I found,
The others shine the brighter— shed a radiance all around.
My cleaning work is nearly done and I suggest you start
For you'll find its mighty nice to have clean cupboards in your heart!
-Author unknown

-Sent in by Mrs. Luther Yoder, Millersburg, Ohio

∞∞

Now that we are trying to make use of that last fall of snow, here comes a simple uncooked ice cream recipe from Mrs. Ray E. Burkholder of Applecreek, Ohio. Although uncooked it still calls for flour, which is rather unusual. Anyway, it does sound good.

The recipe calls for 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups sugar (white), 2 quart cream, 2 quart milk, pinch of salt, flavor to taste. Beat eggs, cream flour and sugar real well. Add enough milk for 1 1/2 gallon ice cream.

Mrs. Gideon Lapp of Pennsylvania sent a recipe for a cake that they enjoy eating with ice cream while the cake is still warm.

1 cup flour
1 cup sugar (white)
1 cup brown sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
1 cup raisins
2 cups boiling water
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter

Sift flour and measure. Again sift flour with sugar, baking powder and salt. Add raisins and milk and mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased baking pan. Make sauce by combining brown sugar, butter, and boiling water. Pour hot sauce over dough and bake at 350 degrees for 35 or 40 minutes. May be served warm with rich milk.

∞∞

Anne Zalenski, a reader from New Jersey, has still been unable to find a recipe for Stick Finger Dumplings. She says it is an Amish recipe. According to the name I would guess it is a sticky dumpling that a person holds in the fingers to eat. I hope one of the readers will send in this recipe.

Thanks to the Mother who sent in the following tip about training children. She writes: "I took a plastic box and gathered up all sorts of nice buttons, small bottles, popbeads, a collapsible drinking cup, a bright string, etc. This I give to the child only when he sits on the training chair. He forgets then his dislikes for the chair, and looks forward to having the plastic box of pretty things.

I suppose some readers will agree with Selina Bowman of Elmira, Ont. Although by the response I receive, I'm sure that others do enjoy the small quotes that appear in "Some Mothers Write."

In her letter Selina writes, "A recent article in Family Life on pails prompted me to write. According to that writer a stainless steel pail is the best buy, which can well be true. But how many of us would think of buying a stainless steel pail to give milk to calves? Here is a way to make the galvanized pails take more knocks before leaking. Cut an old car or wagon inner tube straight across and about five inches wide. This should now look like a giant elastic. Strip this over the bottom of the pail with most up the sides for grip. Make sure the bottom edge is covered where it gets rubbing and chipping.

"Wouldn't it be more helpful to the readers to send in tips how some products can be made to give more wear instead of "Some Mothers Write?" What some Mothers think are cute sayings of their children may not be considered so by others."

∞∞

We are leaving March behind and going into April. By now some of you readers are keeping your eye on little plants growing in boxes and hotbeds. Those who live further south probably have made some garden already.

Spring is a "hopeful" season. We hope the warm days will come early. We hope the April showers will not be too heavy and drawn out. We hope housecleaning time will soon be over. And with hope the soil is tilled and planted.

∞∞

EASY HOMEMADE PIZZA

In bowl combine:
4 cups flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
Combine:
1 1/3 cup milk
2/3 cup Wesson oil

Pour all at once over flour mixture. Mix with fork, then shape into ball. Knead until smooth. Roll out to about three 12 inch sheets. Place on greased cookie sheets.

∞∞

PIZZA SAUCE

Combine:

- 4, 6 ounce cans tomato paste
- 2/3 cup water
- 2/3 cup Wesson oil
- 2 teaspoons oregano
- 2 teaspoons garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper

Put on top of crust, add hamburger, cheese or sausage, onions or green peppers. Bake at 400 for 20 to 25 minutes. Tomato juice may be thickened and used as a substitute for tomato paste.

Martha Farmwald, Nappanee, Ind.

* * *

A non-Amish friend sent in the following Spanish dish. It is a simple and practical dish and hope you will like it.

TORTILLAS (tor-te-yä)

- ¼ teaspoon tabasco
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup cornstarch
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup cornmeal
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter, melted

Add tabasco to milk. Then add to cornstarch and stir to a smooth paste. Beat eggs. Add cornmeal, salt, and cornstarch to eggs. Stir in melted butter. Use 3 tablespoons of the mixture for each tortilla. Quickly put into lightly greased heated skillet. Brown on one side, then turn over to brown other side. Makes 12 tortillas.

* * *

NATURE

The thunder comes, gives the earth a shake
Get up! Get up! It's time to awake;
You were tucked in with white fluffy covers
I want to remind you that the spring hovers.

The robins are here, sitting on the trees
Hiding behind the growing leaves;
Look, who from the cover did peep!
Why, it's Miss Crocus, she always does lead.

Bluebells and narcissus are not far behind,
Tulips and daffodils are too in the line;
We had to plant the bulbs last year;
How long it seemed, but now they're here.

The leftover seed must be found,
The sod of the garden turned around,
Now find the bonnet and the hoe,
And now the things to make a straight row.

The wrinkled peas so small and round
Must all be dropped into the ground
And now we need another straight line—
There goes the carrot seed so fine.

And navy beans, Oh, yes, indeed!
And soon the garden is complete;
We have done our very best;
Only the Lord can do the rest.

-Virginia W. Martin
New Holland, Pennsylvania

* * *

Some Mothers Write

There is much work around. Yonder side of the table is a sweet child whose smile is priceless. It is my daily pay. In that smile lies power to give me new courage when tired, to revive my zeal after it seems to have slipped away. In that smile is a plea for protection, for loving care. Thoughts go to times when I had no baby's smile. As a mother I fall short in filling every need of the children. Christ's love draws me onward. He who knows all my weaknesses.

Today again the fears arise, for the world is large and cunning. It also needs the smiles of a baby. Oh, may we be wise, and seek for wisdom to discern the love of this world from the love which alone is worthy of eternal life. Millions are bringing children into the world— children whose mothers care only for the present. Fervently I hope to be of the few who think often on things eternal. May God grant us noble Christian hearts, filled with wisdom for godly living.

Mrs. Fannie Marie Hochstetler

I read the poem entitled "My Day" in the February issue and agreed. I have also found it to be true but it isn't always the case.

Awhile ago I prayed that the Lord would teach me more patience. I was in need of so much more than what I had.

That day everything went wrong. After various small mishaps I did finally get the wash machine going only to have the engine stop before the first washerfull was ready to take out. I tried in vain to start it again. Finally I called my husband. He couldn't come right away but when he did come he couldn't start it either. In fact he couldn't even figure out what was wrong.

The morning slipped away and I thought it was almost more that I could take. I had planned to accomplish so much that day. Then suddenly it dawned upon me. God was answering my prayer and this was the first lesson He was trying to teach me. I realized anew that we usually learn more when the going is not so good.

-Mrs. Willis Herschberger, Kalona, Iowa

If your sheets are worn thin in the center, cut them apart lengthwise and sew the two outside edges together for the center. They'll last a long time yet.

Use a newspaper to roll your pie or cinnamon roll dough on. When done roll up and burn. No mess to clean. — Mrs. Eli Hostetler Aylmer, Ont.

After much complaining about a stubbed toe our preschool age daughter decided to do something about it herself. So after gathering together the necessary first aid equipment she settled down to "patch" her toe. For awhile all was peace and quiet then she was up and around again with one thoroughly taped toe. Suddenly she said in a very distressed voice, "Mom, I patched the wrong toe!"

- M. M., Annville

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

The treasures
of earth are
breaking forth
again from
the sod.
Aunt Becky

* * *

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

God's Children

We call them retarded because they are slow,
Unfortunate, too? A thousand times, no!
Is it so tragic to live out one's life
Free from the worry of struggle and strife
Free from the gnawings of envy and greed?
Free from desires to fill every need?
To show the world we're so big and so smart,
To spend all our time just playing our part
For which perhaps we're not even fitted
But to which by some fate we've been committed?

A dignity's theirs the rest of us lack;
They have no need for a slap on the back;
Another from whom they seek favor or things;
Their trust's in the One from whom all favor springs.
To be sure with not one would we want to change places,
And yet just a glance at their sweet, happy faces
Should prove beyond doubt that they really know
They are God's children— the retarded and slow.

-Sent in by Mrs. Atlee E. Mullet, Millersburg, Ohio

• • • •

MAKE THEM STOP TEASING ME

"Teacher, make them stop teasing me!" the man pleaded, with tears running down his cheeks.

He was standing in the hall of the school surrounded by a group of jeering, teasing, and curious boys and girls. The children thought they were having lots of fun. I was in the first grade then. Never had I met nor heard of anyone like this man before. I soon learned that this was a man with a child's mind. Perhaps because I felt alone among mostly strange people, I felt quite sorry for him. The pathetic picture he made should have been enough to melt even the hard hearted. This was my first glimpse into the unhappy life of the retarded.

I now have two retarded children of my own and have learned many things since the above incident took place. The words of the song "This World Is Not My Home", can be applied to these unfortunate. This world has no place for the inferior or stupid. They must be contented with the crumbs of companionship and love.

The world adulates the clever and learned.

Those with normal children can never fully imagine all the problems facing a family with one or more "special" children. The problems seem endless, and are aggravated to raise these children along with normal children.

Surely the more severely retarded are lucky in one respect. Even though they live in a shadow of their own, they do not receive the harrassment of their nearer normal brethren. These wish to be with the children where they can be in on the fun. But the fun often turns to sorrow for them.

Most people probably just don't stop to think. They are so busy with their own lives they take little time to teach their young the blessings that would be theirs if they would include the retarded in their activities. What a good start this would be in developing Christian character!

Thinking of others is a great virtue and should be planted in a child as young as possible. Perhaps this is one reason for the presence of retarded people on earth. Surely God does all things for a purpose.

Do people think God will always allow such a one to be treated mean without punishment? He also holds children responsible for their actions. He sent bears to punish the children when Elisha wearied of their teasing. Kings 2:24

May God have mercy on the retarded who have yet to face the world. Who knows, perhaps the instigators of such shameful actions may someday have to hear a child or grandchild of their own crying, "Make them stop teasing me!"

Louella Stauffer, Mechanicsville, Md.

• • • •

OHIO STATE SONG FOR THE RETARDED

Walk with me, walk with me; I can't walk alone.
By my side, be my guide Through the great unknown.

Pass your light, through the night And I'll find my way.
With your hand in my hand I'll not go astray.

Walk with me, walk with me, I need have no fear.
Walk with me, walk with me For I need you near.
(Melody: Going Home.)

The above song was sung at a convention in Columbus by a retarded child. Of the 500 present there was not a dry eye in the group when the child was singing.

• • • •

Notes From Friends—

Recently a friend wrote in and said she would like to have a song that her dad used to sing. The name of it is "Don't Forget The Old Folks." Do any of you readers have a copy of this song?

Jacob M. Beachys of Illinois wrote, "It so happened we've had some sickness in the family this fall. You just should have seen the faces light up on those in bed when one of the Pathway papers came. It usually just lasted a day or so of reading time for the 8th grader, but it surely gave her spirits a lift."

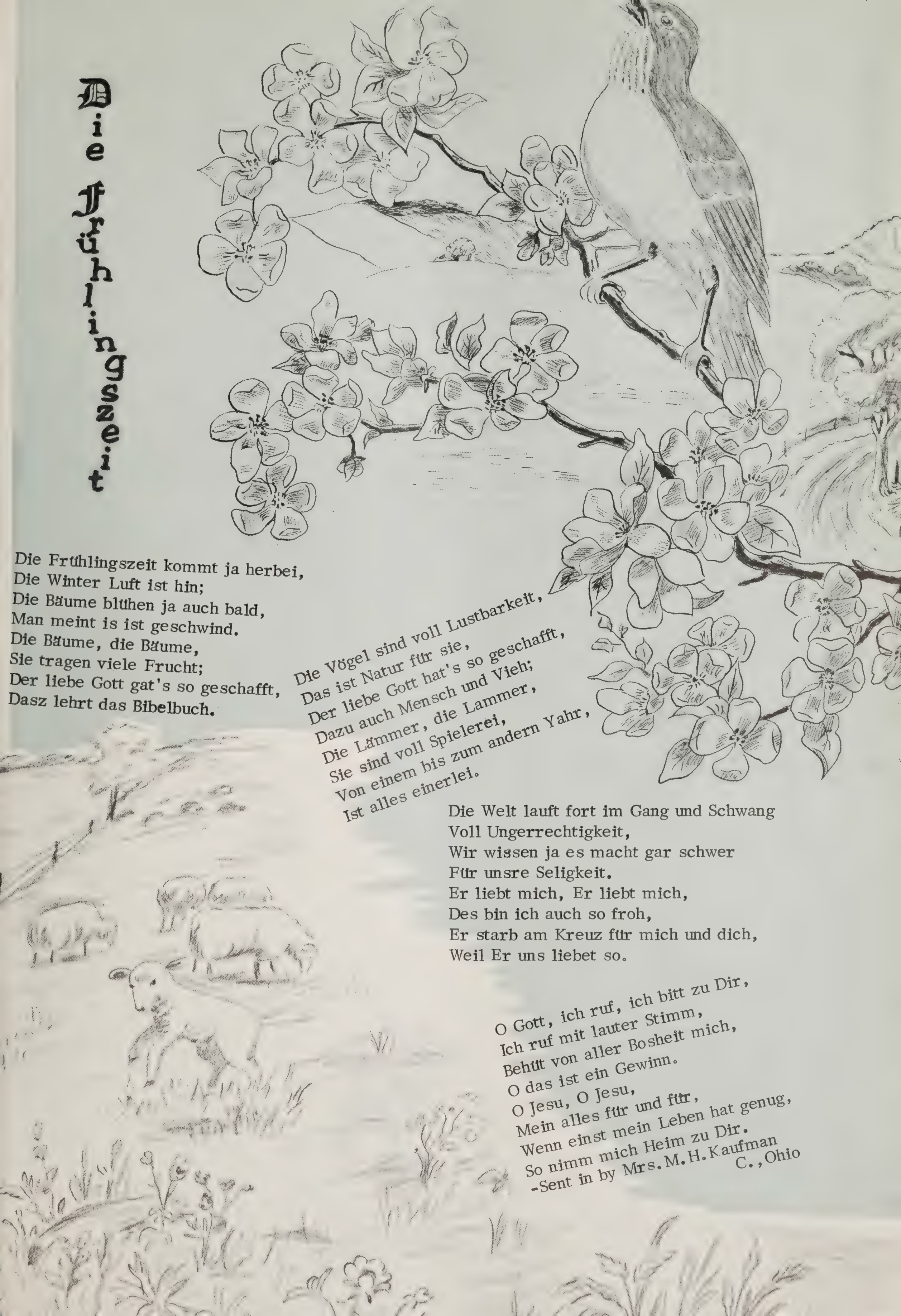
(Hearing something like this gives our spirits also a lift.
— Sarah)

• • • •

In the December issue of Family Life I had a poem printed about my 94 year old Grandmother, Mrs. Fannie Miller of Route 2, Haven, Kansas. She received 50 cards and letters from known and unknown friends which really meant a lot to her. She asked me to write to say "Thank you" to all who took time out to drop her a line. She wishes God's many blessings to all of you.

By a granddaughter,
Treva Schrock, Haven, Kansas

• • • •



Die Frühlingszeit

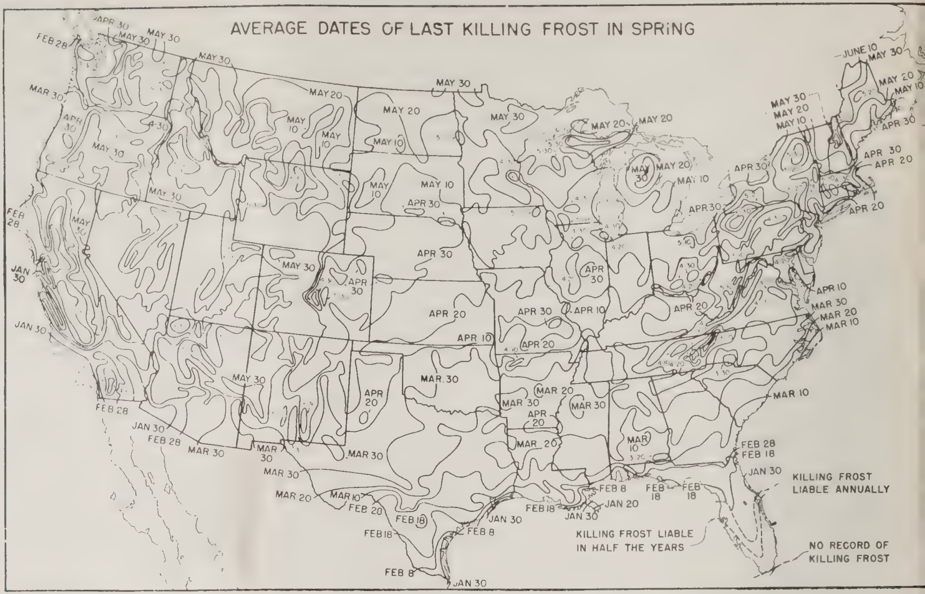
Die Frühlingszeit kommt ja herbei,
Die Winter Luft ist hin;
Die Bäume blühen ja auch bald,
Man meint is ist geschwind.
Die Bäume, die Bäume,
Sie tragen viele Frucht;
Der liebe Gott gat's so geschafft,
Dasz lehrt das Bibelbuch.

Die Vögel sind voll Lustbarkeit,
Das ist Natur für sie,
Der liebe Gott hat's so geschafft,
Dazu auch Mensch und Vieh;
Die Lämmer, die Lammer,
Sie sind voll Spielerei,
Von einem bis zum andern Yahr,
Ist alles einerlei.

Die Welt lauft fort im Gang und Schwang
Voll Ungerrechtigkeit,
Wir wissen ja es macht gar schwer
Für unsre Seligkeit.
Er liebt mich, Er liebt mich,
Des bin ich auch so froh,
Er starb am Kreuz für mich und dich,
Weil Er uns liebet so.

O Gott, ich ruf, ich bitt zu Dir,
Ich ruf mit lauter Stimm,
Behüt von aller Bosheit mich,
O das ist ein Gewinn.
O Jesu, O Jesu,
Mein alles für und für,
Wenn einst mein Leben hat genug,
So nimm mich Heim zu Dir.
-Sent in by Mrs. M. H. Kaufman
C., Ohio

NORTH WITH THE SUN


AVERAGE DATES OF LAST KILLING FROST IN SPRING
APR 30
MAY 30
FEB 28
MAR 30
MAY 30
MAY 20
MAY 30
MAY 20
MAY 30
MAY 20
MAY 20
JUNE 10
MAY 30
MAY 20
MAY 10
MAY 10
MAY 10
MAY 10
MAY 10
APR 30
APR 30
APR 30
APR 30
APR 20
APR 20
APR 10
APR 10
APR 10
APR 20
MAR 30
MAR 20
MAR 10
FEB 28
FEB 18
JAN 30
JAN 20
FEB 8
FEB 18
JAN 30
KILLING FROST LIABLE ANNUALLY
KILLING FROST LIABLE IN HALF THE YEARS
NO RECORD OF KILLING FROST

Scientists claim that all energy on earth comes from the sun. Whether or not this is true is open to question. However, we do know that the sun has a tremendous effect on our everyday lives.

At no time of the year is this more noticeable than during spring and early summer. After waiting out the winter weather, everybody is anxious for the warm days of spring. It is hard to realize that a few hundred miles farther south, spring has already arrived, even the first days of summer.

Just when does spring begin, and when is the first day of summer? Of course, the calendar will show that spring begins on March 20 and the first day of summer is June 21. But nobody really believes it for we know that the seasons do not go by the calendar. They come and go by the sun.

In the World Book Encyclopedia I found the following definition: "Spring is the time of year when life begins again in nature."

There is a wide variation over the country as to when this new life begins. The woodsman in Michigan who is wading knee deep in snow on the first of March can hardly realize that in Georgia, the dairy cows are grazing in lush pastures which come to their flanks. At the same time of the year while the housewife in the north is digging out the bottom of the barrel of fall-stored apples, the residents of Florida will be in the middle of the fresh strawberry season. Thirty days later the strawberries will ripen in Georgia, and then gradually further north.

During the first half of March, while some parts of Maryland had six inches of snow, the farmers in Georgia were planting corn. Why is there so much difference in such a short distance?

The answer is that the sun makes the difference. On March 20th the sun is overhead at the equator and every day it moves a little farther north. As the sun moves northward the weather becomes warmer, on the average about one degree every three days. To us this may seem insignificant, but to the seeds and shoots which are waiting to push out, it can mean a lot.

When the average temperature reaches a certain point, the grass begins to grow and seeds will sprout.

The old rule was that the season moves northward, about ten miles a day. This seems to be a reasonably accurate figure and applies for the beginning of spring as well as the ripening of grain and fruits.

In northern Florida, the last of February is considered as the average time of the last killing frost. Tennesee will be about April 10th while central Ohio would expect a killing frost the last part of April.

The ripening of crops is very much affected by a few degrees difference in temperature. There is only five degrees difference in July temperatures between central Michigan and central Indiana. Yet the difference means a lot to the corn growers of Indiana, who can raise bumper crops of corn, while central Michigan grows hardly any.

Spring is a condition, not a certain date on the calendar. It all depends on the rays of the sun. Where you live has a lot to do as to when those rays will be strong enough to bring out the new life in nature. ■■

Return Addresses:

In Canada—Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A.—Family Life
LaGrange, Ind. 46761

Return postage guaranteed

Stephen Scott
Lancaster Menn. School
2176 Lincoln Highway East
Lancaster, Penna, 17602

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FAMILY LIFE

MAY
1970

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Volume 3 Number 5

letters to the editors

OUR MODERN MOLOCHS

I just got done reading "In The Arms Of Moloch" (March issue) and it touched me very much. My aged dad told us a long time ago that working for high wages is the downfall of the Amish churches. The older I get the stronger I believe it.

Recently it hurt me very much to hear an old Grandmother say that her granddaughters work in factories and how they can bring such a nice sum of money home to their parents. I feel she loves the money more than the girls. Of course, it was all wrong when others did it. But now it's different since it's her grandchildren.

Another thing I call wrong is girls working in town and boasting about the high wages they get. Then they get married and when they need help they get the cheapest one they can get, and grumble about high wages. Usually it's easy to see the difference in the wife whether she worked in town or on the farm.

Quite often people ask me, "Are your girls both at home?" just like it were a shame. I tell them we help out neighbors and friends where they need us and also help with the farm work. -Ohio

I have wondered already why somebody didn't write a Moloch story and fit it to our times. Also included in the story could be the account of a teenage son who (without a license even) buys and brings home a forbidden (we hope) car but soon all the family is riding around with him on various errands. It is so much handier than the buggy. Will not the younger in the family follow in the same tracks and the neighbor's children be so much harder to hold in check by their virtuous parents? Will not these parents have to answer the same as the Moloch worshipers had to answer? -Pennsylvania

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THE ROOT OF BITTERNESS

The article of "Bitterness, A Poison of the Soul" (February issue) is a good lesson for us all. But we feel it could have been clinched with the Bible verse which deals with the root of bitterness, Heb. 12: 15— "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God: lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled." -Alvin Gingerich, Ontario

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LITTLE WAYS TO LOSE A FATHERLAND

If we read the story "They Lost a Fatherland" (May, 1969) we can see what can happen to us if we mistreat the world in peacetime. The Bible warns against our being a stumbling block to the world.

Again and again we see it, cars strung the full length of a highway hill. Ahead is a horse-drawn vehicle holding up the traffic. Usually there is room at the side of the road to pull over and let the traffic move on. When we let them pass we can see the waving hands and smiling faces. They are often more respectful to us than we are to them. When we hold up traffic (when it could be avoided) we stir up wrath and we may be the cause of people using the name of the Lord in vain. We are not doing unto others as we would want others to do unto us.

If we ask these stubborn people why they don't show more respect, their answer is always, "I am paying taxes for the road." How much longer can God give our country peace considering our many selfish and unthankful ways? -Lancaster, Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE- Don't they know that most of the road money comes from the gasoline tax? And even if it didn't, in most states it is illegal for a tractor, (that does burn gasoline) to hold up a string of cars.

• • •

THE KEYS OF DEATH

Considering the frequency with which the team people are seen riding in others' cars, we would probably be almost as inconvenienced as the rest of the world without second hand access to our own "Keys of Death" (March issue). -J. D. W., Pennsylvania

The poem, "We The Keys of Death" was in my estimation a Masterpiece. Not that I agreed 100% with everything it stated but I still liked it very much and reread it several times. -E. H., Muscoda, Wisconsin

• • •

WHISPERING IN CHURCH

The article "Preachers' Monday Blues" (March issue) no doubt also applies to whispering in church as well as such noisy things as baby rattles.

Eccles. 3:7 speaks of a time to keep silence-instead of preventing another from hearing! Although the least of our intentions, it may be fulfilling Satan's.

A prayer and fasting remedy might do wonders to revive spiritual hunger and devotion. -L., Pennsylvania

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JECKIE'S WIFE IS A HELP

The article in Feb. issue, "Yust Der Jeckie" was very interesting and caused deep feelings to me. I knew there must be something unusual about it the way my wife handed it to me not saying much, but reading her face. I read and reread it. My problem is just a little different and yet it is the same. The same depressed feeling can walk away with me. It proves Jeckie's wife is a great help to him and so is mine. -Elmira, Ontario

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RESERVED FOR A PURPOSE

"Left Over For A Purpose" was an encouraging article to me as I have often wondered if I have a purpose in life. But we know that in a building, even the smallest pieces are needed to hold the frame together.

For the single person there are many comforts in the Scriptures such as Gal. 4, 27; 1Cor. 7, 6-9; and Phil. 4, 11.

I always feel so grateful toward the many married people who show respect toward us. Of course, there are at times the odd ones who make a sarcastic remark. We

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U. S. A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

just have to overlook it as they haven't had the experience, and we are also apt to make remarks about things we have no experience in and hurt others. -Ontario

I was surprised to learn that bachelors become grouchy as I thought most grouchy people were people like us!

But don't let self-pity gain control for this is Satan's device to weaken our faith in God. We were created for a purpose and have a mission to fulfill.

There is a lot of loose silly talk about "Old maid and bachelor's" life. But let us avoid this because these are fruitless seeds scattered by Satan. I have also experienced those grouchy feelings, but by God's help I have overcome them. -Ephrata, Pennsylvania

To my way of thinking, the term "left over" does not apply. These single people are not left over, but are "reserved for a purpose", and a very special purpose. While some of them may have a feeling of loneliness and being left over, they should be able to find a brighter side in life. There is satisfaction in filling a special reserved place of need. -Yoder, Ohio

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HAPPINESS IS NOT SHRIMP

I appreciated the article "Happiness is Fresh Shrimp." It is wise to check our values to see if the things we are doing add up to what we profess. -R.U., Missouri

I agree with the story where it said about the boy called Amos Beiler. It seems we have too many people who want to each outdo the other. Isn't it pride, and doesn't it often show a little in other places, too? Jesus said by the fruits shall we know the tree, not by how big a meal we can serve at least on a Sunday. Let us all remember it was pride that caused the devil to be cast out of Heaven. -C. L. King, Pennsylvania

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THE HORSE IS OUR BODY

I was disappointed that the explanation was omitted to the parable in the March issue about the whip being used on the horse. The whip which was mentioned referred to such stimulants as tobacco and the horse is our body.

-Pennsylvania

ANSWER-The explanation was unintentionally omitted somewhere along the line before it got into print. Sorry.

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NO MORE PUFFED UP HAIR

Before I was converted I wanted to puff up my hair and have my covering on the back of my head and the strings untied. Now I am sorry for what I did for I know it was wrong. I believe one who is truly converted does not want to go with the ones that are making after the world. God does not lead His children that way.

-D. E. M., South Carolina

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TWO GENERATIONS

Thirty years ago we started farming and anyone who did knows a dollar was not so easily come by then as it is now. We borrowed money and paid interest most of the time all along the line. We always paid back on time if at all possible and never kept it when we did not need it for several months.

Once I was told, "I helped you once. If that did not help you out, why should I help you again?"

That hit me hard as I had always paid back and with interest. But by trying to keep a quiet and steady voice, we were blessed in the end.

Now we are on the creditor side and I can well understand what a man told me why the older people and the young often do not get along well. He said they are two different generations and think and work differently.

On most occasions we can use our own judgement and abilities for they were given us by the Creator to use. Usually it is as good as anyone else's but this does not mean that the tempter cannot affect our thinking if we are not aware. Young people, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. -M. L., Ontario

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VERSTEHEN ODER NET VERSTEHEN

Concerning your request as to how well we can read the Pennsylvania Dutch stories in the March issue, I did not have any problem at all. I enjoy this kind of reading very much. I can sometimes read Pennsylvania Dutch stories better than the German stories outside the Bible because they have such big words.

-Allen Burkholder, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Es war mit eine grosse Genügen das ich lese die story in Family Life von der Ehestand. Ich habe schon lang eine interest in Pennsylvania Deutsch zu lesen und unsere kinder gleichen wenn als eine Sammie Story ist. Ich habe gute verstehen kennen die article aber ich weis das es different ware in andre communities. Mir appreciata so articles und hoffen mehr von solche Schreibung zu sehen in Family Life.

-Benjamin R. King, Quarryville, Pennsylvania

I have been reading Family Life and Ambassador of Peace and enjoy them very much. But it seems to me that a subject as serious and important as the German article in the March issue should be written in English so that everyone can read and understand it. -A reader

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THE FLU AND THE FROST

I have enjoyed the articles in "Yesterdays and Years" especially the one concerning the 1918 flu epidemic (March issue). My father, now deceased, often spoke of those times. This was the second year of their marriage and times were hard with the war, the flu and then in the summer of 1918 there was a killing frost in the month of June which took all their crops.

The Joseph A. Yoder which was mentioned three times as taking part in the funeral sermons was my grandfather. I was six years old when he died and I remember him faintly. He was a bishop that was widely known through the Indiana communities. Twice in his lifetime, it was said that God spoke to him in an audible voice. I believe that in those trying times, the people had a closer walk with God.

My father also used to relate an amusing incident about Hansi Bontreger which taught a perfect example of patience. They had been chasing a herd of pigs. Suddenly the herd turned toward Hansi, knocking him down and running over him. When it was all over, Hansi picked up his hat and brushed the dust off of his clothes and said, "Ich het es net gedenkt von euch" (I wouldn't have thought it of you). -Mrs. Sam Hostetler, South Carolina

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BEWARE WAS TOO LATE

I would like to say Amen to "Beware the Salesman." I get about eleven different magazines but they must all wait until I've read F. L. Why so many magazines? Well, I got hooked into buying six magazines for 40¢ a week. It sounded good, but it wasn't.

I also liked "Afraid of Friday." I think there is too much superstition among our people, especially in sickness and their cures. I think if these people had any knowledge of anatomy, they could see that God gave us a body that can rid itself of most sicknesses. -W. A. H., Indiana

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NOT MERE LUCK

Concerning the two articles in March issue, one about luck and one about too many rules, we can take an example from the two together. When Fred drove out the highway without thinking, one could have thought it was mere luck that nothing serious happened. But I believe God planned this to teach Fred the lesson he needed. He might never have learned that we need rules if God hadn't let this happen to show him he was wrong.

Not one sparrow shall fall without Him knowing about it. The sparrow is the least of birds so why wouldn't He have planned these happenings for us human beings, too? I don't think it's just luck. -M. W., Pennsylvania

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NOT GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN

I like the three magazines but would like to give a little note about the "Letters To The Editors" page in Family Life. I think there are so many comments where people do not agree. It's too much correcting others who write. I don't think this is good for Christians and maybe especially our children will get something out of it that's not good for them. -Indiana

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SOME THE SECOND TIME

Does Family Life have fewer good articles than it used to? I have enjoyed Family Life very much from the start and if there is any difference, I would think it is that we appreciate it even more. I read it from cover to cover, but not in that order. Toward the last when I look for parts not read yet, I end up enjoying some the second time. -L., Pennsylvania

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PATHWAY PEN POINTS

The Ones That Don't Go

Several years ago I was talking to a friend who was not of our faith and he did not have a good opinion of the Amish young folks. He did not think that the young folks were upholding the standards of the church. Too often he had been at __________ on a Saturday night and had seen some of them go into movies and bars. It all seemed like mockery to him.

I knew that what he said was all too true but I asked him if he judges all of the people by what he sees in town on Saturday nights.

"It's too bad it's that way," I said, "but perhaps you do not realize that for every one that goes, there are many who don't go. But you don't see these, you only saw the ones that go."

I believe the people in town would be surprised if they knew how many of the young folks do try to live an upright and God-fearing life. But on the other hand, I believe that many of the plain people would be surprised if they would see what the town people see every Saturday night. -M.B., Pennsylvania

No Chance To Go To Church

It was on a Monday morning when I had to take one of the children to the doctor. It was too far to go by horse so I asked a friend to take us. On our way the driver talked quite a bit and so after awhile he said, "Yesterday (Sunday) I was going all day as fast as this old thing (his car) could go hauling different people to different places."

This was said with a sarcastic laugh and I knew what he was talking about. Imagine how ashamed I felt! He had spent his Sunday hauling the plain people around and did not even have a chance to go to church himself.

One man in our nearby small town said that a lot of the people with cars are becoming quite annoyed at being bothered so much to haul people around.

Another one made the remark, "I wonder if these people think we don't have anything else to do?"

Are we really a light to the world or are we hiding our light under a bushel? Some people say, what is the big difference, do we sit behind the wheel or beside it?

Of course if someone is sick with a fever we don't want to take them out and doctors will not come, so we have to ask someone to take us. When the church gets bigger some of our relatives move to other places so we must get someone to take us or stay home. Of course there are still a few busses but sometimes they don't make connections.

When a member of the church leaves and goes to another church, we think it's a shame. But no sooner are they gone until we ask them to do a lot of taxi service for the rest of us. Are we not contradicting ourselves?

Maybe F. L. readers will have some suggestions on this problem. I love the plain simple Christians but I do not think that we should be a burden on the public, much less anger them. But I am afraid we already have at times, but most of them are too polite to refuse us.

-Mrs. E. M., Pennsylvania

When Mom Laid Down The Law

There were seven of us children in the family, four girls and three boys. The boys didn't count when it came to housework because they never helped. We were never smart enough to think of anything good enough to bribe them into it, either.

Since we were a farm family, the boys usually had some farm task to be done. Usually they reminded us that that's what makes our living anyhow. For that reason, and perhaps to escape the tedious household duties, I think every one of us girls at one time or another wished that we were boys.

So it was when school was out for the summer, we were anxious to play and we left the dishes to scamper out the door. I think I was about nine years old that summer, and that would have made one of my sisters twelve and the other one eight. The fourth one was the baby so she didn't help much yet.

Anyway Mom soon found us and gave us the line-up for the summer. We called it laying down the law because when she got done we knew exactly what we were supposed to do and not to do. We also knew what the punishment would be if we disobeyed.

Our Mom never was one of those easy going types of moms that say something six times and then you still do not have to do it if you don't want to. Now, she wasn't unkind or anything like that either, she just meant every word she said and we knew it.

I can't tell you everything she told us for I don't remember that well. But the part I remember was about the dishes and sweeping the floors. We all hated those jobs and so we did our share of grumbling and that was why we wished we were boys.

Well, Mom figured out that summer that we were all supposed to take turns. One girl would wash dishes, one wipe dishes and one sweep the floors. Each meal we'd change. If I washed breakfast dishes, then I'd wipe noon dishes and sweep the floor after supper.

Moreover, we weren't supposed to poke around. We hated dishes so bably that sometimes we didn't get done until time to start the next meal.

"I'm sick and tired of this and I'm going to put a stop to it for this summer," Mother said.

She said she would time us and see how long it would take. For our regular family dishes we could have a half hour and if there were lots of dishes, or if we had company, we could have a whole hour to do the dishes. Otherwise if we took longer, we were poking around and could expect a good spanking. I think she even said that Daddy might help with that if necessary.

She said if we do our work right and promptly, we'd still have plenty of time to play. That was one lesson she wanted us to learn.

Well, I don't think we ever did get a spanking that summer, but several times we did come to the deadline. We really did have plenty of time to play and we saw the lesson Mom was trying to teach us.

To this day I'm still a believer in doing the dishes quickly and I plan on using the same method to get the point across to our daughters.

-Mrs. Dan Schrock, Wisconsin

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worthwhile;
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth, and goodness, too,
With many a kindness blent.
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall.
Count your days by golden hours;
Don't remember clouds at all.

Count your nights by stars, not shadows;
Count your life with smiles, not tears.
And with joy on every Birthday,
Count your age by friends, not years.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

SNAKES NOW FASHIONABLE

Wearing mini's is no longer daring enough for modern women — the new trend is to wear snakes. Serpent patterns are popular in clothing, but even more in demand are items made of actual snake skins. Already boots, hats, scarves, coats, and evening gowns are available in snake skin, and the line is being rapidly expanded. Women who used to scream or faint at the sight of a snake are, now that it is fashionable, paying fantastic prices for the privilege of wrapping themselves in the coils of a serpent. For example, python boots are selling at $250 a pair. One company did more than a million dollars of trade last year in snake skins. And it seems that the deadlier the snake, the more charming is its skin — python skins are most in demand, with boa and cobra close behind.

Ever since the tragedy in the Garden of Eden, snakes have been a symbol of evil. That they should now be so closely identified with fashionable clothing seems very much in order.

WILLFUL WASTAGE

With the generous aid of straw and kerosene, farmers in eastern Idaho made giant bonfires of potatoes during the early part of March. Altogether they burned 5, 000, 000 pounds of potatoes in an effort to get rid of a surplus and raise the price from $2. 50 a hundredweight to $3. 50. "If the price does not raise promptly," the farmers said, "we will destroy another 5, 000, 000 pounds."

We can understand that the farmers would like a better price. What we cannot understand, with 15 million Americans going underfed, is that the only solution to the potato problem should be a program of willful wastage.

DRAFTED TO HEAD THE DRAFT

For years General Lewis Hershey served as head of the Selective Service System. When he was forced into retirement, the Nixon Administration began looking for a man to take his job. One might suppose that a lot of people would be happy to accept a position with a $38, 000 salary and 10, 000 deskmen to boss, but strangely enough, no one volunteered. With the anti-Vietnam sentiment so strong in the nation, no one saw the position as containing honor — only headaches. A number of people were asked to accept the position, but they all politely refused. When he was asked the first time, Curtis Tarr, a 45-year-old Pentagon man, said a flat no, but when no one else could be found, Curtis was called into Nixon's office, and it now seems that he has the job whether he wants it or not. It was fitting that in the end a man had to be drafted to take the post as chief of Selective Service, more commonly known as the Draft Board.

BOMBING — NEW BRAND OF TERRORISM

It used to be that if you were unhappy with the government you started a riot, let your hair grow long, led a civil rights march, burned your draft card, or hijacked a plane. Now there is something new in the list to choose from — make a bomb.

A recent rash of bombing and bomb scares has left the police jittery and the public worried that the nation is facing a "fearsome new brand of terrorism." It seems that black militants and left-wing agitators have discovered in explosives a very forceful way of letting themselves be heard, and of causing the kind of shock that is difficult to ignore.

The bomb blasts proclaim loudly that increasingly young people are turning from peaceful means of reform to violence as a means of reshaping society. Many extremists are now advocating outright and violent revolution in the belief that the "establishment" is "corrupt and doomed," and that the only solution is to overthrow it. As frightening as this is, it should not be thought surprising that so many educated and brilliant young people have come to believe that violence is a justified means of getting what they want. After all, their parents, by keeping the country involved almost continually in wars for the past twenty years, have expressed their endorsement of violence as a way of getting what you want.

Those who ten years ago predicted that the H Bomb would destroy the nation may turn out to be uncomfortably correct. The surprise is that the H may not stand for Hydrogen at all, but for Homemade.

A HEROIN EPIDEMIC

Early this year Ralph De Jesus, a thin, twelve-year-old boy was taken to a New York hospital for treatment of hepatitis. Although seriously ill, Ralph had a problem that was even more critical than his hepatitis – he was a "junkie," a heroin addict. It was in fact this greater problem of drug abuse which had given him hepatitis – he had contacted it by using a dirty needle to inject heroin into his veins.

Children on heroin? It seems impossible, yet the startling truth is that it is no longer unusual for teenagers to be on heroin. Already by mid-March of this year, more than 40 teenagers have died in New York City from overdoses of heroin. Experts believe there may be right now as many as 25,000 young addicts in New York City, and it is feared the number may mushroom to 100,000 this summer.

Ten years ago the use of heroin was considered disgraceful; it was the drug used only by the scum of society – criminals and derelicts. Suddenly its image has changed, and is now almost respectable. Not only are many of its users young, but they come from middleclass, or wealthy homes.

Heroin is the worst of all drugs; its addiction the most hopeless and debasing, its habit the toughest to get rid of. The heroin user starts by sniffing the drug, then moves on to injecting it under his skin, and finally starts "mainlining," – injecting it directly into his bloodstream. As the addict's body develops tolerance for the drug, he has to keep using greater amounts to get the same "kick." Some addicts reach the point where they require as much as $100 worth a day to keep them going.

Heroin is made from a flower – the opium poppy. Most of U.S.'s supply of heroin is smuggled in from Turkey. The FBI has tried to stop the incoming supply with little success. There is too much money to be made. One kilogram – 2.2 lb. – of morphine base is worth $350 in Turkey. After it has been refined and greatly diluted, the same kilo will be retailed in New York City for as much as $225,000.

In view of the increased use of heroin among the young, Dr. Donald Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, said recently, "A heroin epidemic has hit us. We must face that fact."

At the opposite end of the nation, Dr. Barry Ramer, director of the Study for Special Problems in San Francisco, sounded even more alarmed. "In my wildest nightmares," he said, "I never dreamed of what we are seeing today."

WOLVES NOT ALL BAD

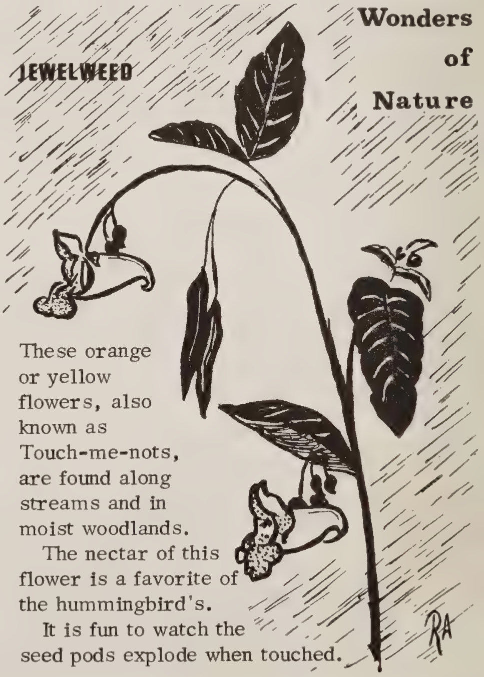
A newly formed organization called the Canadian Wolf Defenders' Society is dedicated to protecting what it terms as the "most persecuted of all animals in history." The 1,000 and some members of the society believe that under the present trend, wolves will someday be extinct in Canada. They point out that already wolves have all but vanished from the U.S.

In 1958 the Canadian government became alarmed at the decline of the caribou, and the wolf got the blame. Measures, such as an extensive program of poisoning in the Northwest Territories, were taken to cut down the number of wolves.

It now seems that getting rid of the wolf wasn't the solution to the caribou problem at all. The Wolf Defenders say that just the opposite is true. They explain that since wolves most frequently attack the aged and weak caribou, they actually aid the survival of the herd.

One member of the society, an Edmonton art teacher, loves to listen to tape recorded wolf howls and exclaims to visitors, "Isn't that beautiful?" He believes that the first objective of the society is to reshape public opinion which has been unfairly prejudiced by such tales as the well-known "Little Red Riding Hood." Wolf Defenders claim there has never been a documented case in Canada of a wolf killing a human being.

The logical conclusion from the discussion is to assume that wolves do have their place in the balance of nature, and that although, certainly not as lovely as the Wolf Defenders would have us believe, they probably do not disguise themselves in bed to look like Grandma in order to devour unsuspecting little girls.



These orange or yellow flowers, also known as Touch-me-nots, are found along streams and in moist woodlands.

The nectar of this flower is a favorite of the hummingbird's.

It is fun to watch the seed pods explode when touched.

Across The Editor's Desk

A few weeks ago we returned from a 17-day trip to southern Indiana, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. We had a nice trip and met lots of friendly people. We were glad for the interest shown in our publications, and for the chance to meet so many of our readers. When we meet someone who takes Family Life, or one of the other magazines, it makes us feel like we are meeting someone we have known for a long time. Of course, old friends don't always agree on everything, no more than what our readers always agree with what they read. But about 99 1/2% have the ability of telling us in a nice way when they don't agree. We appreciate that.

On our trip we saw many things which we were glad to see. But we also saw conditions which grieved us very much and brought us face to face with the serious problems that are confronting the churches today. We met people from many different communities, and found out that there are problems that may well be the downfall of the churches. In the months ahead we want to have articles in Family Life calling attention to these problems and hopefully also offer some possible solutions.

Occasionally we get a complaint from a reader saying that Family Life is so interesting that there is a danger of neglecting Bible reading. There may be something to this, even though our aim is just the opposite. We have hoped that the articles in Family Life would stimulate an interest in Bible reading, and bring an awareness of the importance of paying attention to the sermons which the ministers give us in church. As one reader pointed out sometime ago, no magazine should try to take the place of the Bible or the sermons we hear.

We do feel that Family Life is lacking in doctrinal material. There is the occasional article but we would like to have a good doctrinal article in every issue, dealing with current problems in the church. We feel that it would be especially in the ministers' place to submit such articles.

When writing on a doctrinal subject, it is better to have a thorough study of one subject rather than touching on many different ones.

Recently a reader sent in an interesting opinion for the "Let's Talk It Over" page in the Ambassador of Peace and added this comment, "Don't you think the discussion page ought to be in Family Life? It's such needful reading and more people read Family Life than the Ambassador."

We agree and yet we disagree. It is true that Family Life goes into more homes than the Ambassador but the difference is no longer very great. The Ambassador is now a young people's paper and since the young people are such an important part of the church, it ought to go into just as many homes as Family Life.

We believe the answer is not in putting the most needful and interesting parts into Family Life, but in getting the Ambassador into every home where there are young people. We have found that the ages of the "young" people who read the Ambassador vary from 7 to 70.

If you haven't seen the Ambassador Of Peace for a few years, our guess is you wouldn't recognize it. Why not subscribe? The price is only $2.50 per year.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a chart showing where all the copies of Family Life go. Compared to the chart which was published a year ago the over-all increase has been 17 1/2%. Pennsylvania has the largest increase in numbers as it has gained 517 subscribers during the past year. Ontario has the highest percentage of increase with 33 1/3% increase. Missouri has practically the same increase at 33%.

The area consisting of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Ontario, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas contain more than 90% of our subscribers.

We also did a separate survey of individual communities and find much the same pattern. In some areas we lost subscribers but in others we gained.

The greatest variation we found was among the plainer of the plain churches. These communities would naturally be more reserved about subscribing to this type of magazine and in some areas, pressure has been brought against those who have been subscribing. But in some other such communities, a more realistic approach is being taken and our magazines are being accepted for what they are. Nearly all of these people take a weekly newspaper which contains quite a few things with which they do not agree.

Many of these people are coming to realize that they are in agreement with the basic principles which Family Life stands for, even if they do not agree with all the details.

We would like to call attention to an article in this issue entitled "Waving Strange Banners." It's lengthy but well worth the time it takes to read it. The "far right" groups have been with us for many years and we as Christians are in agreement with them in being concerned about the threat of communism and other subversive groups. But we are not in agreement with the tactics of the far right groups in combatting these evils. As the article points out, the methods used by these groups is to scare people into rising up in arms against anyone who is "un-American." In the eyes of the descendants of the Ku Klux Klan, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was a communist and so were all the presidents since. The plain people have also been put into the same category, especially in times of war.

If you are 40 years or older you should be able to recall the rumors that flew thick and fast when Roosevelt was re-elected the third time. The numbers in his name, plus the voters' "X", added up to 666 and it was plain that this was an unmistakable mark of the beast.

When Roosevelt's regime came to an end like that of any other mortal being, it would have been expected that these groups would have been ashamed of themselves. But instead of hiding, they have smeared the names of every president since by the same tactics.

Today Billy James Hargis is sending his literature into the homes of many of the plain people who are deceived into thinking that his crusade is actually Christian. At the same time, as the article points out, he is making such statements as "there is no such thing as a pacifist Christian." This can mean only one thing, in case of war, the nonresistant Christians could expect nothing but persecution from such groups.

Isn't it about time we quit allowing such hate literature to come into our homes? ■■

Editorial

CHANGE IS NEVER SUDDEN

The local bus was crowded. It was the first one in the morning to make its way through the predominately Amish and Mennonite neighborhood. When I got on, the bus was already loaded to capacity, with standing room only. I was a stranger and this was a new experience for me. As I clung to the commuter bars, I glanced over the bus, first hurriedly and then later to get a closer look.

There were five men on the bus and perhaps 30 women. A majority of them were on their way to work in the city. Some, like myself, were going on business or to shop, while others were going merely to look around.

One thing immediately impressed itself upon my mind, the difference in the head covering among the women. There was reason to believe that every person on the bus (except the driver) was born of Amish or Mennonite parents.

There were six women on the bus that morning who had no head covering at all. Approximately 22 women had a covering of one kind or another. In size they varied from medium to small to very small. Some were tied, some were untied and a number were pinned to the hair.

Two gangling girls were especially outstanding with their dejected looking caps waving behind and about six inches above their heads on top of a fashionable hair-do. It was plain to see that these girls had not the least idea what a head covering is supposed to signify. Although they were total strangers to me, I felt sorry for them. Especially so since I surmised that in all probability their mothers belonged to the plainer groups of plain people, and probably wore not only a covering, but a bonnet as well.

But — I have saved the best part of my story for last. On the bus that morning were two women who dared to look different. Since they were near the front of the bus their faces were hidden from me, hidden behind bonnets. Although I did not have the opportunity to say as much as "Hello" to them, yet I felt that in all probabilities, here were two women who were living their faith.

Why should I have been impressed by the way these women were dressed? Certainly they did not need the bonnets to protect them against the cold for that morning the thermometer had shown 68 in the shade. But I had been in the community only a few days and it was evident that the plainness of these people was rapidly being choked out. Even that morning when I had seen the two girls with miniature caps waving on top of their hair-dos I had felt like weeping.

But these two women were saying in effect to this same wicked world,

"Welt hinweg, ich bin dein müde."

They were saying that they considered the styles and fashions of the world as nothing. Their faith was not in saying, but in doing, in doing what they were taught and what they believed to be right even in the face of ridicule.

Suppose the ministers of the home congregation where the two gangling girls belonged had met them face to face as they stepped off the bus that morning. No doubt it would have been an embarrassing moment. And yet, some day they must face not merely their ministers, but the countenance of an Almighty God who will judge them according to their works.

On the other hand, suppose the home ministers of the two women with their black bonnets and long dresses had met them in the city on this warm spring morning. Would they have had to blush and turn the other way? Hardly, because as they believed, so they lived and left a testimony which neither they nor their ministers nor their husbands need to be ashamed of.

As I looked over the bus with its variety of head dress, the question came to me, what is the reason for this gradual drift to the world? As the head covering gets smaller or disappears, other points of nonconformity are losing out also. Apparently it is a trend that starts small, even in the innermost thoughts, and increases as time goes on and bursts forth in looks and deeds.

That evening when I returned home again on the bus an incident happened which threw some possible light on the question.

Again the bus was crowded with some of the latecomers standing in the aisle. Then the bus stopped at a street corner to pick up a worker, an Amish girl perhaps in her upper twenties. This girl was fairly decently dressed but it was soon evident that she was on friendly terms with the bus driver. As we proceeded down the road, the driver and the girl joked and bantered back and forth. Although the exchanges were harmless enough in themselves, yet it made me stop and think, where is this leading to? The Bible teaches us that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety (1 Tim. 2) like as the women who profess godliness with good works. Somehow or other it struck me that somewhere something has been lost, when our women engage in light talk in such frivolous manner.

Step by step we are losing our heritage, perhaps things of much value which were passed down to us from our forefathers. The change is gradual but too often it can take place in one, or at the most, two generations. ■■

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER

Tell me about the Master,
I am weary and worn tonight
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light.
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
My poor heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master,
Of the wrong He freely forgave,
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His love that is mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the terror that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehoods and malice and strife.

Yet, I know that what ever of sorrow,
Or pain or temptation befall,
The Infinite Master has suffered,
And knoweth and piteth all.
So tell me the old old story
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was burdened and broken,
Shall grow patient and calm and strong.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Hurt of Helping

I was just a school boy when I had, what seemed to me at the time, a very painful experience. It came about when my mother took me to see the doctor.

I remember that it had not been hard to persuade me that morning to go with her to the doctor's office. I was quite ready to go. I was under the impression that the doctor would do something to relieve the pain and start the healing of my sore foot.

And how anxious I was to have my foot stop hurting. A puncture in the sole of my left foot had become badly infected. My injured foot had begun to hurt the day before, and was soon swollen. By evening the entire fore part of my foot was inflamed and throbbing with pain. Mom had applied all the customary home remedies but to no avail. Even soaking my foot in hot Epsom salt water, ordinarily a wonder-working exercise, brought only minor and momentary relief.

I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. The longer I lay there thinking about my foot, the more it throbbed and ached, and hurt and hurt. I tossed and turned and moaned the night away, while Mom got up countless times to see what she could do. By morning I was exhausted, both emotionally and physically. To me it seemed that my foot had been throbbing for almost as long as I could remember, and I wondered in near despair whether it would ever stop. So when Mom said she would take me in to see the doctor and he would do something to heal my foot, I was more than ready to go.

I don't remember being overly nervous as I hobbled to the small cot where the doctor could examine my foot. Why should I have been worried, for wasn't the doctor going to stop the hurting?

The doctor was just a young man, and he seemed to be in a hurry. He lifted my foot and pressed with his fingers all around the swollen area. I winced in pain.

Then he stepped to a small cabinet and took out a knife. It was a round-handled knife with what looked to be an extremely sharp blade — sharp, shiny, and pointed.

First the doctor lay the knife aside and swabbed my foot with a wet piece of cotton. It felt cold on my feverish skin. Then he picked up my foot in one hand, and took the knife in the other. I was watching and I tensed. Just as the knife touched my foot, I jerked back.

The doctor took a firmer hold on my foot. Beads of sweat broke out on my forehead. I realized in sudden panic that he actually intended to cut my foot open. I had not been mentally prepared for anything as drastic as that, and subconsciously I must have rebelled, for when he came for my foot the second time, I jerked again.

He was not our regular family doctor, and perhaps he resented my taking up his time to start with. "Listen, boy," he growled impatiently. "You hold that foot still. I'm going to have to cut it open if you ever want it to get better."

Then he grimly grabbed my foot and started slicing. This time I held still. For when the doctor explained that cutting it open was the only way my foot could be made to heal, it was a different story. One thing I knew for sure — I didn't want to endure another night like the one I had just gone through.

In a few minutes it was over, and with stains of red seeping through the fresh bandages on my foot, I was limping out of the doctor's office. And from that time forth my foot began to heal.

Although I still think the doctor could have been less curt about it, I am grateful to him today for teaching me one of the most important lessons of life — that it is sometimes necessary to hurt in order to heal.

This lesson is an important one to learn, because it is true for other areas of life besides the physical. It is especially true when we have flaws in our character or illnesses in our spiritual life.

All of us do things and say things that we shouldn't. Yet many times we may be too involved in the situation to be able to see that we are making a mistake or taking the wrong course. At such a time, we are fortunate indeed if we have a friend who knows us well enough, and loves us determinedly enough, to tell us honestly and frankly that we are in the wrong. Such honesty is very much like the doctor cutting open an infected foot — it seems almost cruel at the time, but in the long run is the kindest thing to do.

Of course, no one enjoys being corrected. It is never pleasant for anyone to have his faults or mistakes pointed out, and yet it surely is more desirable than blindly going on and repeating the same mistake again and again. Nor does anyone like to be told that his shirttail is out, or that part of his breakfast is showing at the corners of his mouth — but who is so foolish as to desire not to be told when such a situation does exist? In the same way, we should want our friends to tell us when we talk too loudly, say too much, or are inconsiderate of others, even though such honesty with our faults may be painful at the time.

Recently I read the story of a woman who felt she was suffering with "nerves." She went to one of America's best-known psychiatrists for treatment. He soon saw that she was very self-centered and that most of her ills were the result of her constant focusing of attention upon herself. After carefully considering her case, he decided on a course of complete frankness with her.

As she was leaving his office after her first call, she turned at the door and said, "Doctor, I know that I am highly sensitive, and that is probably my trouble."

"Madam," said the psychiatrist, "I know that you are highly selfish, and that is probably your trouble."

The woman left his office, very upset. But ten days later she returned and apologized, and thanked him for having been so frank with her. After a little reflection and prayer, she said she had awakened to the fact that she was indeed a thoroughly selfish woman.

We are not psychiatrists, and it would rarely be wise to be as blunt as the one was in the illustration given above. But I am convinced that many situations arise where the only sensible solution is to have an honest talk, even though such honesty may seem cruel at the time. If in the long run it is the kindest thing to do, then it should not be considered as cruel.

For example, let us imagine the situation where a mother has a hired girl to help her. This is the hired girl's first time in working away from home and she is not experienced. The mother soon discovers that the hired girl is careless about following instructions. If she is told to do something one way, she is as apt as not to do it the other way. The mother says to herself, "Molly will just be here another week. I hate to hurt her feelings, so I just won't say anything. Her habit of not following directions is very unhandy, but I can put up with it for one more week."

The mother may think she is being very kind to the hired girl, but it is a cruel sort of kindness. The hired girl leaves without being aware of the annoying habit she has. At the next place the same thing is likely to happen. Soon the word gets around that Molly isn't a very good hired girl — she doesn't follow directions.

Being honest does not mean that we have to bluntly say everything we know, and blurt out all the other person's faults. But would it not have been much better in the case of the hired girl, if the first mother would have said in a gentle way, "Molly, we were really glad you could help us out. You seem so cheerful, and the children really liked you. But there is one area where I thought you could have been a better hired girl . . ."

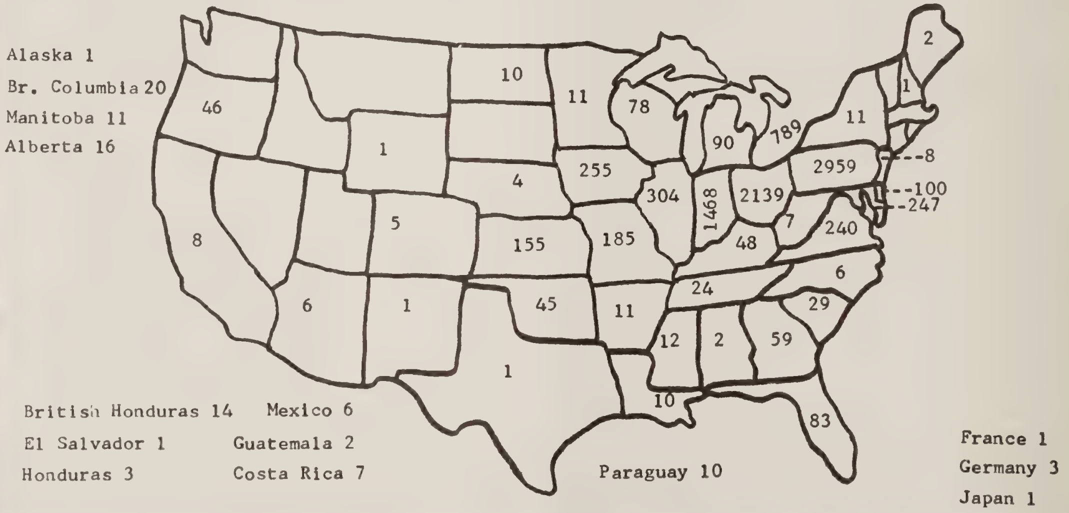
When a person speaks gently and kindly, very few reasonable people will take offense. It is important to come across as truly wishing to help so that the person criticized will not think that you are against him or just faultfinding. Another thing that is advisable to consider is how well you know the person you hope to help by criticism. It is rarely wise to criticize someone you do not know very well. Not only is there the possibility that you may have gotten a wrong impression and be unfair in your criticism, but more likely than not, such a person will find it easy to ignore what you say. For none of us values very highly the opinion of strangers.

If you feel that you have a friend that could be helped by criticism, be careful when you approach him. Don't pick a time when he is discouraged or upset. No one needs to be further reminded of his faults at a time when he is already downhearted because of some failure.

And how much easier it is to swallow criticism when it is well-buttered with compliments. By this I do not mean exaggerated praise or insincere flattery. I mean honesty in mentioning the things a person has done that deserve appreciation. If we want to be truly honest, we should be just as ready, or more ready, to give a person credit where it is due as to give criticism where it will be helpful.

This is the only thing I hold against that doctor who helped my foot to heal fifteen years ago. If he had praised me, even just a wee bit, for being a brave little boy, how much easier it might have been not to jerk away from his sharp knife. ■■

Where They Go



TOP TEN MAILING ADDRESSES

1. Millersburg, Ohio (418)
2. Ephrata, Penna. (295)
3. Middlefield, Ohio (233)
4. Sugarcreek, Ohio (222)
5. Goshen, Indiana (183)
6. New Holland, Pa. (176)
7. Topeka, Indiana (172)
8. Fredericksburg, O. (171)
9. Nappanee, Indiana (160)
10. Middlebury, Ind. (155)

Have you ever wondered where all the subscribers to "Family Life" live? Last month the April issue was mailed to 9,559 homes; plus an additional 100 were sent to bookstores for re-sale. Above is a map showing the 39 states, 4 provinces, and 10 foreign countries where the magazine is sent each month.

BOOKS for MAY

HOW TO HAVE A GREEN THUMB WITHOUT AN ACHING BACK-

If you like to plant things and see them grow then we believe you will enjoy this book. Gardening can be not only profitable but also healthy and a lot of fun. Tells about the mulch method of gardening, and how you can throw away your spade and hoe. Now available in paperback at only $1.45. SPECIAL OFFER FOR MAY ONLY- With a $10.00 book order you can have this book for $1.00, and with a $20.00 order you can have it free. But you must ask for it.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC FOR 1970- Up-to-date information, and statistics at your fingertips about a wide assortment of topics such as government, world history, business, education, census, news maps, etc. More than a thousand pages of interesting facts, at $1.95.

OTHER BOOKS NOT LISTED IN OUR CATALOG-

HOW TO STAY ALIVE IN THE WOODS	.95
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EGERMEIERS BIBLE STORY BOOK	5.00
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WEATHER AND CLIMATE (hardcover)	3.50

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

The following books are listed in our catalog but are now either out of print or are discontinued. Please do not order these books:

GOLDEN BOOK OF FACTS AND FIGURES, THE THUNDERSTORM-FAITH OF A COLLIE, BEGINNERS GUIDE TO ATTRACTING BIRDS, HOW TO SLEEP WELL, SALT CELLARS, KIDNAP.

(Indiana residents add 2% state sales tax.)

(All prices are U.S. currency; Canadians add 7% exchange.)

Orders over $5 are postage pre-paid; all others add 10% for postage and handling.

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Route 4
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46761

What About the Aid Plan?

With medical and hospital bills rising steadily over the years, some of our people feel that something should be done to ease this financial burden.

Although the rates are soaring, we should remember that hourly wages have also risen and bills of $500.00 to several thousand do not seem very large compared to a farm which costs fifty or a hundred thousand dollars.

I believe it is out of good intentions that some of our people are advocating an Amish Aid plan. Although it may seem like a good plan, we want to be careful that we do not turn away from what the Bible teaches us, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not upon thine own understanding." (Proverbs 3:5)

Some people feel that the alms are not always used where most needed but that under the new plan this will be taken care of. This may be true, but if I understand the aid plan, then it will enable the well-to-do man to collect the same as the poorer man.

The Bible teaches us to give alms and aid the needy, but nowhere can I find that it teaches to help those that don't need it. In Proverbs 22:16, Solomon says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches and he that giveth to the rich shall surely come to want."

Some people say that the Aid plan will help to do away with our people having hospitalization. It may not be as bad as being involved in a worldly company, but yet if it is not scriptural it cannot be justified.

In the 6th chapter of Matthew, Jesus teaches us how to give alms. If done in secret, our heavenly Father will reward us openly. Under the aid plan the need to give alms will be lessened. Since each person is expected to pay the same and anyone can collect, we can hardly expect a blessing to be in store for us.

Perhaps at times some of our people think they are not being helped as they should be, but maybe it is God's way of teaching patience.

Suppose God would let everything be taken away from us. I'm afraid any kind of insurance would fail us then. If God would let something like that befall us, it might help us to see our need of putting our complete trust in Him. "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that He may exalt you in due time. Casting all your care upon Him for he careth for you." (1 Peter 5:6-7.)

-Ira S. Beiler, Pennsylvania

What Does Our Conduct Show?

Some years ago my wife and I, along with another couple were travelling and came to a big city where we had to spend the night. As we walked up the sidewalks, we saw a man standing who was weeping and the tears were running down his cheeks.

He said to us, "When I saw your women I had to think of my mother. She always wore a shawl and a bonnet, just like your women do."

He was weeping as he talked. I had to think, now if our women had been dressed in the present day garb with shorts or mini-skirts, where would this man's thoughts have gone? Never to his old mother. The garb of our women probably talked louder than the modern day evangelists are talking.

Once when we wanted to get on a train, the conductor said the seats are all filled except in the club car. He said we would either have to sit in the club car or wait for the next train. We did not know what a club car was so we got on.

As we entered the car, the people were drinking, smoking, playing cards and what not. But the atmosphere soon changed. The seats in this car ran lengthwise along each side of the car. As we seated ourselves there was a man on the opposite side who had a bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He could not face us. He glanced first one way and then the other and looked like he was going to faint. Soon he picked up his smoking stand and went to the other end of the car.

Soon a lady came to us and asked us what she must do to be saved. She was told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Acts. 16:31. Why did she come to us as we were total strangers to her?

When she left, others came and asked questions concerning our faith. This went on from 7 P. M. until around midnight. We were busy answering questions out of the Bible. So the club car wasn't so bad after all.

But we can also be a hindrance to people if our conduct is not according to our garb. A preacher once related that at one time he lived close to a town. He learned that the town people called the plain people the Pharisees. He could not understand this and decided at the first opportunity he would ask the town people why they called them the Pharisees. As he was thinking over this, he thought of how some of the plain people were not always living an orderly life and were drinking and smoking. He finally decided, "If they don't say anything to me, I won't say anything to them about being called the Pharisees."

May the Lord help us in our everyday conduct that the light of His presence may shine through us so that others can see that we are His followers.

-P. M. Y., Shipshewana, Indiana

I COULD PICTURE OLD AMOS POINTING A FINGER AT ME. "YOU YOUNGER GENERATION WON'T TAKE ADVICE!"

I TOOK ADVICE

(Name Withheld)

After reading the answers on "Don't Hasten Their Destruction," one question still remained in my mind. When should Amos Eby's advice be taken and when should it be ignored?

As a newly-wed couple we started housekeeping on an Amos Eby's well-kept and prosperous farm. As one of the John Bowmans, I learned many a lesson about farm operation and money management while working for Amos, but the one I value most is the one which hurt the most, because it was learned the hard way.

In those World War II days, poultry was raised on a smaller scale than it is today, and it yielded a nice profit. Amos gave me the privilege of using the one chicken house if I wished. I bought chicks of a heavy strain to raise for myself. Three weeks later Amos started a flock of his own on another part of the farm.

It was a hot sultry day in early July, and I was shocking wheat near the highway. A truck stopped. The driver got out and came over to me. It was Sam, our local poultry dealer.

"Say, John," he said, "I need some heavy roosters for the dressing plant. Would yours be ready? We are paying 40¢ per pound today. Seems the demand is stronger than the supply. That's the reason the price is up so high now."

"We'll go and look them over," I said.

Sam thought the roosters were heavy enough, and I decided to let him have them.

At supper time I met Amos at the barn. "I sold my roosters today," I told him.

"For how much?"

"40¢."

"You did! That's a mistake. The market is going up every week. In several weeks we'll see 45¢. That's a pity you sold for 40¢ when you could have 45¢ before long."

"Oh, well," I answered, "it's too late now. They are sold. Sam is coming for them tomorrow morning."

"No, it's not too late!" said Amos. "They are still here and if they were mine, Sam wouldn't get them when he comes. I'd cancel that sale. You bet I would. You know, it's the cents that make the dollars. You're foolish to sell at 40¢."

At the supper table I told my wife, "At 40¢ for the roosters, we'll make enough to pay for the chicks and the feed. That leaves us the pullets for our work, but Amos doesn't see it that way. I know what I'll do. If it doesn't rain tonight, after I have the wheat shocked, I'll hitch Prince in the buggy and you and I will go over home. I'll talk this over with Dad and then I'll know what to do. This is my first business deal in farming, and I don't want to make a blunder."

By the time the last shock was finished, dark clouds were rolling in from the west. Bright flashes of lightning were followed by the rumble of thunder. The storm broke just as I reached the house. It was nearly 11 o'clock when it stopped raining.

"We are not going over there tonight anymore, are we?" my wife asked.

"No, of course not," I said.

The next morning as I came in from the barn I hung up my hat and said to Rachel, "I hope we can finish breakfast before Sam comes to load the roosters. I'm hungry."

"So you decided to load them?" she asked.

"Sure," I answered. "I sold them, didn't I? Sam will be here any time now."

We had only begun eating when my wife looked out the window. "Oh, there he is now."

I grabbed my straw hat and said, "Put some pancakes back on the stove for me. I'll finish later."

As I crossed the lawn I could picture old Amos pointing his finger at me. "You younger generation, you won't take advice. Yes, I told you what to do, but no, you'll do just the opposite!"

At the last moment I decided to take my stand.

"Good morning, John."

"Good morning, Sam."

"Nice rain we had last evening."

"Yes, it was. Well, Sam, I—er, I decided to feed these roosters several weeks longer, so we won't move them today."

A puzzled look crossed his face. "Didn't you sell them to me yesterday? I thought so. Wasn't I supposed to pick them up this morning? You said you'll accept 40¢, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, guess I did kinda. But in a few weeks the market will be higher, and they'll be heavier, too. So I think I'll keep them a little longer."

As I watched the empty truck go out the lane, other thoughts flashed through my mind. What does Sam think of me now? Did I let my light shine? Did I do the proper thing? After all, they were sold. Yes, he was right. I was wrong. I see it now when it's too late.

I walked slowly back to the house. I felt guilty. I felt sick all over. I said to my wife, "Say, Rachel, you can give those pancakes to the dog; I'm not hungry any more."

"You can't be finished loading, are you? You didn't hold them back after all, did you?"

"Yes, that's just what I did. At the last moment I made up my mind I'd show Amos there's at least one young man left who is willing to take advice. But by now I really wish they were on that truck. You bet I do. I'm afraid this is a mistake. Yes, I know it is."

Later that morning I saw Amos and told him what I did. His only comment was, "So!"

Then the unexpected happened. The market took a sudden dip. This even the shrewd business eye of Amos had not foreseen. Not much was said until the day Amos discovered that my roosters had found his corncrib at the other side of the barn.

"You call Sam and tell him to fetch these roosters this week yet," Amos said to me. "They found my corncrib now, and they'll be in here day after day, and that I won't have."

"I can't sell now; the market is only 36¢," I answered.

The reply was, "You'll sell now and get them out of here, regardless of price. I still expect to see 45¢ this summer, but I don't say when."

"Are you selling yours, too?" I asked.

Amos shook his head. "Not now. Mine are three weeks younger, and farther away from the building where they won't be in mischief. I'll hang on awhile yet and see what happens."

I again took advice and called Sam. "Are you sure you are ready to sell?" Sam asked. "You know where the market is? I can give only 36¢ today."

"Bring your truck," I told him. "And remember, from now on if I say sold, it will remain sold. I made a big mistake the other time, but it won't happen again. I learned that lesson the hard way."

Sam came and got the roosters. The following week the market again began its upward trend — from 36¢ to 38¢, then to 40¢. Next 42¢. Still Amos held on. 43¢, 44¢.

-Continued on top of next page

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. False. Weaving is mentioned a number of times in the Scriptures, among them the description of Goliath's spear which was "like a weaver's beam." (I Samuel 17:7)
2. True. Cain, the first person born, ". . . was a tiller of the ground." (Genesis 4:2)
3. False. The Bible is not silent about Paul's trade; he was a tentmaker. (Acts 18:1-3)
4. False. Tax collectors, often called publicans, were greatly despised because they worked for the hated Romans, and also frequently took unjust amounts for their own purses. (Luke 3:13, 19:8)
5. False. John the Baptist told the soldiers who came to him not to do violence to anyone and to be content with their wages. (Luke 3:14)
6. False. Even before the flood, we read of Tubal-Cain, "who was an instructor of those who forged vessels of bronze and iron." (Genesis 4:22)
7. True. The book of Philemon is Paul's letter to the master of a runaway slave. Onesimus, the slave, had been converted under the influence of Paul, and the apostle pleads in his letter that the slave should be kindly dealt with when he returned.
8. False. Not Abraham, but Abel was the first shepherd. (Genesis 4:2)
9. False. Demetrius was not a convert, but an opponent of Christianity. He stirred up a riot against Paul. (Acts 19:23-24)
10. True. Lydia was a saleswoman. The Bible calls her a "seller of purple" garments, for which her native city, Thyatira, was famous. (Acts 16:14, 15, 40)
11. False. Not servants carrying loads, but gatekeepers were called porters. "To him the porter openeth . . ." (John 10:3)
12. True. Paul calls Luke "the beloved physician." (Colossians 4:14)
13. False. Jacob was a shepherd, and his brother Esau was the hunter. (Genesis 25:27)
14. True. The law of Moses commanded farmers to leave the land idle every seventh year as a type of Sabbath. God promised that if they observed this law, enough food would grow the sixth year to keep them until the harvest of the eighth year. (Lev. 25:4, 20-22)
15. False. There are several references in the O.T. to spinning and one well-known one in the New where Jesus calls our attention to the lilies of the field, "for they toil not, neither do they spin." (Matthew 6:28)
16. True. Jesus said he would make his disciples "fishers of men." (Matthew 4:19)
17. True. People were sold to merchants. A familiar example is that of Joseph, who was sold by his brothers for twenty pieces of silver. (Genesis 37:28)
18. True. Exodus 22:1 commands, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."
19. True. Sheriffs were among those officials who were commanded by king Nebuchadnezzar to appear at the dedication of the image of gold. (Dan. 3:2)
20. True. Jesus was known as a carpenter, for when the people heard him preach, they murmured, "Is this not the carpenter, the son of Mary?" (Mark 6:2, 3)

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct	. . .	Excellent
17-18 correct	. . .	Good
15-16 correct	. . .	Average

At last came the day Sam named 45¢.

"Sold!" said Amos.

As the loaded poultry truck again went out the lane, this time carrying Amos' flock, he turned to me with a broad grin on his face. 'Didn't I tell you? Yes, that's what I was saying all along, that we'd see 45¢ this summer." ■■

NO USE WEEPING...

TRAINS ARE ON THE WAY OUT

-by David Wagler

AT 4:00 P.M. WE BOARDED THE "South Wind" which was to take us 1100 miles without changing coaches. The ticket agent had told us that all seats were reserved, but when we boarded the car, we found it was nearly deserted. For the length of the trip, besides my wife and I, there were only 5 or 6 passengers on the coach.

We had all the room we wanted. When evening came, we turned the seat ahead of us around to face ours. Then we slipped off our shoes and settled down for the night.

On that train we could have bought our supper, breakfast and dinner. We had our lunches along but we did buy some sandwiches and milk. Once when the train stopped at a station a man came alongside with a cart and offered to sell us candy bars, peanuts, or almost anything else we could ask for.

We considered ourselves fortunate to have a railroad car practically to ourselves instead of bouncing around all night on the crowded, smoke-filled bus. Travelling, at its best, is really not anything to look forward to, but most people agree that trains do offer better accommodations than busses, especially for children.

On board this train were a number of elderly gentlemen. In visiting with them, I found that one had worked for this railroad and was retired. He was riding the train free. Another one had retired from a western railroad and was paying only half fare. The number of paying passengers was actually smaller than it appeared.

As we sped across the countryside, I felt sorry for the railroads. They were offering a public service, taking us where we wanted to go, but losing money at it. Could a railroad possibly afford to operate a train with such a handful of passengers in each car?

There is reason to believe that this train was a fair sampling of what is going on all over the country. Anyone with their eyes open will surely be able to see what is happening. The railroads are losing money on their passenger service and have been for years. Under the circumstances, it would take quite an optimist to believe that this could continue indefinitely.

Recently when I made the prediction to a friend that passenger trains will soon be a thing of the past, he looked at me in astonishment. As far back as we can remember, there have always been trains, why should there not always be? Our parents and our grandparents rode the train when they travelled from one community to another. Twenty-five years ago, during the 40's the railroads were still doing a booming business. During the years of World War II and after, many a train pulled out of the station with standing room only.

If you have ever ridden a train you will have some memories that stay with you. I remember distinctly the first train ride I ever had on my own, (when I was 4 years old, I had travelled with my parents). In 1943 I was on my way home from the Sideling Hill C.P.S. camp to get a look at our newborn daughter. I had taken the Greyhound bus to Pittsburgh and then went to a telephone booth and called the Pennsylvania Railroad depot.

"When's the next train for Cincinnati?" I asked.

"10:15," the answer came back. I noticed it was now 9:45.

I hurried out the door to where the taxis were waiting and asked to be taken to the Pennsylvania depot. It must have been a very honest taxi driver for he simply pointed back to the building and said, "This is it."

I walked to the other end of the building and there was the train depot. Since that time I have noticed that in some cities, the Pennsylvania depot and the Greyhound bus station are combined. At that time I did not know that the same company owned them both.

After that we used to take the B & O from Martinsburg, or Keyser, West Virginia when we went home on furlough. The National Limited was the first diesel-powered train to St. Louis and usually it was crowded. I remember sitting on our suitcases for half the night before we would finally get a seat.

This train usually had three regular coaches, four or five pullmans and a number of mail and passenger cars. I remember calculating how much revenue the railroads would have from each run between St. Louis and New York City and it came to an astonishing figure. At least a lot different from what a present day run would bring in.

At that time the railroads prided themselves on the service they gave. The passenger service was a paying proposition and they wanted to keep it that way. All the through trains had stewardesses, who tried to help anyone who looked like they might need assistance, especially children or elderly people.

I recall one stewardess who was especially concerned about our welfare. Another young man, who travelled with me much of the time, was younger than I and I suppose we looked like inexperienced travellers. At any rate the stewardess took it upon herself to look after us as if we might have been 15-year-olds. We were returning to camp from home and had a big metal suitcase and it was loaded. Not with clothing, but with eats, canned beef, canned blackberries, and an assortment of other things that were hard to come by at camp. When we arrived at Martinsburg, the stewardess came to help us off the train and wanted to carry the big suitcase for us. I can still see the surprised look on her face when she tried to lift it.

I always appreciated the service and the cleanliness on the B & O trains. Some of the other railroads, at least in my estimation, had a less enviable record. It was during the war years, when one afternoon we boarded a Pennsylvania train from Harrisburg to Lewistown, Pa. We were herded through a number of cars filled to capacity but finally found one with some empty seats. I soon noticed that there was something unusual about the car. There were no windows except a small one on each side at about the middle. Apparently it had been a baggage car (the way it rode, it may have been a freight car) which had been furnished with seats and pressed into passenger service.

But with the coming of the 50's the time of crowded passenger trains was pretty well over.

The trains have earned themselves a good reputation for being able to go in any kind of weather. (Usually if they are late it is because they must sit on a siding waiting for a freight train to go by.) But one evening we were on a train that was delayed because of icy rails. It was on the run from Altoona to Pittsburgh, Pa. and a freezing rain was falling. An extra engine had been put on to take the train over the Alleghenies but even so, the progress was slow. As the train picked up speed, the wheels on the engine would slip on the icy tracks and the train would come to a halt. Then slowly it would start again, gradually picking up speed until at a certain point the wheels would go into another spin and the procedure would be repeated.

THERE MUST BE A REASON

For many years the trains were the acknowledged leaders in the transportation field. For dependability, speed, and convenience they were far ahead of the other modes of travel. At that time bus fares were slightly cheaper, but during the 50's the railroads introduced special groups and family fares to offset this threat. In spite of all the efforts, train travel decreased to the point where it is no longer profitable to the railroads.

If trains have rendered such a wonderful service (and most travellers will agree they have) then why are they disappearing? There must be a reason. In fact there are four main reasons — the airplane, the superhighway, the family car, and the Greyhound bus.

TAKING TO THE AIR

For long distance trips, airplanes are now carrying more passengers than all other means of public transportation combined. This is especially noticeable on trips of 400 miles and more. Travelling from New York to San Francisco requires about three days on the train. On the plane it takes less than six hours. A plane ticket will cost more than a coach ticket on the train. But few people would care to spend three days on the train without sleeping accommodations. By the time sleeper accommodations are added, it would be cheaper to go by plane. Meanwhile there would be a saving of three days of time, which to the average business man would mean a lot.

Years ago trains stopped at nearly every village. This was a convenience for passengers who lived along the line. But by 1940 the railroads were specializing in long distance service. Through trains stopped only at major cities. Every minute counted, and each stop meant time lost. They tried very hard to hold the long distance passenger trade.

When the airlines stepped in the railroads lost one of their main pillars — long distance passengers. They tried extras like serving liquor on trains, better sleeper service, anything to regain the lost passengers, but they did not succeed.

Today one look at busy airports like Chicago or the four in New York City will convince anyone that most people are travelling by plane. Some of these airports are sending out a plane a minute and most of them are loaded to capacity.

The plain people avoid the airplane as much as possible. To anyone who is used to driving a horse and buggy, such a swift and modern means of travel does not appeal. When passenger trains are discontinued, there will be one less mode of travel available to us.

Since other excellent means of travel are available, there is little excuse for using the airplane within the states or Canada. In some extreme cases such as travelling to Paraguay or Central America, it seems to be about the only practical way to go. In some such cases, the airplane has been used.

THE FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY

Before 1940, there were hardly any four-lane highways. At that time the ultimate in highways consisted of U. S. Routes 30, 40, 66, and 50 which stretched from coast to coast. But they were only two-lane with the exception of Route 30. In some places, it was three-lane, (and resulted in a high accident rate.)

In 1940 the first widely known four-lane highway was opened. It was called the Pennsylvania Turnpike and ran from near Harrisburg, Pa. to near Pittsburg, Pa. An added attraction was that instead of going over the Allegheny Mountains, it went through them in a series of seven tunnels. This road was privately constructed and operated. All traffic was subject to a toll.

Soon after this the federal government stepped into the superhighway business. After the war, four-lane highways were constructed each year. By 1957 there were over 8, 000 miles of superhighway in the U. S. But the work was only beginning. Each year the systems have been expanding. In 1960 the final stretch of the Chicago to New York highway was completed. By 1975, when the program is to be finished there will be more than 41, 000 miles of superhighway and every major city in the U. S. will be linked.

East and west roads are given even numbers while north-south roads have odd numbers.

THE FAMILY CAR

Today it is a common thing for the average family in the U. S. to own not only one but two good cars. For such families, it is often more convenient and economical to go by car than by public transportation. No need to worry about making connections. Roadside motels offer overnight accommodations, and for the economy minded, there are always camper trucks or trailers available, which provide cheap lodging. The superhighways have made it possible for the automobile to pose a threat to other modes of transportation.

Of course, horse drawn vehicles are not allowed on superhighways. In some communities, drivers are available to do custom driving. Ofttimes, however, the inconvenience of a hired driver offsets any advantage that might be had over going by public transportation.

There is also the moral issue involved in hiring a car. Except in cases of extreme emergency, many of us feel that if we do not believe in owning cars, then it would be better not to hire one if other means are available.

GREYHOUND AND TRAILWAYS

One look at a crowded bus station will show that Greyhound's slogan of "Go by bus and leave the driving to us" does appeal to many. Not only is it holding its own against the motor car but also against other modes of public transportation.

During the past 50 years, the Greyhound company has built up a network of schedules reaching nearly every community in the U. S. and Canada. At present these busses travel nearly a million miles of road each day.

The only serious contender against the Greyhound company in the bus field is Trailways. Although it is not nearly as large as Greyhound, it does have excellent long-distance connections, some of them better than Greyhound. However in many cases it must travel the secondary highways due to the fact that Greyhound was first on the field and has taken up the mainline franchises. But they do have very good busses, and offer a distinct service to the public as the only challenger of the Greyhound company.

There are several reasons why busses have been able to hold their own in the face of competition which is choking out the railroads.

1. ECONOMY It is usually the cheapest means of public transportation. It may also be cheaper than the family car for up to three persons.
2. CONVENIENCE The stations are usually in the main part of town, which makes them easy to reach. (In New York City it takes about three hours to travel between the Kennedy and Laguardia airports.) Most busses will stop anywhere to receive or discharge passengers. Although some through busses are not supposed to stop except at stations, most drivers will let a passenger off at nearly any point for convenience's sake. Bus drivers are often able to give personal attention to passengers' problems and give help in finding a destination.
3. CONNECTIONS Because of many departures during the day, it is usually easier to make connections on the bus than by train. Recently in Pittsburgh we saw 14 busses loading at one time for that many different parts of the country. Since the busses depend on highways instead of rails, they can go almost anywhere.
4. SPEED There is an increasing number of long-distance busses that stay on the superhighways from city to city. Because they make very few stops, they equal the speed of the fastest trains.

   Going by the through trains, it takes three days to travel from New York City to the west coast. But by Greyhound bus you can reach the same destination six hours sooner.

   Between Cleveland and Chicago, Greyhound has several busses every day which make the trip in 5½ hours. On the train, the fastest connection takes two hours longer.
5. COMFORT Bigger and better busses are being built each year. These have rest room facilities and most of them offer more comfortable seats than do the trains. It is true that for persons who can not endure tobacco smoke, bus riding is sometimes a problem. But it is hoped that as the public becomes more health conscious and ventilation systems are improved, this can be remedied.
6. ADAPTABILITY The bus lines can adapt themselves to meet the needs of their passengers. Busses are bigger, and on some runs even tandem busses are being used. A bus needs only one driver as compared to a complete crew for a train or a plane. This makes it economically possible to operate busses on shorter runs and with fewer passengers.

Busses are the only bright spot on the travel picture as far as the plain people are concerned. Although the local bus service may become worse, the long distance service will probably improve over the years.

With good driving horses, there is no problem in going 10 or 15 miles to town or to catch a bus. A hundred years ago people travelled these distances by foot or by horseback, and they had only the same number of hours in a day as we do.

Unfortunately, some people are not aware of the excellent service the busses can give when it is necessary to travel for a distance. Travelling for travelling's sake ought to be discouraged by any means, but when it is necessary to go, serious consideration should be given to what the busses have to offer.

THE SAFETY FACTOR

Railroads have the best safety records. For the period 1966-1968 the passenger deaths for railroads was .12 per million miles. In other words, there was only one death for every eight million miles of travel by train.

For busses the figure was .22 and for planes it was .24 deaths per million miles of travel. This would be about one death for every four million miles of travel, which would not be a great difference. But for automobiles travelling on the highways, the rate was 2.4 deaths per million. This means one death for every 400,000 miles, which makes it twenty times as dangerous as train travel.

Putting it another way, if a man travelled 100 miles a day every day on two-lane highways, the chances are he would be killed within ten years' time. But if he travelled this distance every day by train, by the law of averages, he would not be killed for 200 years.

GOODBYE TO THE ZEPHYR

The California Zephyr has made its last run. Twenty-one years ago on its first run between Chicago and San Francisco it was the ultimate in cross-country transportation. This vista-domed, stainless steel train covered the 2,500 miles through the American west at speeds of up to 90 miles per hour. It made its way through the Rocky Mountains by way of 46 tunnels, the longest of which was more than six miles long under the continental divide. It covered the distance in two days and 50 minutes. (Today's Greyhound busses skim over superhighways to arrive at the same place in 25 minutes less than two days. (Better yet, Trailways' "Silver Streak" busses cut off five hours from this figure.)

But the Zephyr has made its last run to California. It is the latest victim of rising costs, declining patronage and the reluctance of the railroads to promote passenger service.

The Zephyr will continue to run between Chicago and Denver for awhile. But at Denver, through passengers will have a 22 hour layover before proceeding to the west coast. Such a connection will prove very discouraging, to say the least, to any passengers bound for the west coast.

Why is the California Zephr being scrapped? The plain truth is that it is no longer profitable. According to William J. Quinn, president of the Burlington Railroad, the company has been losing $2.07 on every passenger it hauls between Chicago and Denver. He compared the costs and revenues of the Zephr with a jet plane, (Boeing 727) for one trip between Chicago and Denver, as follows:

Wages for the plane's crew of six are $391. for the train's crew of 47, $2,288. Kerosene burned by the jet costs $300, oil for the train's diesels $500. Total expenses for the plane are $2,500, for the train $5,400. The plane's 72 passengers produce a revenue of $3,400. The train's 166 passengers pay $5,000. The plane shows a profit of $470 per hour, while the train has a loss of $20.00 per hour."

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

In view of the evidence there seems to be only one logical conclusion. As a passenger carrier, the railroads cannot survive. Some runs will no doubt continue, where they are profitable, but as an over-all connecting carrier their time is running out. There will probably be excursions available for those who must have a train ride but these will be for pleasure more than transportation.

The same fate that befell the fleet of trans-Atlantic steamships may soon overtake the passenger trains. A few decades ago such great ships as the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth were carrying payloads of passengers between Europe and North America. But today these ships are out of the business and the only services available are pleasure and luxury cruises.

The plain people, who traditionally use public transportation, will deeply regret the passing of the passenger trains. But on the over all picture we are only a drop in the bucket. The revenue which we furnish to the railroads would not keep one train running daily. If conditions in the world are no longer practical to operate the trains, then there is nothing at all that we can do about the matter.

But there is one consolation. Should it ever come to the point where no other transportation were available, we could still do as our forefathers did in pioneer days ... hitch up our team and travel by wagon. ■■

"I" MUST DECREASE

-by David Luthy

One afternoon three years ago I stopped by at our bishop's home to visit. We talked about a number of things. But there was one thing the bishop mentioned which I will never forget, and that was a letter he had received. It was from a man who had quite a bit to say, if you know what I mean. The bishop refused to tell me the man's name but said there was one very peculiar feature of the letter. "I couldn't help noticing," said the bishop, "how many times the man used "I" in his letter. So I took a red pen and circled them. There were thirty-six altogether. So it didn't take me long to decide this man has 'I' trouble."

"I" trouble. That was a new way of saying it to me. But it does seem very appropriate, doesn't it? A person who values his own opinion so highly must be pretty self-centered. What better way is there to describe this man than those words "I" trouble?

I am sure all of us have a certain amount of "I" trouble. Often it doesn't show up strongly, though, till there is a change in circumstances. Let me give an example of what I want to say by quoting from the Bible. Do you remember what happened in Chapter 18 of 1 Samuel? It's the account of David and Saul returning together from the slaughter of the Philistine:

"... the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.

"And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.

"And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?

"And Saul eyed David from that day forward," (verses 6—9).

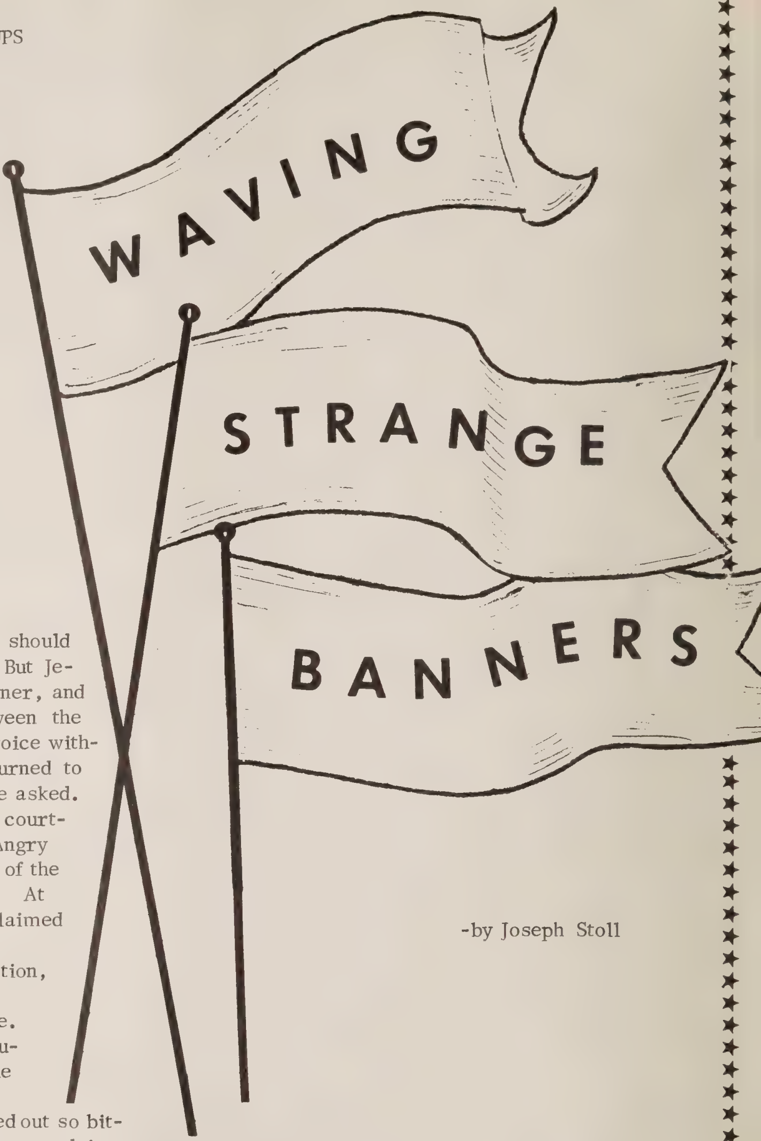
The Bible tells us that from that day forward Saul "eyed" David. I think we are fairly safe in concluding that Saul's "eyeing" David was a result of his own "I" trouble. Saul had been the most powerful and famous man in the nation; suddenly the situation changed. God ordained that David rise above Saul, but Saul was not willing to take a lower position. No, his "I" was too strong.

The opposite of "I" trouble is humility—humility to realize that others are going to rise above us, others are more talented, others are better farmers, others have more money, others are better speakers. There is no end to the qualities which a humble person recognizes in others. But it isn't merely recognizing the qualities; no, it is also accepting them. In other words I am not humble when I merely admit that someone I know has more success at farming than I do. I must also accept that fact and not hold it against the person. I must not resent his better quality. I must not be jealous.

A beautiful example of true humility is found in Chapter 3 of the Gospel of John. There it speaks of John the Baptist. Whenever I read this chapter I have to admire John for his true humility. He was a famous man who had a large following. Did he feel like Saul and want to retain his popularity? No! He told his followers as he had often told them, "I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before him," (verse 28). John had a large following. He had even baptized Jesus. Yet he did not try and lay claim to a higher position. He realized that his role was finished. Now Jesus must begin his. What perfect words of humility John then spoke when he told his disciples, "He must increase, but I must decrease," (verse 30). John not only recognized that Jesus was superior, he gladly accepted the fact. Isn't this the opposite of Saul's attitude toward David? Isn't this the opposite of how we sometimes feel toward others?

Shouldn't we imitate John the Baptist and daily breathe the prayer, "He must increase, but I must decrease" ? Shouldn't the "I" within us decrease and let Jesus increase? Didn't Jesus tell us that what we do to our brothers we do to him? Why not, then, let our brothers rise above us and let "I" take the back seat? Why not stop living for self and start living for others? Yes, all of us need to say with John the Baptist, "I must decrease." ■■

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF GROUPS
MAKING ALL KINDS OF CLAIMS.
AS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE
POINTS OUT,
WE ARE WISE
IF WE CONSIDER WELL
BEFORE WE ACCEPT AS TRUE
ALL THAT WE READ AND HEAR.



WAVING STRANGE BANNERS

-by Joseph Stoll

STRANGE THAT A Roman governor should ask his prisoner such a question! But Jesus Christ was not an ordinary prisoner, and the governor knew it. Perplexed, torn between the cries of the mob to "Crucify him!" and the voice within saying, "He is innocent," Pontius Pilate turned to the man in front of him. "What is truth?" he asked.

In the calm morning air, shouts filled the courtyard, ringing and echoing into the street. Angry voices babbled, dogs barked. On the faces of the shrewd Pharisees, a pleased look appeared. At last they would be rid of this Galilean who claimed he was the son of God.

It was an appropriate time to ask the question, "What is truth?"

Rumors. False reasoning. Fear and hate. Scheming. Misrepresenting of facts. Prejudice. Confusion. They were all present the morning man sentenced God to die.

And yet the citizens of Jerusalem who cried out so bitterly against Christ hardly knew what they were doing. They were more deceived than guilty. Theirs was a shout of zeal, "Away with the blasphemer, the man who dares to call himself God." They had authority behind them. The Law of Moses commanded as much. And the Pharisees endorsed it.

What a ghastly mistake the people in the courtyard made. The man they condemned was just who he said he was. The Pharisees were wrong. Truth had been considered falsehood, and falsehood truth. If the mob had been less governed by their emotions and more by facts, they could not have made the mistake they did.

What is truth? That is still a good question today. For truth, like all good things, has its counterfeits. It is not always easy to tell the difference between the real thing and the imitation. And more, it is not always easy to know what to do with the truth, once we are convinced we have it.

There are all kinds of groups today that claim to have a message of truth. Tons of literature are being printed to persuade people. Some organizations have a good point but they drive it to such an extreme that it becomes almost as dangerous as falsehood. Others use evil methods to defend the truth. Still others, we must conclude, confuse truth with error and don't know which is which.

Rally Around the Banner

Several years ago a visitor called at Pathway Publishers in Ontario. He spoke Pennsylvania Dutch, wore a straight-cut coat, was friendly and sincere. We learned afterwards that he is a bishop in a Conservative Mennonite church.

The shock came after our visitor had departed. He had left us a pamphlet to read. The title was, "Martin Luther King and His Urinators". As could be expected with such a title, the pamphlet was filled with highly-emotional charges against the Negro leader. Its contents, it seems to me, could very properly be labeled as hate literature.

The attack on Martin Luther King left me worried. What could be done to keep our plain people from accepting such vicious literature at face value? I was prompted to start a file of magazines and clippings similar to the writing on King. I wanted particularly to collect literature that has influenced the Amish and Mennonites. During the past year my file folder on "Extremism" has begun to bulge. Almost all of the papers and magazines in the file first passed through homes of our plain people.

I really can't think of a good name to fit all the movements that thrive on distrust and suspicion, on misguided zeal, on fear and hate. There are many rooms in the house, and no label describes all the occupants. I don't like to use the term extremist, for I have never met a man yet who admitted he was extreme. No matter where a person stands, it's the people on both sides that are extremists.

Each movement has its own platform of the things it stands for (or more correctly, stands against.) An attack on a person such as Martin Luther King indicates the group is against integration. Likewise, a pamphlet making fun of "Bobby Sox Kennedy" shows that the publishers are strongly anti-Catholic.

Have any of these movements picked up a following among our people? Sadly, yes. When literature comes regularly into one's home, it leaves an influence. Many have been misled by a highly-emotional, falsehood-mixed-with-truth approach. This has at times even meant getting involved in politics.

As we discuss a number of these groups, some of which are still very active, let us keep in mind these points:

1. Extremism is a distorted view of truth, lop-sided and unfair.
2. Most extremist groups are not nonresistant or peace-professing.
3. There is always a simple answer to the problems. This answer is usually a culprit, or scapegoat, upon which the troubles of the world can be conveniently blamed. The future of the world depends upon overcoming this culprit.
4. The emotions are played upon by such weapons of propaganda as name-calling, "loaded" statements, half-truths, and clever suggestions.
5. Most movements have a selfish motive— safety in an earthly home rather than a concern for the salvation of souls.

To return to the pamphlet on Martin Luther King, I have often wondered what led a Mennonite minister to distribute it. Surely he had read the message. Had he believed it? What good did he expect to come from spreading the leaflet among the Amish and Mennonite people, who certainly were not going to rise up against Martin Luther King.

The 100% Americanism Movement

John Franz was a wheat farmer who lived near Bloomfield, Montana more than fifty years ago. He was more than a farmer. He was also a Mennonite minister, a grandson of Russian Mennonite immigrants who had come to the United States in the 1870's.

One evening during World War One, John Franz had the worst fright of his life. He had gone with his family to a school meeting. The little white schoolhouse was crowded and the meeting had been called to order. But then there was an interruption.

A stranger walked grimly into the room and motioned to John to follow him outside. Two cars waited by the road. Both were filled with men. As John came out of the door rough hands grabbed him and dragged him to one of the cars.

John's wife came running out of the schoolhouse. "What are you doing with my husband?" she cried.

"It's none of your business," the men shouted, knocking her to the ground. The cars roared off, leaving Mrs. Franz lying there unconscious.

The cars drove on and on, and at last stopped beside a large tree. The men pulled John from the car, then got out their tools— a rope, a shovel, and a gun. The rope was tossed over a limb, and the noose slipped over John's head.

Then John spoke, "I am an American citizen," he said. "If you kill me, you will be murderers. Think of that."

The story of John Franz is told in the book, Coals of Fire. The amazing part of the story is that the twelve men who planned to hang the Mennonite minister were not outlaws. They were prominent men. Among them was the sheriff of Glendive County and the district attorney.

What spirit was this spirit that worked in the hearts of twelve men of Montana? Was it the same spirit that cried "Crucify! Crucify!" in the courtyard of Pontius Pilate? Was it the same spirit that...

But let us go on. John Franz was a Mennonite. Mennonites did not go to war. They refused to fight the Germans. They bought no war bonds. They spoke German. John Franz, on the night he was kidnaped at the school meeting, carried a German-language newspaper in his pocket. (The paper, "The Mountain Lake Observer", contained only community news of Mountain Lake, Minnesota. But the twelve men had no way of knowing this. They could not read German.)

Taking everything into consideration, it seems a miracle that John Franz was not hanged that night in Montana. The mood was right for it.

The United States was at war. A wave of wild nationalism was shaking the country as it had not been shaken before. "Hate the Germans!" became the patriotic cry. Vicious rumors circulated. The Germans were cruel beasts, immortal, tricky. They shot children and shamed women. They made fertilizer from the bodies of soldiers. The German immigrants in America were said to have poisoned wells and spread influenza germs. It was easy to hate Germans. Propaganda took care of that.

A campaign to eliminate the German language from homes, churches, and schools was carried on throughout the country. This, of course, directly affected most Amish and Mennonites. One Mennonite girl almost broke her mother's heart when she spoke to her in English over the telephone. Later she explained why she had not used her native Pennsylvania Dutch. A sign above the public telephone said, "Only American spoken over this phone." There were "Americans" watching her.

Under such conditions the Ku Klux Klan rose to the peak of its power, with five million members. The Klan called for 100% Americanism, and accepted as members only those who were American-born Protestant whites. These members dressed in hooded cloaks, burned fiery crosses at night, and whipped, lynched, or tortured people they did not like. Who did they not like? The Negroes, the Jews, the Roman Catholics, and all foreigners, of course.

According to the World Book Encyclopedia, the K.K.K.

became a powerful force in politics. In Indiana the head of the Klan, Mr. D. C. Stephenson, became a virtual dictator of the state.

The town of Mentone, Indiana made this boast, "With a population of 1100, Mentone has not a Catholic, foreigner, Negro or Jew living in the city."

The Ku Klux Klan was not alone. There were other organizations. The Anti-Yellow Dog League searched out persons who might be disloyal to the country. The agitation became so strong that the U. S. government was influenced to deport thousands of immigrants who did not measure up to the standards of the 100% movement.

A cry often heard was, "America for the Americans." This, in truth, would have meant giving it back to the Indians, but in the heat of the moment nobody thought of that.

Today the 100% Americanism movement still lives. It may not be as fierce as it was during the First World War. But it's still with us. A lack of tolerance for those who differ, a worship of the Constitution and of "Christian America", the feeling that whites are a superior race—these are marks that identify it.

Hate the Catholics

There have been a number of movements that used anti-Catholicism as the rallying cry. The error is not in exposing Catholic doctrines that are unscriptural, this can be done in the right spirit and with the right motive. But when men stretch the truth or hate the Catholics, it is hard to believe they are moved by a true Christian spirit.

The anti-Catholic movement was revived a few years ago when John F. Kennedy was running for the presidency. Some people were convinced that Rome was going to take over America, and that if Kennedy would be elected all the cherished freedoms of the U. S. A. would dissolve.

I remember hearing with disgust the raving (sorry, no other word is accurate) of a lady I met in Indiana in August of 1960, just a few months before the election. She was almost beside herself, so alarmed and fearful was she of what would happen if a Catholic got into the White House.

But why shouldn't she have been alarmed? She probably had been reading some anti-Catholic literature, such as the following, which is only a brief quote from a longer pamphlet, "The Enemy Within Our Borders":

"At least 50,000,000, souls faithful to Jesus and the open Bible have been slain by Roman Catholics down through the centuries. Think of it, you American reader! Fifty millions! Rome has blown up by gunpowder, bored with hot irons, shot, poisoned, stabbed, stoned, impaled, baked in ovens, buried alive, roasted on spits, starved, suspended by the hands, feet and hair, stuffed and hacked with axes, scalped, pulled out tongues and committed other atrocities too numerous and nauseous to mention.

"And yet, this is the so-called church that the Pope wants Americans to accept in this twentieth century. This is the oligarchy that wants dominion over our schools, our seats of governments, and all our liberties. This is the political machine that boycotts, intimidates, and enslaves children in penitentiaries designated as Houses of Good Shepherd, Rescue Houses, etc.

"And this group take their orders from the man-god in the Vatican at Rome trying to make America Roman

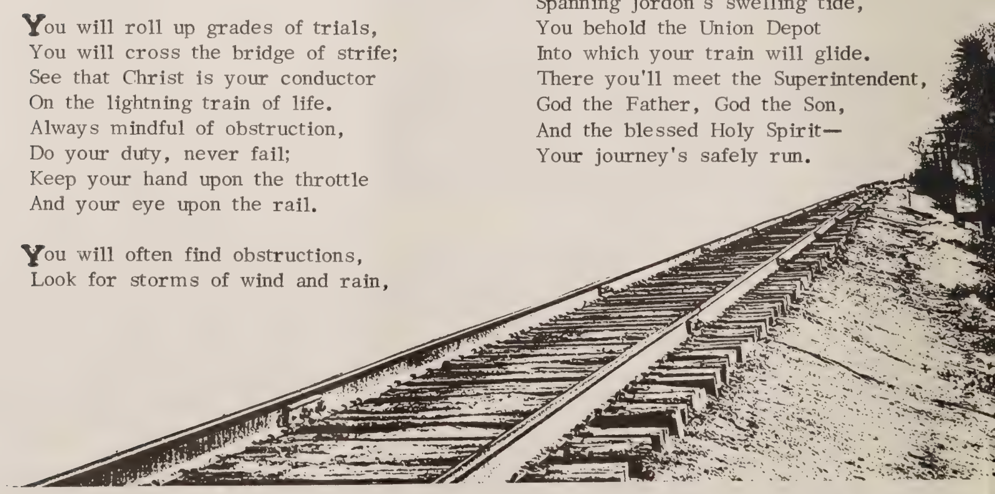
Life's Railway

Life is like a mountain railroad
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trials,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On the lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will often find obstructions,
Look for storms of wind and rain,
On a hill, or curve, or trestle
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle
Spanning Jordon's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide.
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
And the blessed Holy Spirit—
Your journey's safely run.



PATHWAY–

"Person to Person"

May——1970 The Pathway "Newsletter"

This finds us with a windy spring day, but we won't complain about the wind, for we are very glad to see spring in any form. It was late this year, but indications are that it is really here. The purple crocus have pushed their bright blooms through the soil and the Eichers have trimmed the grape vines back—a sure sign that winter is past. Today we decided to take a half-hour break and drive up the road a quarter mile to the Joe Gascho farm, David Luthy drove the small wagon with all six girls aboard; it's a handy wagon with foot-high sides—an ideal set-up for Sarah Weaver's wheelchair to sit on without the fear of it rolling off. The object of going to Joe Gascho's was to see five young Suffok lambs, black and cuddly. A sixth one had been born last night and was quite a bit smaller than the others. It was a short trip but enjoyable—nice to be outdoors after a long Canadian winter.

The pressroom is quiet today. Right now we are in the slack period between the mailing of the Ambassador and Bulletin and the printing of Family Life. There is usually a week when the pressroom is quiet. It is a funny thing; if a visitor came on one day he might see as many as seventeen people in the building and the pressroom humming, but if he came the next day he might find the pressroom quiet and empty and the work staff down to eight. Actually, we are glad for the slack period. It gives the office girls time to catch up on their desk work, and it gives our printer, Jake Eicher, time to look after things on his 100 acre farm. We woundn't want the pressroom to be busy every day, for soon that would mean more workers, and before long we would have lost one of our treasured items—a small informal group with a family spirit.

We are looking forward to having Martha Farmwald and Martha Helmuth with us again this summer. They helped us out last summer, and with their experience they should fit right in with the work. Both girls are from Nappanee, Indiana and have taught school a number of years. Martha Farmwald will be staying two months, but Martha Helmuth plans to spend a year with us, helping in the paste-up room and office and assisting on the Blackboard Bulletin.

There is a new worker since the last "Newsletter." Sarah Wagler from the Aylmer community has been working here

THE PATHWAY FAMILY

Editors: David Wagler, David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, Elizabeth N. Miller
Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll
Printer: Jacob Eicher
Typesetter: Emma Coblentz
Office: Elizabeth S. Miller, Ann Bowser Sarah Wagler
Indiana Staff: Levi and John Lambright

since the middle of December. For a few months she came every day, but now is coming in a few days a week. Her job is final proofreading of all material that has been set by our typesetter, Emma Coblentz. Sarah also makes the needed corrections on the material; she helps, too, with the assembling and mailing of the magazines three times a month.

Emma Coblentz's name was just mentioned. Perhaps it would be worthwhile to tell here about her job of typesetting. When she joined the staff in September 1969, Emma knew very little about typing. But through regular practice she has definitely mastered the keyboard of the IBM. When most people hear the word IBM they automatically think of an electric typewriter. But if you would see our IBM you would be surprised to see the plug dangling in midair yet the typewriter running. Jake Eicher used some of his much-appreciated mechanical skill and has hooked the IBM up on a line shaft which is turned by a diesel motor. The rest of the machinery at Pathway is run by a hydraulic system, but the IBM is run by a line shaft.

Why don't we use an ordinary typewriter instead of an IBM? There are three reasons. First of all (and most importantly) is the savings of space that an IBM accomplishes because of its proportional spacing. We get more printing per page with an IBM typesetting than from work done on an ordinary typewriter. This means that a subscriber is actually getting more words for his subscription price. How is this accomplished? On an IBM the different "letters" take up varrying amounts of space. On an ordinary typewriter all "letters" take up the same amount of space— an "i" takes up the exact same amount of space on the printed page as a "d." But an IBM has proportional spacing. The "d" takes up less space. Below is an example to show you how much space an IBM saves. At first glance this space may seem insignificant, but multiply it times the thousands of lines in each Pathway magazine, and soon you are speaking of pages of print which have been added. (see bottom of this page)

The second reason for using an IBM is the the typesetter can "justify" the right-hand margin. To "justify" the right-hand margin means to make it come out evenly. An ordinary typewriter sets only the left-hand margin evenly, leaving the right-hand margin with a ragged appearance. But with an IBM both margins can be made even. The proportional spacing makes this possible.

The third reason for using an IBM is that the machine hits all of its keys with a constant firmness. This results in a clean crisp appearance. An ordinary typewriter depends on a person's fingers to not merely touch or hard touch, this would cause part of the print to be darker or lighter than the rest.

Perhaps the preceding paragraphs have been more confusing than helpful, but I hope not. Best way to understand something is to see it in action; so don't hesitate to ask for a demonstration if you ever visit Pathway. (But don't be surprised if Emma types a little slower while you are looking over her shoulder. In fact don't be surprised if she makes some mistakes. She's like the rest of us— nervous when visitors crowd around and watch her work.)

-David Luthy

All the children were happy to see that the books	(Smith Corona portable)
All the children were happy to see that the books	(Underwood standard)
All the children were happy to see that the books	(Smith Corona elite)
All the children were happy to see that the books	(IBM executive)

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO PLAY A LITTLE TRICK ON SOMEONE, ONLY TO HAVE IT BACKFIRE IN YOUR OWN FACE? THEN YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE THIS TRUE HAPPENING.

AN UNFORTUNATE CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES

It was Saturday afternoon as Dave Wagler sat at his desk in the Pathway Publishing company building. He tilted back his chair to think. It was time to write the weekly newsletter for the Budget but he could think of hardly anything that happened that week.

So he walked to the door and grabbed the piece of flexible piping that hung from the ceiling. A friend had picked up a quantity of air intake hose from a scrap yard, and had donated some for the purpose of running a speaking tube upstairs to Sarah M. Weaver's room.

"Do you have any Budget news for this week?" Dave asked.

"I'll make a list and send it down in a few minutes," she answered.

So Dave sat down to try to think again. But instead of going back to the week just passed, his mind went forward to the week ahead. He and his wife were planning a trip which would take them to various states to visit friends and relatives. Included in the trip would be a week's stay in Florida, which was supposed to be the land of sunshine. Then his thoughts returned again to Sarah Weaver who was busy working at her desk upstairs.

Sarah was a victim of muscular dystrophy and had been confined to a wheelchair for some twenty years. But this did not keep her from being active with her hands and her mind.When asked to come and help with the work at Pathway, she had agreed to come for six months. She found plenty of work waiting for her of the kind she liked to do, and now three years later she was still here.

But the past winter had been long and Sarah ofttimes wished for the sunshine of a warmer climate. Of course, when the sun shone through her big double windows, it was warm and even in the coldest weather she could bask in the sunshine through the glass. But it was not like the direct rays of the sun which she had enjoyed in Florida for several winters before coming to Pathway.

When Sarah had learned of the proposed trip to Florida, she wished that she could go along even if she knew it were not possible to do so.

"Can I go along on your trip to Florida?" she had asked one day.

"Well, now I don't hardly know how you would do it to go along on the bus," Dave had answered.

"Maybe we could go on the train."

"The train doesn't make connections for where we are going. And besides, we will be staying only a few days in each place."

"But I want to stay a month if I go to Florida."

"It's getting awful late in the season and I don't see how you could make it on the train or bus," Dave said and then he added, "Maybe you'll just have to go by airplane."

This last remark was made in a teasing way, but Sarah was never in the habit of letting anyone get the best end of an argument so she came back with, "Okay, when can I go?"

"How about Monday morning?"

"Suits me alright," she answered.

"Well, maybe I had better take it up with the board of directors," Dave had said as he left the room and went about his work.

Now on this particular Saturday afternoon, when Sarah had made a list of a few things which had happened the past week she sent it down.

When Dave glanced over it he noticed that one of the items was "Our Florida trip" so he decided to put in that just to see what Sarah would say. He put in an item saying that Sarah would be going to Florida by plane on Monday morning and that his wife would accompany her on the trip for 30 days. Also that the directors of the Pathway company had decided to pay all the expenses for both persons.

Then he finished the letter and sent it upstairs to have Sarah check over it for any mistakes. By this time a group of visitors had arrived and were visiting in Sarah's room, Ezra Graber and some of his friends from Indiana. Sarah read this one paragraph aloud to them and explained that it was just a joke about flying to Florida. So she drew a big question mark beside the paragraph and sent it back down again.

Dave told his wife about the letter for he knew that she would not consent to set foot inside an airplane under any circumstances.

Before sending the letter to the Budget, Dave took his ballpoint pen and drew a line over every line of that paragraph. He also scribbled over the paragraph up and down with the pen. As he finished the letter the thought occurred to him that perhaps he should also write "Omit" over the paragraph. But no, surely no one would print anything that was marked out with a pen. It is an acknowledged rule in the printing business that if anything is marked out, then it may not be printed. But it was time for the mailman so the letter was sealed and sent.

The following Saturday found Dave and his wife on their way to Indiana. Arriving at Joe Waglers, a brother-in-law, they spent the night. Joe has been afflicted with multiple sclerosis for many years, but was able to accompany them to church at Bishop Fred Knepps. Dave met many old friends at church and he thought that perhaps some of them had a question mark on their faces, but he had no idea why.

When church was out, Mart Knepp came to visit a few words. Mart was a good friend and a former neighbor when Daves used to live in Daviess County many years ago.

"Well, how's everything in Canada?" Mart wanted to know, and then added, "Where's this girl that came with you on the airplane?"

"What girl are you talking about?" Dave asked. "Nobody came on the airplane that I know of."

"Why, yes," Mart drawled in his good humored way. "It was in the Budget about flying on the airplane and your wife was going along with her."

Dave's face got red. This sounds like Mart Knepp, always trying to pull something on somebody. Apparently he must have heard about the little joke about going on the airplane and was wanting to tease him.

"There's nothing like that in the Budget," Dave asserted.

"Why, yes, there is," Mart said with a grin, and then turning to John Raber he asked, "Didn't you see it, John?"

"I didn't read it myself," John answered promptly, "but my wife read it to me."

"You're just teasing me," Dave asserted as he began to get very uncomfortable under the collar. "There's nothing like that in the Budget, is there?"

John had been a classmate when they went to school together and Dave could not recall that John had ever told a falsehood. "Yes, it's in your letter," John said.

"Well, I never — I never," Dave stammered. "I didn't write anything like that— for the editor to print."

Then he grabbed his hat and went outside for some fresh air.

Now Dave knew why some people had given him such a cool glance that morning.

During the last several years, the issue of riding airplanes has been a heated one in the Amish churches. In some instances, the airplane had been used where it would have worked a hardship to go otherwise. But even then it had caused much disagreement and church controversy. Certainly Dave would not have anyone to think that he was using the airplane for a vacation trip.

But what could he say, how could he explain such a paragraph in a letter which carried his signature? There was only one thing he could say. He would say the truth and explain how it happened.

When Dave explained how the little joke had misfired, everyone thought it was amusing. They laughed and soon the conversation would drift to other topics. But Dave could not erase it so easily from his mind. He knew that it would plague him for many days to come. He would meet many people in a day and almost all of them would wonder about the item in the Budget. Repeating the story over and over again got very tiresome.

Two things struck Dave like daggers. One was the fact that Pathway had been founded "to promote Christian living among the plain people with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage." Such an example of apparently adding fuel to a controversy in the church would certainly not be furthering that aim.

The other reason was that the Pathway company was a non-profit organization and was closely watched as just to how the money was spent. Giving free trips on airplanes would go down very hard to many people and especially to their loyal supporters. Dave shuddered to think of the many people who would read that item and be at a loss for an explanation. He felt as if he had betrayed them. A feeling of remorse swept over him.

Meanwhile at the other end of the house, Dave's wife was having a busy time answering questions.

"Is that really you, Ida? " her sister Mary, wanted to know." This morning when we were following you on the way to church I just told my husband, 'That sure looks like Dave, but it can't be Ida because she's in Florida."

As they visited with old acquaintances, Dave's mind returned again and again to the item in the Budget. Why had he ever written it in the first place, wasn't it just a silly joke to begin with and he should have known better? He decided that never again would he ever try to get a joke on anyone. He had seen before where such things had not turned out well but this was the worst case he had ever experienced.

Then the thought came to him, that a person has to have a sense of humor. Practically all his friends, his close friends, had a good sense of humor. But where did humor stop and jesting and foolishness begin? That was the question that Dave could not answer. But one thing he did know, he wished right now that he had never teased anyone about flying in an airplane.

Perhaps a little fun like that was all right for young people but when a person gets older, he ought to forget it. He wondered how old a person would have to get until he wouldn't think about getting a good laugh on someone occasionally.

Dave went and sat down beside the elderly bishop, Amos Wittmer, and asked, "Well, how does it go with you?"

Amos was a bishop as far back as Dave could remember. When he had grown up, and was taking instructions in preparation for baptism, Amos had taken the lead in admonishing the group, in correcting them and guiding them in their Christian lives. Dave had always held him in highest regard, and his only regret was that he had not always followed the admonitions.

Now Amos was 87 years old and needed the aid of a cane to walk. His step was no longer the spry, active step of the man he had once been and his eyesight was failing. But inside was still the same person and he liked to visit.

The aged man pulled up his shoulders and replied, "Oh, it still goes and I have no reason to complain."

"But it doesn't go as well as it used to, does it?"

"What do you mean?" Amos wanted to

know. "Why do you say that?"

"Well, I see you have a cane with you and that you don't travel quite as fast as you used to."

"Well, how did you notice that?" he laughed and then he went on, "But I can still do my chores every evening and usually I am the first one to finish. Of course, I won't say how many chores I have."

A few moments later Dave's wife happened by and stopped to talk a few words. Pointing at Dave, the aged bishop said, "This man has very keen eyesight."

"Why do you say that?" Ida wanted to know.

"Because he noticed that I can't walk quite as fast as I used to."

"He's 87 years old," Dave thought to himself, "nearly twice as old as I am and he still has a good sense of humor."

It was Monday morning at the publishing house and the girls were busy doing up the morning's mail. The Budget had come but no one had time to look at it. Now it was dinner time and when the girls had finished eating, they sat around the table visiting or reading. Ann Bowser picked up the Budget and decided to look for the Aylmer piece.

Suddenly her mouth flew open and she started reading aloud about an airplane trip. The other girls around the table paid no attention to her. It was just like her to try to give them a good scare.

Ann was the girl from New Jersey who had joined the Pathway staff a year earlier. A few days earlier one morning she had opened a letter and pretended to be reading it to the editors:

"Please, discontinue my Ambassador of Peace. I just simply can't stand it any more, etc."

Not a word of it was on the letter. She had made it up as she read. Now when she started reading about the airplane trip the other girls thought it was just another one of her tricks.

"But I am not fooling," she asserted. "It's right here in the Budget."

She showed the paper to Sarah Weaver who was sitting beside her at the table. The other girls flocked around and there was an instant assortment of "oohs" and "ahs."

David Luthy and Elmo Stoll were resting in a nearby room when they suddenly sensed that something was going on that they ought to know about. Arriving at the scene a few moments later David grabbed the Budget and soon his face got red.

"Well, now, now—" he stammered. "Isn't that amazing? How did that ever get in there? I'm going to go and call the editor of the Budget right now and tell him to put in a correction."

It was some time before David Luthy could believe that he was seeing right. He was altogether at a loss to understand how it could have gotten into print. Maybe Dave had forgotten to mark it out. Yes, that must be what happened. Well, he would hitch up right away and go to the telephone and call the Budget editor.

As David was going for his horse, Jake Eicher came hurrying out of his home nearby waving a copy of the Sugarcreek Budget. Since the publishing company began, Jake was in charge of the printing and keeping all the machinery going. When Pathway was incorporated Jake was listed as president and ever since has played a very active part in keeping the company going. He is also a minister in the local congregation.

"Did you see this here?" Jake demanded.

"Yes, I did see it," David Luthy answered, "and I am going to do something about it right now."

He went to the phone and called the editor and instructed him to place a two column ad 6 inches long saying that the Pathway company is sorry that the item appeared in the Budget and that it was intended as a practical joke and should not have gone further than the office staff.

A few hours later the Budget editor received another long distance call. It was from Dave Wagler who was in Indiana at the time. "There was an item about an airplane ride in my letter that shouldn't have been there," he said.

"Yes, I know all about it," the editor answered. "A young man from the publishing house at Aylmer called me already and we are putting in a correction."

"That's fine," Dave said, "but how did it ever get in there? Wasn't it marked out both ways?"

"Yes, it was marked out, but there was a question mark beside it so we took it to mean that it would be at our discretion as to whether to use it or not."

It had never occurred to the Budget staff that not a word of it was true, so they knew of no reason why it should not be included.

Dave gave several further instructions regarding the correction and he assumed that it would be included either in the editor's corner or as an insertion in the Aylmer letter for that week. Later when he saw that the correction came out as an ad he was astonished.

The letter had arrived at the Budget office too late for the first or local edition. When it appeared the following week, the objectionable paragraph had been removed so the Ohio people did not know anything about the error.

The rest of their trip passed much as Dave had expected. It consisted of an endless repeating of why Sarah Weaver did not fly to Florida.

Here and there amusing remarks were heard. While in Indiana, a friend told them, "Do you know what Mildred said about it? She said 'Surely Dave doesn't think so much of his wife as my husband does of me or he wouldn't have let her go on the airplane.'"

When Dave and his wife went to visit an aged aunt, the young man of the house, Pete Wagler, said, "Well, I just figured something was wrong somewhere. I just said, 'Surely any woman who would go to Florida and leave her husband for a month doesn't think much of him.'"

But these remarks did not hide the seriousness of the matter. A good friend from Indiana wrote, "I saw the correction in the Budget and I still can't figure out how anything like that got into print. I just wonder what those people will say now who already have been looking down their noses at Pathway."

And Joe Stoll from Honduras made the following observations: "I just couldn't digest that item in the Budget. It was so hard to reconcile with all that Pathway has stood for. It looked like either you were going through some drastic revision of your thinking or something was wrong with me. The air sure cleared up when we learned that it was a practical joke that boomeranged. Do you suppose the readers will ever fully trust you again? Someone down here wondered, 'How do we know the correction in the Budget isn't just a practical joke, too?' But I guess the world isn't that unstable yet."

However it appeared that very few people had been seriously offended by the unfortunate chain of circumstances. Most people probably figured that if a woman who is confined to the wheelchair flew to Florida then there must have been some reason for it.

While Dave Wagler was on his trip he wrote a letter to the staff at the publishing house explaining that the paragraph had been marked out and that he was just as much or more concerned about it as anyone else. He ended the letter by saying, "I've heard so much about that letter that I hope when I get back home, I won't hear anything about it."

That wish was not realized, yet it appears that the incident will pass on and be forgotten like many other unfortunate incidents that have happened in the past.

When asked what he learned from the incident, Dave said, "To be more careful what I write from now on, and I hope I'll never write anything like that again. Or if I do, to use a scissors next time. But seriously speaking, I hope I will be a little slower to criticise when someone has said or done something I don't agree with. It often happens that we have lots of evidence that something appears to be true, and still it isn't." ■■

Send us 25¢ and we will gladly mail the April FAMILY LIFE and 12 page BOOK CATALOG to any address.

TOP of the Stairs

If you had stopped in to see us after supper last night you would have found Anne transplanting her flower plants, Emma washing the beef jars we filled this week, and Elizabeth and Betty washing windows. Later in the evening there was cleaning and ironing to do and various other household tasks that go with the last of the week.

Not all our evenings are spent working. Since our other meals are followed by downstairs working hours, supper is the only meal we can linger at the table and we often take advantage of the opportunity. What if the dishes dry out and a lot of other work is waiting, we enjoy our visits anyway.

Last week one morning the girls were aroused from their sleep by Sarah, who woke up and remembering the comet visible at this time of the morning, had gone to the window to scan the starry skies. Yes, there it was, plain and clear. Soon three more sleepy girls joined her at the window and declared the sight worth getting up for. Betty was on her trip to Virginia at the time and so far she has not been able to gather enough ambition at 3:30 in the morning to get up to see the comet.

Lydia Brubacher, who was with us several months last winter, has returned to her home at Mount Forest, Ontario. One of her recent letters told of the enjoyable hours she is spending in the maple sugar shanty. Her letter probably would have made our mouths water for maple syrup, had we not been feasting right then on the syrup Noah Gascho's gave us a few days earlier.

-Betty Miller

Day In and Day Out

Greetings to all our friends. Here in the offices "downstairs", I have been noticing that we girls seem to be catching that grand old disease, Spring Fever, just the same as the farmers and mothers at home. The symptoms seem to be more singing than usual (and did you ever try to type and sing at the same time? It doesn't go so good...), finding all kinds of excuses to run out to the mailbox with just one more letter (really because we want to see how nice it is outside), just plain restlessness. Our desk work gets a little monotonous, and we catch ourselves thinking about where the peas should go in the garden, instead of where the "P"s should go in the address card file. That blue sky and the spring outdoors seem to come right on in through the Pathway walls before long, though. With it comes that good feeling that "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world."

When the morning sun starts shining in through the window behind Elizabeth Miller's desk, we know it's time to look for George Randall. His dusty blue car will come down the road, make a sharp left, and stop in front of Pathway with a honk or two. Mr. Randall is our mailman. We appreciate his friendly ways. Here in Canada, the mailboxes don't have flags like they do in the states. Instead, the boxes are put up on the post so that they swivel around. When a box is facing the road, the mailman knows there is mail to pick up. When the box is empty, it is turned parallel to the road. Often we have more mail to go out at Pathway than will fit into the box. Those mornings, a little blue wagon is parked alongside the mailbox, and the mail put in there, instead. One of us girls tries to be on hand to go out and hand the packages to Mr. Randall through the car window. On nice mornings, it ends up almost a race for us to see which one can get out there first at mailtime, not so much to help George, as to get first peak at the mail he has for us! Elizabeth usually wins, but then she ends up with most of the work connected with the daily mail.

Unfortunately, the comet visible in the sky wasn't the only reason for people waking up in the middle of the night last week. A rock, thrown through the print room windows (shattering two thicknesses of strong glass) and the rowdy laughter of the boy and girl in the car it came from, can wake a person up pretty quickly. The glass was soon replaced— hopefully for a long time.

-Anne Bowser

Catholic, and rule over this great Protestant nation. In Christ's name, Americans awaken— stand guard —it shall not be so— 'They shall not pass'."

In the above quotation we have an excellent example of religious propaganda, of extremist reasoning, of hate literature. There is name-calling— the Catholic church is called an oligarchy, a political machine, and the Pope a man-god. There is a play on the reader's emotions, as the martyring of fifty million souls is described. There is a cry for action, to awaken, to stand guard. There is obvious exaggeration in the figure of fifty million martyrdoms.

Furthermore, no mention is made of the thousands of martyrdoms that Protestants have carried out on minority groups or the people killed by the Ku Klux Klan. (Remember that the Anabaptists suffered some of their severest persecution at the hands of Protestants.)

The reader is left with the impression that all Protestants are faithful, Bible - believing Christians, and all Catholics are heathens from the Dark Ages, thirsting for the blood of Protestants. This is hardly the truth.

The International Jew

Down through history the Jews have often been a persecuted people. A climax was reached in our own time when Adolf Hitler and his Nazi government killed six million Jews.

Much of this hatred for the Jews has been spread by people who fear them. The Jews, they think, are conspiring to take over the world. This unfounded fear, strangely enough, has at times taken root among our Amish people.

Some years ago one of the strongest anti-Jew influences was The Defender magazine, published by Gerald Winrod of Wichita, Kansas. The Defender was received in many Amish homes, and its monthly message of hatred and fear of the Jewish conspiracy left an influence.

The masthead of The Defender magazine carried this notice, "The Defender Magazine is a patriotic and prophetic voice whose unique mission is to inform its readers ahead of the times." At one time it had a circulation of 100,000.

I know of one elderly Amish bishop who was so taken up with The Defender and its policy, that he even submitted some material for publication. Whether this material was accepted by editor Winrod, I do not know. The lines written by this Amish grandfather show how fully he had accepted the position of the magazine. I would like to quote from the carbon copy of his manuscript, to which I have had access.

"Most of us have been under the impression that the Federal Land Banks are financed by the Federal Government; however, it is claimed that private capital finances these banks; hence we see again that mostly these same rich, international, apostate Brain Truster Jews are the ones who are holding the mortgages on a very large part of agricultural America. Are they getting ready to gain possession of the country, the government and the gold of America? Most assuredly they are! The eyes of the people of America should be opened!

"America is handing over its blood-bought liberty and inherited freedom of speech, freedom of the press, its right to live and enjoy life and liberty, its right to worship God as conscience dictates, rights guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States, along with the Constitution itself, to the most vicious crown of human beings that ever sought domination of nations, with the most diabolical plans that the age-old adversary of man ever concocted.

..."Having lost out first in Germany and Italy, then in Spain and now in Russia, the Jews are, no doubt, more than ever determined to wreck the government of the United States of America, and to form a government of their own here. These Jews will not tolerate any religion whatever, their hatred and intolerance will be directed at Christianity, especially. A just and merciful God can save America! An awakened America will pray to this end."

The editor of The Defender, Gerald Winrod, was three times during the Second World War indicted for sedition by the American government. He was openly sympathetic to the Nazis, probably because they, like he, were opposed to the Jews. Winrod was very critical of the Roosevelt government, and even tried to prove that Franklin Roosevelt had Jewish ancestry.

The Amish writer quoted above was also very critical of Roosevelt and his New Deal program. In March of 1940 he observed:

"...by taking the full name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and selecting the numerals out of the name, that is, the Roman letters that have a numerical value, and adding them together I found the sum to be 656. This number has no significance and his name is only the name of an individual. However, when the people of this formerly great and free country put an X (10) before his name on the ballot... he is no longer simply an individual. This X (10) added to his name 656 makes it 666. Is it merely a coincidence, or has it some significance?"

Five years after the above was written, Roosevelt died. Now, thirty years later, he is only a name in the history books. No one today considers him to be the beast of Revelation 13:11, nor a Jew.

The Revised Standard Version

When the Revised Standard Version of the Bible was first published in 1952, there was at once a great outcry against it. The RSV was labeled a modernist Bible, a Communist Bible, the National Council Bible, false Bible, unholy Bible.

Was the Revised Version necessary? Is it an improvement over the King James? In answering such questions as these, there should be room for differences of opinion. As Christians we should at least be able to calmly discuss the pro's and con's of each translation. This privilege the critics of the RSV have not always granted. In their zeal to condemn the RSV and its sponser, (the National Council of Churches,) they have sometimes buried fairness and honesty. The tactics used are the same tactics other groups use in attacking the Jews, the Catholics, the Negroes, or foreigners. These tactics have deceived many people.

Let me give one example. The critics charge that the RSV denies the deity of Christ, and makes him appear to be just a man. One piece of supposed evidence of this is the claim that Christ is called "a" son of God, instead of "the" Son of God of the King James version. One accuser (Gerald Winrod, by the way) says, "As might be expected the false Bible changes "the" to "a" throughout the New Testament." However, he cites only one verse, Matt. 27: 54.

The facts are these: The expression of "the Son of God" is used in the New Testament original Greek 14 times, and the RSV so translates it 14 times. In nine cases where the original says "a" son of God, the RSV changes it to "the" Son of God because the Greek syntax requires it. In no case is an original "the" changed to an "a". In two cases (Matt. 27:54 and Mark 15:39) the KJV "the" is dropped because the original Greek does not have it.

One of the strongest opponents of the RSV has been Carl McIntire. He is the head of The American Council of Christian Churches, a rival organization of the National Council of Churches. McIntire has received favorable mention in the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget.

In his booklet, "The New Bible", Carl McIntire criticizes the use of "you" instead of "thou" in the RSV translation of Matthew 16:16. Jesus had asked his disciples the question, "Who do you say that I am?" McIntire says, "The answer is, 'You are the Christ'. So He is just a man."

Unless the reader has a RSV Bible and checks the translation himself, he may never know that Peter's full answer is, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God." Does this sound as if Peter thought Jesus was just a man?

Some of the above information I have gleaned from a booklet, "The Revised Standard Version, An Examination and Evaluation." It is a study made in 1953 by three Mennonite scholars, and was first printed in The Gospel Herald. The authors point out both the good and bad points of the RSV.

One objection to the RSV is that it is copyrighted. However, no one mentions that the King James version is similarly copyrighted in Great Britain, and that the reason for this is to preserve the purity of the text and not for any money-making purposes.

It may be true that the translators of the RSV are modernists. It may be true that the National Council of Churches is a liberal group. But do these truths grant those of us who are neither liberal nor modernists the right to behave in an unholy and unchristian manner, to make unjust charges, to misrepresent the facts?

To be really fair about translations, we should suppose that the RSV and the KJV were reversed, that the RSV was the translation of 300 years and the King James the new version. Who do you suppose would find fault with the KJV?

Please understand. We are not saying we prefer the Revised Version to the King James. (We use the Luther German Bible first of all.) We are not saying it is wrong to critically examine new translations, or to prefer the old to the new. Not at all.

We are crying out against the unfair childish acceptance of one thing as wholly good and the rejection of another as wholly bad, when there really isn't much difference. We are warning against the prejudice of the man who shouted, "I would sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses than have a share in that Revision."

The man who said these words was not just a nobody, he was a professor in a university. He lived three hundred years ago and was talking about the King James version.

King Solomon had a ring of chariot cities where he kept 12,000 horsemen and 1,400 chariots. (I Kings 10:26) Assyrian records show that King Ahab had two thousand chariots, more than any other king at that time. But the upkeep of such an army taxed the country so heavily that it contributed to its downfall. By New Testament times chariots were rarely seen anywhere in the Holy Land.

The Minutemen and Others

In the January 15, 1970 issue of "The Mennonite Weekly Review", Melvin Gingerich writes about a new book called The Minutemen. The Minutemen? Who are they? They are described on the jacket of the book, as follows.

"Right now in this country there is a far-right, anti-communist organization forming itself into a dangerous underground army. In groups scattered throughout the country, the Minutemen are building up large stores of weapons, including high-powered rifles with telescopic sights and illegal machine guns, and are training themselves secretly in the techniques of assassination and guerrilla warfare. Believing that America is already virtually controlled by a communist conspiracy and that many of our highest government officials are communists, the Minutemen are preparing for the day in the near future when they will start shooting and lead a patriotic rebellion' against the United States government."

Mr. Gingerich in his weekly book review column comments, "It is almost unbelievable how the minds of suspicious men work, but in this book one can find many illustrations of what fear will lead people to believe. It will lead them to assert and very likely to believe sincerely that the last five presidents have been guilty of conspiring with the Communists to pave the way for the destruction of our freedoms and to turn our government over to the Communist powers. The things they say sound so ridiculous and so fantastic that one wonders whether there are any sane men among them..."

To most of us, the threat of the Minutemen is almost as frightening as Communism. Yet there are many who from fear of Communists, play right into the hands of such extreme groups as the Minutemen.

Really though, the Minutemen don't represent anything new. Distrust of the United States government is at least several generations old. I have several copies of Bible News Flashes, printed just after the last World War.

In one issue the editor hinted strongly that the American government had been taken over by the Reds. He wrote bitterly:

"For 16 long and weary years the New Dealers have asked us to vote for them. I never did and I never will... They practically sabotaged our traditional American liberty by turning the country over to the Russian-born or Moscow-trained labor racketeers. They have made the American people the guinea pigs for their communistic experiments for 15 years and now they have the gall to ask us to tighten our belts.

"I say to them—Do the American public a favor once—Tighten a rope around your necks. Thus you'll make your greatest contribution to peace, progress, prosperity, and only thus can your crowd perpetuate American liberty."

I have another strange little paper called The American Commentator—The Voice of the U. S. A. This paper is even bolder in its attack upon the government. In a 1950 issue the over-sized headlines say, "IMPEACH HARRY S. TRUMAN". There follows a long article listing the counts on which Truman was guilty of disloyalty to his country, and of selling out to the Communists. The Commentator promoted some rather unusual ideas, and I am very thankful the editor didn't succeed in taking over President Truman's duties.

There is an article, "How the Communists Plan to Take U.S.A." explaining in detail the step-by-step program. Had the prediction not been twenty years old, I would have been alarmed when I read it.

"At night or during a day when Congress is in session, when the President and vice-president are in Washington, one bomb will pulverize them to kingdom come. The Communists from within will take over from then on.... No invasion is planned. They don't have to invade America, they have already invaded in every city, big and small."

The remedy, however, is more frightening than the diagnosis. The Commentator recommends, among other things, that "unless we strike first, the days of our civilization, the days of most of us, are numbered. Only an act of God or act on our part of sure foresight could prevent our disappearing and a great part of our world.... Since this will happen, sooner or later, then let us strike first. Do it now or get ready to die tomorrow. The F.B.I. who are supposed to know the Communists, which we doubt, should put everyone behind bars. Store food and ammunition for the civil war which will follow the bombing. Build up the National defense. Air forces bigger than combined air forces of the world... America is a Christain nation."

With a line like that, the editor of the American Commentator could well be a little nervous, and state, "For a very good reason, we are not announcing our whereabouts from week to week. You understand. You should. We are preparing to fight against a very treacherous and underhanded enemy."

But the part that frightens me about the American Commentator is not its terrible predictions or its even more terrible solutions. What frightens me is that this paper came into Amish homes and evidently found sympathy there.

To Strike First

The American Commentator and Bible News Flashes, as far as I know, have passed from the scene. Though their fires have died down, others have lighted a torch from the ashes. The Minutemen, for example, are holding the banner as high as it has ever been held.

There are more. Billy James Hargis of Tulsa, Oklahoma is spreading his opinions in quite a few places. He is heard over more than 900 radio stations, has a column in more than 200 papers, and publishes a magazine which is read by half a million people. Among the half million are many Mennonites and some Amish, who are attracted to Hargis because a few of his views are in some repects similar to their own. Since 1948 Hargis has been the leader of what is commonly known as the Christian Crusade.

Hargis has in part revived the 100% Americanism movement. He says the Constitution is "a sacred God-given" document, that "the American system is as intimately based on the Bible as the Ten Commandments are", that "America is and always has been a Christian nation", in fact, "the greatest Christian nation in history of the world."

In spite of this, Hargis is very critical of the American government and even of the American people. He says, "The people of the United States have ceased to be their own rulers— and the government now ruling them is heavily pro-communist." Also, "American people do not know God, they do not know Christ", and "80% of this nation never go to church, never read the Bible."

From these quotations we see that Hargis is not very consistent in his outlook. But worse than inconsistency are such statements as, "Americans are Christians whether they know it or not," and "There is no such thing as a pacifist Christian." Such views we cannot accept.

A second Protestant leader who has some influence among our people is Carl McIntire, whom I have mentioned earlier. McIntire is anything but nonresistant. He has advocated a "preventive war", and has criticized the National Council of Churches (his mortal enemy) because "it has not endeavored to persuade the young people of this country that they should defend their country, and that they should beware of the spurious teachings of the pacifists."

McIntire is the leader of the American Council of Churches which in 1948 declared, "For us to have the atomic bomb and, in the name of false morality born of a perverted sense of self-respect and pacifist propaganda, to await the hour when Russia has her atomic bombs to precipitate an atomic war, is the height of insanity." In 1951 the same group passed a resolution saying that America has "a moral responsibility... to strike first."

What about it? Shall we allow men like Billy James Hargis and Carl McIntire to teach us through their writings? Or will we realize, as we should, that their way is one way and our way is another?

The Outlook and the Uplook

It takes a pretty good optimist to see much sunshine for tomorrow. The weather signs aren't good. The forecast is thunder and lightning.

The future is threatening. Being human, we are frightened. What can we do? Whom can we blame for the mess the world is in?

The Ku Klux Klan thought it was the strangers in their midst—the immigrants, the darkies, the non-Protestants. Twelve men of Montana blamed the German Mennonites and their preacher, John Franz. A lady in Indiana thought it was the Catholics, who were scheming to get their man into the White House. An Amish bishop was just as sure the culprit was the Christian-hating international Jew, and that Franklin Roosevelt was the Anti-Christ.

Three hundred years ago a professor thought the trouble might be the King James translation of the Bible. In 1946 an editor suggested the New Deal Democrats should hang themselves with a rope. Another one recommended that Harry S. Truman be impeached. Carl McIntire advocated, "Strike Russia first!" A minister in a plain coat pointed his finger at Martin Luther King. Even now the Minutemen are planning to free the United States from its "Communist" rulers.

What is truth? Down through the years Pilate's question continues to be asked. And it continues to be answered.

What is truth? He who seeks it must not make the mistake so many have made. He who will find truth must look up, not out. He must realize that man is sinful by nature, and that the only remedy for sin is salvation through Jesus Christ. He must choose love before hate, forgiveness before revenge, "fiery coals" before fiery words.

The seeker of truth must learn this lesson: "In a storm the pilgrim fares best who is guided by a compass and not by weathervanes." ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

A STAND WAS TAKEN

Peter S. Hartman

PART 2

SOME HARDSHIPS OF WAR

How we had to shift during the war! The scarcity of manufactured articles was a great inconvenience to everybody. A great many things we could not get at all, such as coffee and sugar. As far as wearing apparel was concerned, we could make out tolerably well. Everything that I wore was homemade. The want of salt was the worst thing that we had to do with. At a certain place in West Virginia where large boilers were used before the war, salt collected in a hard crust in the bottom of these boilers. When the crust became about the thickness of brick, they quarried it out and used the hard pieces of salt to metal the road. During the war these salt blocks were dug up and sent here for the people to use. We had to buy that dirty salt. It was difficult work to clean and pulverize it. It was a work for all the family.

At another time I remember some salt came to Harrisonburg, and word was sent out through the country that they would apportion salt to the families just as they did to the soldiers. My father sent me to Harrisonburg to get our portion and they asked me how many there were in our family. I told them but that did not do. I had to sign an affidavit that there were no more and no less than what I said. They gave me our portion of salt. But it was scarcely enough. The stock did not get any salt at all. Other materials were scarce. The bells from the churches in Harrisonburg were all taken down to make cannon. But when they had the cannon they lacked the powder, and it was a great job to get material from which to make powder. They had men appointed all over the country to go out and hunt for houses that did not have any cellars. They would take the ground out underneath, put it into a hopper, boil it down, and get saltpeter to make powder.

In the spring of 1862, General Banks, a Northern general, came to Harrisonburg with a large army and camped there for two weeks. They must have been about the most orderly army in the war. They did not molest anyone. They paid for the few things that they wanted. They would come out to our house, sit down and talk, and get us to sing. We got our families together to sing for them.

In the early spring of '63 General Hunter made a raid through here. He did not have any opposition. There were no Southern armies in the valley at that time. Before he arrived, a soldier came to our house and said that I would have to hitch up a team and take a load of shoes for the soldiers to Staunton. I was only a boy, and my father could not go so the soldier said he would have to take the team. When the team was ready, I said I believed I would go along and take care of the team. It was on a Saturday afternoon. When I got up to Mt. Crawford, it became dark and I was alone. I felt rather lonesome that night. I had a four-horse team to take care of. I will never forget the singing of the whipporwills in the pine grove nearby.

The next Sunday morning I drove to Staunton. When I got up there, there were two or three other neighbors' teams just unloaded. The quartermaster told us where to drive to feed our horses and then told us to come back. Brother John Good, one of the drivers of the other teams, came to me and asked me if I was going back there to report. I said, "Just you wait, and I'll show you what I'm going to do." So I hitched up and drove a good ways around and got onto the Valley Pike and I came down the Valley Pike ten miles in a sweeping trot. Night came on and we had to stop. The next morning, Monday, I hitched up and came down the pike. When we got to the Pike Church, the road was just full from fence to fence of cattle, horses, wagons, soldiers, etc. I just turned off the pike and came home around by Dayton.

THE BATTLE OF HARRISONBURG

In June of the same year General Fremont came here with 45,000 men. About twelve of the men came and went into our smokehouse. Each one hung a piece of bacon on his bayonet and marched across our meadow. I never saw a more jubilant group of fellows than they were. A good many came out to our house. They were in high spirits. "We have got Jackson now. We have him in the jug and all we have to do is to put the stopper in." They had a battle just above Harrisonburg on Saturday night. It was in the evening at sundown, I saw the Northern army traveling up over the hill. After they got up the hill, it was not long until "pop,pop,pop," and they kept that up for about a half hour. I could hear the bullets whistle right by our place. I could hear the wounded men scream. I heard cannon roar over on the side toward Harrisonburg. The Northern army was defeated at that time.

Sunday morning they opened a battle at Cross Keys. We did not go to church that day. I don't know whether there was any church or not, but over and over again we came up on the hill. We could not hear, but we could see the smoke flying from the cannon. Jackson kept Fremont's army at bay all day long. In the meantime, while this battle was going on, Shields with 15,000 men came up Page Valley on the other side of the river and planted his cannon there in front of the bridge. He came up the river and was going to head off Jackson and Fremont behind him and Shields in front of him. They had some very heavy rains at that time. Jackson put on a Northern officer's uniform and swam his horse across the river and went down to where Shields had planted his cannon right in front of the bridge. With great authority he asked, "Whoever ordered cannon put in this low ground? Take them out and put them on the hill!" They pulled them up and he rode back across the bridge and rushed his army across, and then burned the bridge and stopped Fremont. Jackson and Shields had a dreadful battle, but Jackson finally drove Shields back. This battle was at Port Republic.

When the battle was at New Market, it was a hard one. Two of my friends who were in that battle told me about it. One of them was a schoolmate of mine and I did not know until about two weeks ago that he was in that battle. It was on Sunday, raining all day, and they fought all day. This schoolmate of mine said that the Southern army drove the Northern army back in the afternoon about two o'clock so that the Southern army was on the ground where the Northern army stood the first part of the day. In the evening it was still raining, and the Southern army raised white flags, signifying that the Northern people could come over and get their wounded men and take care of them. But the Northern army did not stop fighting. They thought their enemies were getting weak. They did not come after their wounded men and there they lay all night in the rain.

The Southern people took their wounded into buildings and barns as far as they could. One of my friends who saw it, said he went into one barn and there were three rows of men side by side on the barn floor. Doctors were there taking off arms and limbs and they had quite a stack of them. On Monday morning it was clear. A soldier came to our place and said I was to hitch up a team and take a load of straw to Harrisonburg to put some wounded men on. I could not do it by myself. When Father came we loaded a load of straw and I took it to Harrisonburg. They told me where to unload it. I unloaded it in back of the high-school building on South Main Street. They had that for a hospital. I never want to see another sight like that; men coming in, torn to pieces. Men came running for straw to lay wounded men on.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL SHERIDAN

Now we come to General Sheridan's never-to-be-forgotten raid. We just began to realize what war was when Sheridan made his raid. They came here Sunday noon. We did not sleep any the night before because of the great commotion due to the coming of the Northern army. All the dogs in the neighborhood barked all that night. There was no preaching anywhere that Sunday; so I went over to visit one of our neighbors right at Weavers Church. From there we could see Sheridan's army coming up the pike and spreading all over the country, and I concluded I had better go home. When I got home the whole farm was overrun with soldiers shooting the stock. We had thirty fat hogs, and they were all killed, we thought, by the time I got home. They shot the chickens and about thirty or forty sheep. They killed all that in one evening.

The work of destruction went on. Two weeks later, when the army was gone, my father was at the hogpen and he heard something under the pen. He looked under it and there was a hog living yet. He got it out from there and went into the cornfield and gathered up enough corn to fatten that hog. That was all the meat we had that winter. Everything was taken— horses, hogs, sheep— except some chickens and four milk cows.

General Sheridan sent word out all over the country that if anyone wanted to leave the country and go north he would send teams out after them. Well, I had dodged the draft for almost a year. They did not think about me being old enough. I could not pay my fine, for I had not been a member of the church before the war began. I told Father I thought I had better go because if the Southern soldiers came again they would force me into the army. I saw some of the other boys— there were six I knew very well—and we concluded we would go together. It was about the twenty-fifth of September, 1864, that we started from home. We went to Harrisonburg and they put us under arrest. They sent a guard with us to General Sheridan.

When we got to his camp, he was sitting in there and he said to the guards, "Who do you have there?" He was the most savage-looking man I think I ever saw. "Six men who came into the line to go north." He did get on a little smile. "Bring them in here." He gave us seats and we sat down right around Sheridan. He asked us some questions. While he was questioning us another guard came with two more men. Sheridan said, "Who've you got there?" "Two men that we took out in the woods bushwhacking our soldiers." He said, "Take them down and put chains on them from head to foot and show them no favors whatever."

While Sheridan and his colonels were writing our passes, he said, "If any of our men have taken any of your horses and you can find them, you go and get them and take them along north." "Well," I said, "I know where there are two of ours." We started. He had already given us passes. "If you get your horse, you must come back here and get a pass for the horse." I came out home for a saddle, but at this time they had drawn a line of battle on these hills as far as I could see. They were looking for an attack from the west.

As I came out from town to go home, this army was up here in battle line as far as I could see both ways right out over these hills; and just as I was down here at the village, they concluded that battle was not coming on that soon and they stacked their arms up here and were allowed to go down to their tents to get supper and blankets to stay up there all night. But when they disbanded, they all broke into a run to get to their tents; and if it had not been war, it would have been a most glorious sight— those men, thousands of them, all dressed alike, running down these hills.

When I came back to the camp I heard a terrible commotion, and I got across to the refugees going north and we stayed there all night. We six boys lay under wagons, in one of which was a wounded man. That wounded man made such awful groans all night that we did not sleep any. Toward day they got an ambulance and wanted me to take hold of him to help him onto it. Just about the time I was going to take hold of him I felt that I was giving way. John S. Coffman took my place.

OFF FOR THE NORTH

The next morning, Monday, we started at Harrisonburg to go north. We had a long train— 1,600 wagons in our train— sixteen miles long. We started down the pike and we traveled until about ten o'clock at night. When we stopped we were very thirsty. It was raining a little and we did not know where to get any water. Some others found water in a pond about a quarter of a mile away and so I went there to get water, and we got water and made out with it. The next morning we saw two dead mules in that pond. We went on down the pike. At other times, when it was not raining, quite a number of our own people who were in the crowd would get together in the evening and sing. We did not do like the Jews when they were in a strange land. They hung their harps on the willows, but we sang. It certainly did attract the attention of the soldiers and they would come and ask us if we were going to sing that night. They would enjoy it very much. We went farther and one afternoon the guns began cracking on the west of us not far away, some bullets going through our covered wagons. I remember they brought in one man shot through the head, the bullet going in back of the ear and coming out his mouth. They made me help administer first aid.

We went on to Martinsburg, arriving there about midnight on Saturday. We had to make arrangements there to go on farther. The United States government teams that had hauled our people that far unloaded them and then they could go wherever they wanted to go. That is where I first saw a railroad engine and cars. I was the only one going to Hagerstown with a horse. Some of the other people hired a hack to go. Then the hack driver said to me, "You had better keep with me; when you get down to the Potomac you don't know the ford." When we got halfway between Martinsburg and the river— it is about thirteen miles to the river—all at once two Northern officers came around and happened to notice my horse. One of them shouted to me to stop and then said, "Get off that horse." I said, "I have a right to this horse." In the meantime I wanted to show them my pass. One was awful cross and mean, but the other seemed to have a little better disposition. I got my pass and showed it to them. They kept me there a long time, and the hack had gone on. I never was under such suspense. Finally, they let me go. One of the officers declared that the same hand that wrote Hartman wrote horse. This decided the matter and they let me go. I took my pass and rode as hard as my horse could go for six miles. Just as the hack was going down into the river I overtook them. We went on to Hagerstown. It was about dark Saturday night when we arrived there. We could not find anybody; so we went to the inn. I had little money to spend on this trip. I knew that Confederate money could not be used in the North; so I had earned seven dollars in silver, part of it at the rate of fifty cents a day, and the remainder at husking corn at three cents a shock. But Sheridan's men, in searching our home from the cellar to the garret, found and appropriated this silver. For the trip north I had only one dollar, plus a gift of two dollars and fifty cents from my grandmother. I had only one dollar left at Hagerstown. This was spent for food.

General Grant sent Sheridan up the Shenandoah Valley with his forces to lay it waste. He burned most of the barns in the valley; only three or four Mennonite barns escaped. He reported that he had burned 2,000 barns and 70 mills, and that he had 400 wagonloads of refugees.

The next morning we hunted up some of our Mennonites. There was one man living there who had worked for us for a year or two. I went to his house and he took my horse and hunted a place for me to work. I hired with that man and worked for him for one month. He was no Mennonite. As far as working for the man was concerned, I could please him well and I liked him, but he was a persecutor of the Mennonite Church because they would not go into the war. One day he said, "The Mennonites will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and I said, "If you call going to war and killing your fellow men a gnat, I certainly would hate to see your camel." While here I had a bad spell of homesickness; I was sent to work in the woods. I hired to Pete Eshleman and stayed with him for a couple months. I was in school a part of the time.

I went by train to Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in February, 1865. It was very snowy. I don't know how often all of us that were able-bodied were called out to shovel snow. The snow was eight feet deep at some places. Finally we got to Shiremanstown and they took us to Bishop George Rupp's. Snow was falling at the time. The next day was so snowy all were glad to stay at home. Nobody was stirring. There were five or six people there. On Monday morning we were in the sitting room by the stove and I said to the boys, "We must get out of here. We can't all stay here." Brother Rupp heard what I said. He came over there and said, "I want to tell you something, boys. Just make yourselves at home here as long as necessary. I have two granaries full of wheat and two cribs of corn, and as long as I have anything you shall have." That touched me.

Toward evening Preacher Sam Zimmerman heard that we were there and came and took John S. Coffman up to the house. The next day Henry Rupp came and took C. H. Brunk to his house. Bishop Rupp's son lived across the road and he wanted me to stay; so I stayed there. He had a great deal of feeding to do. Brother Rupp came over there often. I had not heard from home except indirectly. This was in February and I had left home about the twenty-fifth of September. Brother Rupp said, "If you get any letters from home, let me know." "All right, I will." I got a letter by merest chance. There was a man by the name of Gray from Harrisonburg who knew I was down there and he got through to Baltimore and mailed a letter there for me. It was a letter from my sister. I took it over and read it to Brother Rupp. I think he was as much affected as I was. They told how hard they had it that winter. Three successive days he came over there and wanted me to read that letter over to him.

One Saturday evening I went to a country store and that next week there was to be a draft of Northern men. One of the farmers who was in the draft offered me $1,000 if I would take his place whether I should be drafted or not. I replied that I wouldn't do that for all he was worth, for I left my home to escape that very thing.

In that month of February, seventy-two beggars came to Brother Rupp's door and not one of them was turned away. I often think of Brother Rupp and his wife just like a father and a mother.

VIEWING THE BODY OF LINCOLN

I later hired to Henry Zimmerman who lived near Harrisburg, in full view of the State House. One day he said, "Don't harness my horses. I'm not going to the field. I'm going to town to see what is the matter. The flag on State House is half-mast and heavily draped." He came home at ten or eleven o'clock crying and said, "President Lincoln is killed." The next day they brought the body of Lincoln to Harrisburg on their way to Springfield, Illinois, for view. The next day when Zimmerman came out, he said, "We are all going to town." They had placed the corpse in the State House, right in the middle, and had built steps up there. We marched through the State House that day, 45,000 of us, to view Lincoln's body. I never will forget that time. Every five minutes they fired a cannon. In the evening when they were going to take him to the train, J. S. Coffman and I stood and watched the procession marching down Main Street. They had six horses on the hearse. I did not know you could make horses walk so slowly.

THE END OF THE WAR

The war closed, as far as Virginia was concerned, April 9, 1865. When the way was opened for us to come home, I said to my boss, "I hired to you for the summer, but I would like to go home." He started crying right away, and said, "I hate to give you up, but I cannot hold you." We set a day when we were going to start. I was sorry to leave them, but coming home was coming home. The first day, as we left Hagerstown, the stage was crowded and some of us had to sit on top. It was raining and we got wet. Within a mile or two of Harrisonburg I got off the stage and walked home. When I got home, my mother saw me coming across the meadow and she came to meet me. That was the first time I ever saw anybody cry for joy.

There were 600,000 people killed; a similar number were wounded. The South was drenched with blood and tears, buildings were burned, railroads were destroyed, roads were ruined; and we are now where we are through the blessings of God. All this time the church stood for nonresistance. ■■

Ich Bin Ken Koward

Es war Sonntag Morgen und in Winter. Der John Miller und ſeiner Familie waren am melken. „Darf ich nun gehen?“ fragte der Sammy als er ſtuppt melken und ſiehet ſeiner Vater an. Der Larry Troyer hat ihn geheißen kommen noch der Gemeine.

Der Vater hat ſeine Milch ausgelechrt und bückt ſich und pickt ſeine einbeinig milch Stuhl ab von Boden. „Ich habe dir geſagt es du kannſt gehen wann du bei zeit Heim kommſt.“

„Darf ich auch gehen?“ fragte der Andy. Er war hinten an der Sammy geſitz an ſeiner Kuh melken.

„Nein,“ ſagt der Sammy geſchwind. Er dreht ſich und guckt zurück gegen der Andy. Der Sammy ſeiner Eimer kommt wider the kuh ihren Bein. Sie tanzte rum und der Eimer geht ſhep und lechrt Milch in der Gutter.

„Ho, gib acht was du am du biſt!“ ſagte der Vater als er der Eimer fangt.

„Ach, ich habe es nicht geſehen,“ antwortete der Sammy ſanftmüthiglich. „Komm, Bess! Schön Bess!“ Der Sammy ſtreicht ſie ſo es ſie ſtille iſt. „Der Larry will nur großer Buben dort haben,“ ſagte er weiter zu der Andy.

„Huh! Ich bin bald ſo groß es du! Ich kann ſo hart ſchaffen,“ ſchnifft der Andy.

„Kinder, ſind ſtille,“ vermahnte der Vater. „Heute iſt Sonntag. Wir wollen uns bereit machen fur in der Gottesdienſt zu gehen.“ Der Milch macht „ting! ting!“ in ſeiner leehren eimer.

Die Buben waren ſtille ein weile. Der Andy ſein Herz war weh weil er nicht mit gehen kann. Der Sammy war am denken von der Spaß es er haben will bei der Larry und was ſie thun wollen.

Die Mutter kommt mit ihrem eimer. ‚Shoo, Shoo!“ greiſt ſie als ſie die Katzen weg wiſcht mit ihrem Hand. Sie ſchleichen an der Siener ſo oft als ſie konnen. „Komm, ich gebe euch Schaum.“ Sie wollte der Schaum in ihren ſchißle leehren aber die hungrigen Katzen ſpringen bald in der Eimer und dann in der Siener, und über ihrem Schatz nuf. „Nunter mit euch,“ ſagt ſie. Bis ſie furdig war hat ſie Schaum auf ihren Schuh gehabt, Schaum über die Katzen, und Schaum auf der Boden. Sie ſetz der Siener wieder auf die Kann und leerte ihren Milch hinein. Sie war fürdig melken.

„Ich wünſche der Sammy wär nicht am fahrt gehen noch der Gemeine,“ ſagte ſie zu ihrem Mann. „Die Buben ſehen einandern oft genug in der Schule.“ Wo der Sammy daß höret war ſeine muth gefallen.

„Ich wünſch ich hätte ihn nicht verſprochen. Ich glaub auch es iſt nicht gut daß ſie einandern ſo oft ſehen.“ ſagt der Vater von das eck von der Kuhſtall.

Die Mutter thut ihren Milchſtuhle auf der groß Balken an der ſeide von der Stall. „Wann du geheſt, Sammy,“ ſagt ſie, „dann ſollſt du deine ſchul Hoſen an thun und nicht dein gute Salt und Peppers.“

„Ja, Maem,“ antwortet der Knabe, frohen daß er gehen darf.

„Und vergiß du nicht früh Heim kommen!“ vermahnte der Vater.

„Ja, Dat, ich will.“ Er dommelt ſich ſein morgen Arbeit zu thun.

„Ich kann's ſchnellſt ſpringen,“ ſagt der Moſe am lachen. Er fangt an zu ſpringen. Aber der Larry Troyer, und ſeine andere zwei Freunde der Wayne und der Sammy, waren bald ſo geſchwind. Der Larry langt naus und fangt der Moſe bei ſeinem Wamus und ziegt ihm zurück.

„Whoa, dort!“ ruft der Larry gegen der Moſe. Die vier Buben lachen als ſie die Jeff Troyer lane hinein ſpringen.

Wo ſie ans Haus gekommen ſind und an ihren Ueberſchuhe auf thun waren fragt der Wayne, „Was ſollen wir am erſten thun?“

„Uns wärmen,“ ſagt der Sammy. „Ich bin kalt.“

„Und auch chocolate Milch trinken und Küchlein eſſen,“ ſagt der Larry. „Der Maem hat geſagt wir können das thun. Und eins kann Popcorn poppen. Sie und der Vater kommen nicht Heim bis chore zeit.“

„Ich kann Popkorn poppen,“ ſagt der Sammy. Er war noch ein wenig verdroſſen daß der Yoſt nicht mit gehen hat darfen.

Die vier Buben ſtehen nahe herum an der Florence Ofen und zittern. Das Haus war nicht warm. Der Larry macht der Ofen auf, lehrt Koalen hinein und ſchittelte der Krate. Es war nicht lang bis des Feuer gut am brennen war.

Der Sammy popped Popkorn und ſie trinken chocolate Milch. Wo die Buben in die ſtuppe gekommen waren hat der Larry ſein Karrem Board heraus kriegt und bereit gemacht zu ſpielen. Der Popkorn Schiſſel war neben darbei.

Wo ſie am ſpielen waren ſagt der Larry, „Ich habe etwas von ein Secret. Ich ſag euchs wann ihr niemand ſagen.“

„Wir ſagen niemand,“ ſagen die andere.

„Verſprechen ihr?“

„Ja, ich thue,“ ſpricht der Wayne. Die andere zwei knucken ihren Kopfe und thun auch verſprechen, denn ſie waren alle ſehr g'wunderig was der Larry hat zu ſagen.

„Thuſt du auch verſprechen?“ fragt er wieder der Sammy.

„Ich habe es einmal verſprochen. Ich ſage niemands,“ ſagte er mehr kräftiglglich. Der Larry weiſt das der John Miller mehr ſtreng iſt denn ſeiner Vater. Da ziegt er ein pak Cigarets aus ſeiner Sack.

Die drei Buben ihren mäuler gehen auf. „Wo kriegſt du es?“ fragt der Wayne und der Moſe bald an der gleich zeit.

„Wo es noch mehr hat,“ lachte der Larry. Der Pak war aufgeriſſen und nicht voll. Er zieht eins raus. „Krieg ein Match dort auf der Bureau!“ ſagt er zu der Buben.

Der Moſe ſpringt und holet eine. Der Larry thut ein Cigaret in ſein Maul und zündet's an. Er bloſet Smoke aus ſein Maul dann langt er ſie zu der Moſe, „Nehmet alle ein puff.“

Der Moſe und der Wayne nehmen ein puff. Er langt ſie zu der Sammy. „Ich will keins,“ ſagt er als er ſich weg dreht. „Mein Vater . . .“

„Was wegen deiner Vater?“ fragt der Larry ſpötterlich.

„Ich will keins! Ich gleich's net.“

„Dein Vater wird es nicht aus finden,“ ſagt der Wayne.

„Du haſt Angſt,“ ſagte der Larry, als er der Sammy bedrohte mit der Cigaret, und hebte es gegen ihm.

„Nein„ nein, ich, ich . . .“ Der Sammy probiert ſich weg ziehen von der Larry. Er wunſchte ſeiner Vater hattet ihn nicht kommen laſſen, oder der Andy oder der Yoſt Gingerich wären darbei.

„Sammy, du biſt ein Koward!“ ſagt der Moſie. „Siehet, ich hab net angſt.“ Er nimmt die Cigaret wieder und pufft und bloſt der Smoke als wäre er ein groſzer Mann.

„Wann du kein Koward biſt dann nimm eins. Deine Vater findt es nicht aus,“ ſpricht der Larry als er der Pak ſchittelte gegen der arme Sammy.

„Jch fürchte mich nicht,“ verleugnete der Sammy, „aber meine Vater hat geſagt es macht Kancer, Herz Trubble und, und . . .“

„Und waß?“ argert der Larry als er tritt gegen der Sammy.

„. . . und koſt viel Gelt.“ Er meint die Worten wollen nicht raus kommen.

„Ho! Ho! Horet daß! Ho! Ho!“ ſchriet der Larry und laſſet ſich zurück fallen auf der Couch als wann er ohnmächtig werde. Die Cigaretten leeren heraus auf der Boden. Eins rollt unter der Couch.

Die andere zwei lachen. Der Sammy fühlt ſchlecht innerlich. Er wollt nicht ſeiner Vater betrüben, denn der Vater hatte ſeine Buben öfters vermahnt ſie ſollen nicht ſo viel als ein Cigarette in der Maul ſtecken. „Vielleicht . . . vielleicht . . .,“ der Sammy ſeine Gedanken ſpringen herum, „vielleicht wird ſeiner Vater es nicht aus finden.“ Er wunderte . . .

„Komm on. Wir wollen kein Koward bei uns haben,“ ſagt der Wayne.

„Wann du kein Koward biſt dann nimm eins.“ Der Larry hebt wieder der Pak gegen der Sammy. Der Sammy wollte nicht ein Koward geheißen werden.

Er nimmt eins. „Jch bin kein Koward. Jch fürchte mich nicht der ganzen Pak nehmen,“ ſchwetz der Sammy groß. Er gab vor er fürchtete ſich nicht aber innerlich war er bald an zittern. Seiner fröhlichkeit war geflohen.

„Jſt daß wahr? Js daß wahr?“ fragt der Moſie, in ein zankiſcher weg.

„Jch ſag nicht die unwahret,“ halt der Sammy an.

„Jch beweis dich. Wann daß ſo iſt dann nimmſt du der Pak und bringſt ſie mit in der Schul am Morgan.“ Der größer Bube lahnte über der Sammy. Es dünkt ihn der Larry wäre bald bereit für auf ihn zu ſpringen wie eine wild Katz.

„Jch fürchte mich nicht. Jch nehm's“ ſagt der Sammy. Er probiert hart nicht es weißen daß es ihm ſehr bang war. Er wünſchte der Pak Cigarettes wäre in der See.

„Wir ſehen mol ob du ein Koward biſt nun,“ ſagt der Larry als er der Pak zu der Sammy langt. Der Sammy thut es in ſeiner Sack.

Der Heim-weg ziemt ſehr weit zu der Sammy. Seine Füß vielen ſchwer und er ward mied. Er wünſchte er kannte die Cigarettes verlieren neben an dem Wege. Er hat der Tag bei der Larry nicht fröhlich zugebracht. Da es vier uhr war ſchwätzte er fur heimzugehen. „So früh?“ fragt der Larry als ſie am Balle ſpielen waren in der Scheuer.

„Der Vater hat geſagt ich ſoll früh Heim kommen. Jch will helfen der Chores thun.“ Es hat der Sammy gedünkt er thut gerne helfen choren wann er nur daheim wäre. Und doch . . . und doch, was wird ſeiner Vater ſagen wann er ausfinden wird was er in ſeiner Sack hat. Er ſchwitz wo er daran gedenkt hat.

Der John und die Maud Miller verwundert ſich wo ſie der Sammy ſehen ſo früh kommen. Wo er die Thür hinein gegangen war fragt der Vater, „Waß bringt dich ſo früh Heim?“

Er wünſchte er konnte ſein Vater alles ſagen. Aber ich will kein Koward ſein, denkt er. „Du haſt geſagt ich ſoll früh kommen,“ antwortete er ſeinen Vater.

Der Andy ſitz auf der Holsbox hinten der Ofen wo es warm war, an Popkorn eſſen. „Jch denk du haſt Popkorn geſchmeckt,“ ſagt er.

„Nein,“ antwortete der Sammy, „wir haben auch Popkorn gehabt.“

Der Sammy ſetzte ſich neben der Andy. Er thut ſeine Hände in ſeine Sack. Ja, dort war der Pak. Auch fürwaß hat er es nicht verloren können auf der Weg? Er ſitz neben der Andy in ſtillem. Dies war nicht wie der Sammy für nichts viel ſagen von der Tag. Er vielt ſchwer ins Herz.

Der Andy langt der Sammy der popkorn Schiſſel aber der Sammy nehmt keins.

„Fürwaß ſagſt du nicht was ihr getan habt heut?“

„Karrem geſpielt,“ antwortet er.

„Der ganzen zeit Karrem geſpielt!“ wunderte der jüngere Bruder.

Der Sammy wünſchte der Andy wäre ſtille. „Jch will andere Kleider anthun,“ ſagte er, als er aufſteht und ging auf der Speicher. Der Andy verwunderte ſich. Fürwaß ging der Sammy andere Kleider anziehen ob die Maem ihn heißt das thun?

Wo der Sammy allein war ſuchte er in die Stuppe herum für ein verborgnen Platz die Cigaretes zu verſteckeln. Er thut ſie unter der Kiſſe. „Auch der Andy möcht es rum ſchieben und es finden.“ Dann thut er ſie unter der Dreſſer. „Der Amos mochte ſich bücken und's finden.“ Hinten aus Fenſtertuch mocht es auch gefunden werden.

Er höret tritten auf der Treppen. Er thut der Pak geſchwind zurück in ſeiner Sack. „Haſt du noch nicht andere Kleider angezogen?“ fragt der Amos als er in die Stuppe kommt. „Wir wollen an der Scheuer gehen die aben Arbeit thun.“

Der Sammy thut ſeine andere Kleider anziehen. Dann ging er in die Scheuer. Er wartete nicht bis der Andy kommt aber ging auf der heu Stalle und thut heu nunter ſchmeißen. Dann thut er auch Stroh und Hafen nunter machen. Später ruft der Vater von der Gäulſtall, „Buben, geht und machet daß Fudder nunter.“

„Jch hab daß gethan,“ antwortete der Sammy als er Fudder zu der Hommelen gibt. Der Vater verwundert ſich über ſein Sohn. Was iſt über der Sammy kommen, wunderte er. Er höret der Sammy auch nicht ſchwetzen zu der Hommelen wie er gewöhnlich thut. Er höret ihn nicht ſpielen mit der Kätzlein es an ſeine füße rum ſpringen in der Fuddergang. Nicht höret er der Sammy und Andy am ſchwetzen oder am ſingen.

Der Sammy fühlt nicht für ſchwetzen noch für ſingen. Seine gedanken waren auf der Speicher in die Sacke von ſeiner ſchulhoſen. Und ſeine gedanken waren auf der Larry, und die andere Buben. Die Buben ſind mean. Sie haben mich verſchimpft und ausübt. Auch, wäre ich doch nicht gegangen. Vielleicht wann er ſein Vater es ſagen thut . . . . Nein, er darf nicht das thun. Hätte er nicht der Larry verſchprochen daß er nichts ſagt? Er iſt kein Koward. Er will ſie weißen das er kein Koward iſt. Wann er das weißt dann werden ſie viel denken von ihm.

Aber dies ſtillt der Sammy ſein gewiſſen nicht. Wann er ſein Vater ſeine ſtimme höret in der Schener dann renet es ihm ſehr daß er in der Larry ſeine Heimat gegangen war. Ich habe doch keine ſpaß gehabt.

An der Abendeſſen-Tiſch hat der Sammy kein hunger gehabt und hat nicht geſchwetz. Der ganz Abend war er ſtille.

Es war bettzeit. Der Vater nehmet ſeine Bibel auf ſeine chooz und leſet wo er ſo öfters thut, „Ihr Kinder, ſeid horſam euren Eltern . . .“

Die Thränen kommen in der Sammy ſeine Augen. Er thut ſie geſchwind abwiſchen mit ſeiner Hand.

Wo ſie daß Gebet gethan habt ging der Sammy auf der Speicher. Der Amos folgt nach. Wo ſie in ihren Stuppe waren fragt der Amos, „Sammy, was iſt letz? Fühlſt du net gut?“ Der freundlich Amos, denkt der Sammy. Er wünſchte er kaunte gehorſam ſein wie der Amos.

Der Sammy ſchüttelte ſeinen Kopf, denn es dünkt ihn er kaunte bald nimme ſchwetzen. Seine Augen fillete mit Thränen. Er fing an ſeine Kleider auf ziegen.

„Es iſt aber etwas letz,“ ſagte der Amos wieder.

Der Sammy dreht ſich herum. Seine Augen laufen über. Er will nicht haben daß ſein Bruder daß ſichet. Der Sammy höret ihn die Treppen unter gehen. Dann machte der Sammy ſich bereit für die Nacht und krattelt ins Bett. Er ziegt die Decke über ſein Kopf und fing an zu weinen.

Er höret nicht ſeinen Vater und der Amos auf der Speicher kommen. Der Vater ziegt der Decke ab, „Sammy, was iſt letz?“ fragt er in ſeiner gutmeiniger weg.

Der Sammy höret nicht auf zu heulen. „Der Larry — der Larry war wüſt,“ ſchnipſelt er.

Der Vater ſitz auf das Bette. „Da, höre auf heulen und ſage mir was er gethan hat.“ gebotet er.

„Ich — ich darf nicht’s ſagen.“

„Fürwaß darfſt du es nicht ſagen?“

„Ich bin ein Koward wann ich es ſage.“ Er halte an zu ſchnipſen.

„Sagen die Buben du biſt ein Koward wann du es ſagſt?“

„Ja, und wann ich nicht thun wie ſie mir geboten haben.“

Der Vater nehmt holt am der Sammy ſeinen Arm. „Da ſitz auf und ſage mir alles. Halte nichts zurück.“

Der Sammy ſitz auf und reibt ſeine Thränen an ſeine Armel. Dann langt er zu ſeine ſchul-Hoſen. Sie hängen an der bett Poſten. Er nimmt die pak Cigarettes raus und langts zu ſeinen Vater. „Wei, Sammy, wo haſt du daß grikt?“ fragt er, erſtaunt. Der Sammy fing an wieder zu heulen.

Der Amos und Andy ſtehen nahe an zuſehen. „Das iſt von der Larry ſeine böſe Sachen, andem,“ bemerkt der Amos. Er hat groß mitleides mit ſeiner Bruder.

„Fürwaß haſt du daß?“ fragt der Vater als er der Pak nehmt.

Der Sammy ſagt ihm wie es angegangen war. „Ich muß es mit in der Schule nehmen, oder ſie heißen mich ein Koward.“

„Du biſt ein rechter Koward wann du es mit nehmſt,“ ſagt der Vater.

„Fürwaß, Vater, fürwaß?“ Er ſichet ſeiner Vater an. „Der Larry hat geſagt . . .“

„Es macht nicht aus waß der Larry ſagt. Er iſt letz, Sammy.“ Der Vater ſchwetz ernſtlich. „Wann du kein Koward biſt wirſt du dich nicht fürchten zu thun was recht iſt. Wir ſollen am erſten Gott dienen und nicht der Menſchen. Die was recht thun ſind keine Kowards. Verſtehſt du daß?“

Der Sammy genuckt ſeine Kopfe. „Willſt du dieſer mit in der Schul nehmen?“ fragt der Vater weiter als er der Pak Cigarettes gegen der Sammy hebt. Der Knabe thut ſeiner Kopfe ſchittelten.

„Ginge ins Bette dann. Ich will aucht geben auf dieſe.“

Der Sammy bleibt nahe bei der Amos in der Schule. Er weiß daß der Amos, der Andy, und der Yoſt ihn beiſtehen werden. Doch fürchte er ſich ſehr von der Wayne, Moſie und der Larry, waß ſie ihn thun mochten.

Am Morgan war es im frieden zugegangen. Sie werden ausüben am mich am Receß, wann ich die Cigarettes nicht gib, denkt der Sammy. Aber das Receß war glei vorüber. Es ward ihm bange für die Mittagſtunde ſehen kommen. Aber er hielt ſich nahe bei der Amos. Der Larry und ſein Komraden gingen ihren Weg, und ſagen nichts.

Am letzten Receß wo er am Waſſer trinken war ſieht er der Larry gegen ihn kommen. Der Amos war in der Kellar. „Nun bin ich gefangen,“ denkt der Sammy.

„Willſt du Balle ſpielen mit uns?“ fragt der Larry. Der Sammy thut ſie nicht vertrauen.

„Ich habe mein Geography zu ſtudieren,“ und der Sammy ſpringt in der ſchul Stube. Er war froh daß er nicht mit ſie Heim laufen muß. Aber fürwaß hat der Larry nicht gefragt für ſeine Cigarettes? Der Sammy kann es nicht verſtehen.

Er fühlt leichter wo er Heim gelaufen hat als wo er in die Schule gegangen war am Morgen. Wo er Heim kommt ſiehet er der Jeff Troyer aus ihren Lane fahren. Der Sammy erſchrak. „Was will er?“ denkt er.

Am Abend wo ſie in der Kühſtalle waren fragt die Mutter ihrem Mann, „Was hat der Jeff Troyer wollen?“

„Geſterabend wo ſie heimgekommen ſind,“ antwortete der Vater, „hat ſeine Frau aus gekeert und findt ein Cigarette. Der Jeff hat der Larry gemacht ſagen was er gethan hat. Ich denk er hat ein Meeting gehabt mit ihn ins holshaus.“

Der Sammy machte als er hörte es nicht.

—S.M.W.

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LEARNING THE HARD WAY

by David Luthy

Part I: No Ordinary Horse

A red truck entered the lane to the Melvin Miller farm. It pulled up next to the granary. The door on the driver's side swung open and a heavy-set man emerged. His small-billed cap was worn on a slant like it didn't quite fit.

"Hello, anybody around?" the husky voice of the truck driver called out. "Hello," he called out a second time.

"Okay, just a minute," a voice answered from deep within the barn. A moment later Melvin Miller appeared at the barn door, resting his folded arms on the lower section of the door. "What can I do for you?"

The trucker pushed his already slanting cap even further to one side. "Got a couple of driving horses in my truck; thought you might be interested. Heard you got a teenage boy."

"Yep," nodded Melvin. "Eli is sixteen, and we are looking for a good driver for him. Let's see what you've got." His arms unfolded automatically and gave the lower section of the barn door a shove.

Three of the young Miller children had by now gathered around the truck. Ten-year-old Bennie was hanging to the side of the truck, trying to get a glimpse of the horses.

"Come down from there, Bennie," called his father. "And run and get Eli."

"Where's he working?"

"In the field west of the hog shed. He's making fence."

"Okay." Bennie started to run toward the hog shed. Mr. Miller called after him, "Tell him to bring his tools along home. It will be milking time before we get finished with these horses."

Now if it had been a feed truck to help unload instead of a truckful of horses, it would have taken Eli ten minutes to gather up his tools and come home. But being that Bennie had said HORSES, Eli made it home in record time.

The horses meanwhile had been unloaded and were tied to the board fence which ran along the east side of the barnyard. "This here's a five-year-old mare," the trucker was saying. "She's as gentle as they come. Was raced on the track a year, but ain't got speed."

"Sure is a nice looking horse," commented Mr. Miller. He ran his hand over her flank and down her leg. The mare stood patiently.

Eli wasn't paying much attention to what the trucker said about the mare. He had his eyes elsewhere — on the two other horses. "How old is this one?" he asked. He tapped the tall black horse opposite the mare.

"He's five, too," said the trucker.

"He's a nice looking horse," said Eli, "but so's that next one. He really has a pretty head on him and holds it so straight."

"Yes, he's a pretty one," laughed the trucker. "Maybe even a little proud." The trucker walked up to the horse and rested his arm on the horse's back. "How old would you guess him to be?"

"He's not as young as the other two," ventured Mr. Miller. He opened the horse's mouth and studied his teeth. "Oh, I'd guess him somewhere around eight."

"Well, you missed the mark by six years," laughed the trucker.

"You mean he's only two?" gasped Eli.

"Two nothing, son," answered the trucker. "This horse ain't seen his second birthday for a dozen years already."

"Fourteen?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Yep, fourteen."

"Why, he's got legs on him like a young horse," exclaimed Mr. Miller.

"And he has used them legs to make a lot of money," commented the trucker. "He was on the race track ever since he was three; just came off last fall because he turned fourteen and there's a rule that they can't race a horse after fourteen."

Eli walked up beside the tall black fourteen-year-old. He placed his hand on the horse's nose and the horse gently nudged it. "He acts real gentle," said Eli. "He doesn't seem nervous and jumpy like some horses just off the track."

"Nope, he doesn't," agreed the trucker. "He's no ordinary horse. Seems he's one of a kind. And he even has an unusual name."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Manners."

"Manners?" questioned Eli.

"Yep, Wintonia Manners. He was raised on the Wintonia Farms in Ohio."

"Looks like he has a good name for his disposition," smiled Mr. Miller. "But I wonder how he runs."

"Real nice trotter," said the trucker. "Tell you what; keep him two weeks and see if you like him. Buy him on condition. If he ain't what I've said he is I'll give you your money back."

"How much are you asking?" wondered Mr. Miller.

The trucker rubbed his hand along Manners's neck. "If this fellow were five, I'd ask $300 for him, but he's not five and I'm not asking a high price for him — $160."

"I don't know," said Mr. Miller. "A fourteen-year-old horse is pretty old no matter what the price."

"Yah, but this ain't no ordinary horse," stated the trucker. "He's got more speed at fourteen than most do at six."

Mr. Miller was silent. He walked around the horse and studied it. He thought to himself, "It's true what the man says, he looks in excellent condition. This horse may have lots of years left and the price is low. Maybe it would do

Eli for a few years and then the women could use him for a good family driver."

The momentary silence was broken when Mr. Miller spoke to his son. "Vas dankst du, Eli?"

Eli nodded his head. "Ich glich ihn."

"Okay, we'll take him," said Mr. Miller to the trucker.

"Good. And remember if he ain't what I said he is, you'll get your money back."

"Run in the house, Bennie, and ask Mom for the check book," said Mr. Miller.

Bennie sailed along the concrete walk and slammed the porch door. In a few seconds he had returned with the check book and another Miller family member trailing him. It was Mrs. Miller and she was wiping her hands on her apron.

"Oh, what a nice looking one," she said as Eli led Manners up toward her. "What a pretty small head and ears. He looks so alert."

Mr. Miller handed the check to the trucker. Manners had a new home.

Part II: Wait A Minute, Son

Two weeks passed and the trucker stopped in at the Miller farm to see how they were liking their new horse. "No complaints," smiled Mr. Miller. "Manners has lived up to his name; he's very mannerly and gentle but also knows how to travel at a nice speed."

Yes, Manners was a good horse. Not many mornings had passed before the women were asking to use him. He was so easy to handle, didn't shy about traffic, and kept up a steady trot the whole way to town. Neighbors mentioned to Mrs. Miller what a nice horse she was driving.

But before long the situation began to change. It wasn't Manners that changed in anyway, nor the women. It was Eli. He had discovered something about Manners the trucker had failed to mention and something the rest of the family didn't know — "third gear" as Eli called it.

"'Third gear?' What do you mean by that?" Eli's cousin, Noah, asked him one evening when the Millers were at their relatives for a family supper.

"Let's take a buggy ride, and I'll show you," grinned Eli.

His cousin, Noah, stood up and brushed the clinging bits of grass from his pants. "Just a short one. Mom and Dad won't like it if we stay away too long. They'll want us to come in and help sing later on.

"Okay, just a short trip. It won't take long to show you 'third gear'."

When the buggy was turned around and starting out the lane, Eli said, "You know a car has three gears, first, second, and third gear. Well, this horse has got them, too. First gear is walking like he's doing now out the lane. And second gear is trotting." Eli clicked to Manners and the horse began to trot. He trotted out the lane and onto the gravel road. When the boys were a half mile from the farm Eli continued, "And third gear is this." He gripped the lines tight in his right hand and held them tense and called to his horse.

Just like a car smoothly shifting gears, so did Manners change his gait.

"Pacing!" exclaimed Noah. "Say, this horse does have a third gear."

"Eleven years on the race track," said Eli. "Some time I'll come pick you up and we'll time him and see how fast he can go on that mile stretch west of Abner Mast's woods. I don't want to race him too much around here or the neighbors will tell my folks."

Eli slowed Manners down to a trot and turned him around and headed back to his cousin's home. As they pulled up to the hitching post, Lucy, Noah's sister, ran to meet them.

"Hey, you two are supposed to come in and help sing," she said. "Dad said so."

"Okay," answered Noah. "We'll be right in."

Later that evening when the songs were finished and the relatives were leaving for home, Eli said to Noah, "I'll try to come over next Tuesday evening, if I can."

"Good, see you then," whispered Noah. "I'll bring my pocket watch along so we can time him."

The days slipped by. Each time Eli thought of a reason to go somewhere he hitched Manners up. Whenever he thought no one was looking he would switch Manners into "third gear" to keep him in practice for Tuesday evening.

But Eli hadn't really been very careful where he had Manners turn on the speed. For on Monday evening Sollie Yoder stopped in to pick up some seed corn from Mr. Miller and said, "Quite a pacer, that new horse of yours, Melvin."

Melvin looked surprised. "Pacer, what do you mean? Our new horse is a trotter."

"Well, you got a pacer whether you know it or not," said Sollie. "Your boy came tearing by our place the other evening and that horse was pacing for all he was worth."

What Sollie said bothered Melvin. He had a notion to talk with Eli when he came home that evening from Dan Troyer's where he had been helping mow hay. It wasn't half an hour before Manners pulled into the lane. "Don't unhitch," called Melvin from the barn door. "I want to use

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The most unpopular animals in the Bible

The PIG

SWINE WERE RAISED IN PALESTINE ONLY BY THE HEATHEN. JEWS ABHORRED THEM. PORK WAS NEVER EATEN BY THE HEBREWS, FOR IT WAS FORBIDDEN BY THE LEVITICAL LAW. JESUS ONCE ALLOWED SOME DEVILS TO ENTER INTO A HERD OF SWINE (MATT. 8:32) AND, TO THIS DAY, THE PIG IS KNOWN TO BIBLE READERS AS A SYMBOL OF SIN.

The DOG

DOGS WERE COMMON IN PALESTINE, BUT DEFINITELY NOT "MAN'S BEST FRIEND." SEMIWILD DOGS WANDERED OVER FIELDS AND VILLAGES WITH PACKS OF WOLVES AND JACKALS DEVOURING ALL SORTS OF FILTH, THEREFORE THEY WERE SCAVENGERS. TO CALL A PERSON A DOG WAS A GREAT INSULT. GOLIATH ROARED AT DAVID, "AM I A DOG, THAT THOU COMEST TO ME WITH STAVES?"

the horse a few minutes."

Mr. Miller was soon at the buggy and climbing on. Eli was walking toward the house, but his dad called after him, "Wait a minute, son. Come with me. We won't be gone long and you can start chores a little later."

"Wonder where he's going?" thought Eli. "Probably just back to the pasture to pick up the bucket of nails we left there yesterday. But what does he need me for?"

The buggy didn't head for the pasture lane. Instead it went right out onto the road. It wasn't a quarter of a mile before Mr. Miller handed his son the lines. "Okay, you drive, Eli. And let's see him pace."

"Pa — pace," stammered Eli. "You want him to pace?"

"Yep, that's right."

Hesitantly Eli took the lines and gripped them tightly. He didn't look at all eager like he had the evening he had shown his cousin, Noah, "third gear." And Manners must have sensed the difference, for he paced barely fifty feet and switched back to a trot.

"Let me try," said Mr. Miller, taking the lines. He held them tense and called to the horse. Manners perked up and switched his gait immediately. The top buggy shook and swayed. "Whoa, Manners," called Mr. Miller and he eased up on the lines. The horse slowed to a gentle trot.

Eli witnessed it all with no comment. He knew his dad well enough not to try and lie his way out of something. His dad had a way of getting to the bottom of things.

"Have you been racing?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Nope," said Eli. "I never raced him with anybody."

"Well, see that you don't. This fellow's got real speed, enough to tip a buggy over. I'd hate to see him if he were raced with another horse. He'd probably go crazy to outrun him. That's the way some race horses are. They can't stand another horse running alongside them."

All the time his dad was talking, Eli was thinking of his cousin, Noah, and their plans for the following evening. "But Dad just said don't race other horses," thought Eli. "Surely he wouldn't care if we clocked Manners once to see how fast he can go — just once."

"This horse is a good driver," said Mr. Miller.

Eli almost jumped, for his thoughts had been elsewhere.

"The women folks like to drive him and I do, too. Don't go racing him and wearing him out. And," added Mr. Miller, "don't go tearing around the roads and shaking this buggy to pieces."

"I won't, Dad," said Eli. "And I don't. I don't have him go fast very often."

"You've been doing it some. I know that. I heard about it. Any racing is too much. This horse has a good trot; he wasn't born a pacer like some. Pacing to him means racing. He's been trained that way. Sure as you start forcing him to go fast you'll wreck the buggy and hurt yourself and the horse, too. This fellow isn't used to pulling a heavy buggy; he's used to a road cart and an experienced race driver. And even then they have wrecks sometimes. Don't go speeding this horse, or I'm going to say you have to drive old Nell."

Mr. Miller's word was final and Eli knew it. Yet he could not bear giving up timing Manners on the one mile stretch west of Abner's woods. "Just once," Eli kept saying to himself. "I just want to know once how many seconds it takes for him to go a mile." If Eli hadn't already told his cousin about "third gear" and wanting to time the horse, he probably would have followed his dad's advice and not encouraged Manners to pace. But Eli couldn't give up his plans. He had been looking forward to it for almost a week already. "If only Dad had said something before today," thought Eli, "then it wouldn't be so hard to call it off. But Noah is expecting me."

NEW!

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by

Elmo Stoll

This is Pathway's newest book, having been published in December of 1969. It is a story about Amish young people—the people they meet, the temptations they face. It is for ages 10 and up; especially suited for seventh and eighth graders. Hardbound. 232 pages.

PRICE $3.25

Part III: I'm Sorry, Dad

In the time between his ride with his dad on Monday and the next evening, Eli had himself halfway talked into telling Noah that the whole thing was off. But when he drove into the lane Tuesday evening and Noah eagerly climbed onto the buggy with his pocket watch in one hand and a grin on his face, Eli knew he couldn't back out.

It was a three mile drive to the one mile stretch of road that ran west of Abner Mast's woods. The boys had thought of this spot immediately because they knew for sure that it was a mile and was level and also that there was only one farm along it — and they were "English" people who wouldn't know the boys.

"I am going to take the corner on a trot," announced Eli as they neared the turn onto the mile stretch. "As soon as we're around it I'm going to get him pacing. So start watching your watch and I'll call 'Go' when I want you to start timing."

"Okay," said Noah. "I'll start watching right now."

Manners took the corner on a sweeping trot. He was hardly around the corner when he felt the lines tighten and he switched into "third gear."

"Go," called Eli to Noah.

Manners really dug in and paced for all he was worth. Eli coaxed him on. "Come on boy, come on."

The buggy swayed and pitched. Automatically Noah looked up from his pocket watch. "Hey, this thing's going to tip over."

"No, it's not," shouted Eli. "Keep watching your watch. I'll do the driving."

Half a mile was soon covered and Eli kept coaxing the horse on. The buggy swayed even more. And suddenly everything happened so fast that both boys didn't know for sure what was going on. The wheels hit a small rut in the road. The bump gave the buggy enough of a jar to set the wheels into a slide toward the ditch. The horse didn't slow and within seconds the buggy was overturned and the horse torn loose from the shafts and sailing down the rest of the mile stretch as if still determined to outrace the second hand on Noah's watch. But had Manners known it, Noah's watch had been flung into the road and the second hand was standing still.

"Ohhhh," moaned Noah. He rolled away from the overturned buggy. "Ohhhh, my arm." He held his left arm like an injured bird does its wing.

"Eli," called Noah. "Eli, where are you?" Holding his arm, Noah looked around and then under the heap of splintered wood and torn curtain goods which used to be the top of the buggy. "Eli," he repeated. But there was no answer. Then ten feet away in the ditch in the tall grass he spied his cousin lying. "Oh, no," he cried, and ran over to Eli. "Ohhh," he moaned grasping his arm again. In the second when he had seen Eli's form he had forgotten about his arm. The pain shot through him. He knelt beside Eli and heard him breathe. But Eli didn't move.

A chugging noise sounded on the road. "What's that?" wondered Noah. "Maybe it's a car." He got up and climbed the short incline to the road. "Farley's truck," he said as he saw Bert Farley's old pickup coming toward him. He waved his right arm and the truck stopped.

"We've had a wreck," Noah said, his heart beating fast. "And my cousin is there in the ditch and doesn't move."

It was a worried father and mother who waited outside the hospital room. Finally the door opened and a doctor came out.

"Your son has had a concussion, and will need rest for at least two months. He's a lucky boy to be alive."

"Is he awake yet?" asked Mr. Miller.

"He's just coming to," answered the doctor. "You can look at him but don't speak to him. Maybe tomorrow you can talk to him. It will be hard at first for him to remember what happened and where he is."

Two days passed and the Millers waited anxiously for Eli to recover. Finally he became conscious enough to understand where he was and that there had been a serious wreck. His first sensible words were, "Dad, Dad."

"I'm here, son. I'm here beside you. Feel my hand gripping yours," said Mr. Miller, tears in his eyes.

"I'm, I' — I'm sorry, Dad," Eli mumbled.

"Don't think about it now," said Mr. Miller. "We can talk about it later. You rest now."

But Eli didn't want to change the subject. He had a heavy burden on his heart which he had to unload. "I raced, Dad. You told me not to."

"I forgive you, Eli. Mother and I forgive you and so do Uncle Amos and Aunt Martha."

"I won't race again," sighed Eli, as he gripped his dad's hand a little harder. "I learned my lesson."

"I know, son," said Dad. His hand tightened on his son's. "But how I wish you wouldn't have to have learned it the hard way." ■■

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

Good Work, or None

As a rule, a workman must follow his employer's orders; but no employer has a right to demand work unworthy of the workman. A well-known judge living near Cincinnati, once sent to a neighboring village for a carpenter. In answer to the message, a sturdy young fellow, ready for work, appeared at the lawyer's house.

"I want this fence mended, to keep out the cattle," said the judge. "Here are some rough boards; use them. It is out of sight from the house, and you need not make it a neat job. I will pay you only a dollar and a half."

The judge then went to dinner. When he came out again, he found the carpenter carefully planing the boards. Supposing that this was done merely to make the work cost more, the judge ordered the man to nail the boards on just as they were.

Coming back a second time, he saw the boards all planed and numbered and ready for use. "I told you that this fence is to be covered with vines," he said, angrily, to the busy workman. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," replied the carpenter, carefully measuring his work; and the judge, somewhat cooled down by the brief answer, walked away without another word. There was something in the workman's manner that puzzled the dignified lawyer.

When the work was done, there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish as that made by the odd young man from the village. "How much do you charge?" asked the judge, regarding both work and workman with a critical eye.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools, ready to depart.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that time and labor on the fence, if not for money?" he inquired; and the look of wonder in his eyes gave force to the question.

"For the work itself, sir," was the ready reply.

"But, as the fence is to be covered with vines, nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

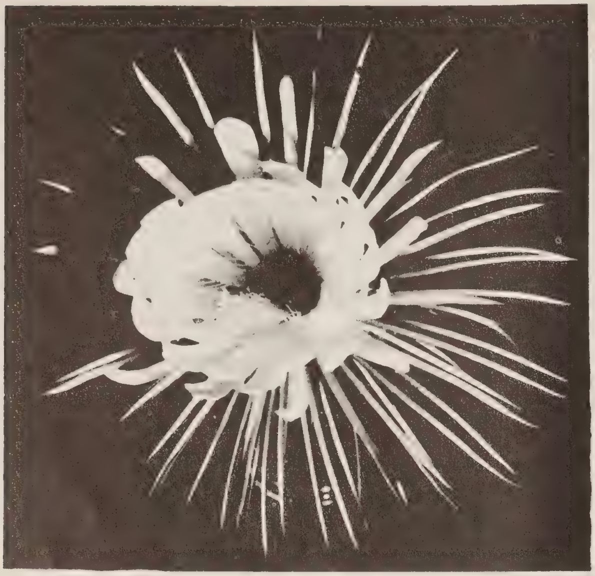
"But I would have known it was there," said the carpenter. "No, I will take only a dollar and a half." The judge was offering more, for the sake of the good, honest work. "That was the bargain." And he took his money and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had to give out the contract for several large public buildings. There were many master-builders among the eager applicants for the work. The face of one of them caught the judge's eye. "That is my man of the fence," said the judge to himself. "I know that we shall have only good honest work from him."

He said the same to the other judges, and told them the story of the broken fence. That builder got the contract. The young carpenter, who, ten years before, had done good work simply for the work's sake, was still the faithful, honest man, thorough in everything that he did; and that is the true measure of a workman, whatever his calling may be.

- Butler's Fourth Reader, 1883

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



The Secret Spring

by Agnes Ranney

In the hot, dry deserts of Arizona grows a cactus named by the Mexicans "reina de la noche" — Queen of the Night — because it blooms only during darkness. It is not a promising-looking plant — just two or three dry, stick-like stems less than an inch thick and about three feet long.

But suddenly, one evening, there appears on one of the stems a large, pure white blossom. Its fragrance fills the desert night, attracting to the cactus the night-flying insects needed to pollinate the flowers. The blossom lasts only until morning; but each night for several nights a new blossom opens.

Many desert plants spring up and bloom quickly after a rain. But the blossoms of the Queen of the Night appear at the end of the long rainless spring, in June or July, when the ground is powder-dry, the desert shimmering with heat. What is the Queen's secret? Where does this mysterious cactus get the moisture to produce its gorgeous blossoms?

The secret lies in the root. If you were to dig up one of these cactus plants you would find the dry stems growing from an enormous tuber that might weigh as much as fifteen pounds. In this storehouse the plant has been hoarding the water absorbed months before when the ground was wet with rain. When the time comes for the Queen of the Night to bloom, it draws on this hidden spring for moisture to produce its flowers.

In regions where water is plentiful, a variety of plants covers the ground with greenness. But it takes a plant with a secret like that of the Queen of the Night to bring forth lovely blooms in the hot, dry desert.

There is a secret people should know, too. It is not hard to be happy and good-natured when everything is going our way. But things don't always go our way. We face temptations and find ourselves doing things we know we should not. We try to improve — and fail. We long for a better, more satisfying life.

It is then that Jesus speaks to us, as He did to the Samaritan woman at the well. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," he told her. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John 4:14)

If we have this precious Water, our lives can be happy and fruitful no matter what our surroundings. Like the Queen of the Night, we shall have our own secret spring of Living Water. ■■

This
Month's
Bible
Story

Bricks Without Straw

Moses and Aaron sent word to all the elders in Israel, asking them to gather at one place. When they had assembled, Aaron spoke, telling about the words of God to Moses. Aaron told how God had promised to lead his people out of Egypt into Canaan — out of the land of slavery into the land of promise. But Aaron did not stop with telling what God had said, he also showed the elders the signs God had given to Moses. When the people saw the signs, they believed that Moses and Aaron were indeed sent of God. They believed that God had heard their groanings and pleas and was about to deliver them from the cruel oppression of the taskmasters. They bowed their heads and worshipped.

Bravely Moses and Aaron set off to talk with Pharaoh. They decided that they would ask for permission to go three days' journey into the wilderness to worship God. When they were ushered into the presence of the great ruler, they said, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.'"

Pharaoh looked down at the two men standing before him. What right did they have to come into his court and tell him what to do? A sneer crossed his haughty face. "Who is the Lord that I should listen to what he says about letting Israel go?" Pharaoh demanded. "I don't even know who this Lord is you are talking about, and I'm not going to let Israel go anywhere!"

But Moses and Aaron repeated their request, "The God of the Hebrews has met with us; let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God."

Then Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, said to them, "Moses and Aaron, why are you trying to take the people away from the work they're supposed to do? Get back to your work!"

There was nothing more for Moses and Aaron to say to the proud king, so they left until God should give them further instructions. Meanwhile Pharaoh had sent for the taskmasters, ordering them to appear before him at once.

"You are not making the children of Israel work hard enough," Pharaoh cried as soon as the taskmasters had

The Best Gifts

-by Enola Chamberlin

As the Wise Men brought Christ Jesus gifts
On camels strong and fleet,
We too can bring our gifts each day
And lay them at His feet.

The gift of love is first, of course,
The next is kindliness.
The gifts of faith and worship come
Along with happiness.

Then when we give a thankful heart,
With joy filled to the brim,
We'll know that no one ever gave
More precious gifts to Him.

come. "They must be idle or they wouldn't have time to be thinking of running out to the desert to sacrifice to their God. You will have to see that they work harder. From now on, demand that they make the same number of bricks as before, but do not bring them any straw with which to make the bricks. If they have to gather their own straw, maybe they won't have time to listen to the worthless talk of Moses and Aaron."

The taskmasters hurried back to their work. They shouted the cruel news to the sweating workmen. "Pharaoh says you will have to get your own straw from now on. No straw will be brought to you, and yet you will have to make just as many bricks in a day as before."

The children of Israel worked harder than ever, but the task was impossible. At the end of the day they were short of the number of bricks they were expected to have. The second day they tried even harder, but it was hopeless. The taskmasters beat them fiercely, demanding, "Why haven't you fulfilled your task of making bricks yesterday and today the way you used to?"

In despair the people turned to Pharaoh. A large group of them decided to ask the king what they had done to deserve such treatment. "The taskmasters order us to make bricks," they explained to Pharaoh, "but they don't give us any straw. Then we get beaten, but it isn't our fault."

Pharaoh waved them away. "You're just idle, just idle," he said. "That is why you say, 'Let us go sacrifice to our God.' Go back and get to work, and no straw will be given to you. Yet you'd better make just as many bricks as before."

Now the Israelites realized what had happened. They were being punished because of what Moses and Aaron had said to Pharaoh. They began to feel bad toward Moses and Aaron. Had Moses and Aaron not promised to deliver them from their hard lot? Instead they had just angered Pharaoh and made things worse.

The people said to Moses and Aaron, "May God look down and see what you have done, and punish you for getting Pharaoh angry. It is your fault that he is now going to work us all to death."

Crushed and disappointed, Moses turned aside to pray. "Lord," he said, "why did you ever send me? For since I came to Pharaoh, he has been only more wicked to this people. You haven't delivered them at all the way you said you would."

God answered and said to Moses, "You will see what I will do to Pharaoh. With a strong hand he will let them go, yes, he will even drive the people out when the time comes." And God spoke with many more words, comforting Moses and assuring him that he would indeed keep his promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He would lead the children of Israel out of Egypt into the land he had promised them.

Moses felt better after God talked with him. He went to tell the Israelites all the good things God had said. But they would not listen to what Moses was saying, so tired were they, and so bruised and beaten from the heartless treatment of the taskmasters.

The voice of God came again to Moses. "Go in, speak unto Pharaoh, king of Egypt," God said, "that he may let the children of Israel go out of his land."

But now Moses felt discouraged again. "Look," he said, "the children of Israel didn't even listen to me, so how can I expect Pharaoh to believe what I say?"

God said, "I am the Lord; just tell Pharaoh, king of Egypt, everything that I say to you."

"But I speak so poorly," Moses objected. "How can I expect Pharaoh to listen to me?"

"See," God said, "I have made you a god to Pharaoh, and your brother Aaron shall be your prophet. Aaron shall tell Pharaoh whatever I tell you. Pharaoh will not let you go for a long time, so that when I do lead my people out, all the Egyptians will know that it was a great miracle and that I, the Lord, am the true God."

Greatly encouraged by these words, Moses and Aaron prepared themselves to go the second time to speak with Pharaoh, the stubborn king of Egypt. - E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. Why did Moses and Aaron gather the elders of Israel together?
2. Did the children of Israel believe Moses and Aaron when they were shown the signs?
3. For how many days' journey did Moses and Aaron ask permission to go into the desert?
4. Did Pharaoh agree to let them go?
5. What did Pharaoh command the taskmasters to do that made life even harder for the Israelites?
6. What happened when the Israelites could not do what the taskmasters told them to?
7. Did it do any good for the Israelites to complain to Pharaoh?
8. After the Israelites talked with Pharaoh, did they still feel kindly toward Moses and Aaron?

ANSWERS: 1. To tell them God had promised to lead them out of Egypt. 2. Yes 3. Three days 4. No 5. Stop bringing straw 6. They were beaten 7. No 8. No, they felt ill will toward Moses and Aaron

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

The Old Farm House

The old farm house of by-gone days,
The old kitchen stove with woodbox that says,
"I want to be filled from day to day."
It was work for us youngsters, I dare say.
The coal oil lamps had to be filled
With oil from a can, and if some was spilled
It gave off an odor that wasn't so nice.
And on chicks we used oil when they got lice.

The old dishbench, it hadn't a drain
So the water would gather as if it had rained;
With dishcloth we'd wipe it until it was dry,
Didn't think about drains in those days gone by.
The good smelling bread that Mother would bake,
The pies and cookies that Mother would make,
We'd all get our share and thus we were paid
Although we had worked from morning till late.
The chaff bags were filled, it seemed to the ceiling.
To jump into bed, O, what a great feeling!
To tumble about and dig in a hole
If you didn't take care, out you would roll.

— E. M. H., Denver, Pa.

* * *

I'm always glad for recipes to fit in with the season. Peach recipes in peach picking time, blackberry recipes in the blackberry season, etc. But when sending them in be sure to mail them early. Otherwise they may have to wait another twelve months until the season arrives again.

Thanks to those who responded to the "Children in Church." Now a mother from Ohio has submitted another question for the readers to answer. Most people enjoy healthy discussions and want to know what other people think of the problem that weighs down on their mind. So write and send in your opinions.

Across the Windowsill is for you homemakers. If you have ideas on how it can be improved, say so. I'm sure you would all enjoy seeing more exchanges of advice, ideas, hints, and opinions. Let me hear from you!!

* * *

Children In Church

After reading the article "Children In Church" I was glad to see that there are others who are concerned,too. I, too, am a mother and have children. We always taught them to be reverent in God's house. Then what about those who run around and encourage ours to do so? Parents let's wake up! I've also wondered about those sitting with mother s during services. No, they aren't sitting. They stand, walk around, or stand on the bench and distract the others' attention. Sometimes they walk out. (How does a mother know what they are doing?) All at once she misses them and goes after them. I'm speaking of 1-2 year-olds. A mother said, "It's impossible to keep them sitting." Is it impossible to have our children obey us? "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Proverbs 29:15. I pity the parents who say, "It is impossible." -A concerned Mother

To the mother who wants a comment on the children in church. I have been thinking the same thing ever since my first child was born. (I now have nine.) It hurts my heart to see how some children act and play rough after church services. To this day and age there are too many people who visit long after church. The children get so bold, they don't have any shame anymore. Sometimes I'm afraid all the good that was said in the forenoon is spoiled by such things that take place after church. Hope and pray things will change.

— Another Mother, Applecreek, O.

Read "Children In Church," March issue. I agree with the mother 100%.

— A Mother, Ohio

The mother of the article "Children In Church" stated her case quite mildly. There is a big difference in church districts as to the conduct of children and young folks. There have been occasions where people refrained from going to church or even giving a place for church because of the disorderly conduct of children and young folks. This certainly cannot be pleasing to the Lord.

— A Concerned Father, Ohio

I heartily agree with the mother, and I do not think she is overly critical, but rather concerned. I think it is very much out of place for parents to leave their children run, or be disrespectful in trying to get any baby they can get after church services are over. I feel it is the fault of the parents as they should warn them and keep their children sitting beside them if they do not behave otherwise. If children are disrespectful when small what will the future church be? Let all things be done decently and in order. I Cor. 14:40.

— A Mother and Grandmother

If all mothers would be so minded in church as this mother is, it just might be quieter. And how pitiful that it is not.

More often than not little 2 and 3 year-olds are having a big time on the benches, climbing and crawling on them and raising such a noise one can't understand what is being said. And the mothers are sitting right there talking and visiting and paying no attention to the noise their little ones are making. One must think what will these little ones be like when they are older. It reminds me of my father as he called it, "ungezogende Kinder."

-G., Wisconsin

I, too, have often wondered how the problem could be solved. What can you say when little girls come and beg to hold a newborn baby? And unless you watch all the time they soon have the blanket off (so the little one can be held better) and the baby gets cold. One of them had our baby and sat right inside the door. Every time the door opened the cold winter air came in right over the few weeks old baby. It was sick by the next day. I didn't know she was sitting there till my attention was called to it. How can you watch them every minute? I remember when I was young the babies we girls always quarreled for were the ones with the bright and slippery dresses on.

— Mrs. F. Y., Ohio

To the mother that the little girls wanted her baby after services. Be thankful your baby isn't retarded for then no little girl would even want your child. Also before you realize it your little ones will be little girls and will want someone else's baby.

-Mrs. C. Y., Ohio

* * *

How many women would be ready to call it quits in serving supper after church? Don't get me wrong, we enjoy company, but after working hard in getting ready for church, I think the afternoon should be kept for resting. There are other days in which you can invite guests.

— A Mother, Ohio

Opinions wanted!

APPLE-RHUBARB CRISP

2 cups finely cut apples	1/4 tsp. nutmeg
2 cups finely cut rhubarb	1/2 cup butter or oleo
2 tbsp. flour	1 cup flour
1 egg (beaten)	1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup white sugar	

Mix apple, rhubarb, egg, white sugar, and nutmeg together. Place in glass baking dish, combine butter, flour, and brown sugar to crumby consistency. Pack over apple-rhubarb mixture.

Bake in 375 degree oven, 30 minutes.

Serve with sweetened milk or whipped cream.

Serves 6

-Mrs. Jesse Z. Byler, Pennsylvania

* * *

Eleven-year-old Esther Miller of Howard, Ohio didn't write if she can make the following cookies or not. Because she sent in the recipe I have a feeling she makes them, too, and they are her favorite.

CHOCOLATE CANDY COOKIES

Put into a large saucepan: I cup milk, 4 cups sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa, and 1/2 pound butter or oleo. Cook until almost a soft ball stage. Remove from heat and add: 1 cup peanut butter, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 6 cups rolled oats (Quick cooking). Drop by spoonfuls on wax paper lined pans. Makes a lot of cookies.

* * *

CARROT CAKE

2 cups sugar
4 eggs
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 cups raw carrots, shredded
1 1/2 cups cooking oil
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together sugar and cooking oil. Add eggs and beat well. Sift flour, soda, baking powder, salt and cinnamon together. Then add to the creamed mixture. Fold in carrots and nuts. Mrs. Sol Miller, Corinth, Ont.

* * *

CREAM CHEESE ICING

1/2 stick butter
8 oz. cream cheese
2 teaspoons soda
1 lb. powdered sugar

Mix together until smooth.

A Ray Of Light

God gives us little children,
They bring our days to life
And fill our hearts with love and song
And not so much with strife.

A little babe is dear and sweet—
A tender bud from heaven.
Since God chose me to be the mother
I pray I will not fail Him.

They are so pure and innocent
So fresh from God above;
They look to us for guidance
And the joy of hope and love.

Just look at a one-year-old
As he toddles all about
With a sweet smile upon his face
To cheer the saddest heart.

Oh, listen to the children sing
Of Jesus and His love!
How it seems to lift our burdens—
A ray of light from above.

So often when the eve has come
And I've tucked my little ones in
I pray to right the wrongs I've done
And my loved ones bring 'fore Him.

-E. B., Pennsylvania

Some Mothers Write

O how true! Many children are offered to the modern Moloch. As soon as the sewing machines came along with those fancy zigzag designs one could see quite a few children wearing clothes where their "fancy" mother had used the zig zag. Teaching the innocent little ones pride because their clothes are prettier than others!

— Mrs. Y., Ohio

* * *

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair

Why wait till
"tomorrow"
to try and
do better
when we
have "today?"
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

Little 'Shut-In

Little shut-in, Jesus cares
That you're lying there,
And He loves you, oh so much—
Hears your every prayer.

Right this very moment He
Feels your pain with you
For He pities you and knows
All you're going through.

Yes, He knows the lonely hours,
Little one, you spend;
And remember, He is there
As your dearest friend.

Little shut-in, nevermore
Fret, and cry, and pine,
For the Saviour's loving arms
Always round you twine.

• • • •

For this month's shut-in page I will tell you about a little invalid— Isaac Fehr, our neighbor's little boy. He is not quite four years old and has never known what it is to romp and play as other little children. You see, Isaac has not been well since he was two weeks old. At that time they took him to the doctor and he thought there was not much wrong with him. Isaac had looked healthy and chubby as any other child in infancy.

When he was one year old he went to the hospital for the first time. Then he stayed for 58 days. Since then he has been in and out at intervals. Scars on his body give evidence of needles, of intravenous feedings. There are also scars showing where the doctors had made cuts to find the veins— on the neck, ankles, heels and on the side of his head.

He has a certain type of kidney trouble. I guess he can be called "a water baby" for he drinks as much as a pitcher full of water during the night. His sickness makes him fond of vinegar or anything sour, but he doesn't care much for candy. The hospital has had other children with this disease but none has become as old as little Isaac.

When the child feels well enough he plays with his little dolls, puts children's jigsaw puzzles together or looks at books. When he isn't well his face is puffed up. Then he just wants to lie in his little bed with his eyes closed. At all times he must be lifted up with care for his little body is tender and easily hurt.

Last November he lay in the hospital unconscious for six days. At that time friends thought his sufferings were near an end, but God had other plans and he was soon at home again.

When he was in the hospital in January his mother called to see how he was getting along. A nurse brought him to the phone. He said "Happy New Year" to his mother.

"How are you getting along?" she asked.

"Fine," he answered.

The nurses enjoy him so much they carry him around, and take him into the cafeteria for lunch. He weighs only twenty pounds so can easily be toted along. At the hospital he can't be in the playroom too much. He can't defend himself against the children that are stronger. As he is a pet in the hospital so is he also a favorite at home, being the youngest in the family. The Fehr house seems quite empty at the time he is away.

Little Isaac speaks English, Platt Deutsch and understands the Pennsylvania Dutch. But when he plays with his little telephone he speaks English. At times he dials a few numbers then he says, "O, it's busy." He dials again. It rings. He holds it to his ear and speaks. "Hello! Isaac Fehr. How are you? Oh, fine. Is this Doctor Jacob?"

Although it is not expected that he will ever walk, he often speaks of the time when he can go like other children. "Then I'll run to school. Run upstairs and run out to see the piggies." At times he says, "When I walk I'll hitch up the horse like Dietrich."

Dietrich is his oldest brother. He and his sister, Tena, have joined the Amish Church. The parents are Old Colony Mennonites who moved to Ontario from Mexico in 1965. The children younger than Dietrich and Tena attend our parochial school.

When little Isaac feels well enough he likes to try and sing the songs that he has learned from the school children. One is the Hebrew version of "Where Is The Weeping Mary?" In the evening when he goes to bed he says his little prayer, "Gott komm, mach mich fromm, dasz ich im Himmel komm. Amen."

One evening he went to bed before the others. All at once he realized that they were praying. He does not have the strength to raise himself up to a sitting position, so he asked to be lifted up. He, too, wanted to say his prayer. His father raised him up to a sitting position. But the child was in a mood to have only his mother lift him. Because she didn't come he became irked. Without thinking he began to pray, "Wir danken Gott für diese Speise. Amen." Then he threw himself back onto the bed and went to sleep.

....

There comes a time for all of us
When we must say good-bye
But faith and hope and love and trust
Can never, never die;

• • • •

I suppose many of you remember the letter Sarah Brubacher had written for the shut-in page. Sarah is about 16 years old and suffers with arthritis. She goes to the Old Order Mennonite Church. Lately I received a letter from her telling that she had received approximately 200 letters from the readers of Family Life after her letter appeared.

She wrote: "When I left the address there I didn't think I'd get so many. But really I cannot thank the people enough for what they did for me. I have answered most of the letters but still have a few to go." ■■

E. EWART
P.N.Sc

MAY–TIME MIRACLES

The trees put forth their treasures hoarded long,
   The drifted hawthorn wreathes its fragrant bowers,
And hope renewed grows jubilant and strong,
For all the land is eloquent with song
   And beautiful with flowers.

So, Lord, in lives long winter-bound and drear,
   In presence of Thy glory cold and dumb,
Bid May-time miracles of growth appear!
And to the waking heart, the listening ear,
   O let Thy kingdom come!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

TRUE Or FALSE

Occupations of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll —

Men and women of many different occupations and professions are mentioned in the Scriptures. Below are twenty questions to see how well you are acquainted with some of the ways people in ancient times earned their living. Answers and scoring scale on page 13.

1. Weaving was unknown in Bible times.
2. The first known person that was born became a farmer.
3. We know the Apostle Paul spent much time preaching the gospel, but the Bible is silent as to what work he did to support himself.
4. Tax collecting was a highly esteemed occupation among the Jews in New Testament times.
5. When some soldiers came to John the Baptist, he told them to fight more bravely, and they would get a pay raise.
6. It was not known how to make or forge iron until several hundred years after the time of Solomon.
7. A runaway slave was the cause that an entire book of the Bible came to be written.
8. Abraham was the first shepherd.
9. Demetrius, the silversmith, was converted by Paul's preaching at Ephesus.
10. Lydia, an important convert to Christianity, was a saleswoman.
11. Servants who carried heavy loads were called porters in Bible times.
12. Luke was a doctor and traveled with Paul on some of his journeys.
13. Jacob was a great hunter, skillful with the bow and arrow.
14. Under Moses' law, all farmers were required to let the land lie idle every seventh year, with no crops being sown or harvested.
15. Spinning is never mentioned in the Scriptures.
16. Jesus told his disciples that he would change their occupations from catching fish to catching men.
17. Merchants of Bible times often sold people as well as other products.
18. The Bible says that any women who practice witchcraft should not be allowed to live.
19. Sheriffs are mentioned in the Bible.
20. Jesus was known to the people of his day as a carpenter.

Return Addresses:
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FAMILY LIFE

JUNE
1970

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Volume 3 Number 6

letters to the editors

A DUCKING TO DAMPEN THE GOSSIPER

I appreciated the article "Watch Out for Psittacosis" in the April issue and it set me to thinking.

It is said that the Puritans of early Massachusetts did not like sharp-tongued or gossipy women. When such common scolds became too talkative for comfort it was the custom in some communities to dampen the enthusiasm for gossip by ducking them in cold water. It usually worked.

After reading your article I resolved to put myself in the person's place I plan to talk about before I say anything. Then if I won't mind that being said about me I'll go ahead and say it. Or if it would help someone else by hearing another's experience, not to mention names unless necessary. But the very next day I caught myself failing twice in fulfilling my resolution and probably other times I didn't think about it.

I wish we, as young folks would take it to heart for too often something is repeated which isn't even true (I guess not just among the young folks).

-Anna R. Martin, Pennsylvania

Our neighbor raises parakeets and recently there was an outbreak of psittacosis in his birds. They had to be quarantined for weeks. Although he lost money, it was an effective way of getting rid of the disease. Would the same method work for the gossipy forms of psittacosis?

-W., Ontario

• • • •

THEY BANG THE RECEIVER

I surely agree with "Two Kinds of Callers" in April issue. Let them pay for the calls they make for they use the phone more than we do. Not only at breakfast time, but ofttimes on a morning when we wanted to sleep a little longer, there goes the doorbell (the doors are locked so they can't walk in like usual). If it's an emergency call we don't mind for we want to do what we can to help people. But so often it's a "Levi call," just for some little thing. If then, they'd use courtesy when somebody happens to be using the phone, instead, they stand there and keep banging the receiver and mumbling into it. We sure don't appreciate that. We do have a few "David" callers and we can't express our appreciation enough for them.

-M., Indiana

• • • •

WILD WITH THE MEASLES

The story "More Than The Hospital Could Do" (April issue) brought back memories of my sister, Ann, when she was 14 months old. I was 8 years old at the time. We all had a turn with the measles. Ann also had them and they were drying off. My parents thought the worst would be over.

Then one Saturday, Ann started getting spells. Her eyes seemed to stand at one spot and she ran toward us like a wild or mad child. When she came toward us we climbed on the tables and chairs so she could not reach us. Mother's face was pinched and bitten and her covering strings were torn off. I still can see Mother trying to calm her down, with tears streaming down her cheeks. I am sure many prayers were said but we were too young to realize how serious it really was. The spells lasted for three days.

The doctor said the measles had gone to her brain and we were to talk to her or show her things to get her mind off of it. A long time afterwards when she got upset she showed a lot of temper. But now she is a well-grown teenager and no effects are left, which we are very thankful for.

-Pennsylvania

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SCHÖENBRUNN REBUILT

The author of the article on the Schöenbrunn Indian village (February issue) failed to mention that the village has been rebuilt and today it looks just like the picture shows. The churchhouse with its wooden hinges and wooden candleholders was there yet about 20 years ago when I visited there. There is also a graveyard fenced off with tombstones laid level with the ground to make it easier to clean the yard. There are wooden slab benches with peg legs.

This may be of interest to readers passing close by to stop in and see the place.

-Mose B. Miller, Sarasota, Florida

• • • •

APPLE TREES BEAR APPLES

Concerning the question of faith and/or works, I would like to share an illustration that has been such a help to me. Let us think of an apple tree. What makes it an apple tree? Because it bears apples? No, it bears apples because it is an apple tree. Plainly if it would bear pears, it could not be an apple tree. Why do we have good works? To become God's children? No, we have good works because we are God's children. Just as surely as an apple tree bears apples so must a true child of God bear good works. Not to become a child of God, but because he is.

-Rebecca Stoltzfus, Quarryville, Pennsylvania

ANSWER-An illustration can bring out a certain point and still not hold true all around. For example, an apple tree is an apple tree whether it bears fruit or not, but this is hardly true of the Christian.

• • • •

SUIT WITH A TRAGIC END

In your article on shunning (April issue) I think you should have finished the article about what happened to the man who brought suit against the Amish church. He took his own life. I think that proves who was right.

-R.B., Michigan

ANSWER-We cannot agree with you that it proves who was right, for only the Bible does that. However, this tragic incident should give occasion for some serious thinking.

• • • •

GOD'S FLOWERS ARE NICER

I agree very much with "Rid Of Knick Knacks" (April issue). I have seen so many houses full of artificial flowers and I don't even think they are pretty. God's flowers

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
....
In U. S. A.— Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

are so much nicer.

My mother made two little bouquets of sweetpeas out of crepe paper. She had them in her glass door cupboard. She got the flu and was very sick. On her deathbed she told Dad to burn the flowers, that it isn't right to have them.

Our Amish homes are full of knick knacks. Some have window shelves full of knick knacks. It's just to catch the eye. We should lay up our treasures in Heaven, not on earth. Are we worshipping idols instead of God? My mother is dead for 40 years and I still feel it's wrong to have such things. Let's think it over. -Shipshewana, Indiana

• • • •

DISCUSSION PAGE FOR F. L.?

Why couldn't we have a discussion page in Family Life same as the "Let's Talk It Over" in the Ambassador?

-A Mother, Indiana

ANSWER- All we would need to give it a try would be more letters like yours.

NOT A CASE FOR PSYCHIATRY

Was it just a happening that the two articles, "Just Der Jeckie" and "It Wasn't Johnny's Fault" were printed in the same issue? Could it be that Jeckie was still struggling with scars from such a background? If such things as were related in the last-named article are actually happening in our Amish and Mennonite communities, then I would like to know, who will have to answer for them?

I believe Mrs. Jeckie was quite right about pity being the wrong medicine even though this was what he seemed to crave. But what she did give him, was it anywhere near strong enough to help him?

I am no authority on depression but I feel rather strongly that the "You're no good" attitude is the voice of the arch-enemy. If it is, then the psychiatrist is not able to handle him.

However there is One who has already overcome him, our High Priest who through death destroyed him who has the power of death, Hebrews 2:14, 17, 18. The fact that we meant enough to Him for Him to die for us is enough to set the deceiver in retreat, if we use this in true faith. Of course, he has another blind for us, that these things are only for those who are good enough. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Christ himself said He was not come for the righteous but to call the sinners to repentance, Matthew 9:13. The devil does not want us to look to Christ. It makes no difference to him whether he achieves this by pride and self-righteousness or by his taunts of "You're no good." These two attitudes are not opposites, but they are very much alike, they both focus our attention on self instead of on Christ.

Isn't it in the needy and broken that He can best show His mercy and compassion, and how He loves to do just this! He wants to set them at liberty to love and serve Him. -A. F., Alberta

• • • •

PENCIL-FAWNEY DEITSCH SCHWETZA

We appreciate your magazine and don't want to be critical but we were wondering if the Sammy stories could not be written in the dialect rather than in the High German? I would prefer the phonetic way of spelling.

I am 72 years old and my grandfather came from Germany. Here in Waterloo county the middle aged and older people around us still use the dialect freely but with the younger generation it is disappearing. However the Old Order or horse-and-buggy Mennonites and the Old Order Amish still cling to it. Of course our modern language is becoming English. We say "built-in cupboards, refrigerators, davenports, binders, mowers, tractors, cars, etc.," and all the accessories we would hardly know what to call them in Pencil-Fawny Deitsch. For instance, would you say "Funka-zoffa" for spark plug?

Dr. Reaman, the former president of the Pa. German Folklore society, used to say if we despise our Pa. German dialect then along with that will go "des hame-gmacht Brode, da Haffa-kase, der Schwart-ah-mage, der Lot-Verk und der Schmier-Kase."

Ya, lievy Freund, es var a Zeit voo mir uns ball gshemt hen fa pencil-fawny deitsch schwetza. Yetz sin feel Leut saga "Ach, ich vut mir kennta ah so schwetza, wir hetta doch mancha mol an lot gshpos."

Fa-leucht bin ich letz vie ga-vaynlich, ava von ich mull my Kup so gsetzt hab, noo brauch mir nee-mond onerschta saga. -Ich bin just der Ben Sauder, Ontario

"Though I do not read German I am glad to see the articles in German included in your magazine. I'm sure the ones who prefer the German appreciate it!

-Milton Cook, California

ANSWER- Thank you for the letter. It shows a very unselfish and broad-minded attitude.

• • • •

WRONG WAY PLOW

We got the Family Life yesterday. I like the picture on the Family Life cover. But you made one mistake. You made the plow share the wrong way. I am nine years old and in second grade. -Elvin W. Zimmerman, Pennsylvania

The Four Seasons

Dan E. Troyer

Do we have time to marvel at the wonders of the spring
When robins, orioles, martins and all the songbirds sing,
When blooms the violets, crocuses, the daffodils by the way?
This is no time for frowning, springs are never here to stay.

Do we take time to appreciate all the miracles of the summer—
Night's song of frogs, crickets, katydids, while other things all slumber;
The golden fields of waving grain danced o'er by gales of wind;
Be thankful, for carnality makes hearts as hard as flint.
(Matt. 6:33)

Do we find time to wonder at the beauty of chilly fall
When fallen leaves and barren vines cling to the garden wall,
When wrens, blue birds, gulls, and geese wing their way back south;
Fall is no time for grudges— or for any word uncouth.

Do we appreciate the time when winter bedecks the farm
When cattle, horses, lambs and pigs are nestled in the barn
When family ties are strengthened while sitting by the hearth
Each season thank God for His gifts— for keeping us from dearth.

Orrville, Ohio

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

GOD IS NOT TO BLAME

Recently a fifteen-year-old girl asked a friend of mine, "How can God be so cruel as to send anyone to hell?"The girl had been discussing her coming future when she would be sixteen,and what kind of companions she should choose. Should it be the group with which all her brothers and sisters had traveled, but which had the reputation of being rather wild? Or should it be a quieter, humbler group?

How can God be so cruel as to send anyone to hell? My dear young friend, God does not send anyone to hell. Let me illustrate.

Suppose you were in deep, deep water with no way out by yourself. A kind friend comes along and offers you the hand of help. "Oh, no," you say, "I want to have some fun first swimming and diving." Again and again the help is offered, but each time you refuse. If in the end, then, you should drown, could you say, "Friend, how can you be so cruel as to let me drown?"

Dear friend, everytime your conscience tells you that this or that is wrong God is offering you the hand of help through his Holy Spirit. Everytime you refuse to listen and do it anyway, you are turning away from help. If, then, in the end you should end up in hell, could you then say,"God,how can you be so cruel as to send me to hell?" Have you not clearly sent yourself there by refusing salvation when it was offered?

-Mrs. Rebecca Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania

THEY TOOK US FOR MILLIONAIRES

We read in the Bible that there were rich people in the times of Abraham, Lot, David, and Job and were still God-fearing. But the Word of God says there is great danger in riches.

What does the New Testament say of wanting to be rich? It says it is like walking the path of darkness. It condemns the rich and those that want to be rich and gives praise to the humble and the poor.

Are we of the humble and poor when we always want to be dressed in fine clothes and want our children and ourselves to get praise from other people?Or when we would like to have something which the church forbids, and is an offence to others, we would rather leave the church and join another which allows it?

We read there was a certain rich man that lived a life of plenty, and always had fine clothes. When he wanted something he got it. We do not read that he was a cursing or rough man. When the poor came to his door he did not invite them to his table but was willing to feed a poor man with the leftovers.

If we look at ourselves, are we not living a life of plenty? If we want something, we get it and if they come to collect for the poor we may send them away and say our church takes care of our poor. If we do give, is it given with a gladness of heart?

In February, 1969 we visited my brother-in-law in Central America. Going through Mexico and seeing how people live in that country made me feel like crying. Poor, poor houses, made of mud and sticks, I just could not see how such people could exist. In Mexico City, it was modern in the center but on the outside edges were very poor slums.

We stopped to visit with some of the natives about their life, and after we told them we were from the U.S. they took us for millionaires. We wondered at the thought. But then to think according to their living conditions and ours, we could clearly see why. Are we not living a rich life?

The Bible tells us it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things (what we have need of) shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33).

-Titus Nolt, East Earl, Pennsylvania

A LOOK AT WHAT IS LEFT

Many times my thoughts go back to that Friday morning in November, 1968. My husband had always been so strong and his shoulders were broad. To our way of thinking he was very much needed in the home, in the church, and the community.

He had not been feeling so well for several weeks, and that morning when he awoke he said,"Something is wrong, I can't talk plain."

We talked with the doctor who advised us to bring him to the hospital where he was admitted as a patient. Although he could eat dinner and supper, his talking got worse as the day wore on. One of the last things he talked about was a patient in the same room who had married a divorced woman, and didn't go to any church.

The doctor told me my husband had a blood clot on the brain and also pneumonia. By that evening he could not talk at all.

The next morning he was worse and soon he went into convulsions. At first I ran out into the hall for I said, "I can't stand to see this."

But then the thought came to me, "Yes, I can stand to be with him if he has to go through this."

The nurses came and gave him two shots but they did not bring relief. Then the doctor came and gave him a shot and he got relief. But the doctor told me this is serious and made arrangements to transfer him to a hospital in Cleveland. The thoughts came to me that my dear husband might not recover. I could hardly wait until we got to Cleveland where they could help him.

The five days he spent in Cleveland were trying times as he underwent two operations on his head. It was plain to see how weak and helpless we human beings can become. He had been so strong and active and now in such a short time was lying unconscious.

Death came in spite of all the efforts of the doctors. At the age of 42 he left his wife a widow and his two children, aged 10 and 6, fatherless. I was relieved when they came to say that his sufferings were now over. But many struggles with myself followed in the days to come.

I remember some days I didn't get much done except crying. I never knew a person could cry so much. But I was greatly comforted by many friends and relatives who sympathized with me when this dear husband and father was laid to rest.

But he left us many pleasant and worthwhile memories. One I remember was on the last Sunday he was with his family at home. On that day he read the story in Family Life, "Look At What Is Left"(Oct. 1968). It told of a brave mother who was able to sing in her sorrow. She admonished her children, "As you go through life you will have to learn that you can't look at the things you have lost. You must look to what you have left and you must be grateful enough to sing."

Since that time I have often wondered whether it ever occurred to my husband as he read those lines, that very soon his wife would need that same strong faith. I like to believe that he did for it gives me courage to go on and do my best to live up to that faith. -Ohio

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

LAKE ERIE IS DYING

Almost all environmental experts agree that the pollution problem in Lake Erie is critical. If the lake is not already dead, it is certainly dying. Some scientists feel the pollution has reached the stage where nothing can be done to bring the lake back to life. Others believe it might yet be possible to save the lake if it were cleaned up immediately. At any rate, scientists agree that no time can afford to be lost in arguing. Even if Lake Erie is beyond hope, there may yet be time to rescue the other Great Lakes.

The reason pollution is so much worse in Lake Erie is due largely to its shallowness. None of the other lakes even come close to being as shallow as Erie. (Lake Huron, next in line, is still more than three times as deep as Lake Erie.) Erie has only an average depth of 210 feet as compared to Lake Superior's depth of 1,333 feet. Not only because of its added depth and size, but also because there are less industries dumping into it, Lake Superior still seems to be in fairly good health. But Lake Michigan shows definite symptoms of sickness. If Lake Michigan ever gets as badly polluted as Lake Erie now is, scientists agree that because of its slower drainage, it will be lost forever. Instead of sparkling blue waters that teem with fish and plant life, the U.S.'s largest lake will be a stagnant cesspool, a giant reservoir of poison and sewage.

FDA UNDER ATTACK

The Federal Food and Drug Administration is a U.S. Government agency which is supposed to protect the consumer. Ralph Nader and his helpers claim the FDA is partial to the food industry.

For two years Nader and 20 student volunteers, most of them specialists in medicine and law, have been doing a study of the FDA. Last month they released their report. It is 293 pages long and called The Chemical Feast. The report accuses the FDA of cooperating with the food industry in cheating consumers and even of endangering their health. Nader claims that the FDA regulations read "like a catalog of favors" to the food industry.

Nader's Raiders are especially outraged at the FDA for such things as allowing the sale of "enriched white bread" when it has been stripped of most nutrients, and for permitting meat packers to replace protein with fat in frankfurters. They also criticized the large amount of food sold at supermarkets which have chemicals added.

As an example of the kind of favors the FDA permits the food industry, the report points out how it gave permission for soft-drink bottlers to omit the listing of caffeine as one of the ingredients added.

Probably not all the charges brought by Nader against the FDA are justified, but a good number of them must be. For just two days after the report was released, the FDA announced plans to restrict thousands of food additives which it had formerly declared safe.

KENNEDY CASE "CLOSED"

When Senator Edward Kennedy drove off the bridge at Martha's Vineyard that dark night last July he created a mystery that has turned out to be hard to solve. Although he managed to escape the flooded car in which his companion drowned, he has never been able to get away from the questions— what was he doing, where was he going, why did it happen, and why did he wait so long to report it to the police?

Several weeks ago the final legal inquest was completed. The grand jury that was appointed to investigate the death of Mary Jo Kepechne gave up in frustration after a few hours of "fruitless probing." They could not get enough evidence to sustain any charges against the youngest son of Massachusetts' most powerful political family. Many of the jurors felt disappointed at not being able to bring an indictment against Kennedy. Although the judge had sworn the jurors to secrecy and warned them that their lips were sealed, "not for a month, not for a year, but forever," one of them has risked a comment, saying, "Most of us felt Kennedy was morally responsible for the death of that girl."

Money and political influence may not be able to prevent a tragedy, but they certainly seem to be able to cover up the evidence.

FOREIGN PENALTIES HARSH

Hippie young people who have gone to foreign countries in search of a dream world of easy drugs are having a rough time of it. A year ago there were about 150 Americans in foreign prisons on drug charges. In one year's time that total has risen to over 400. And every week more young people are being arrested for the sale or possession of narcotics.

Dissatisfied youth who have been lured abroad in hope of a more favorable environment are discovering their mistake when too late. Many foreign countries have unbelievably harsh penalties for narcotic violations. The possession of as little as one pound of narcotics can result in a jail sentence ranging from 6 to 10 years. To many of the youthful travelers' dismay, prisons in the Middle East are anything but pleasant. Many of them are dark, damp pits overrun with rats. Forty prisoners may be crowded into one cell. The food is poor, and all kinds of diseases live in the filth of the environment.

American young people who are used to protesting loudly when faced with something they don't like, find themselves helpless. There is little they can do. Worried parents find themselves just as helpless to do anything for their prodigal sons; they can't get them out on either bail or parole. It is safe to predict that after sharing a filthy dungeon with rats for a half dozen years or more, conditions in the U.S. won't seem so intolerable.

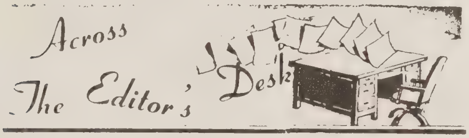
TWO KINDS OF SALT

With the development of the first atomic weapon at the close of World War II, the nuclear arms race was born. Ever since, the U.S. and Russia have been in a frantic race to keep up with each other in the development of nuclear weapons. Each country is afraid of being left behind. Both countries have vast numbers of their top scientists constantly developing more and deadlier methods of killing people. Besides nuclear weapons, nerve gases and disease germs have been developed that can wipe out the entire population of a country. Right now the United States has enough weapons to destroy every living creature on this planet. The Soviet Union is almost as well equipped.

Every day the outlook becomes more frightening. Besides the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., three other nations are stockpiling nuclear weapons— France, Britian, and China. Ten more nations are on the verge of becoming nuclear powers, among them nations like Israel and Egypt who may well be desperate enough to use them. Worse yet, nuclear weapons are constantly becoming easier and cheaper to produce. It is predicted that within ten years, not only small countries, but also groups like the Mafia will be able to purchase small nuclear weapons on the private market.

The situation is becoming so serious that many government officials are trying to stop, or at least slow down, the arms race. Yet each country is afraid to stop for fear the other one won't. Already in 1961 President Kennedy said, "Mankind must put an end to nuclear weapons or nuclear weapons will put an end to mankind."

At the present, representatives from the U. S. and Russia are meeting in Austria in an attempt to reach an agreement regarding arms control. The meetings have been called "the most important arms conference in history," but many fear it may be already too late to control the production of nuclear weapons. Curiously enough the conference is known by its initials, SALT (for Strategic Arms Limitation Talks). While wishing SALT every success in its efforts toward achieving peace on earth, we believe there is a second kind of salt which is more effective, for Jesus said of his followers, "Ye are the salt of the earth." ■■



Request No. 1- Sometime ago we received a story about Ivan who worked for Joe and Sadie Yoder. The author's name has been lost. Will the author of this story please send us his name and address at once as we would like to contact him.

Request No. 2- Does anyone have a 2-volume set of Weimarische Bibelwerke for sale? If so, please let us know, and condition and price.

The story of "Mother And The Mama Goose" brought an unusual number of responses. We have saved these and intended to run a special section in this issue, but because of lack of space we will keep them for the July issue.

We are glad to announce that Peter Yoder has agreed to edit the German section of Family Life. He has always been interested in promoting the use of German, and served for a number of years as editor of the German section of Herold Der Wahrheit. Material for publication may either be sent to Family Life, or direct to him. His address is R.R.4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Wanted

A copy of a German Bible with type exactly like either of the samples below. If you have a copy which is in good shape, complete and readable throughout, then please let us know.

Offenbarung 14:6

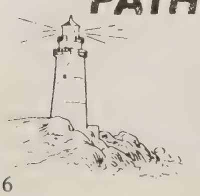
6. Und ich ſahe einen *Engel fliegen mit=
ten durch den Himmel, der hatte ein ewi=
ges Evangelium, zu verkündigen denen,
die auf Erden ſitzen und wohnen, und al=
len Heiden, und Geſchlechtern, und Spra=
chen, und Völkern, *c. 8, 13.

1 Moses 27:41:

41. Und Eſau war Jakob gram um
des Segens willen, damit ihn ſein Va=
ter geſegnet hatte; und ſprach in ſeinem
Herzen: *Es wird die Zeit bald kom=
men, daß mein Vater Leid tragen muß;
denn ich will meinen Bruder Jakob er=
würgen. *Obad. v. 10.

Please note that the Bible must be the unrevised version of the kind that was printed 50 years ago. Please check the verses to see that they read exactly like the above samples. The type must also be about the size of the samples above. State size and thickness of the book. Write to Editor, Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

PATHWAY READING SERIES



Here are four reading books for children aged 10 to 14. They come as a set being encased with an attractive slip-case-cover.

Individually these books may be purchased at $3.95 each. (Schools receive a 25% discount off the total.) All four books may be purchased for the home library at the reduced price of $13.95.

TITLES OF BOOKS IN THE SERIES

OUR HERITAGE	Grade Eight
SEEKING TRUE VALUES	Grade Seven
STEP BY STEP	Grade Six
THINKING OF OTHERS	Grade Five

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Humility- The Most Valuable Virtue

Joe was the kind of person who often mentioned how unworthy he felt, how weak and imperfect (swach und unvollkomman). It seemed that he took special pains to criticize himself. He always insisted that others could do things better than he could. When it was necessary for someone to take the lead, Joe wanted others to do so. He was careful to keep himself last, or nearly so.

At first thought, a person is apt to think, "Joe must have been very humble." That was the impression Joe's friends had at first, too. But after a while they began to wonder. Why was Joe so overly anxious to have people think of him as very humble? Could it have been Joe's pride that made him so eager to be thought of as humble?

We all know that someone has to go first. If going first is pride and waiting until last is humility, then those who are humble force the rest to be proud!

Pride and humility — the two things are as opposite as it is possible for any two things to be. Since they are so different, it should be easy to tell them apart. Yet, strangely enough, it seems that one is often mistaken for the other.

Humility is tricky. Just acting humble doesn't make us humble at all. Our desire to appear humble may be nothing more than a sign of our pride. Several years ago I heard about a person who sounded very much like Joe — he, too, took every chance to say how unworthy he felt and how many mistakes he made. Yet the funny thing was, if anyone else made such a remark about him, he became very upset. He could criticize himself all the time, but if any of his friends ventured to criticize him, he became angry. His resentment of other people's criticism showed that he was not sincere when he said how unworthy he felt.

If we really feel weak and unworthy, we should not have to say it often. Those who are around us will be able to tell without being told. On the other hand, if we don't really feel humble, no one will be convinced in the long run, no matter how often we say we feel that way.

Humility is difficult. It is unnatural for the human spirit to be humble. We are proud by nature. One of the first things we knew how to do as little children was to show off. No one had to teach us how. It is easier to be proud than anything else. Pride takes no effort, no training, no concentration. Pride was the first sin. It was because of pride that Satan was cast out of heaven. It was his downfall even though he was an archangel. And pride has been the downfall of thousands of humans since that time. Humility is difficult, because in order to be humble we must go against all our natural inclinations. It is like paddling upstream in a swift current.

Humility is misunderstood. Too many people have the idea that humility is found in finding fault with themselves. They are afraid to admit that they have any talents or can do anything well. They do not realize that true humility is not a self-despising spirit, but a right estimate of ourselves as God sees us. God does not necessarily want us to keep running ourselves down. He has given gifts to all of us, and he is pleased when we appreciate and use them to the best of our ability.

Humility is not so much thinking meanly of ourselves as it is just not thinking of ourselves. It is not so much denying that we have talents as it is recognizing where those talents come from — that every good gift comes from God and that he should receive the credit for them. One person has stated it very well by saying, "True humility is intelligent self-respect which keeps us from thinking too highly or too meanly of ourselves. It makes us mindful of the nobility God meant us to have. Yet it makes us modest by reminding us how far we have come short of what we can have." The Apostle Paul said very nearly the same thing: "For I say ... to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." Romans 12:3

Humility is a delicate thing. Humility is something that is hard to define. It is a spiritual quality which is in our attitude, in our heart, and in our mind. It is so frail that it cannot be forced. It is an inner condition that shows itself in outward ways, but it has to come from the inside out. It cannot be forced from the outside in. It is not something that we can put on or take off, nor can one person give it to another. Humility is indeed a delicate thing, for just as soon as we think we have attained it, it has vanished.

Humility is the most valuable virtue. When a philosopher was once asked what the great God was doing, he replied, "His whole employment is to lift up the humble and cast down the proud." It was but another way of saying what the Bible says, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble" (James 4:6). Humility is then indeed priceless for it means the difference between God helping us or opposing us. It means the difference between saying, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" or saying "If God be against us, who can be for us?" No wonder the German hymnwriter did not hesitate to say, "Demuth ist die schönste Tugend, Aller Christen Ruhm und Ehr."

Humility is Biblical. One of the most striking stories of the Bible which illustrates the folly of pride is that of King Nebuchadnezzar. This great king became so puffed up that one day as he was out gloating over the fantastic city he had built, he lifted up his voice and boasted, "Isn't this the great Babylon that I have built?" While the words were yet in his mouth, a voice fell from heaven, terrible in the severity of its rebuke, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, your kingdom is taken away. You shall be driven from among men, and shall have to go live like an animal and eat grass for seven years."

Immediately the king lost his mind and he was chased out of the city. His hair grew like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws. It was a most humbling experience for the proudest of men.

There are many other examples in the Bible of how God withstood the proud — Saul, Absalom, Haman, Herod. A number of Scriptures give special admonitions to be humble and warn against pride: "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that he may exalt you in due time" (1 Peter 5:6). "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves" (Phil. 2:3). "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know" (1 Cor. 8:2). "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, ... to walk humbly with thy God" (Micah 6:8).

Last of all the Bible tells us to submit to each other and to be "clothed with humility" (1Peter 5:5). I fear that many of us must admit with deep regret that we are too scantily clad. ■■

A HIGH PRICE FOR HEALING

-by Noah Stutzman

When I was a lad growing up I always had trouble with constipation. The older I got the more trouble I had but I never went to see a doctor. As time went on it got worse, and after I was married a friend told me about a doctor in Missouri. He thought this doctor was just what I needed so I wrote and soon received a folder telling about their method of curing different ailments without surgery. They also sent me a questionaire which I filled out and returned.

I soon received a reply. They said they knew just what was wrong with me and how many treatments I would need, and I would have to stay at least two weeks. The cost of the treatments was $450.00 and they guaranteed the cure. I could have a free check-up in a year. Cost of room and board would be extra and also my bus fare to Missouri.

I felt that this was the only thing to do if I didn't want to go on suffering. So I packed a suitcase with clothing and books to pass the time during my two week's stay.

I went to Fountain Nook to catch a local bus to Wooster. At Wooster I would have to go to the bank and draw out some money for my treatments at the clinic.

As soon as I got on the bus I heard some people talking and one of them said, "There's no use going to Wooster today for the banks are closed."

I told the bus driver to stop as it was useless for me to go to Wooster if the banks are closed. I got off the bus and went into a store to purchase a few items. The clerk asked, "What's wrong now?"

I told him that the banks are closed and I had wanted to get some money to go on a trip. He inquired, "Would you mind telling me where you were planning on going?"

I told him my trouble and that I was going to a clinic in Missouri. Then he wondered what it would cost so I told him altogether it would cost around $550.

"You are lucky you didn't go," he exclaimed. "That's what's wrong with you Amish people, you are too travel-happy. You hear of a doctor away off somewhere that is supposed to be far better than any around here, and away you go. We have clinics in Cleveland to cure almost anything that ails you except cancer. The cost would be far less and you could go back and forth the same day and be at home with your family."

He told me to go to Wooster and inquire at the Chamber of Commerce what clinic they would recommend for my case. I decided that would be the proper thing to do and got the address of a clinic in Cleveland.

At the same time I started inquiring from other people who had been at the clinic in Missouri and found out that many didn't recommend it. They said that in spite of the guarantee they still have their ailment. Then I remembered that my letter from them said that I was entitled to a free check-up in a year but if I needed work done again I was to pay the medicine. It sounded pretty wobbly to me for $450.00.

Others had been to various doctors, and a friend told me of where he had gone with fair results. He offered to go with me and show me the way. So we went to Cleveland but not to the clinic recommended by the Chamber of Commerce.

"Oh, yes, I can help you," the doctor said." I will guarantee my work but you will have to come back for treatments ten times. The cost will be $100 and will have to be paid in advance."

I paid him and took my treatments. When the course was finished, I felt some better. But I was not cured and soon my trouble came back again. He treated me free of charge just like before so I told him, "You are not treating me where I have the pain."

He said he knows it but he can't cure that, and it is not included in the guarantee. So that was the last time I went to that doctor.

A year later I got to the point where I had to do something. My neighbors, who had the same trouble I did, were going to a doctor in Massillon and they were well pleased. They invited me to go along so I did.

After he had given me a check-up, the doctor said, "You have a mild case of hemorrhoids but the rectal lining is torn which causes the bleeding. You will have to get it fixed for it will not heal by itself."

He said he would burn it with an electric needle and he could do it right there in his office. I would have to come back six or eight times for a check-up.

So I made arrangements to have it taken care of. I must admit it wasn't the most pleasant thing to make through but since it is healed I have never regretted it.

At my final check-up I asked him what I owed him and he said $75.00. There were no other expenses except my trips back and forth to Massillon which was around $25.00. I was at home all the time while it was healing. Almost six years have passed and I hardly realize that I ever had any trouble.

I am glad that the storekeeper in Fountain Nook changed my notion of going away. The place in Missouri was over 400 miles away. The doctor in Massillon was only about thirty miles away. But he is a specialist.

To anyone who has any ailments, my advice would be don't forget your family doctor. Go to him if for nothing else than to find out where you can get a specialist for your particular trouble. There is a big difference in doctors and it pays to watch your step. That is unless you have money to throw away. -Chesley, Ontario

Fringe Benefits Or His Benefits

- Ezra J. Kanagy

We are living in a time when many of the young married folks can't get farms to farm, or either can not get the money to finance the cost of getting started. So quite a few of them go with the carpenter gangs or work in the local factories. Many of these places offer fringe benefits such as social security, Blue Cross or some other kind of hospitalization, sick pay, vacation with pay, life insurance and so forth. To pay for these, a small amount is taken from each pay check.

For some reason I have always had an uneasy feeling about these fringe benefits. Of course, we ought to provide for the needs of our families. 1 Timothy 5:8 says, "If any provide not for his own, especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Is this verse referring to life insurance and hospitalization plans? Or just what is it talking about?

The thought occurred to me that if we'd all sign up for these schemes that come through the mails, maybe we could do without a deacon and maybe the church would not need any alms money. We wouldn't need to open our house or our pocketbook to our neighbor in need for according to this way of thinking there would be no need.

Some time ago there was a fire and several members of a certain family were hospitalized. It was learned that the insurance would take care of the wife and the child but not for the head of the house as he had not worked long enough at his place of employment.

There was money in the "Arme Geld" and the church felt it was its duty to help pay these people's expenses. But then someone objected saying, "If they seek their security from the world, then let the world help them."

This caused some people to start thinking. What are we doing? Are we closing our eyes and letting something come into the church we do not want? Are we not saying anything about it for fear we'll offend our friends?

I did not especially blame these young people as there seems to have been very little teaching on this matter. Perhaps many people are doing things without realizing how it actually is.

Deep within me I am afraid that if we would all sign up for these schemes, we would be robbing God of His pleasure of providing for His children in need. The Bible teaches that we should help each other instead of depending upon the world to aid the needy among us.

By depending on insurance, we would be taking away the blessing which God bestows on the church and on the individual who help those in need. In the sermon on the Mount, Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Are we not showing a lack of faith if we take insurance instead of trusting in this verse?

I have heard very little teaching and preaching against these things. Is it possible that our way of life is changing and in a hidden way we are seeking security in something that will pass away with the world?

As I was pondering over these things, I came across a verse which makes it still more confusing. Psalms 103:2 "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul and forget not all HIS BENEFITS."

Can we put our trust in fringe benefits without forgetting His Benefits?

Would any of the readers have answers to these questions? -Belleville, Pennsylvania

THE LOVE OF MONEY

(All names fictitious)

Henry Miller is a prosperous man. As we drive into his yard we see a real nice house and yard with a little lily pond and goldfish. There is also a large garden.

As we look farther we see a lot of other buildings, every one of them painted nice, and a barnyard full of fat steers nearly ready for market.

There is hardly a weed to be seen, everything is just as pretty as a picture. As we go into the house we find everything in order. It is an older house and the woodwork and furniture have all been refinished. There are new cupboards in the kitchen, it doesn't look like an old house.

Henry Miller is proud of his hard working family, they have little time for pleasure. Even Sammy, the smallest boy, has his duties and is not allowed much idle time.

Henry Miller saves his money. As he gets enough, he buys another farm. He has prospered to six farms. Money comes fast while the whole family works hard.

But they have little time to help others. One day last fall the widow, Mattie Troyer, needed help on her chicken house as her chickens were coming soon. She asked for help but the Henry Miller family had to paint the windows yet before winter comes.

One evening company came. It was the Ben Bontragers. Ben wanted to know if there was any chance of renting one of the houses on one of the farms.

"Well," Henry said scratching his head, "I'd nearly have to have $65.00 a month or I'll lose money."

"Very well," Ben said, "I can rent a house from Mr. Smith for $40.00 a month. I think I had better take that. I would like to save up enough to buy a farm of my own. That is what I want so that I won't have to work away from the family every day."

That evening Henry Miller and his wife went to bed with a troubled conscience. "But we can get $65.00 from worldly people," he told his wife, "and besides, maybe Ben's wife would not be a very good housekeeper."

So life went on for the Henry Miller family. Then one day Joe Coblentz came along. Henry and Joe visited awhile and then Joe got up enough nerve and said, "Might there be any chance to either rent one of your farms or maybe to get some money to get started in farming for myself? My family is growing up and I just don't think it is good to be away from home so much."

Henry looked down awhile and kicked the dust around with his foot. Then he said, "Joe, I'm afraid I can't. I have to save all I can so I will have plenty for my children. Otherwise they might have to work away from home once they get married."

Joe's hopes faded fast and as he was a quick talker he said, "Just how much does it take for your children? They don't have boy friends or girl friends yet, do they?"

Joe knew that Henry already had enough to give each of his children quite a bit, but he was sorry that he said what he did. So he went home disappointed again for this was not the first time he had tried to borrow money.

Henry's conscience was troubled again but he tries to quiet it by telling his wife, "We must save for each of our children. If other people could manage like we can, they would have more, too."

There are many people in the world today, who like Henry Miller want to do the will of God but the love of money has taken over. The Bible tells us "For the Love of Money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after; they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Timothy 6:10).

It is good and right that we should provide for our own families, but does the Bible say that we should stop there? Proverbs 19:17, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord: And that which he hath given will he pay him again."

And in Matthew 18:33 Jesus said, "Shouldest not thou also have compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on you?" -H. Illinois

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
If you are moving, please send us your old and new addresses.

PITY THE POOR RELATIVE

-by "Deadly Night Shade"

My name is D.N. Shade, pity me for I am just a poor weed and yet I have a very rich cousin in the family. I am trampled underfoot and despised but he has half the world bowing at his feet. Presidents and paupers alike lavish millions of dollars on the pampered loafer every year but they never notice me.

My cousin's name is T.O. Bacco and I see no reason why I should not have at least a share of the fanfare he is getting. I have been able to survive and become plentiful without the pampering that my rich cousin gets.

I admit it is true that my reputation is a bit shady and yet there is some good that can be said about me. The fact is that I produce some mighty delicious berries. When they are ripe and black they are second to none for flavor. It has been said they are poisonous; but, my friend, do not be so hasty and rash. I know that my berries have been blamed for putting people in the hospital, and even for causing death. But let's be fair. It has never actually been proven that the berries were the cause. Maybe it was something else; perhaps there were other factors involved. The people who blame me mean well but they can easily be mistaken. I think that until it has been proven beyond anybody's doubt, they should not say anything about my berries being harmful.

Now the next step is how I can get started in the big money. My fruit is small but it goes a long way in flavor. It can be chewed and spat just like my cousin, only he does not have any berries. My fruit will not leave the mouth stained yellow with an offensive odor, so really I think I should be in big demand. Also the juice from my berries could be served with ice in fancy glasses, and if anyone is chicken, they could use a straw with a charcoal filter just in case there is any poison in it. Now this is not admitting that there is any poison, for I have known people who have chewed my leaves and they got to a ripe old age. But the straws with a filter could be done up in an attractive package for added sales appeal.

Then for advertisements we would need some famous ball players to say they like the juice, or picture some movie stars sipping a cocktail glass of nifty Nightshade juice, or maybe just an ordinary working man to say that he would walk a mile for a glass of rich mellow juice.

But then there would still be one problem. My berries just don't have the secret holding power which my cousin T.O. Bacco possesses. Once people start using his products they stay faithful through sick and sin — I mean thick and thin and through poverty and suffering and even to death, an early death, that is, in many cases when they use his foul smelling stuff.

Then we would also need some old wive's tales saying how their grandmothers have used Nightshade for their health's sake and how wonderful it is for the vitality of the body.

I notice that the government is sharpening its axe and taking some whacks at my cousin, but his roots go very deep. Maybe if some people quit using T.O. Bacco then they will be looking for something else to pass the time, which would be just the chance to offer them a package of my bright juicy berries. They wouldn't need very many.

-Liverpool, Pennsylvania

Editor's note: The deadly nightshade grows to a height of about 2 feet, has oval sticky foliage and bears white flowers, followed by small black berries. Both the foliage and the berries are usually poisonous.— INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Steadfast To The End

-by a 9th grader, Marvin Ficher

Michael Sattler pulled his coat closer around himself as he and his wife walked on through the cold February night. The chilling wind sent the snow scudding along the street. The moon and stars could not be seen through the dark, low clouds which hung over the city of Horb.

Michael Sattler and his wife were going to a secret meeting of the Swiss Brethren. It was to be held in the basement of an old, abandoned house. As they walked they occasionally met other people hurrying along the streets. Finally they came to a large, old building. After a quick look around to be sure no one was watching, they entered and soon were with the other brethren in the basement. A single oil lamp illuminated their faces as they greeted one another. Then they took seats and waited for the rest of the brethren who had planned to come.

One by one, or by twos they came. When all were there, Michael rose and, quietly but earnestly, began speaking to the small group. He spoke about separation, about nonresistance, and about being steadfast. He admonished the younger ones to read the Word so they could answer if they were questioned by the authorities. When Michael had spoken for about an hour, they all knelt for prayer.

Stealthy sounds came from above.

When the prayer ended, everyone rose from his knees. They were scarcely seated when suddenly the door was thrown open.

"Ha!" cried one of the intruders. "Here they are, and the preacher besides! What luck."

It was the magistrates. "We arrest you in the name of the Holy Church of Rome," said their leader. "You might as well handcuff them," he added to the other magistrates.

Several of the believers' faces paled, but none of them made a move of resistance as their hands were tied. "Now follow me," ordered the leader. The captured men were marched out into the cold, windy night, up the long street, and into prison. The next morning they were compelled to walk all the way to Binsdorf, and were taken to a small room at the top of a tower. Here they were kept for eleven weeks. During this time they often sang, prayed, and encouraged each other. Also, Michael found it possible to write a letter of consolation to the rest of the brethren at Horb. He admonished them to live piously, to use discipline against transgressors, to be patient in tribulation, and several other things. He added that he knew that his death was near, but he was resigned to the will of the Lord, as were his fellow prisoners. During the imprisonment the magistrates received several petitions, asking that the prisoners be released, but the magistrates would not consider such a thing.

When the prisoners were finally given a trial at Rottenburg, they were not treated fairly at all. First eight errors were charged against Sattler, and he was asked, "Do you want a lawyer?"

Sattler replied, "We have not transgressed the civil law; and, as concerning our doctrines, we are ready to be corrected from the Scriptures."

In answer the court read nine articles, in which supposed heresies were charged against the prisoners. One of the articles was concerning nonresistance.

"It is true," Michael admitted, "that I have taught that we must not use carnal weapons, even against the Turks. The Bible teaches us to love and pray for our enemies, not to persecute them."

The trial continued with the judge growing more and more angry, and rude, yet Michael addressed them as "ye ministers of God." His striking calmness seemed to enrage the judges all the more. "I tell you," one of them cried, "if there were no hangman here, I would execute you myself!"

Sattler replied calmly, "God will be our judge."

Finally the judges retired to another room to decide the verdict. Sattler and the others, left to the mercy of the soldiers, were treated like the worst of criminals. They were mocked, scorned, ridiculed, and one of the soldiers cried, "If you will save your life and escape, I will believe in you." Another, raising his sword, said, "With this will they dispute with you."

When the judges returned, they read the sentence. "Between the representatives of his Imperial Majesty and Michael Sattler, judgment is passed that Michael Sattler shall be delivered to the executioner, who shall firstly cut out his tongue; then throw him upon a cart and with red hot tongs tear pieces out of his body twice, and on the way to the place of execution make use of the tongs five times more in like manner. Thereupon he shall burn his body to ashes as an arch heretic."

One might have heard a pin drop in the silence that reigned. Many eyes turned to Sattler, but he remained as calm, composed, and fearless as ever.

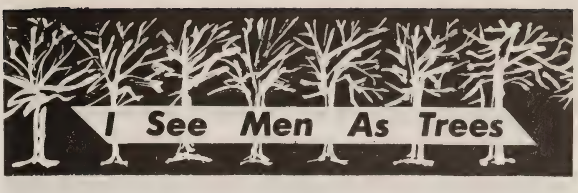
Four days later the sentence was carried out. As he was being led out of prison, Michael prayed for his judges and persecutors. Though his tongue had been cut out, enough of it was left that he could still speak. He admonished the people to repent, and often prayed for them and his persecutors, even as the executioner was torturing him with the tongs.

At the stake, the executioners tied Michael's mangled body to a ladder. As the ladder was placed on the stake, Michael prayed again for his persecutors. The fire was lit, and soon Michael was surrounded by flames and smoke.

Some of the brethren were in the onlooking crowd, and they were watching hopefully, prayerfully for the sign he had promised to give them if he was still steadfast. A cord fell away, and then another, freeing Michael's arm. He raised his arm high, making triumphantly the hoped-for sign. A murmur ran through the crowd. "Thank God," breathed several of the brethren. The arm dropped lower and lower, and Michael Sattler was soon with his Lord and Savior, a heroic martyr for His name's sake. ■■

OVERTONES

Over the ground is a mat of green,
Over the grass is dew;
Over the dew are the arching trees,
Over the trees the blue.
Dotting the blue are the scudding clouds,
Over the clouds the sun;
Over the sun is the Love of God.
— Love for everyone.
-Abbie Farwell Brown



I See Men As Trees

by Enos Yoder

In the Bible people are sometimes compared to trees. In what way can a person resemble a tree? A tree can not talk, walk, or eat like a man. Neither can it lie, steal, or be jealous. But there are some ways in which the two are much alike.

Is not the fruit the most important thing about a tree and a man? The Bible tells us that by their fruits shall you know them. If the fruit is the foremost thing we expect from both trees and men, then let us consider why some bear better fruit than others. There must be a reason for the difference.

When the seed starts to grow it looks so sweet and tender and you can see no evil in it. At first much care must be exercised so it can survive. But in the course of a year it can be seen that the new shoot is a seedling (Böse von jugend auf). Something must be done about the wild growth.

Down low on the side of the young shoot we must bruise the bark and insert a bud from a tree of known value. Care must be used and the wound must be closed with a soft rubber band so the bud will heal in and grow. Otherwise it may result in only a sore and a scar. Likewise on a child a paddle must be carefully used with plenty of love applied to heal the wound and kindle the bud to growth.

But we are not done yet, by far. The following year we see that the bud is healed nicely but as yet has made no growth. The buds on the seedling part are ready to grow out the top so we have to take drastic measures. Although it looks horrible and may grieve us to do it, yet we have to cut the seedling off. Little beads of moisture seep out and run down the sides. The little tree has an humbled appearance. It looks like nothing is left but we hope the bud will grow and make a fine and productive tree.

The following week we notice that the little bud is showing promise and we feel relieved. But, alas, to our dismay we see tiny growths of seedlings growing out below the graft where we didn't even know there were any buds. A few days later we see they are growing faster than the good bud. So we get down on our knees and carefully remove the seedling shoots, which will again leave small scars.

Now the good bud seems to grow faster and is developing fine looking leaves. But it still looks weak and fragile so we decide to check the fences around the orchard to keep out the many kinds of animals (evil influences) which might break it off.

But the nature of the seedling is still active and in a few weeks we notice more seedling shoots coming out, some from the roots below the ground. Although it grieves us, we must get down on our knees to remove the evil shoots. But as the season goes on we take courage to see the growth of the good bud, while the seedling shoots are causing less trouble.

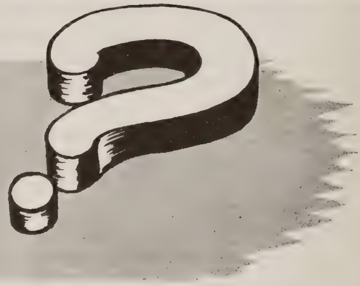
As time goes on we face new problems. The bud has grown into a tree but it is not shaped properly. A few of the side limbs are growing too low (base desires) and the top is getting out of control (proud, boastful, contemptuous), shading out the valuable side limbs (love, obedience, faith, courage, and truth).

As we stand and study the situation we realize that if we let all those bad limbs grow, the good limbs will have little chance to bear good fruit. Perhaps the whole tree will eventually have to be thrown into the fire to burn. No matter how much it pains us, the only thing to do is to cut half of the tree away. The sooner we do it the smaller the wounds will be.

We start removing the bad limbs, taking great care not to damage the good ones. We cut off the big limb at the center on top which is called Pride, but it is tough and hard to reach. Next come Boasting and Contempt, followed by the lower ugly limbs which are hard to get at.

With the pruning completed we now see a modest, clean and humbled little tree with Love, Obedience, Courage, Faith and Truth growing at the proper angles. Although it

TRUE Or FALSE



Prophets of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

The prophets of the Bible present a fascinating and worthwhile study. They were God's messengers boldly proclaiming the will of Jehovah to a rebellious and disobedient nation. We see them as mighty men of God marching through the pages of sacred history. It is true that at times glimpses of their humanness show through — Balaam losing his temper, Elijah discouraged under the juniper, and Jonah pouting because he didn't get to see a city destroyed — yet, the realization that they, too, were mortal only makes their lives the more inspiring. Below are twenty questions to help you see how well you are informed on prophets. Answers and scoring scale on page 14.

1. Although some of the prophets were able to perform minor miracles, such as causing an ax head to float, there is no record of any prophet ever having raised a dead person to life.
2. Joel was the Old Testament prophet who foretold the day of Pentecost as it was fulfilled in Acts.
3. When Philip neared the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch, he heard him reading aloud from the writing of the prophet Ezekiel.
4. Jesus said that it is not possible for any mortal man to be greater than a prophet.
5. All the following men were Old Testament prophets: Gad, Ahijah, Semaiah, Oded, Iddo, and Hananiah.
6. It was the prophet Micah who came to David after he had sinned with Bathsheba and said, "Thou art the man."
7. The prophet Daniel was also called by a second name, Belteshazzar.
8. "He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel," were the words spoken by Pilate when he sent Jesus to Herod to be judged.
9. One good way to tell if a man is a false prophet or not is to see if he has the power to do miracles.
10. Elisha lived later than Elijah, and took Elijah's place as prophet in Israel.
11. It was the prophet Habakkuk who saw the valley of dry bones which symbolized the spiritual condition of Israel.
12. Amos was the name of a New Testament prophet.
13. Nathan was an Old Testament prophet who wrote one of the books of the Bible.
14. Jesus warned that a prophet is apt to be esteemed too highly by his own family, and said that this has been the downfall of more than one prophet in Israel.
15. The words of the prophet Isaiah are quoted more frequently in the New Testament than any of the Old Testament prophets.
16. The prophet Jeremiah was a bachelor.
17. The apostle Paul taught that if a person is able to prophesy it is a sign that God is pleased with him.
18. Agabus was the name of the prophet who warned Paul that he would be bound by the Jews at Jerusalem if he went up to the feast.
19. The prophet Jeremiah is known as the "singing prophet."
20. Ezekiel is the prophet to whom the Bible refers many times as "son of man."

is only half as high, it looks quite sturdy. With frequent applications of loving care, the wounds heal nicely.

We still have to check it frequently for ugly shoots and nip them off as they appear. The tree is growing but we must wait for the fruit.

When the tree has matured far enough, the hand of the Creator touches the heart of the tree. Lo and behold, it brings forth fruit. At first only a few but each year more. Oh, what a load of such beautiful fruit, a glory to God and a blessing to the gardener.

If we miss one step along the way, the tree may turn out to be useless. We must put in the good bud and keep all the seedlings and bad limbs off. With loving care and constant attention and with the help of God the desirable goal may be met. Without favorable weather (the help of God) a tree would still not bear fruit. Pests (evil thoughts) will try to take over as long as the tree lives but with the help of God we can overcome each trial as long as we stay in His garden.

- Butler, Ohio

PRECIOUS Stones

-Ora Graber

Although I was only 6 years old, I remember that morning when I stood beside Grandpa looking at the remains of what a short time before had been our home. Now it was all gone.

"But the stone walls are still there," I said.

"That's right," he answered, "for stones do not burn."

The incident taught me a spiritual lesson which has stayed with me all these years.

When I was a baby, our family moved onto a farm which had a house with stone walls. But a summerhouse was built against the house, and the chimney where it went through the roof was a steel pipe.

In the fall of 1927, when I was 6 years old, my parents went to North Dakota to attend the funeral of my grandmother. They took the two youngest children along. My two sisters were the oldest in the family so they had to act as mother and manager.

With all the peaches and tomatoes to can for the winter, it was a busy time. All the children tried hard to do their work and each had to do a little more than usual.

Mother had always taught us that nothing should go to waste for God had given it all. Now the canning was in full swing and all day we little boys were running out to the hen house with our small buckets full of seeds and peelings. We thought we had never seen such a big pile.

The canning was done in the summerhouse on an old kitchen range which sat right on the floor without legs. It wasn't too far from the corner and I remember we used to play cat and mouse behind this stove. But sometimes we would bump our heads if we went around the corner too fast.

All day the stove had been hot and the steam poured from the boilers which were used for processing the food. It was getting late and Edna and Polly were still working hard to get the day's work finished. They decided it was time for us little boys to go to bed. Of course we were reluctant to go since Mama was not there to tuck us in.

Henry, the oldest of the boys was responsible for the work in the barn. Before he and Elmer went to sleep they tried to think of all their chores so that nothing would be forgotten. Finally everything was quiet and we settled down for the night.

Sometime after midnight we heard a voice. Someone was trying to waken us. We were sleeping soundly but finally realized that it was our two sisters and they were saying something about a fire in the summerhouse.

Still half asleep we were taken out of bed and lined up to go downstairs. Then a check was made and it was discovered that Elmer was missing. He had been taken out of bed but returned again and crawled into bed. Later he knew nothing about this.

After we were allready we went down the stairs. There was just a wall between us and the fire and the wall was already hot. As we went down the stairs, I saw some light underneath and there were flames trying to force their way through the steps.

Since we could not go out through the kitchen, we took the east door which had been locked for the night. It was a combination padlock and for some reason it did not open very freely. I do not know how long we waited until the lock was opened, but as we were going out, I recall seeing part of the stairway tumble down. Then we knew we had made it just in time.

The two older boys went for help. Dawdys lived just across the road. Uncle John arrived and then the furniture and things started flying out the windows very fast.

My two sisters, the poor girls, were carrying water in buckets from the barn trying to extinguish a blaze which had already taken almost 1/3 of the house. There was nothing more we could do so we were all taken to Dawdys for the night. We still got a little sleep before breakfast.

The next morning I was anxious to go back to see the remains but it was dangerous for children, so I was not allowed to be around until the ashes had been taken out. Pennies and dimes and nickels were found in the ashes; they had all been part of our savings.

The basement was there and the stone walls were still standing. It was then that my grandpa stood by my side and impressed on my mind that stones do not burn.

In the meantime, my parents were on their way home not knowing anything about the fire. In the Chicago depot they met an Amish family from Kansas who had been visiting in our neighborhood and knew about the fire. But since they had a close schedule in meeting their next train, they did not give my parents any details about the fire. My parents were shocked and needless to say it was a long way home, thinking of the six children and not knowing if they were safe.

The matter weighed heavily on my father's mind. Later he made the remark that he was glad for two things when he came home. One was that the children were safe. The other was that the furnace had been destroyed. At that time furnaces were not allowed in the church, but since we had moved onto this farm only a short time before, it had not yet been taken out.

When he arrived home he found that very little of the house was left. We believe that God was preparing him for a more important work for the next year he was ordained to the ministry and two years later to the office of bishop.

The ashes were cleaned away and concrete was poured over the old foundation. A new house was laid out and built but still underneath are the precious stones that are holding it throughout the years.

This puts me in mind of Peter's confession or "bekenntnisz" of Christ, and of Christ's answer, "On this rock

I shall build my church." The material which fire can destroy was destroyed but the foundation was still there. If Christ would have built his church on Peter, then it would have passed away when Peter died. If we build our faith on things that pass away, then our faith, too, will pass away. But if it is built on solid rock or precious stone, then it will last.

We needed a house to live in and to fill our material wants. Likewise the church is built to fill our spiritual needs.

I remember that the ashes were put on the west side of the barn to fill a hole and this was a grim reminder for me for many years to come. So often I heard people saying to my parents that they are so glad that the children did not have to go with the house. I used to sniff around the ashes and I was sure I could smell bones and I imagined I could see something that looked like skulls.

My sister, Polly, who helped rescue us from the burning house died in 1968 when their house caught fire and she was trapped while carrying things out of the house.

Father died in 1963 after spending 34 years in the ministry. I feel that he witnessed a living Christ, not only in word, but also in deed. I believe this incident of losing his home but of rebuilding on the precious stones that did not burn, helped him to prepare for his life's work of preaching the gospel, which is the precious stone of our faith.

-Mossley, Ontario

THE FREE PROMISES

-by Samuel Hertzler

What is the reason God gave promises to us?

Mankind has done nothing to deserve any promises of good things. By nature we are enemies to God. Did God write down the promises in order to tease us? Did he do it to get us to pray for the fulfillment of them, and then withhold the promise? That is what the devil wishes us to believe.

The promises of God are conditional. They are to be received by faith when there is no evidence of their fulfillment in sight. When a promise is made we dare not look at our own helplessness, or at the natural impossibilities of conditions, but to him who has the power to fulfil what he has promised.

There is such a thing as not receiving an answer due to wrong motives in asking. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts" (James 4:3).

The right motive in a prayer, and one we have promise of being fulfilled is mentioned in John 14:13, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Is it our wish for the Father to be glorified? To date, the devil cannot point to one promise that God has not fulfilled if they were asked for according to the prescribed condition. God's honor is at stake and he will not let his enemies prove him false.

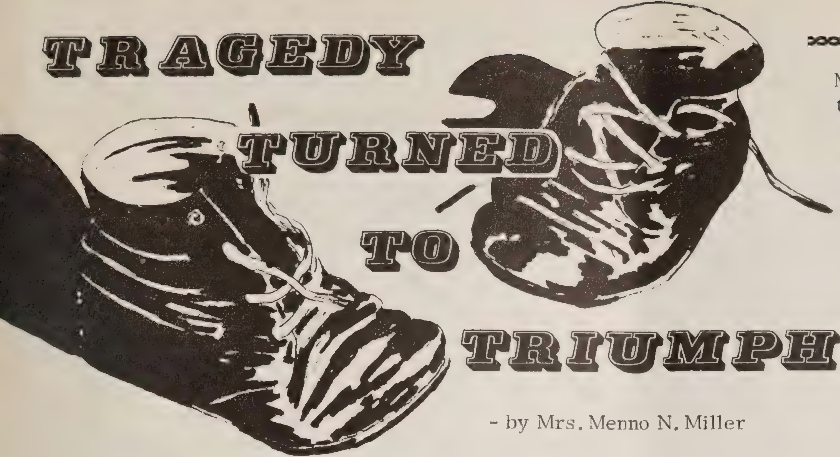
ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. False. Both of the prophets, Elijah and Elisha, raised a dead child to life (1 Kings 17:22 and 2 Kings 4:35-37).
2. True. It was the prophet Joel who foretold Pentecost (Acts 2:16, Joel 2:28).
3. False. The Ethiopian eunuch was not reading from Ezekiel, but from Isaiah (He is called Esaias in Acts, the Greek form of Isaiah.) (Acts 8:30).
4. False. It must be possible to be greater than a prophet, for Jesus said that John the Baptist was a "prophet and more than a prophet" (Matt. 11:9).
5. True. Although little known, the six men listed were all prophets (1 Sam. 22:5, 1 Kings 14:2, 2 Chron. 12:5, 13:22, 15:8, Jeremiah 28:12).
6. False. Not Micah, but the prophet Nathan came to David to rebuke him for his adultery (2 Sam. 12:7).
7. True. When Nebuchadnezzar carried Daniel and his three friends into captivity, they were given other names. Belteshazzar was Daniel's Chaldean name (Daniel 1:7).
8. False. Not Pilate, but Elisha said the words, "He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." The words were spoken of Naaman, who had gone to the king of Israel to be cured of his leprosy (2 Kings 5:8).
9. False. Miracles are not necessarily a sign that a man is not a false prophet. Jesus said that in the last times many false prophets "shall show great signs and wonders" (Matthew 24:24).
10. True. Elisha was Elijah's successor as prophet in Israel (1 Kings 19:16).
11. False. It was not Habakkuk who saw the dry bones, but Ezekiel (Ezekiel 37).
12. False. Amos was an Old Testament prophet, and he wrote one of the books of the Bible.
13. False. The prophet Nathan did not write any of the books of the Bible.
14. False. Quite the opposite is true. Jesus said that the least honor and the greatest opposition will be given a prophet by his own household (Matthew 13:57).
15. True. Isaiah is quoted by name 21 times in the N.T., slightly more than all the other writing prophets taken together.
16. True. Jeremiah was unmarried. He was forbidden by God to take a wife (Jeremiah 16:1-4).
17. False. Paul taught that having the gift of prophecy without having true Christian love is worthless (1 Corinthians 13:2,8).
18. True. The prophet who warned Paul not to go to Jerusalem was Agabus (Acts 21:10). Agabus is mentioned one other time when he foretold a famine (Acts 11:28).
19. False. There would be very little foundation for calling Jeremiah the singing prophet, as his lot in life was one of great sorrow. He was one of the most persecuted, rejected, and misunderstood men who ever lived. He is very fittingly known as the "weeping prophet," for he once exclaimed, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night . . ." (Jeremiah 9:1).
20. True. Eighty-seven times the prophet Ezekiel is referred to as "son of man." The term later came to be connected with the Messiah, and Jesus sometimes called himself this (Matthew 20:28).

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct	.....	Excellent
17-18 correct	.....	Good
15-16 correct	.....	Average

TRAGEDY TURNED TO TRIUMPH



Most of our readers will remember the story, "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby." (June 1969) In it Mrs. Menno N. Miller told of her four children, all boys, and all retarded soon after birth. Three of them had died at the time she had written the earlier article, and only Matthew remained. The following story, written almost exactly a year later, is her conclusion to "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby."

- by Mrs. Menno N. Miller

WE REALIZED THAT the final chapter in Matthew's life was being written. I would look at Matthew and try to impress his every feature on my mind for the days ahead when he would be gone. Often I would take him out of his little bed, and sit down and rock him, thinking, "One of these days I can't do this anymore." I would put my hand on the side of his face, and he would put his soft, frail little white hand on top of mine. I couldn't help but to shed tears, sobs, sometimes uncontrollable.

The days and nights seem long seeing a helpless sick child lying in bed, often in pain and crying. Dumbly I would wonder what I could do for him to ease his pain. Little Matthew would look at me with his soft blue eyes, and say, "Mom, Mom." Oh, how I wished that we could keep him, but as with the apostle Paul, so it was with Matthew — the time of his departure was at hand.

The Lord was gracious to shorten the time. We knew that the knell would soon sound. Only the date remained unwritten. We wished that we could grip the hands of the clock and hold back time. But they passed on relentlessly. Somehow I felt that everything was moving rapidly to a conclusion, especially in the light of the doctor's reports.

Here and there were signs that spring was on its way. But as the earth was taking on new life, Matthew's body was getting weaker and weaker. He was getting four water pills, plus ten to fourteen pain pills a day. Those seemed to wear off, so we had to change to water shots. The water shots were so hard on him. He would foam from his nose and mouth, getting blue. He would have difficulty in breathing and would get very weak. We would think, "This is it; he is slipping away." But, no, his time was not yet.

Times like this were heartbreaking, thinking, "This is the one and only child left." I often had to wonder whether we would ever have another child to care for. How empty the house would seem with Matthew gone. Oh, how we prayed that if it was His will, that God would choose us to care for another child. God only knew what the future held. The only encouragement left to us was to ask for added grace and strength to keep on and on. The load seemed so heavy when we thought of someday parting with this little boy whom we had come to love so dearly.

As Easter Sunday was drawing near, Matthew seemed to be very miserable. At times he had lots of pain. The pain pills didn't help any so he got pain shots, then changing to stronger pain pills, which helped some for a few hours. He would cry and cry, and say, "Mom, ouchy do; Mom, ouchy do." This just broke my heart, the poor child, and I would wonder, "Why, oh, why, does he have to suffer so?" Again and again we asked God to take him from his suffering.

Come Easter morning, he seemed to be resting good. Menno didn't know if he should leave for church or not. But he got ready and went. As I stood by the kitchen sink washing breakfast dishes and watching him go, I couldn't help but shed a few tears. I always missed it so when I couldn't go to church, but God had chosen me to take care of this sickly child.

Mid-forenoon Matthew got more pain. The pains he had were tearing my heart apart. Going into the bedroom trembling, I fell on my knees at the bed, placed my face on my folded arms and shook with uncontrollable sobs. I prayed, "Please, God, if it is Thy will, send an angel and take Matthew from his suffering. I will give him to you; please let him die."

It seemed like a weight was lifted from my heart. I felt before the day was over we would have a special call.

Menno came home before church was dismissed. Matthew had fallen asleep again, but soon he woke up. I tried to feed him but he couldn't eat. After dinner Menno rocked him, and he fell into a sound sleep, resting good.

An hour later Menno wanted to lay him into his bed. As he stood up, Matthew had difficulty in breathing. I saw right away what was happening. Placing the child in my lap, I told Menno, "Matthew is dying."

There he lay on my lap, getting whiter and whiter, then changing to blue. As the blue faded away, he stopped breathing, but his heart was still beating and he was white as a sheet. Finally his heart stopped beating, and it was all over. Here we sat as his life was slowly slipping away. In a few minutes he was gone — without a move or struggle. Here we sat feeling as helpless as could be, holding Matthew's lifeless little body. All that was left was the little house in which he had lived. This was hard to take.

Our little adopted girl, Edna Marie, was sitting on the floor in front of us, peacefully playing. A peace and quietness had swept over us as never before, and a still, soft whisper was in our ears, "Matthew is gone; he is gone to be with Jesus."

It was the most beautiful sunshiny Easter Day. As I was sitting on the davenport holding the lifeless little form with Menno beside me, tears rolled down my cheeks and dropped onto Matthew's small white hand. They were tears of joy that at last Matthew could be at rest.

Outside, the lawn was turning to a fresh green color. At the front of the house a robin hopped from one limb to the other in our big maple tree. He flew down on the grass and stretched his neck, watching the living room door as though he knew something special had happened. Over in the little creek across the road the water was rippling among the rocks. Beyond that our neighbor's field looked like a pretty green blanket with brown spots. Way across the field were standing half a dozen big aged trees with the buds beginning to swell. Everywhere the signs shouted that spring was here. Between two of the aged trees a ground hog was going in and out of his winter home, hunting for food. The clouds were a most beautiful blue and white. The spring sun shone with welcome warmth, and the air was fresh and clear. Cars were moving slowly on the road, as people were taking advantage of the beautiful Easter day.

I sat there thinking that it would be the last time I would hold Matthew on this earth. Finally walking to the bedroom, I held him against my shoulder and the side of my face. I thought, "I can't lay him down, this precious little boy." I felt so utterly helpless.

It is at a time like this that a person is so glad for the hope of eternal life. It was comforting to know that his sufferings were all over and that he was resting in the arms of Jesus. Matthew had gone to join his three little brothers playing in the streets of gold.

Again came the solemn funeral services, the last glimpse, the final touch, the journey to the cemetery, and standing before the open grave. Then all was over and we came home to a sad and empty little bed. We were so thankful we had a little girl to take care of, though we felt very unworthy of it. Life seemed so different, very hard to adjust to. After taking care of sickly children for ten years, all of a sudden it stopped. Many times I would wake out of my sleep and think I heard Matthew calling. I would get out of bed and take my path over to his little bed and feel where he had lain. It seemed like I could still feel the warmth of his tiny body, but, no, he wasn't there — the bed was empty. Then I would be left standing in the dark, weeping until there were no more tears to come, yet I so well knew he had a better resting place.

As I think back to the lives of our four little boys, there are many cherished memories — how Mickie enjoyed the hours I spent reading to him, how Timmie's face lit up when I told him he was going to be with Jesus, how peaceful little baby Rudy looked as he lay in his casket, and how Matthew would hold my hand until he fell asleep. I remember, too, how I would give them their daily bath, rub their bony backs with lotion and powder, and tuck the blankets around their little bodies so they could drop off to a peaceful sleep.

I remember the many times I stood in front of their beds and whispered, "Oh, Lord, I just can't give them up; they are so dear to me." But when the time came for suffering and pain, how willingly we could then ask God to bring them to rest.

Yes, not far off, in a little country graveyard are four little mounds of earth side by side which hold hidden our most cherished treasures that this world could afford, — the bodies of our four little boys.

God has not promised to remove difficulties from our lives, but he will help us turn tragedy into triumph. To hear the diagnosis of "incurable" for our beloved children seemed a tragic blow, a crumbling of dreams. But God taught us many lessons of faith, of trust and obedience, which could not be learned otherwise. "When God sends a trial with one hand, he gives grace with the other and thus trials become triumphs." Thank God, death is not the end, — not a going away, but a coming home. ■■

BILLY GRAHAM
D.L. MOODY
"MIGHTY MEN OF GOD?"

by Elmo Stoll

The "Great" Evangelist

On February 5, 1837, a little baby boy was born to a Massachusetts' mason and his wife. They named the boy Dwight Lyman Ryther Moody. In spite of the lengthy name, the parents were just common people, and the birth of their sixth child went practically unnoticed except by the closest neighbors. Yet when he died sixty-two years later, D. L. Moody, the evangelist, was known and sincerely mourned by thousands of people.

Moody's death and funeral made headlines in national newspapers, not only in the United States, but also in England where he had preached to large crowds on his three campaigns in Europe. Less than four months after his death, an extensive biography (590 pages) went to the printers. The book was entitled *The Life of D. L. Moody* and was written by his son, William R. Moody.

It was one of the first of the biographies to be written after Moody's death, but it was not the last. Since that time there have been many more. And all of them, it seems, whether magazine articles or full length books, speak glowingly of the "great" evangelist and of the "thousands" of souls which were "gathered into the kingdom" by the "power" and "spirit-filled" messages of D. L. Moody. One can not read these biographies in fairness without admitting that Moody was indeed an unusual preacher and that in many respects he deserves admiration. He gave up a good business and a steady income for what, at the time at least, seemed a financially unrewarding life of preaching. Although soon famous, he always tried to keep his message simple and directed to the common people. He lived and preached with enthusiasm and joy that was contagious. He believed strongly in the virtues of honesty, thrift, and humility. He spoke forcefully and openly against the evils of tobacco and strong drink, as well as against card playing and gambling. He stressed that all men are sinners and in need of redemption, and that salvation was obtainable only through the merits of the shed blood of Jesus Christ.

At first glance he would seem to have been all his biographers claim for him — a dedicated follower of Christ, a great evangelist whom God used to further his work and kingdom on earth, in short, a "mighty man of God." Is it possible that some of these conclusions about Moody are not accurate or only half-truths? If so, a closer look might well be profitable in order to find out what Moody really did teach, and equally important, what he didn't teach.

Moody's Position on War

There are a number of moral issues which are so much a part of life, that almost every person, and especially a Christian, must sooner or later take a stand in regard to them. One such issue is fighting — is it right to go to war or to otherwise defend oneself by force?

Since Moody in his lifetime saw two wars (Civil and Spanish American) it would seem like a reasonable question to ask: What was Moody's position on war?

The day Abraham Lincoln's call for soldiers was issued, Moody was at a Sunday school convention in Illinois. When Moody learned that Lincoln was asking young men to enlist, he turned to a friend and said, "We'll have to go (to the army), but we're here right now. Let us do what we can to win a multitude of souls to Christ today."[1]

Learning that one of his brothers, Warren, had already enlisted, Moody wrote a letter to his mother. He was deeply concerned about Warren's soul, but not on account of his having volunteered to help kill people. Instead he wrote his mother: "Tell Warren not to play cards, for it leads to gambling, and gambling leads to Hell!"[2]

Although Moody himself did not feel that "he could take a gun and shoot down a fellow-being,"[3] he apparently could encourage those who did. With his customary enthusiasm and ambition, he organized the soldiers of one Regiment who were professed Christians into "bands of brothers" and they were supposed to witness to fellow soldiers with the goal that "every man in the ranks be a Christian."[4]

Moody found in the Civil war a wonderful opportunity for Christian activity, and he quickly became a sort of unofficial chaplain among the soldiers. It is evident that he did not tell them to stop shedding blood for his work was approved by army officers.[5] He prayed much with the soldiers, asking God to give them "victory over sin, Satan, and the rebels."[6] (At the same time, Moody was very bold to rebuke any soldiers he caught using profanity,[7] and it is such instances which his biographers have used to show him as fearless and outspoken in dealing with sin.)

One of Moody's favorite stories later in life was about the young man who enlisted in the army, and how the first night in camp he knelt beside his bed to pray. All the other boys hooted in mockery and tossed their boots at him. But by faithfully keeping at his prayers each evening, the young man was finally able to report to his chaplain, "We have a prayer meeting there now every night, and three have been converted, and we are praying for the rest."[8]

The story was told by Moody as an example of the wonderful power of God. We can only deduct from it that Moody found nothing inconsistent about praying for God's blessing while doing the devil's work.

The objection may be raised that Moody was an evangelist whose work was bringing sinners to Christ, and that it is therefore unfair to criticize him because of a doctrinal position. In that case it may be well to ask: "If a man cannot be trusted to lead me aright once I am a Christian, how can he be trusted to tell me how to become one?"

Another objection that might be raised is that Moody probably never came into contact with the teaching of nonresistance, or had it explained to him as Biblical. It might thus be reasoned that Moody cannot be held accountable on this point, as he probably would not have rejected it, had he been taught it.

Unfortunately for Moody, (and as it turned out, unfortunately for the Mennonite Church, also) this objection can also be refuted.

Moody and the Mennonites

In 1861 D. L. Moody became acquainted with a young Mennonite man who taught a Sunday School class at the same place he did, at the Milwaukee Depot Mission in Chicago. The two became close friends and worked together for a number of years.[9]

The young Mennonite man was John F. Funk, who later became a bishop and publisher in the Mennonite Church (MC). By his association with Funk, Moody had plenty of opportunity to accept nonresistance — the way of love in action — had he wanted to. But the sad truth is that Moody was able to influence Funk much more than Funk was able to influence Moody.

Largely because of the influence Moody had upon his thinking, Funk became dissatisfied with many of the traditional modes of worship taught by his mother church. He picked up "progressive ideas" which made him push for change in church policies and attitudes.[10] For thirty years, (1870-1900) John F. Funk was the most influential leader in the Mennonite Church,[11] and helped introduce a more liberal trend that since has broken down the separation which still remained between Mennonites and the world. In fact, the wheels of change that Funk set in motion moved so rapidly that in the end even he was able to see where it was leading. He encouraged the founding of what is now Goshen College, but in his old age he withdrew his support.[12] When some brethren from Virginia visited him, he told them, "I had thought that the church would run the colleges, but now it seems that the colleges are running the church."[13]

Harold S. Bender, who for years was Dean of Goshen College Biblical Seminary, wrote: "Without doubt, a significant contribution to the Great Awakening in the Mennonite Church in 1875-1900 was Moody's indirect influence in various ways, especially through Funk."[14] Bender, in his comment, shows himself favorable toward the changes Funk introduced by calling it the "Great Awakening." A better and more accurate term for it might be the Great Apostasy, for it helped the Mennonite Church lose its identity as a Biblical Anabaptist-type church. It hurried the main body of Mennonites down the road of worldliness until today they are hardly more than another Protestant denomination. For those of us who do not care to travel in the same direction it is well to stop and consider that by the Mennonites' own admission, part of the influence that shaped them into what they are today, can be traced back to the evangelist in Chicago, D. L. Moody.

A Modern Moody

What D. L. Moody was to his generation, Billy Graham has become to ours — the popular evangelist. Handsome, well-dressed, and with a smooth tongue, he has attracted multitudes to his meetings wherever he has held them. And each time he gives the invitation, hundreds come forward, many of them young people, to make their "decisions for Christ."

Is it possible that he, like Moody before him, is teaching a false gospel or a partial gospel and thus may be giving a false hope to thousands of people?

On the question of going to war, Graham takes much the same position as Moody took. Several years ago a troubled man wrote in to a newspaper question-and-answer column by Billy Graham. The man said that he had been in the army and had shot and killed a person. He said the slain man's face has haunted him ever since, and he has finally come to wonder if he did wrong in shooting him. Billy Graham answered and assured the man that he had not done wrong at all, but merely his duty as a soldier.

Does Graham fare any better on the question of divorce? Again he has indicated his position through his question-and-answer column. A woman wrote to him, saying that she was divorced and that both she and her husband had remarried. She said that since she has remarried, she discovered the Bible teaches she is living in adultery. She wanted advice as to what to do. Graham answered that since her first husband had remarried there would be no sense in leaving her present husband. He said if she had a happy second marriage she should stick to it, for it would only cause more heartaches to leave again.[15]

Is a man who puts human reasoning above the Bible a safe spiritual adviser? By his answer Billy Graham is saying that adultery is wrong only when you don't have a good excuse for living that way. The Bible says, "If a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery," (Mark 10:12).

What about nonconformity in dress? A Mennonite bishop from Pennsylvania wrote several months ago, "I have personally heard Billy Graham tramp the Scriptures in the mud, (so to speak) and declare that his position is right in spite of what the Bible says. He made fun of the plain people's clothes, and quoted the Scriptures that we use to enforce the doctrine of separation — then boldly said that he plans to be the most fashionable man on the street." This was almost twenty years ago that Graham made the above statement, and apparently he has finally reached his goal, for this winter the Fashion Foundation of America listed Graham as one of the fifteen best-dressed men in the United States.[16]

It can be seen, then, that Graham very clearly does not believe in nonconformity, but surely he believes in modesty in dress. Or does he? When a young girl asked him if wearing mini-skirts was wrong, he said that if she wore them only because they were in fashion, it wasn't wrong, but if she wore them to attract men's attention, then it was wrong![17] He is quoted by Life magazine to have said almost the exact same thing when he was in London, England two years ago and met two teenage girls in mini-skirts. "You look just fine," he told them.[18]

Graham also tells on himself by the people he endorses as fellow Christians. He has praised two former presidents, Eisenhower and Johnson, as men "who set a religious example for the nation."[19] He is even more enthusiastic about Nixon's standing with God. While admitting that Nixon is not the "world's most faithful churchgoer," Graham said, "I can say without qualification that he . . . has a deep faith in God."[20] Although some presidents may be less unscrupulous than others, it is hard to understand how a Christian would get far in politics, let alone ever reach the office of the presidency.

Not too long ago I came across a small pamphlet entitled, Sex & Youth, which was written by Billy Graham. I thought to myself that if there ever was a subject upon which the young people of today need sound Biblical teaching, it is this subject. But what advice does Graham give? Two quotes should serve to show what a dangerous course of compromise he recommends. "Make it a rule never to engage in heavy petting," Graham warns. In the second quote he says, "Choose carefully what television programs you watch."[21] By these statements Graham says to young people everywhere, "Go ahead, it's all right to pet on dates if you don't take it too far," and, "There's nothing wrong with television if you don't watch the worst shows!"

Converted to Conversion

A major criticism of evangelists such as Moody and Graham is that they stress a few verses in the Bible far out of proportion to what the Scriptures do. The illustration has been given that Bible truths are like a map of the states — each one must be drawn carefully to scale. If Ohio is drawn too large, it will crowd out Indiana or Pennsylvania. In the same way, if one teaching of the Bible is stressed too much, it will crowd out some other.

The Bible teaches that conversion is important — without it there can be no true Christians. But when conversion alone is preached, without requiring godly sorrow and repentance for sin, it becomes meaningless. In order for conversion to be genuine, it must be accompanied by repentance. And in order for repentance to have power, there must be something to repent from. When the evangelist himself acts and lives and dresses like the world, what can he tell his hearers to repent of? What can he tell them to be converted to?

One of the readers of Family Life stated this problem very clearly in a letter to the editors when he said, "There are many churches where the main (perhaps only) theme Sunday after Sunday is conversion. Conversion is the whole context of their message. In such churches people are converted to conversion, but there is nothing more and I fear many converts soon die. I believe that a man needs to be converted, not to conversion, but to Jesus Christ, who is the Truth. So if a person is converted to the Truth, he is brought to much more than just the beginning of the Christian life."

It seems that the modern mass-meeting evangelists tend to preach constantly about conversion, but say little if anything about the responsibility conversion brings with it — the responsibility to live in obedience to the rest of God's commandments. In fact, it almost seems that such evangelists make it a point not to take a stand on a doctrinal issue. Let us take D. L. Moody for example. It is difficult to find in the books about Moody any clear statement as to what position he held on most commandments of the Bible. There is, however, one instance recorded which tells a lot. One of the things it tells is that Moody didn't think doctrines important, and the second thing it tells is that Moody didn't like to commit himself on anything specific.

The incident occurred on February 5, 1875 when Moody had gone to London, England to hold a series of meetings. A conference of ministers and Christian workers was called to make plans for the campaign. One minister who wondered how Scripturally sound Moody was, asked that he print his creed for them to read.

"My creed is in print," was Moody's ready reply.

"Where?" many asked, as they reached for their notebooks.

"In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," Moody said.[22]

However witty Moody's answer may have been, it is hardly a satisfactory explanation for the serious questioner. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is a beautiful and moving prophecy of the coming Saviour and his work of redemption, but it says little that even the most modernistic preacher would not agree with.

In doing research for this article, I wrote to William Culbertson, president of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. I asked him what position D. L. Moody took doctrinally. I also asked whether Moody baptized the converts who responded to his message, or even taught that they should be baptized. Culbertson ignored my question about baptism, and as far as I've been able to learn, Moody didn't teach the necessity of water baptism, but left that up to the churches his converts decided to join, if they joined a church at all. (Moody himself was baptized, although by a Unitarian minister.)[23]

Culbertson was just as cautious about committing himself as tho evangelist who founded the institute he is president of. His only response to my question about doctrine was to send me a five-article "Doctrinal Statement" of the Moody Bible Institute as it was drawn up and agreed upon in October, 1928. The statement expresses belief in the Trinity, in the Bible as inspired, in Jesus as the Son of God, in the fall of man, and in Christ's redemptive death.

In short, the statement said very little except that they believe in God. But the devils do also, and tremble (James 2:19).

Go To The Church Of Your Choice

Probably the most serious single point in which evangelists such as Moody and Graham fail is in the area of church fellowship. In order for their campaigns to be successful, they have to recognize and work with all the different church denominations in the area. Graham follows the example that Moody and others have set for him, and tells his converts to go to the church of their choice.[24] This is a serious matter, and one with far-reaching consequences. By this policy the door is immediately opened to every abuse and corruption imaginable. By advising his converts to go to the church of their choice, Graham is saying that all the churches are safe shepherds for the souls of men, thereby endorsing what those churches practice and permit — infant baptism, divorce, abortion, movies and television, bloodshed, fashionable and immodest dress, premarital sex, birth control, law suits, swearing of oaths, drinking, smoking, gambling, working on Sundays, secret societies, make-up and cut hair for women, women preachers, belief in evolution, and rejection of the virgin birth, as well as explaining away the other miracles of the Bible. Let anyone look at the average Protestant church today, and he will have to admit that the above list could be made much longer, for it is far from complete. Even if walking up a crowded aisle and signing a card did make a Christian out of a person, what chance is there for survival when he is then directed to a church where the above abominations are sanctioned?

A liberal trend, a streamlining of religion, a broadening of the narrow way — these describe all too accurately the "gospel" of the modern evangelists. Theirs is a subtle influence that is filtering through and affecting some areas of our plain churches. Already it seems that some of us have come to believe the biggest of all untruths which such evangelists proclaim in word and deed, "It doesn't matter how you look and live as long as your heart is right."

The counterfeit money which is the greatest threat to the true currency is that which the most closely resembles it. In the same way, it is the lie that is partly true that is the most apt to be believed. It is those teachers who mix truth with untruth who are the most deceiving. Satan is less successful coming as a roaring lion, (1 Peter 5:8) than he is coming as an angel of light, sending his ministers "transformed as the ministers of righteousness." (2 Corinthians 11:14, 15)

Before we object and say, "But such men are doing some good. Even if they help only one soul to God, their work is worthwhile and it is not in our place to criticize," — before we say that, let us consider well. Let us consider the fact that Billy Graham has spoken personally to more people than any other man in history.[25] Even if perchance a few were helped, what if thousands and tens of thousands were led the wrong way, given a false hope, and comforted in their sins?

It is a very serious matter for anyone to oppose those who are truly sent of God. We should be careful in our criticism of others, and make sure that we are being honest, charitable, and fair. It is our duty to "judge a righteous judgment" (John 7:24). To reject a true Christian is serious, but let us not forget that to accept a false one is just as serious. In either case we are not making a "righteous judgment." Jesus said, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits" (Matthew 7:15).

One Other Evangelist

It would not be fair to close this article without considering the work of one other evangelist. He is probably better known than either Billy Graham or D. L. Moody. His writings are widely distributed. But while he lived he was anything but popular.[26] His campaigns were not welcomed by the churches of the area in which he preached, but vigorously opposed. No newspaper headlines proclaimed his coming, or praised his success. In fact, it seemed to the people of his time that he stirred up more trouble than he did good.[27] Instead of a half-million dollar crusade budget,[28] he worked with his own hands to pay his way.[29] The emphasis throughout all his writing is to tell Christians how to live, rather than to tell the unconverted how to be converted. He was not afraid to state where he stood in regard to doctrine. He taught nonresistance and nonconformity.[30] Compared with today's thinking, he was harsh and overly strict in his attitude toward fallen church members. He commanded very forcefully that such members should be put out of the church and shunned until they repented.[31] He took time to give instructions on what most people today regard as unimportant subjects, such as not going to law, unequal yoke, submission of wives to their husbands, the devotional headcovering, and modesty in dress.[32] He spent three years with one congregation, helping them get established and warning them to be on the lookout for false prophets. He made special mention of his policy of declaring "all the counsel of God," instead of just part of it.[33]

This evangelist, as you have probably guessed, was the Apostle Paul. Somehow there seems to be a disturbing contrast between his method of evangelism and that of more recent men such as D. L. Moody and Billy Graham. ■■

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DO YOU LIKE THE FEELING THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER OTHER PEOPLE? THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING STORY ADMITS SHE DID. IT TOOK TWO UNUSUAL INCIDENTS TO TEACH HER A LESSON.

"I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF"

– Elizabeth Miller

DO THESE THINGS belong to you?" These words, spoken in a high-pitched voice, startled me. My four days at home had been a flurry of activity and now, as I was on my way back to Aylmer, I was tired and sleepy. Since it was the middle of the week, the bus depot in Detroit wasn't crowded and I found it easy to relax and even doze during my two-and-one-half hour wait there.

I looked up quickly. There stood an elderly woman whose appearance spoke of both fashion and dignity. She was quite small and her hair had an artificial bluish-gray color. I don't remember much about her clothing, but I do remember she wore so much lipstick that her teeth were tinted pink. Thinking the lady wanted to sit down, I quickly gathered my shawl and bonnet from the seat beside me. "Yes, they're mine," I said.

"No, no. Leave them there. I don't want to sit down," she said. She spoke rapidly and her breath came in little gasps. She held her head high and continued, "If I wanted to sit down, there would be plenty of other places to sit. I am in the need of help and I thought if these things belonged to you, you might be kind enough to help me."

"Sure," I said. "What ..." But before I could say more the lady continued.

"Well, I've been to Florida and now I'm on my way home. I'm not used to traveling alone, but so far I haven't had any trouble and I've been able to take care of myself. But now this morning I have quite a problem." I listened as she told of her trip, her sister-in-law's instructions, her bus connections, and her ability to take care of herself. I wished she would skip the details and tell me what her problem was. Finally she got to that part.

"And now since I'm passing over into Canada, I have to have my luggage with me on the bus to cross the border. I have two big suitcases over at the baggage counter and I can't carry them over here with my hands full of these." She held out two smaller pieces of baggage.

I tried not to show my surprise at her minor problem. "Let me go over and get them for you," I offered, already on my feet.

Instantly I saw that I had offended the lady. "No, no, I wouldn't ask that much of you!" she said. "If only you would watch these things for me while I go get the others." Her voice was even shriller when she was excited. I noticed we were attracting a lot of attention from the people around us, and I blushed.

"Oh, certainly," I said, sitting down again.

"I'd be glad if you kept a good eye on them," she said, giving me a long searching look. "It isn't safe to leave things setting around these days."

"Sure," I said and moved her things closer to my own. As the lady left I glanced around and found a lot of people were watching us. A woman across the aisle winked at me. I smiled in return.

Soon I saw the lady coming back. The suitcases were big and she had to set them down often to rest. All out of breath, she sank into the chair beside me. Opening her purse she took out a handful of change.

"Here," she said. "Take this. I appreciate your kindness."

"Oh, no," I said, quite taken by surprise. "I – I didn't do anything but sit here. I was glad to watch your things for you."

The lady was quite insistent. "But I'm going to have to ask you to help me again when my bus leaves. I won't be able to carry these things out all at one time. I was thinking I could leave the biggest one and the smallest ones with you while I carry out the rest and leave them with the driver. My sister-in-law said the drivers could be trusted."

"Oh, I'm sure the drivers will be glad to help you. That's their business," I said.

"Well, but that's not the problem," said the lady, growing impatient once more. "It is getting out to the bus that worries me."

"What time does your bus leave?" I asked, glancing at the clock. "I'll be glad to help you if I'm still here. My bus leaves in about fifteen minutes."

The lady glanced at the clock. "Fifteen minutes. Let's see. Mine leaves at ... why, it leaves in fifteen minutes, too."

"Maybe we'll be going on the same bus," I said, trying to cheer up the fretting lady. "Are you taking the Buffalo bus?"

She raised her chin slightly and said, "No, madam, I'm not going to Buffalo. I'm going to Aylmer, Ontario."

"Aylmer!" I said, forgetting to be cautious in my surprise. "Are you going to Aylmer, too?" I wouldn't have been more surprised if she had told me she lived in an igloo in northern Canada.

The lady frowned. At first I thought she was displeased at my surprised expression. But I didn't have long to worry about it. "But I thought you said you were going to Buffalo," she said.

"I said I was going to take the bus that goes to Buffalo, but I'll be getting off in Aylmer," I explained. "Do you live in Aylmer?"

"No, I live at Port Bruce, about ten miles from Aylmer. I'm getting off at Aylmer because I left my car at my nephew's there while I was on my trip. But coming back to my problem again, having you take the same bus I'm taking doesn't help matters any. You won't want to stay here to watch my suitcases while I carry the rest out." She sighed and looked around as if trying to decide who she could ask to help.

It took quite a bit of persuasion to convince the lady it wouldn't be any bother at all for me to carry her largest suitcase and tuck her smallest one under my other arm, carrying my own in my free hand. The lady was excited and her voice shrill as she made endless apologies and fretted about the weight of her baggage. Once more we had the attention of the surrounding people and quite a few of them showed amusement as they watched us. In spite of her apologies and protests, the trip out to the bus was not a difficult one. After we were on the bus the lady once more offered me a handful of change.

When I refused again, she had another idea. "I know," she said. "When we get to Aylmer, you'll let me take you home with my car. I'd be so glad to do that for you in return for the kindness you have shown me." She sat at the edge of her seat as she waited for my answer.

"That's very kind of you, only I have made arrangements for someone to meet me at the highway about four miles out of town," I said, wishing I could let her take me home, just for the sake of easing her feelings.

Soon I was napping, and each time I woke up the lady looked at me with her troubled, uneasy eyes and apologized for being a bother. About the middle of the forenoon she had another idea. She gave me a piece of paper with her name and telephone number, telling me to call her any time she could be of any help to me. I accepted the note and thanked her, but was hesitant in promising to call her.

"But I might never see you again and I'll never have the opportunity of returning the favor," she said, looking perplexed.

"Maybe you can be kind to someone else," I said, trying to cheer her up.

She looked happier than she had all morning. "That's a good idea," she said. "I never thought of it that way."

As amusing as this incident had seemed to me at first, there was something about the lady that made me feel sorry for her. Perhaps it was her way of making a big issue of a trifle, but I rather think there was another reason why I pitied her. At one time I was very much like her; I found it hard to accept help from others without paying them back. I liked to have the feeling that I was able to take care of myself and I didn't like to bother other people.

As I was thinking of the lady sitting across the aisle on the bus that day my mind went back about a year and a half. It was then that I had quite a lesson in learning to accept favors from others.

I was teaching school at the time and lived in the summer kitchen of a large farmhouse. Up until one snowy day in December I had been, as the lady put it, "able to take care of myself." Oh, there were things I had to depend on others for, like borrowing a horse and buggy when I went away and asking the people with whom I lived to bring groceries home from the store. But in many ways I was on my own and could get along without bothering other people too much.

It took only a fraction of a second to change all this. A misstep, a twist, a sharp pain, and then I was sitting out in the snow with a broken leg. I was no longer able to help myself and I had to let the children go to the neighbors for help. Suddenly living alone had lost all its conveniences. That evening when Mary (the woman in the other part of the house) offered to have her daughter, Ruth, come over to help me get my supper, I had to accept, even though I knew the family had planned to go away for the evening. Later that same evening I sat and watched while another neighbor washed not only my supper dishes, but my breakfast dishes as well. I'm sure I apologized, but I hope I didn't overdo it quite as much as the lady on the bus had.

This was just the beginning of things I had to depend on others for. I could no longer walk to school and my neighbors had the "bother" of taking me each morning and picking me up again in the evening. Since my accident came exactly one week before Christmas, the mothers had to help with the extra activities that go with the holidays at school. When mothers sent a note along to school saying, "I told the children to bring your lunch bucket along home and we will pack your lunch for tomorrow," I learned to swallow my pride and accept the offer.

By the time I had adjusted to the sudden change of events, things began to change again. I wore a walking cast and as soon as I was able to walk without crutches, I resumed my household duties. Now I had my hands free to work and carry things once more. I appreciated being able to take care of myself more than I ever had but resolved to be a more graceful receiver if the time ever came when I needed help again. I did not realize that very soon my resolution would be put to test.

It was on a Monday evening, about four weeks after the day I had broken my leg. I was in the doctor's office where I was supposed to report for a checkup. The doctor came in, asked a few questions, and decided to take off my cast to see what the leg looked like. "If you can walk on it, maybe we'll just leave the cast off, providing you promise to be careful for another few weeks." About half an hour later I was swinging up the long hall on crutches — not because my leg hurt that much, but because one foot was barefoot. I was happy to have shed my cast two weeks sooner than the doctor had predicted, but I had an even bigger surprise waiting for me when I got to the receptionist's desk.

"Well, Miss Miller, I have good news for you," she said. "Your bill is all paid for."

"No, I haven't paid my bill," I said. Surely there was a mistake someplace. "I was waiting for you to send it in the mail."

"But it is paid for," explained the receptionist with a smile. "Someone called in the other week and told us not to send you a bill. A few days later someone came in and paid for it."

The receptionist and I had gone to school together and knew each other quite well. "Oh, come on, Betty," I said. "You're joking."

"But I'm not joking. You must have a very special friend. Things like this don't happen to very many people," she said.

"But who — do you know who it was?" I asked.

"No, I don't. They paid in cash and didn't leave any name. They didn't want to give their identity," said the receptionist. "It might have been your parents, or one of your brothers or sisters," she suggested. "I don't know. All I do know is that it is paid for and you're a lucky girl."

I left the building in a daze, still unable to believe it was actually true. "But why?" I kept asking myself. I had been accepting help when I needed it, but to take help from others when I could have helped myself — that was something different. Who would have done something like this for me? I decided to keep my ears and eyes open for any clues.

The next day at school about a dozen children were gathered around my desk. Suddenly one of them asked, "Teacher, how much does it cost to have a broken leg?"

I looked up sharply. "Why? What makes you ask?" I said.

The girl shrugged. "I just wondered," she answered. She looked as innocent as could be.

I told the story to my pupils. They were so surprised that I was convinced they knew nothing about it. One of them even remarked, "I'm sure it wasn't my dad. He's so glad when he has our own bills paid."

Weeks passed and my leg healed completely, but I never forgot the lesson I learned from the anonymous giver. Even though I could not thank that person and do something for him in return, I could do as I had advised the lady on the bus — try and be kind to someone else. ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

BLINDNESS

With a cry of fear Levi* woke from his dream, and jerked to a sitting position. He strained to see, but all was coal-black. His hand flew to his eyes. The left one was bandaged, but the right one was open. Why then could he not see?

Levi's heart thumped in his chest. His breathing came in gasps. In all his fifteen years he had never been so frightened. His fears had come true— his right eye too was gone and he was blind. This was not a dream. Or was it?Downstairs in the living room the old clock struck twelve times. Midnight.

Then Levi smelled burned wick and knew that the kerosene lamp had gone out. Almost frantic with new hope, he grabbed for the window blind at the side of the bed. He held it aside and gazed anxiously into the moonless night. Was it...did he...yes, there indeed was the faint outline of the maple tree on the lawn. And there in the distance was the twinkling yard light of neighbor Browns. Wonderful, wonderful. His one good eye still worked after all.

Levi lay slowly back on his pillow, exhausted. He felt sweat on his forehead and his hands were trembling. This was not the first nightmare he had suffered since his accident. Why couldn't he forget this terrible fear of going blind?

Three weeks had passed since the fateful evening when the family driving horse had kicked him in the face. Three weeks had passed since Levi had been told his one eye was so badly damaged it would have to be removed. He had been in a stupor then and conscious only at intervals.

But now he was back home in his own bed. There was a thick gauze bandage over his left eye. At first his right eye had been swollen and bloodshot too, but this had gone away and he thought he could see as well as ever.

But what if his right eye should go bad even yet? Levi had heard stories of people who had injured one eye, and ended up being blind in both. 'Twas a strange thing that even the doctors could not explain— that when one eye was badly hurt, the other one would also lose its sight. Dr. McFarlane had called it "sympathy."

Doc had said there was not much chance of it happening if the injured eye had been removed. But did he know?

To young Levi, the thought of blindness was about as terrifying as any handicap he could think of. As he lay on his bed, gradually relaxing, he recalled times when the family had discussed being handicapped. "Which would be worse, being blind or deaf?" someone would ask. There was usually a difference of opinion, some members of the family favoring blindness, others deafness.

But that had been before the accident. It had been idle talk really. No one expected to become blind or deaf. "And none of us knows what it is like not to be able to hear or see," thought Levi to himself. "As long as we are not threatened with it, we never really face up to the possibility."

I think Levi was right. Take blindness, for example. You and I grew up with good eyesight and took it for granted. We met blind people once in a while and felt sorry for them. At times the thought occurred to us, "What if I were blind?" but we never expected to be. Accidents happen, sure, and diseases strike, but it is always someone else.

For young Levi blindness came dangerously close. As a teenager, life for him stretched out ahead. The loss of his eyesight would radically change that life. Blindness was something to fear. Now he only had one eye left and that one... No wonder the nightmares came.

Levi indeed had a narrow escape. In time the nightmares ceased, and Levi began to appreciate his eyesight as he never had before. In the twenty years since his accident he has learned that for most practical purposes one eye is enough. To have only one-half of one's eyes is not to be half-blind. If a man can see he is not blind. But because of his accident he values his sight a lot more than those who have never woke up in the middle of the night to find everything dark.

Blind People I Have Met

Not everyone is as fortunate as Levi. I have a cousin who became very sick as a baby, and for a time he was not expected to live. When he did recover, it was without the sight of his eyes. My cousin is a young man now. I have not seen him for a good many years, but I understand he is happy and well-adjusted. By attending a school for the blind, he has learned Braille and many other skills.

I remember him as a lively lad of four or five, riding his tricycle at high speed about the house. Even without "eyes" he knew his geography well, and going through the doors presented no problem.

And then there is Christie Beiler of southern Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He too was kicked by a horse at fifteen, but unlike Levi he lost the sight of both eyes.

I visited Christie in the summer of 1966, a couple of years after his accident. He was busy learning to write and type without seeing, and to make things from leather with his hands. I particularly remember his cheerful attitude and happy laugh.

It seems to me blindness is like a lot of other things, pretty much what a person makes of it. Just think of Helen Keller, not only blind from birth but deaf and dumb as well. Hers was more than a double handicap— to be both deaf and blind is a hundredfold worse than one or the other. The difference is like that of having one eye or none.

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*Name has been changed.

In spite of circumstances that would have made a houseplant out of most people, Helen Keller developed into an educated, well-rounded person— respected and admired around the world. She would likely have become famous without being blind. Or would she... ?

Fanny Crosby is another example. Had she been able to see like other people, she would have likely married, been someone's devoted wife and the mother of his children. She would have filled a role just like most other women. There would have been nothing wrong with this, but the world would be much poorer without Fanny Crosby's many hymns that no doubt would not have been written had she been blessed with eyesight.

Several years ago on a trip I changed buses at Columbus, Ohio. Bored at the thought of waiting two hours in the Greyhound terminal, I set out to see the city. The sidewalks were crowded with Christmas shoppers, and the air was full of voices, honking horns, squealing tires, and Santa Claus bells.

Suddenly above the babel of noise came the clear strong notes of someone singing. Beautiful, lilting, sometimes drowned out by the sound of traffic, the song came echoing from the tall buildings on each side. This was not the blare of a radio or the rasping of a loudspeaker. This song came directly from the throat of someone who loved to sing.

A block down the street I saw him— a short man, slowly shuffling along the sidewalks. He felt his wav with a blind man's cane, and with his other hand he jingled a tin cup containing a few coins. The sightless eyes were closed.

His face was unforgettable. It seemed he was not aware of the milling crowds, who, breaking step to duck around him passed on down the street. His thoughts were on the words he was singing, and he was putting everything he had into the song.

And what singing! ."I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord. No tender voice like thine can peace afford..."

The beggar in Columbus was blind, but I wonder if he was as blind as the Christmas crowds hurrying on their way, seeing but not singing. There are other kinds of blindness than the kind that needs a white cane or a seeing-eye dog.

If You Were Blind You Could See

The ninth chapter of the Gospel of John tells of a remarkable occurrence. A man who had been born blind was made to see! People who lose their sight through sickness sometimes recover it, but this does not happen to one who was born blind. For such a one there was no hope. To be born blind was to live blind and die blind.

How did this blind man of Jerusalem receive his sight, then? Jesus came walking by and took notice of him. He rubbed clay on the beggar's eyes and bade him go to the Pool of Siloam to wash. The blind man went, and behold, as the clay washed out of his eyes, he saw.

But the beggar who had been so wondrously cured had some trials ahead of him. The Pharisees were upon him in a moment, seeking to discredit the miracle of his sight. "How did it happen?" they cried. "Surely you are not the same man; you're just some other man that looks like the beggar. It's all a big hoax."

In words such as these we can imagine the Pharisees talking excitedly. At first the beggar listened, still thrilled by the unheard-of-miracle that had happened to him. Later he sensed the trickery of the Pharisees and became impatient with them. Boldly he rebuked the spiritual leaders of Israel, "Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he (Jesus) is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes... Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing."

"Thou was altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?" retorted the scornful Pharisees. And with these words they cast him out.

A bit confused, yet still joyful with his new sight, the beggar whose eyes had been opened met Jesus again. In the conversation that followed, the beggar left no doubt that his eyes had been opened in more ways than one. He could see the trees, the buildings, the people walking up and down the street. But he could see more. He could see Jesus as the Son of God.

The Pharisees could not. In Jesus they saw only a man who challenged their position as spiritual leaders. Jesus pricked their consciences and made them uncomfortable. He was just a carpenter's son, an unlearned laborer from detestable Nazareth, and yet he said he was the promised Messiah, the Son of God. Worst of all, the common folk believed him and flocked after him. Pooh! They, the Pharisees, would know the Holy One when he came if anyone would— they were the ones in God's inside circle.

After Jesus had heard the healed man confess his faith in the Son of God, he made a strange statement, "For judgement I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind."

Some Pharisees stood nearby and heard Jesus speak. Quite overwhelmed by what they had seen that day, yet still more insulted than anything else, they asked, "Are we blind also?"

Indeed, the Pharisees were blind. They were as spiritually blind as the beggar had been naturally blind, yet with this difference. The beggar knew he was blind, but the Pharisees said, "We see." It follows that Jesus could heal the beggar but was helpless to do anything for the Pharisees.

There is a darkness in which the blind live. There is another darkness in which live those who do not know Jesus, the Light of the World. In the United States there are an estimated 200,000 persons who cannot see with their eyes. How many thousands are blind in their souls? I fear this number is the greater of the two.

"Not all are blind who have no eyes;
Not all who have two eyes can see."

The Worst Kind Of Blindness

I am sure it is not nice to be blind. A person without sight is greatly handicapped, and misses out on many of life's pleasurable moments. But a blind person can adjust to his sightlessness. He can use his other senses to still make life a useful one. Remember that Fanny Crosby, after a long and busy life, said, "Had I my life to live over again, I would choose to be blind." It is largely a matter of accepting circumstances that cannot be changed, and asking God for grace to make the best of them.

There is one great difference between the naturally blind and the spiritually blind. It is odd, but many of those who are blind in spirit do not realize their own blindness. Like the Pharisees they think they can see.

This is the worst kind of blindness, it seems to me— a blindness that is blind to its own existence. How strange it would seem to see a blind man stumbling through life, running against walls and wading through mudholes, yet protesting, "No, no, I'm not blind. I can see. I don't need any help. I can take care of myself." And yet in a sense this is exactly what the Pharisees were saying. It is exactly what many people today are saying too, though they may say it without using words.

There are those who are wilfully blind, those who do not want to be told the truth. They are a little like the overweight lady who figured out a program to persuade herself she wasn't too heavy after all. She wasn't willing to go on a diet to reduce, so she chose an easier method. Each day before she got on the bathroom scales, she turned the knob back one pound. In a matter of a few weeks the scales showed her weight to be normal, and the lady was quite happy.

Like the plump lady, people do all kinds of funny things to make themselves believe life and death are not what they are. Some quiet their conscience by thinking they are as good as certain church members they know. They forget that salvation is not promised to church members, but to those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ.

Others seek comfort in numbers. They blindly follow the crowd without doing much thinking for themselves. They may figure, "If my soul is lost, it will have lots of company." They ignore that this is exactly what the Bible says, "..broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. ...narrow is the way which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it."

My father was riding on a bus in Honduras one day, and was visiting with his seatmate who knew a little English and wanted to practice it. The bus passed a school for the blind, and the man tried to explain what institution it was. "It's a school for those.. for those.." But he could not think of the English word for blind. At last he said, "You know, a school for those that don't look."

With these words the young man of Honduras described very well the kind of blindness many people are sick with. They don't look, not because it would not be possible, but because they don't want to see. "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." John 3:19.

That The Blind May See

You know the line. It's one you've heard many times. The world is going to ruin, crime is on the increase, the Negroes are rioting, college students rebel, marriage and morality are on the way out. There are wars and rumors of wars, with Vietnam dragging on and Jerusalem crackling like a time bomb ready to blow up.

We get tired of hearing the same gloomy report that the world is getting worse. We get tired of it even though every word may be true. What is wrong with people nowadays anyways that they don't know better?

Before we get too impatient with the world, we want to look closer home. How are the conditions in our churches? After all, that is where we are commanded to "keep house" and not in the whole world. Do we have any blind people in our midst, people who should know the truth and don't?

What keeps us from becoming like the Pharisees—putting on a stiff outward show, claiming to be the household of God, yet bearing rotten stinking fruit? If we claim, "We see," is there a possibility that like the Pharisees we are, in spite of our efforts, blind?

I trust that such is not the case, yet it seems to me there is a danger. There is a danger of becoming self-righteous with our plain clothes, of priding ourselves with being different, of bogging down in a formal year-after-year imitation of our forefathers without really understanding their faith. At first there is nearsightedness, but in time blindness sets in.

Let us not spare ourselves if by self-examination we can discover spots before our eyes, and then correct them with the help of God. If there is poor sight or blindness among our own people, we should be more concerned than if we observed it in others.

Sam Mast is a real person, though Sam Mast is not his name. I met him several years ago and visited several hours with him. I have not been able to forget some of the observations he made. Sam lives in an eastern state, in a settlement that has succeeded very well in holding to Scriptural dress standards. His church could be described as very conservative.

Sam Mast was a young married man when I met him, very friendly and talkative, very plainly dressed—yet it seemed to me he was very worldly-minded. He told me how he had worked for an "English" farmer in his teen years, and how he had been attracted to the farmer's pretty daughter. For a while he had seriously considered leaving the Amish.

But about that time he attended an Amish wedding where the young folks had a lot of fun (?). Then he chided himself for ever nursing the thought of becoming "English." "Why, we have more fun at our weddings than they do in theirs, so what would be the sense in changing?"

I don't like to be critical, but alas, there is something wrong if a man's thinking follows the lines that Sam Mast's did. And there is something wrong if the fun (?) at weddings is of the doubtful kind Sam told me about.

The kind of clothes a man wears, the way he cuts and combs his hair, the vehicle he drives—these can be an index to his heart. But it is not a complete index. A person may conform to all the church requires in dress, and still be a worldly-minded man. But rest assured, if he is a worldly-minded man it will show. If it doesn't show in his dress, it will show in his speech, his actions, in the things that interest him. A blind man can never walk like one that can see.

Spiritual blindness is so much more serious than natural blindness that the two should not even be compared. Young Levi was so frightened by the thought of natural blindness that he woke up in the middle of the night, trembling with fear. Where are the parents, the ministers, the young people who are losing sleep because of their loved ones? I am sure they are present among us. May their prayers be answered.

-Guaimaca, Honduras

DID YOU KNOW?

Before the year 800 A.D. all manuscripts of the Bible were written in capital letters, with little or no punctuation, and no spaces between letters. WEWOULDFINDAPASSAGELIKETHISHARDTOREADTODAY

Willie und die Starlinge

Das Frühjahr war gekommen und es gab wieder ſehr viel Starlinge. Das war eine Freude für der zehn Jahr alte Willie, denn er hatte aus allen Starlinge und Spatz-Neſtern die Eier genommen. Er gedachte: „Ich will dies Frühjahr die Starlinge und Spatzen nicht laſſen beſitz haben von mein Martin-Haus.“ Willie beliebte es, Starlinge zu ſchießen für ſein Vater. Jeden Morgen nahm er Gelegenheit wenn einer ins Martin-Haus fliegen wollte zu ſchießen. Manchmal hat er drei oder vier bekommen.

Eines Morgens iſt der Willie ſehr früh aufgeſtanden. Er hat ſein Bruder Joſt gefragt: „Willſt du mit mir zu die Aepfel-Bäumen vom Nachbar gehen die Starling-Neſter auszurauben?“

Joſt aber antwortete: „Nicht heute Morgen, denn ich habe andere Arbeit die ich tun möchte. Du kannſt ſelber gehen, wenn du willſt.“

„Ich will dann ſelber gehen,“ ſagte der Willie.

Willie tat ſeine Arbeit in der Scheuer in großer Eile. Als er fertig war iſt er zu die Aepfel-Bäumen geſprungen. Wo das Frühſtück bereit war, war der Willie noch nicht zurück, und ſeine Mutter war ſehr beſorgt darüber.

Joſt beruhigte ſie: „Sei nicht beſorgt. Der Willie iſt nur zu die Aepfelbäumen vom Nachbar gangen um die Eier aus die Starling-Neſter zu nehmen. Er wird dann kommen wenn er will.“

Es ging aber ganz anders als der Willie gedacht hatte. Da er zum erſten Aepfelbaum kam iſt er hinaufgeklettert. Die Starlinge fingen an um ihn herum zu fliegen, und haben mit dem Willie gezankt. Der Willie lachte über ſie: „Zanket nur, das macht mir nichts aus. Ich will nur die Eier aus dem Neſt werfen und die Jungen den Katzen bringen.“

Willie langte in ein Loch um die Eier zu bekommen, aber er konnte den Boden nicht reichen, das Loch war zu tief. Er langte ſo weit als er konnte, aber ſein Arm war noch zu kurz.

Als der Willie ſein Arm herausholen wollte konnte er nicht, er war feſt. Er hat gezogen und gezogen, aber er kam nicht los. Das viele ziehen half ihm auch nicht, denn es war ein ſchrägser Riß und je mehr er zog, je feſter iſt ſein Arm geworden. Hätte er die Starlinge gehen laſſen, wäre dies nicht geſchehen. Die Starlinge flogen noch immer um dem armen Willie herum und als er ſie ſah dachte er: „Jetz lachen ſie über mich, aber es geſchieht mir ganz recht.“

Der Willie wußte nicht was er tun wollte, denn er konnte nicht ab vom Baum. Er fing an zu weinen mit all ſeinen Kräften. Sein Arm hat ſehr geſchmerzt.

Das laute Brüllen hat endlich die Liſſie, dem Nachbar ſein Mägdlein erwacht. Die war noch am ſchlafen. Dieſe hörte ihn und iſt geſchwind aufgeſtanden zu ſuchen wo der Willie iſt und was ſein Trubel wäre.

Wo die Liſſie ihn gefunden hat im Baum mit ſein Arm feſt, iſt ſie eilends gangen und hat ihren Bruder Dan es geſagt. Dann iſt der Dan ſchnell gangen dem Willie zu helfen.

Die Mutter hörte was letz iſt, ſo ruft ſie dem Dan nach: „Nimm ein Hatchet und ein kleiner Barr mit, du wirſt es vielleicht brauchen der Willie los zu machen.“

Der Andy hat das Loch größer gemacht und dem Willie geholfen ſein Arm herauskriegen. Wo der Willie los war hat er als noch geweint mit große Schmerzen, denn ſein Arm war feſt in dem Loch zwei Stunden lang und war ſteif geweſen. Der Willie hat ein wenig warten müſſen bis er vom Baum herab kommen konnte.

Wo er aufgehört hat zu weinen vermahnte ihn der Dan: „Du mußt acht geben und nicht in ſolche Löcher langen, es könnt eine Schlange drin ſein.“ Dem Willie ſeine Augen ſind groß geworden. „Eine Schlang! Meinſt du . . . ?“ „Ja,“ ſpricht der Andy, Schlangen ſchlupfen in ſolche Löcher.“

„Dann war ich doch noch glücklich,“ antwortete der Willie.

Der Willie tut als noch die Neſter rauben. Er tut aber ein wenig acht geben was für ein Loch er ſeine Hand hinein ſteckt. Es war eine Warnung für ihn. E.L.M.

Ein Vogel' mit Geflügeln braun
Sein Liedlein ſingt oben im Baum:
Sein Lied iſt ſehr ſanft und leis,
Und ſchön zu hören an.

Das Volk das vorüber geht,
Blickt auf der Vogel zu ſehen:
Er macht die ſüßeſte Melodie
In die verborgne Höhen.

Aber jedes Aug ſucht umſonſt,
Der Vogel iſt ſehr klein,
Mit ſein ſittſam dunkelbraun Kleid
Von ein Schau macht er keins.

„Warum, Vater,“ das Mädchen klein,
„Wo iſt das Vögelein?
Könnt ich ein Lied ſo ſingen ſchön,
Wollte ich geſehen ſein.“

„Ich hoff mein Kind, du lerneſt
Der Vogel Beiſpiel rein,
Tuſt nichts nur für gehört zu werden,
Noch für geſehen zu ſein.“

„Der Vogel ſitzt zufrieden da,
Unbemerkt iſt ſein Bahn,
Er ſingt ſein Schöpfers Lob und Preis
Vom Morgen bis zum Abend an.“

„So leb, mein Kind, dein Lebenslauf,
Wird es kurz oder lang;
Tut Menſch dein Anblick hier vergeſſen,
Vergeſſen ſie doch nicht dein Geſang.“

Ueberſetzt von Mrs. Lizzie Gingerich.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

LIFE IN COLORADO—1910

by David A. Hostetler

I think it was during the winter of 1909 that my father, Adam D. Hostetler, made a trip from our home in Indiana to the West Coast, coming home via Colorado. There he visited some of the folks in the Amish community northeast of Wild Horse, Colorado. While there Father got interested in some of that cheap, desolate prairie land. He then contacted a land agent and traded his Indiana land for 320 acres of Colorado land.

The following fall, 1910, father had a sale. At that time there were four of us children who were not of age; the oldest brother, Amzie, came home to help with the moving. After the sale an emigrant car (railroad car) was chartered to ship our personal possessions, some livestock and furniture. My brothers, Amzie and Annan, and also the dog, a wonderful stock dog, went with the emigrant car. The dog got lost on the way.

Father, the two youngest girls, and myself made the journey by train, arriving three or four days ahead of the emigrant car. We were taken in by a nice Amish family who lived a short distance from Wild Horse. Their name was Joe Slaubaughs. Some weeks later I was invited to attend a wedding at the place of one of their daughters.

After Amzie and Annan arrived with the emigrant car, we moved into a small house about three miles from the 320 acres of barren prairie land which Father had traded for. Father had arranged for someone to break up some of the sod and sow some wheat, hoping to reap a wheat crop, but to no avail. He never even got his seed back. Father thought we should have more land, so he purchased a "Free Claim" of 320 acres close to where we were living, as there was lots of land and plenty of money while it lasted. Meanwhile some of the folks who had been living in Colorado for quite a while were having sales and moving away. Others who were staying were out of money or so near that they would come to Father to have him sign their notes. So it wasn't long until Father, too, was running short of finances.

Part II: Prairie Winters

The first winter we were in Colorado we had plenty to do — namely, picking up cow-chips for fuel and digging post holes. The ground was so hard we would use a crowbar and a shovel and dig and dig until we would get a place dug deep enough to hold a bucket of water. Then after leaving it soak overnight and part of a day, we could dig with a degree of satisfaction for a while; then we would pour in more water. We could dig thirteen to sixteen holes in one day.

The best part about building a barbwire fence in that country was that we could stretch a half-mile of fence at a time by wrapping one end to the hub of a wagon wheel then turn the wheel till the wire was good and tight.

After the fence was built and the crops were growing nicely, a cattle rancher would cut the wire and let his range cattle eat our crops to the ground. Usually the crops would start growing again and make a short crop, if we could keep the range cattle away.

On one occasion, while Father and I were driving the cattle away from our crops, the owner of the herd came up and rode alongside of me and started to give us a piece of his mind. I thought I would talk back to him. He was riding so close to me that the first thing I knew he gave me a hard backhanded slap across the mouth.

Another time when crops were growing nicely along the middle of summer, a heavy black cloud came up and developed into a big hail storm. Again our crops were mowed to the ground.

Sometimes our crops were so poor we would cut Russian thistles while they were yet green and tender and use them for feed.

One winter we had such a long and severe blizzard that hundreds of cattle starved and froze to death on the range. The various owners of the cattle would deposit money in the bank at Kit Carson, Colorado so as to pay seventy-five cents for each hide that was skinned and brought in by the homesteaders. Father, brother Annan, and I would hitch our black horse to a small sled and go out across the cold, snow-covered prairie and here and there we would find a dead steer lying. They would be frozen so hard they were difficult to skin. We cut the hide loose around the head and feet just to get it started; then we fastened a rope onto it and hitched the horse to it and let him pull the hide off the rest of the way.

We children had a rather slim chance to earn any spending money. My brother, Annan, and I knew where there was a dead steer not too far from home. So, one night after the chores were all finished, he and I took some butcher knives and worked and worked far into the night till we finally had the hide off. We thought now we would have seventy-five cents to divide between us. The hides were taken to town and Father collected the money. He needed all the money he could scrape together to provide the family with the necessities of life. So, Annan and I got along somehow without that "hoped for" spending money.

More about blizzards. On one occasion, before we had our sod barn built, our cows drifted south with the storm. It was two or three days before we found them; and when we did, some of them had icicles frozen to their teats. After the icicles were removed, one of the cow's teats turned black and blue. Since it was my job to milk the cows, I well remember what a job it was to milk the cow which was frozen so much.

One other time a blizzard was raging for two or three days; everything was covered with snow so deep, and the storm was so severe that we couldn't get to the feed to give it to our stock. So, we took a straw tick out of the house to feed the contents — some wheat straw and corn husks. This we divided up so as to give all of our horses, cows, and calves a small amount of sustenance.

On one other occasion a sheep herder was driving a herd of sheep from one camp to another when he and the sheep were overtaken by a severe blizzard. He managed to get where there was a small shack and wire corral where the sheep could be corralled. He took refuge in the shack, not giving the sheep any further consideration. They all piled up in one bunch and the snow drifted completely over the entire herd of seven hundred, and they were all smothered to death. A few days later we heard about it and drove over to where they were; it was really a sight to behold. If the sheep herder would have been a good shepherd, he would have kept the sheep on the move so they would have stayed on top of the snow and would not have been smothered.

Part III: Securing Food

Our cattle would graze on the open range and sometimes go as far as two miles or more from home. It would usually be my lot to go after them on "shanks' mare," (walk). As there was a yearling bull in the herd and kinda tame, I could usually catch him and soon had him broken to ride and follow along behind the herd.

Later, when the bull and a steer the same age were about grown, Father purchased a piece of timber in Kit Carson. It was large enough for him to hew out an ox yoke, and we set to work breaking that team to work. We used them quite extensively to haul our water and to do field work. Sometimes while harrowing, I would put a three-horse evener on the harrow and hitch the bull and ox and a little gray mare to the harrow. The little mare being rather slow gaited, they worked together very nicely.

While working on a cattle ranch one time, I was returning with a team and wagon from way out on the prairie — a long way from the ranch barn, no buildings or ranch houses or trees for miles around. Suddenly I saw a little pig running, so I stopped the team, jumped off the wagon, and took off after that pig and finally caught it. I then took it with me to the ranch and kept it in the ranch barn until I had a chance to go home to my father. He took care of it till it got to be a nice, large, butcher hog, and it sure was appreciated in those days of hard times.

We heard about a place about forty miles from our home where there was a chain of lakes with plenty of fish; so one day we (a party of four, including my father, brother Annan, Mose Chupp, and myself) ventured out on a fishing trip. Fortunately Mose had the necessary equipment for the occasion. We drove two bronchos hitched to a spring wagon, arriving at one of the lakes late in the evening. We camped under the blue Colorado sky. Immediately we got busy setting out trout lines. Catfish being so plentiful, we hadn't much more than set the lines till we had to go to work taking off the fish. We would start at one end of the line, and by the time we would get all the way across from one end to the other, taking off the fish and rebaiting the hooks, we would start in again. We kept this up till way in the night.

The following morning while the other fishermen were busy looking after their trout-lines and dressing fish, I went scouting out around the lake and discovered great schools of fish out to the edge of the lake in shallow water where they were spawning. I went back to the camp and got a fish gig and a long stringer. Then I went to locate the schools of fish, and when I did I got from one to three fish at a time. I soon had quite a string of fish. When my brother saw what I was doing, he relieved me of the gig. Then I went and got the neck yoke from the spring wagon, took the straps off, and went to clubbing the fish. But that disturbed them so much they soon took to deeper water. After fishing for nearly three days, we had all our vessels filled with dressed and salted-down fish. After arriving home, news soon spread and for some time thereafter we had plenty of company to help eat the fish.

One other time, later, Father went fishing by himself. Upon his arrival at the lakes, he found them connected by a stream flowing from one lake to the other. Fishing was fairly good. He fished on Friday and Saturday, expecting to rest over Sunday and return home on Monday. On Sunday he noticed that the lakes had quit running together and fish were stranded in low places between the lakes. All Father needed to do to get enough fish to fill his containers was to go out and pick them up by the bucketful. The containers were quickly filled, and when he came home we had plenty of fish to eat.

Part IV: Memorable Rides

I worked on a large cattle ranch the winter I was in Colorado. My job was hauling feed to the cattle. One time a man and I each hauled out a load of fodder. Then while the cattle were gathering around and we were waiting for them all to come to the feed, the man told me how I could get on one of the steers and ride it. He told me to slide onto the steer backwards, so that is just what I did. I lay flat on the steer's back and caught both my hands in his flanks. The harder the steer would buck, the tighter a hold I would get. There I lay on the steer's back; while he was going forward, I was going backward holding on very successfully. When the steer got too tired to run and finally slowed down to a slow trot, I slid off unhurt. The steer and I both had an experience that neither ever had before or after.

Perhaps I shouldn't fail to mention some of the experiences which we encountered with wild horses (ordinarily called bronchos). Soon after moving to Colorado, Father went to a horse ranch north of the little town of Wild Horse. There he purchased three bronchos fresh off the range, and they were really wild. Father also went to a sale and bought a gentle work horse. So we set to work trying to break those wild horses, both to work and ride. Such a time we had! My two older brothers, Amzie and Annan, did a little better job staying on the bronchos. I was a lightweight. They could really pitch me off. I recall one time I was riding one of them after I thought he was broken to ride. He commenced to rear and pitched me off so hard that I was completely knocked out. When I came to, I found myself lying on the ground and the horse gone. And I was a long ways from home.

One Sunday as we were going home from church two bronchos took a sudden notion to do their stuff. They kicked and reared, then broke loose from the spring wagon, taking the wagon tongue and breaking the harness. We were left sitting there in the middle of the road, no one hurt but quite a ways from home. Nothing to do but to walk home.

Part V: Hard Times

One of the main reasons for so many Amish people going to Colorado from various parts of the country was because Colorado had a homestead law at that time. People could file on 320 acres, build a small house, fence forty acres, break out twenty acres, and live on the homestead at least a portion of each year for three years. At the end of the third year they could get a clear title to the homestead. Naturally that sounded pretty good, so some of the people went there with very little to go on. For example I will relate one such case. A family of five or six, upon arrival, had about seven dollars to their name, and there was very little work to be had. The husband came to Father, and as we were building a house, Father gave him some work. The man and his family were living in a one-room house. They had no horses or cows. While working for Father, he would eat dinner and supper at our place; then we would usually send a gallon of milk home with him for his family. He told us that the children never wanted to go to bed before he got home because they wanted to wait for the milk.

Sometime after this man was done working for us, he stopped in to get the rest of his pay which was only a few dollars. He said he was on his way to Kit Carson to get the groceries he had ordered from Montgomery Wards. (By the way, his only means of travel was walking, a distance of fifteen miles.) When he left our place he said he had to hurry or the family would be pretty hungry by the time he got back.

Father asked if they had anything to eat. He said no. He had gone out that morning with his .22 rifle, having only one shell. He had hoped to shoot a rabbit, but the only thing he saw was a bird; so he shot that and took it home. That was the children's breakfast.

After the man went on his way, Father told my sister Fannie to get some things ready to take to the family to eat. Fannie got a big round loaf of good homemade bread, a gallon of milk, and some sliced, cured ham from a 500 pound hog which we had butchered before we left Indiana. (It isn't likely that we ever raised that kind of hogs in Colorado.)

I was the errand boy who delivered the lunch. I saw something when I arrived at the one-room house that I never saw before or after. The mother was trying to put the children to sleep so they wouldn't mind the hunger so much. But it wasn't so difficult for the children to go to sleep after they had eaten the lunch I brought. I might add that this wasn't the only family that experienced difficult times in Colorado.

I don't know how everyone disposed of their homes and land when they got ready to leave Colorado. One family sold their house for $50 and the land for $5 an acre. The people were so glad to move from that desolate country they sacrificed their homes and land. My father was the last of the Amish people to leave. He finally traded his Colorado land for some cut-over pine timber land in Mississippi and we went there to live.

About 24 years after the homesteaders all had left the Wild Horse community, I made a trip to where we used to live. There was very little to be seen of the homes that had been built by the Amish. The only thing left of our sod house and barn was one splinter of wood. The fences were all gone and the land was just as barren as when we went there in 1910. ■■

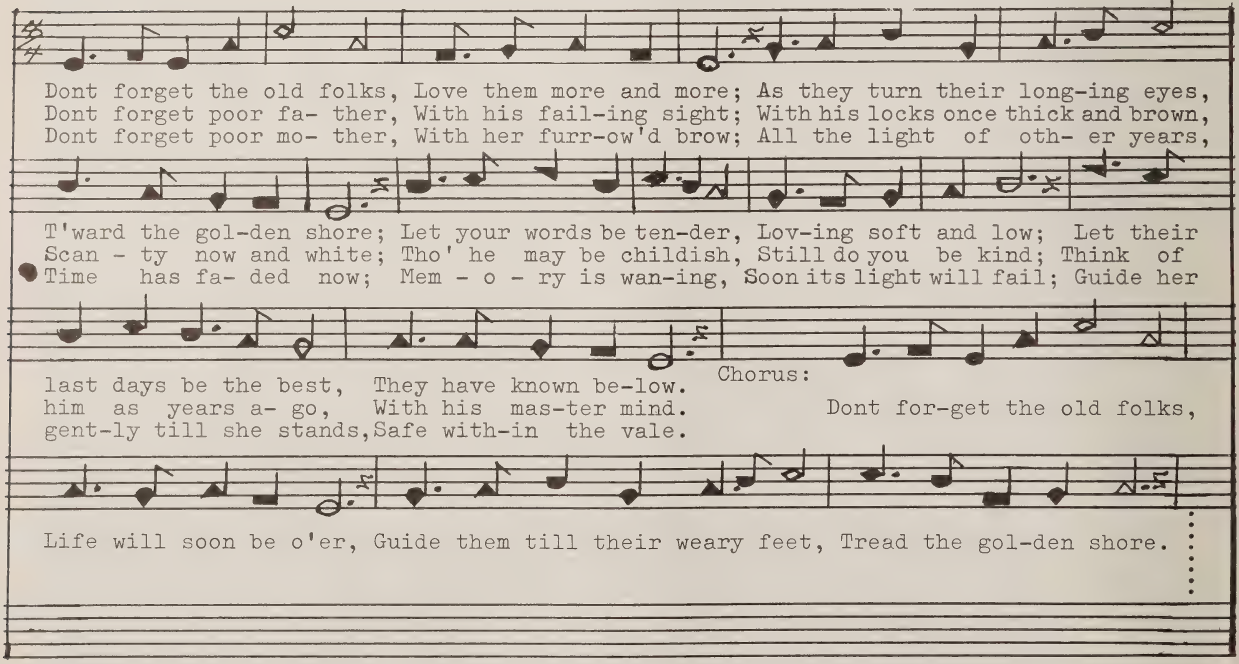
(Editor's note: The 1960 population of Wild Horse, Colorado was 30.)

SETTLERS OF WILD HORSE, COLORADO

1. Joe Slaubaugh
2. Manass Slaubaugh
3. Simon Slaubaugh
4. Adam D. Hostetler
5. Rudy Hostetler
6. Pete Thomas
7. Mart Thomas
8. Joe Yoder
9. Mose Yoder
10. Levi Yoder
11. Sam Yoder
12. David Bontreger
13. Crist Bontrager
14. Adam Bontrager
15. Jake Gingerich
16. Ira Chupp
17. Lydia Aesh (widow)
18. Eli Miller (preacher)
19. Jonas Miller
20. Levi Miller

SOURCE: Mrs. Will P. Miller, Centerville, Michigan, daughter of Levi Miller (No. 20)

Don't Forget The Old Folks


Dont forget the old folks, Love them more and more; As they turn their long-ing eyes,
Dont forget poor fa- ther, With his fail-ing sight; With his locks once thick and brown,
Dont forget poor mo- ther, With her furr-ow'd brow; All the light of oth- er years,
T'ward the gol-den shore; Let your words be ten-der, Lov-ing soft and low; Let their
Scan - ty now and white; Tho' he may be childish, Still do you be kind; Think of
Time has fa- ded now; Mem - o - ry is wan-ing, Soon its light will fail; Guide her
last days be the best, They have known be-low.
him as years a- go, With his mas-ter mind.
gent-ly till she stands, Safe with-in the vale.
Chorus:
Dont for-get the old folks,
Life will soon be o'er, Guide them till their weary feet, Tread the gol-den shore.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

MARK WAGLER WAS EAGER TO JOIN THE GOOD SAMARITAN CLUB SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AT SCHOOL BELONGED TO.

BUT BEFORE HE COULD JOIN, HE KNEW HE HAD TO PASS THE TEST THEY WOULD HAVE READY FOR HIM AT MIDNIGHT.

Not What You Can Do, But What You Are

-by Elmo Stoll

DARK, ANGRY CLOUDS scuttled overhead that evening as Mark hurried home from the corner after parting from the Shetler boys. The only mention they made of the test was to call out as they left, "Don't worry about the test, Mark. The outcome doesn't depend so much on what you can do as what you are." That was all they said, and the words hung in the air, heavy with meaning.

Instead of waiting for Rob and his sisters to walk with him, Mark had pulled out his watch, checked the time, and then walked home at his regular speed. Timing himself would give him an idea how much time to allow for the walk tonight. Mark intended to be prompt. He planned to arrive at the corner exactly at midnight.

"But how will I get away at midnight," Mark asked himself. Why did the boys have to pick such a time?

Upon reaching home, Mark checked his watch again. It had taken him a few seconds more than eight minutes. "I'll allow ten minutes to make it after dark," he decided.

One thing bothered him. Should he tell his parents about the test? What would they think of running around at midnight? And the test was so important. He had to pass—had to pass at any cost. No, he couldn't run the risk of being forbidden to go. He would say nothing. He would stay awake, and somehow he would slip out of the house when the time came.

In the kitchen he found Mother baking cookies. The room was warm, but Mark liked the smell. He plopped his lunch pail on the counter.

"Back from school already?" Mother smiled. She was pressing little patches of cookie dough on a greased pan. Her face was shiny with sweat and red from the heat.

Mark looked around hungrily.

Mother took the hint. "Over here are a few that are ready to eat. Don't take more than two, though, or they'll spoil your supper."

Voices drifted through the screened window. The other children were home.

"Mother, may I have a cookie, too?" Rob asked when he saw Mark eating.

"Yes," She straightened her back and brushed a wisp of hair away from her eyes, and back under her covering. She opened the oven door and took out a pan of baked cookies. With a pancake turner she laid them out on the table to cool.

All evening Mark hoped no one would notice how often he checked his watch or looked at the clock. It seemed to him the evening would never pass, but at last it was time to go to bed.

Taking a book up to his room with him so he would have something to read, Mark lit the kerosene lamp on the stand beside his bed.

He sat on the bed, and took off his shoes. When he glanced up, the lamp was smoking. Quickly he turned the wick lower. Already one side of the top of the glass chimney was black.

The wick needed trimming. The lopsided flame danced above the wick like a jagged piece of broken yellow glass. "Somebody should trim the wick," Mark said to himself, but he was afraid to try it for fear he would make it worse.

There was barely enough light to read. Mark turned the wick up slightly. It started to smoke again, so he turned it down.

"Maybe if I cleaned the chimney, I could see." Taking the lamp chimney off, Mark discovered that it was already heated—too hot to touch at the top.

Mark crumpled a piece of paper to clean the soot from the inside of the glass chimney. The paper was stiff, and only scratched crazy lines in the smoked glass. Then his fingers touched the glass and he jumped. It was still hot.

"I know what I'll do," Mark made up his mind. "I'll take it down to the sink and wash it."

Mother was still sitting in the living room, reading. She didn't pay any attention when Mark walked through. He held the chimney under the faucet and turned it open.

Shhii - snap. The cold water cracked the hot glass.

"Oh, no," Mark groaned. He would have to ask Mother for a new lamp chimney.

Father had been outside but he came in as Mark was explaining to his mother what had happened. "Well, you'll have to mark that down for the cost of education. Hot glass cracks when you pour cold water on it. You're supposed to learn something new every day. That's your lesson for today."

"It wasn't that I didn't know," Mark admitted. "I just didn't think of it."

Just then Mother came with a new lamp chimney. "Be careful with it," she said, "this is the last one we have until we get some more."

Holding it carefully, Mark started up the stairs. "Mark," his mother called after him. "You know how hard it is to get up in the morning when you read late."

"Yes, I know." He was afraid she was going to say he had to go to bed early, but she didn't. "She just reminded me what happens when I don't go," he thought.

After reading for a while, Mark closed his book. It was hard to concentrate. He was afraid to walk around much—someone might hear him and wonder why he wasn't in bed.

He tiptoed to the window and stood looking out into the night. The sky was cloudy, and he caught only a glimpse of a faint star here and there.

What would the test be like anyhow? What did the Shetler boys mean, the outcome depends more on what he is than what he does? What if the test were too hard and he didn't pass?

He shrugged the thought aside but it came back. He *had* to pass. On the way home Reuben had told him more about the club's activities than anyone had told him before. A few months ago they had even gone down and helped Silvester Grassman put in his hay. To Mark, that was as exciting as going to the Man in Bearskin's cabin.

The house was silent, and Mark decided everyone else was sleeping. He looked at his watch. He could leave now, but it was still too early. Softly he walked over to the light, sat down, and read some more.

One of the girls coughed in the next room. Mark looked at his watch again. Once he shook it to make certain it was still running. In his nervousness he had wound it so tightly it was a wonder the mainspring didn't break.

Finally it was time to go. Mark turned the light down and then blew it out. Cautiously he felt his way to the door, and softly, very softly, he opened it.

A noise in the next room stopped him. A rattle. A scratch-scratch sound. A rustle of paper. Mark smiled in the darkness. He wasn't going to be stopped by a mouse in the closet!

Quietly he crept along the hall, guided by the wall. His hand found the banister. Carefully he shifted his weight onto the first step. The board squeaked in protest. Mark froze.

Inch by inch he moved downward. At last he reached the bottom of the stairway. He paused and listened. He could hear his parents' regular, heavy breathing in the bedroom. If only his mother didn't sleep so lightly. She was almost certain to hear the squeaky screen door.

Then it happened. With no warning, Mark's foot bumped against a chair. *Bumpety-bang. Bang-clap.*

In the stillness of the night, the grating noise seemed to bounce gleefully off the walls and go screaming into the bedroom. For a breathless moment Mark waited. Not until he was certain the regular breathing went on, did he move.

Inch by inch he edged toward the screen door. The bed groaned and again Mark halted. At last his fumbling hand touched the screen door.

Stealthily, bit by bit, he pried it ajar. Finally he slipped outside and gently the door closed behind him. Thankfully Mark breathed lungfuls of fresh, cool, damp air.

Mark moved more relaxed now, yet still watchful. Any unusual sound might put Caesar to barking.

If only it wasn't so dark. Like a giant brooding hen, the night crouched over him, warm and dark. It wasn't raining, but the air dripped with moisture.

Not accustomed to being out in such total blackness, Mark struggled to keep from glancing behind him. He jumped at every tiny noise. Wisely he forced himself to keep walking slowly, making his way to the road.

Mark wished he would have allowed himself a little more time. Again and again his feet scuffled against the ridge edging the road. Each time he swung back toward the rising center.

Gradually he became more accustomed to the darkness. Still it was almost like being blindfolded.

A lazy wind swayed the overhanging maple trees. In the distance a lone screech owl laughed crazily. Somewhere a sorrowful dog howled. Mark shivered.

In the ditch the grass whispered. The leaves rustled with a spooky sound. Something moved.

"It's just a rabbit. It's just a rabbit," Mark told himself nervously. Just the same his step quickened. It was torture not to look behind him, but he knew if he started glancing over his shoulder, it would feed his fear.

Something black and tall loomed up to the right. Dancing chills raced up Mark's cold spine and huddled in a tingling heap at the back of his head. It was only a telephone pole standing sentry over the lonely road. Mark breathed easier. It seemed as if he had been walking all night.

Stopping to listen, Mark heard low voices. He walked on a few steps and listened again. The murmur of people talking was clearer. He knew he had reached the corner.

"Hello," he called into the shapeless space.

Mark was relieved when Andy's voice rang back, "Hello, Mark."

There was a break in the curtain of clouds and the moon peeped down. The feeble gleam sparkled on the wet grass. With the added light, Mark made out the dim shadows of the waiting boys.

Reuben was fretting around the outside of the group, restless as usual. Titus stood in the center, holding a small shoe box in his arms. Simon and Andy, with their backs toward Mark, were whispering. Mervin hadn't come.

"You're just in time, Mark," Titus said pleasantly. He pulled out his watch and held it up for the others to see. It had a luminous dial; the hazy green hands pointed straight up—12 o'clock.

The boys grouped around Mark in a loose circle, but none of them spoke except Titus. "So you're still interested in joining the Good Samaritans? Fine, we have the test ready."

Nervously Mark stared at the box in Titus' hands. What was in it? He glanced up into the boys' faces, but he couldn't see their expressions. Mark wished the moon were stronger.

"Listen carefully while I explain what the test is to be. We won't repeat the directions. You aren't allowed to ask any questions until the test is over. If when I'm finished explaining the details, you think our test is too hard, just remember—" Titus paused, letting the sentence hang. The air snapped with tenseness. Mark heard the dull crunch of gravel as Reuben shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Just remember," Titus continued, pronouncing each word slowly, "that this club is devoted to doing good. We must be careful to accept only those who are going to be a help to us."

Titus toyed with the cover on the shoe box. "Mark, you have likely heard the old saying that a cat always finds its way home. Tonight you are going to be given the chance to prove whether that saying is true."

A thick cloud moved in front of the moon and snuffed out what little light there had been. The dog Mark had heard earlier, howled again—a lonely, mournful wail.

"Inside this box," Titus said, "is a kitten I brought along from home. Here is what you do, Mark. Take this kitten down the road a quarter of a mile to the edge of Shetler's woods. There you will find a lane leading at an angle through the trees."

A scratching noise escaped from the box, then a weak me-oow.

Titus continued, while Mark listened carefully. "Follow that lane only a short distance. Walk slowly until you feel the string we stretched across at the height of your waist. Feel along the string, and right at the middle we have tied a note. Put the note in your pocket as proof that you have delivered the cat. Leave the kitten there and hurry back here. We will be waiting for you. It shouldn't take you long if you have the nerve to do it. Remember that we only want people who pass the test."

Opening the cardboard box, Titus held out the kitten. "Here is the kitten. Take it and go."

For a moment Mark hesitated. He couldn't believe he had heard correctly. Never had he guessed the test would be something like this. Why the kitten would—

Hot salty tears stung his eyes as he blindly reached out and took the kitten. Turning, he half stumbled into the darkness.

The kitten clung to Mark's hand, its tiny claws pricking his skin. Mark was surprised how small the kitten was—why, it wasn't even—wasn't even half grown.

Against the cool night air, the kitten felt warm and soft in Mark's hands. How could the poor thing ever find its way home? It was impossible. In the darkness, Mark pictured the small animal groping around in the forest, me-owing helplessly—no one to hear it.

Mark's feet dragged heavily. He held the kitten up to his face; contentedly it cuddled against him. Then it purred.

"You poor little thing," Mark cried. "You trust me and you don't know what I'm going to do with you. How could those boys be so cruel?"

Angrily Mark strode on toward the forest. He had to pass the test at any cost. His heart was set on it and no purring little kitten was going to cheat him out of it now.

No longer did the noises around him sound frightening—Mark didn't even hear them. He steeled his heart against the kitten—he couldn't afford to pity—there was too much at stake.

For some reason Mark remembered what he had told Harold in school. The words came back to him with startling clarity, *I feel sorry - feel sorry for anyone mean enough - mean enough to torture a helpless—*

Had he really said those words. Almost Mark turned back. But no—the test. He couldn't. He had to pass. Everything depended on his passing. He wanted to belong.

At first Mark had been surprised how small the kitten was—how light it seemed. Now it grew heavy, and the farther he carried it, the heavier it seemed. And the heat of it—no longer did it feel warm and cozy in his hands—it burned like the top of the lamp chimney.

Suddenly Mark stopped. Test or no test, he couldn't take another step. What would his father think if he knew? Deliberately Mark spun around. Breaking into a run, he made his way back to the waiting boys.

He marched straight up to Titus, who still held the cardboard box in his hands. "Take it," Mark shouted hoarsely, angry tears pushing at his eyelids. He shoved the kitten into the box. "Take it back where you got it."

Mark was breathing heavily. The words rushed from him. "If that's the kind of things you do in your club, I don't want to belong. I don't care what you say. That's cruel! Cruel! Cruel! That kitten would starve and you know it."

Mark's voice choked with disappointment and feeling. "Call me a chicken if you like, but I don't care, I don't—I don't!" Mark cried.

"Hurray!" shouted Andy.

"Good for old Mark!" Reuben yelled.

Simon was pounding Mark on the back, laughing and crying at the same time.

"You passed—you passed," they all shouted.

Mark stood there, stunned. What—what was happening? What had he done?

"But I—I—I di—I mean I didn't pas—"

"Yes, you did, Mark," Titus explained. "You passed by not being cruel."

"I'll say he did," Reuben chuckled, remembering how worked up Mark had been about leaving the kitten in the woods.

"We should have known he would," Andy added, "although we were getting worried when he was gone for so long."

Putting two fingers into his mouth, Titus blew a long sharp whistle. The boys waited a few seconds and then there was an answering whistle from the direction of Shetlers' woods.

"Who's down there?" Mark asked, puzzled.

"That's Mervin," Titus grinned. "He was waiting over there in case you failed the test. He would have brought the kitten back."

"Welcome to our club, Mark." Reuben grabbed Mark's hand and shook it wildly. "I'm glad you passed."

"So are we," the others said.

"Well, so am I," Mark laughed, still a little dazed.

A flashlight flashed little white spurts up the road.

Soon Mervin panted up. "D-dd-did Mark p-pass all right?" he stuttered.

"He surely did," Reuben said, almost proudly. "You should have been here to get the little sermon he gave us."

"It's time to scatter toward home," Titus announced. "Don't forget that next Wednesday evening we go down to help Silvester Grassman stack his winter's supply of firewood. He says he's getting too stiff for that kind of work."

"Whew!" Mark whistled as he turned toward home. "Imagine that!" ■■

The story you have just read, "Not What You Can Do, But What You Are," is a chapter taken from the book, THE MIDNIGHT TEST. If you have enjoyed this chapter, you will want to read the other sixteen chapters also. They will tell you about the lessons Mark learns as he meets with a stray dog, a lonely old man, and two visiting boys who turn out to be bullies.

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■ Grandfather's Reading Lesson

The Farmer's Parrot

A farmer after working hard for several weeks succeeded in planting a large field with corn. But as soon as the tender blades peeped out of the ground, some crows found their way into the field and began to pluck them out.

The farmer, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be thus destroyed, determined to drive the crows away. Accordingly, he loaded his trusty gun with the intention of shooting the crows the next time they came into his field.

The farmer had a talkative and mischievous parrot, Pretty Polly, which was allowed the freedom of going wherever it pleased. Pretty Polly being a lover of company (and not caring whether good or bad) saw the crows in the corn field and hobbled over all obstacles and was soon in the midst of the black robbers that were pulling up the corn.

The farmer, seeing the havoc the crows were making, seized his gun and crept slyly along beside the fence till he came within a few rods of the birds. He shouldered his musket and fired into their midst. With the sound of the gun was heard the screams of the crows and a shriek from "Poor Polly."

The farmer went to see what effect he had produced. Looking among the lifeless crows, he was greatly surprised to find his mischievous parrot stretched out upon the ground, with feathers sadly ruffled and a leg broken.

"You unwise bird!" exclaimed the farmer. "This is the result of keeping bad company." He lifted the injured bird and carried it to the house.

When the children saw the wounded leg, they cried, "What did it, Father? What hurt our pretty parrot?"

"Bad company," said the farmer. "Polly was in company with the thieving crows when I fired, and she received a shot which was intended for them."

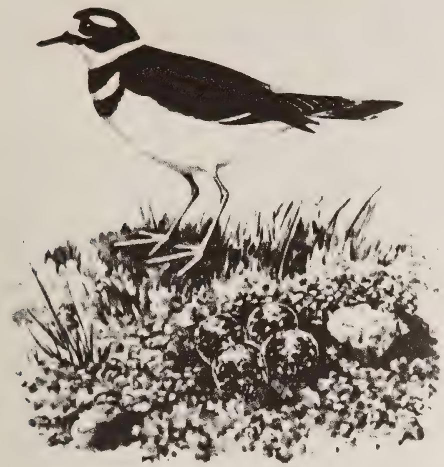
The children then put a bandage around the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot the adventure in the cornfield and the lesson it had been taught while in company with the crows.

It was said after this that if the farmer's children quarreled among themselves or engaged in play with bad companions, the parrot would cry out, "Bad company! Bad company!"

Remember the words of the parrot, my young friends, and always shun bad company. -Union Reader 1869

Courage

Three things have taught me courage
Three things I've seen today,
A spider re-weaving her web
Which twice had been swept away,
A child refusing to weep
In spite of cruel pain,
A robin singing a cheering song,
In the midst of a chilling rain.
-Selected



Tricked By A Bird

by David Luthy

Keewee . . . wee . . . wee . . . keewee . . . wee . . . weee," called the shrill-pitched voice of a bird.

"Look at that bird," said Mose Troyer to his brother Noah. "It's screaming and holding its wing like it's broken. Maybe something ran over it."

The two boys watched the actions of the slender-beaked bird. It did not fly. It stayed close to the ground with one wing strangely bent and fluttering as if it were crippled. Suddenly, though, the bird stopped flapping its wing and came running toward the motionless boys. Its call changed from "keewee ... wee ... wee" to an even higher pitched "yipp . . . yipp . . . yipp" — the rapidness of which matched the speed of its slender legs, darting toward the boys.

Just as it neared Mose and Noah, the bird called once more, "Keewee . . . wee . . . wee" — as if to say, "Come with me ... me ... me." Then it dangled its wing as before and slumped to the ground. Its tail was spread wide with pale orange feathers showing. Slowly the bird moved away from the boys, flipping its crippled wing and calling to them.

"That's the strangest bird I ever saw," exclaimed Noah. "One second it holds its wing as if it's broken, then it comes running toward us not acting hurt at all. I bet it can fly and is just pretending." The twelve-year-old picked up a small stone from the road and tossed it at the bird. Instantly the bird flew into the air and traveled quite a distance — both its wings working perfectly.

"You're right," laughed Mose. "It was just putting that hurt business on. But I wonder why?"

"I don't know," Noah said, shrugging his shoulders. "But anyway we sure tricked it, didn't we, making it show us it really could use its wings."

"Yes, we did," agreed Mose. He kicked at a plant beside the road and watched the fine particles of dust rise in a small cloud.

The two boys talked more about the bird while they walked along. Soon they reached their destination, their grandfather's farm. When the boys walked in the lane, Grandpa Swartzentruber glanced up from the hay mower blade he was sharpening. "Well, boys, did you come for the blade? It's just about ready."

"Hey, Grandpa," spoke up Mose, "we saw a funny bird on the way over."

"Yes," nodded Noah. "We were walking along when suddenly a bird appeared from beside the road and started yelling and acting like its wing was broken."

"But it wasn't broken," stated Mose, "'cause Noah threw a rock at it and it could fly real good."

"Yeh, we tricked it real good," laughed Noah.

"Tricked it, you say?" smiled Grandpa Swartzentruber. "I've a notion it was you boys that got tricked."

"But we made it fly when it pretended it couldn't," objected Mose.

"Well, maybe you both tricked each other," said Grandpa. "Didn't you boys ever see any birds like that when you lived in Tennessee?"

The boys glanced from one to the other and shook their heads.

"Well," continued Grandpa, "we've got plenty of them here in Ohio. They're called killdeer. The way it acts is just a performance to lure you away from its nest and eggs. Your attention was so taken up with the mother bird that you never thought to look for the nest which was close by. So she sort of tricked you."

"That's really something," smiled Noah.

"Yes," continued Grandpa, "if you had been an animal you would have chased after the killdeer thinking it was crippled. Just when you would have tried to pounce on the supposedly injured bird it would have taken to the air with perfect motions. That's the protection God gave the killdeer to keep her nest safe. She lures the attacker away from her nest."

"I hope she comes out again on our way home," said Noah. "I'd like to see her nest."

"And this time we won't let her trick us," added Mose.

Grandpa's file moved steadily over the triangular shaped mower blades. The afternoon sun made the newly sharpened edges gleam. "You're going to be surprised a second time," he chuckled. "If you go looking for a nest like a robin makes, you'll never find it."

"What does the nest look like?" wondered Noah.

"Oh, I don't know if we should even call it a nest," said Grandpa. "I dare say it is the only bird who makes a nest which can't be picked up and brought home."

Now the boys were really puzzled. What kind of odd bird was this that had a nest that really wasn't a nest?

Grandpa saw the puzzled faces. "Well, boys, all the killdeer does to make a nest is scratch a little hollowed out place in some gravel and lay her eggs in there. Her eggs are spotted and look like gravel; if you aren't careful you will never find the nest. That's another way God has for the killdeer to keep her eggs safe — protective coloration. The eggs' color matches the road gravel and are protected in this way."

"Maybe we will see her little ones in the nest," said Mose. "Maybe they will be easier to see than the eggs."

"Oh, I don't think you will see any baby birds," said Grandpa. "There are few people who ever saw little killdeer in the nest. They only stay in the nest a few hours and then are running around, even hunting for their own food. They aren't like the baby robins who stay in the nest a month or more. Little killdeer are right on the go almost from the minute they are hatched."

Grandpa Swartzentruber set his file down and examined the mower blade. "Okay, boys, this blade is ready to go." He handed it to Noah. "Now don't spent so much time hunting for that killdeer's nest that you forget to hurry home. I imagine your dad will want to mow some hay yet this afternoon."

"Thanks, Grandpa," said the boys. And they walked down the lane and soon were out of sight.

"Oh, I hope that killdeer comes out again," said Noah.

"I do, too," said Mose. "But do you think we can find its nest?"

"I think we can if we watch right where the killdeer comes out from beside the road and go to that exact spot."

It was a good thing that the gravel road seldom had much traffic, for Noah and Mose were concentrating so hard on watching for the killdeer that they would never have heard a car approaching.

"Keewee ... wee ... wee," the killdeer suddenly appeared from beside the road about twenty feet in front of the boys. "Keewee ... wee ... wee ... come with me ... me ... me," it called and dangled its wing.

But the boys knew better this time. They didn't give the killdeer a second look but went straight to the spot she had emerged from. Noah bent down and Mose dropped to his knees. For nearly a minute they were silent, their eyes searching the gravel near the tall weeds.

"Eggs!" Noah shouted, pointing at them.

"Where? I don't see them," complained Mose.

"Here, right here," pointed Noah, nearly touching them.

"Those?" questioned Mose. "Why, they look like stones."

"But they are eggs," declared Noah. "See there are four of them and they all are shaped the same."

"They are speckled black and brown like Grandpa said they would be," said Mose.

"They are all arranged the same way," said Noah. "Sort of like a four leaf clover with the small ends all facing the center of the nest and almost touching."

Noah and Mose stayed a few minutes longer, studying the eggs. Then they hurried home. When their father asked them what took them so long, they told him about the killdeer. He didn't scold them for lingering beside the road on their errand, for the memory flashed through his mind of an experience he had once had with a killdeer.

"You know, boys, I once shot a killdeer," he told his sons.

"Aren't they any good to have around?" wondered Noah. "Are they like starlings?"

"No, they are the opposite of starlings," his dad answered. "I found that out the day I took my older brother's pellet gun and shot one. My father was very displeased. He told me how the killdeer is a farmer's friend for it eats harmful insects, such as grasshoppers." The boys' dad looked at them directly. "And I will pass the same lesson on to you that he said to me. 'Don't think everything that flies is to be shot at.' Many birds are helpful to the farmer— especially the killdeer. It is a shame to kill birds like that."

It was a new thought for Noah and Mose — "Don't think that everything that flies is to be shot at." They had learned quite a lot in one afternoon from the bird with the strange call of "Keewee ... wee ... wee."

This
Month's
Bible
Story

The Plagues of Egypt

Part One

Pharaoh looked down from his throne to see Aaron and Moses standing before him the second time. The two men made the same request they had made before, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'Let my people go that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.'"

Pharaoh smiled to himself. He did not believe he needed to listen to the God of Israel. He was the great king of Egypt, and he would do just as he pleased.

"Show me a miracle to prove that God has spoken to you," Pharaoh said.

Moses turned to Aaron. "Throw your rod upon the ground, and it shall become a snake."

Aaron did as Moses told him to do. Instantly his rod turned into a snake, twisting and crawling before them.

But Pharaoh was not impressed. He was sure that it was just a trick. He called for his own wise men and magicians. The magicians could throw their rods on the ground and make them turn into snakes, too, just as Aaron had done. But then Aaron's snake swallowed up all the other snakes. It was a clear sign that Aaron's miracle was the greater, but Pharaoh was much too stubborn to give up. He hardened his heart and refused to let the children of Israel go out of the land.

So Aaron picked up the rod that had turned into a snake and solemnly he and Moses walked away from the presence of the stubborn king. Perhaps as Pharaoh watched them go, he thought they were ready to give up and would not ask again for permission for the people to leave. If he had any such thoughts, he was badly mistaken.

The next morning Pharaoh and his servants were on their way to the river Nile. As they reached the bank, they looked up to see Moses and Aaron waiting for them.

"The Lord God of the Hebrews has sent me," Moses told Pharaoh. "God is saying to you, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness.' We asked to go before and you would not listen. Behold, thus saith the Lord, 'In this way you shall find out that I am the Lord: All the water that is in the river shall turn to blood and all the fish shall die. The river shall stink so much that no one will be able to drink from it.'"

Without waiting for an answer from the king, Moses turned to Aaron and handed him the rod that had changed into a snake the day before. "Take this rod," Moses said, "and stretch out your hand upon the waters of Egypt — upon the streams, rivers, ponds, and pools, so that they may all become blood."

Aaron did so. As Pharaoh and his servants watched, the muddy waters of the Nile turned a dark red. All through Egypt the same miracle happened— where moments before water had been, there was now only blood.

Pharaoh and his servants watched in dismay as a great number of dead fish rose to the surface of the river and floated lifelessly with the slow current. As the warm day passed, a foul smell filled the air and drifted over the land.

But Pharaoh refused to admit that it was a great miracle. He called his magicians and they, too, could take bowls of water and turn it into blood. Thus Pharaoh hardened his heart and refused to let the people go.

For seven days the plague of blood continued. The Egyptians had to dig holes in the ground to find water to drink.

Then God sent Moses and Aaron to speak to Pharaoh again. Once more they stood before the king and said, "Thus saith the Lord, 'Let my people go.'"

Moses and Aaron warned Pharaoh that more trouble would come upon Egypt if he did not listen, but Pharaoh refused to let the people go.

Moses turned to Aaron. It was time for the second plague. Moses said, "Stretch your hand out and hold the rod over the streams and rivers and ponds, and cause frogs to come up over the land of Egypt."

Aaron held out the rod. At once a vast number of frogs began hopping over the land. They hopped all over. They hopped into the houses of the Egyptians. They hopped right into their kitchens and bedrooms. Even then they didn't stop. They hopped inside the ovens, they hopped upon the beds. They hopped into the taskmasters' houses, into the magicians' houses, into the servants' houses, and they even hopped into Pharaoh's house, and no one could stop them. As fast as the Egyptians carried the frogs out, others hopped in. The entire land of Egypt was covered with hopping frogs. It was a troublesome plague, indeed.

But Pharaoh did not want to admit that it was a miracle performed by the God of the Hebrews. He called for his magicians and they, too, could cause frogs to hop over the land.

Yet the plague was so bothersome that Pharaoh saw he had to do something to get rid of all the frogs. He called for Moses and Aaron. "Beg the Lord to take these frogs away," Pharaoh said, "and I will let the people go to do sacrifice."

"How soon do you want the frogs taken away?" Moses asked.

"Tomorrow," Pharaoh answered.

"It shall be done," Moses replied, "so that you may know no one else is as great as the Lord our God."

Moses and Aaron left the presence of Pharaoh. Then Moses cried to God and asked that the plague of frogs be taken away from Pharaoh and his people. God heard the prayer of Moses, and the very next day the frogs died. Everywhere the Egyptians were busy carrying frogs out of their houses. They stacked them upon heaps throughout the land.

Just as soon as Pharaoh saw that the frogs were gone, he changed his mind about letting the children of Israel leave. He hardened his heart and refused to let them go.

God commanded Moses to tell Aaron to stretch out his rod and bring the third plague upon the land — the plague of lice.

Aaron hit the dust with his rod and immediately the dust turned into lice. The lice covered all the people and crawled on the animals.

Pharaoh sent at once for his magicians to see if they, too, could turn dust into lice. They tried it, but they could not do it. For the first time the magicians were ready to admit that here was a power that was greater than they possessed. They turned to Pharaoh and said, "This is the finger of God."

But even then Pharaoh was not ready to give up. He hardened his heart and refused to let the Israelites go.

God saw that it was time for the fourth plague. He spoke to Moses, saying, "Rise up early in the morning and stand before Pharaoh when he goes to the river. Tell him that if he doesn't let the people go, I am going to send another plague upon the land — a plague of flies."

Moses rose early in the morning and stood before Pharaoh. He warned the king that another plague was about to come over the land if he didn't let the Israelites go. But Pharaoh had made up his mind, and he was determined not to change it. The Israelites had to stay and work as slaves.

At Moses' word, God sent a great swarm of flies which filled the land and flew into the houses of the Egyptians. But this time there was a remarkable difference. The three plagues before had come upon the Israelites as well as the Egyptians. But this time the land of Goshen where the Israelites lived was free from the plague. How the Egyptians must have stared when they heard that the swarms of flies buzzed only in Egypt. There were no flies in Goshen.

The flies were so troublesome in Egypt that finally Pharaoh could stand it no longer. He called for Moses and Aaron. "You may sacrifice to your God," Pharaoh said, "but you can do it right here in the land of Goshen. You do not need to go to the wilderness."

"No," said Moses. "We cannot sacrifice in Goshen. We sacrifice cows and the Egyptians think cattle are holy. They would stone us when they saw what we were doing."

"All right, then," Pharaoh said, "you may go to the wilderness, but don't go farther than you have to. And above all, take this plague of flies away."

"As soon as I leave here," Moses promised, "I will ask God to take the flies away. But this time don't back out on your promise to let the people go."

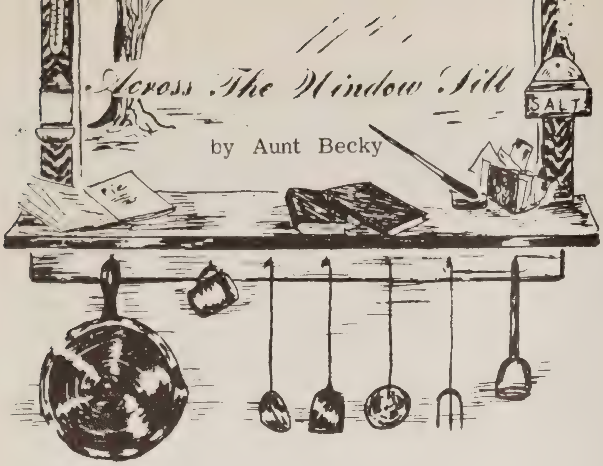
Moses begged the Lord to remove the plague of flies. God did so. Soon all the flies were gone. Not a single one was left in all the land. When Pharaoh saw this, he changed his mind again, just as Moses had feared he would. He hardened his heart and would not let the people go.

- E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. When Aaron's rod turned into a snake, could the magicians also do this?
2. What happened with the snakes that showed Aaron's sign was the greater ?
3. What happened to all the water in Egypt during the first plague?
4. Could Pharaoh's magicians copy this?
5. What was the second plague?
6. Did Pharaoh keep his promise to let the people go when the second plague was taken away?
7. What happened when Aaron struck the dust with his rod?
8. Could the magicians copy this plague? What did they say?
9. In what remarkable way was the fourth plague different from the first three?
10. Why did Moses say it would not work for the Israelites to sacrifice in the land of Goshen?

ANSWERS: 1. Yes 2. Aaron's snake swallowed all the other snakes 3. It turned to blood 4. Yes 5. Frogs 6. No 7. It turned to lice 8. No, they said, "It is the finger of God." 9. It did not affect the Israelites in the land of Goshen. 10. The Egyptians would stone them if they sacrificed cattle



Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

Mother's Recipes

Most women have a pantry filled
With spices, herbs, and stuff;
Salt and sugar, yeast and flour—
But that's not quite enough.

My mom's the finest cook around,
And she told me long ago,
That bread's no good unless you add
Some loving to the dough.

"And when you're baking pies," says she,
"A pinch of faith and trust,
If added to the shortening— makes
A tender, flaky crust.

"You must add a cup of patience
When making cookie dough,
With temperance as your partner
Place them in a neat row.

"Add some kindness to your yeast
And when the doughnuts rise
They'll sweeter be— (though made in grease);
You'll meet a glad surprise!

"And Compassion by the spoonful
In the batter of a cake,
Makes it come out light and fluffy,
Just the finest you can make."

Now these things can't be purchased
In the store across the way;
But Mother keeps them in her heart
And uses them each day!
-Adapted

* * *

Mrs. Joe Bontrager, of Cashton, Wisconsin, sent in a recipe for catnip ointment. She wrote that they used it for three years already and would not want to be without. The recipe follows:

Take 1 gallon, slightly packed, leaves and stems of catnip. Place in a kettle (I use a stainless steel frying pan) with a heaping cup of rendered tallow. (Sheep tallow is best.)

Fry slowly until catnip is brown and all moisture removed. Stir often while frying. Pour hot through colander. Press well. Put in jar and cover.

This will remove pain in wound within 20 minutes and is very healing. We try to make enough of this salve every spring to last a year. Thus far I've not seen it fail.

* * *

Is the modern housewife of today happier than Sarah, Abraham's wife, was who lived in a tent?

Sarah probably kept busy spinning her wool and making clothes, doing everything by hand, and also in grinding the grain between two stones to make flour to bake bread and small cakes.

Sarah had maids (hired girls) and we can know they kept busy sewing and cooking for Abraham and his servants.

Sarah probably didn't have a well-kept garden, a lawn to mow which was bordered by many different flowers. Neither was it necessary for her husband and her son Isaac to clean their feet before treading on a shining floor. Nor did she grumble to Abraham about a leaky faucet, but we can imagine their tent was clean and close by a cool, flowing spring.

Happiness is not measured by material things, but comes from peace and contentment — peace with God and man. And from this comes cheerfulness.

Today many people are discontented and count themselves "poor" because they can not afford to live like their neighbor, whom they envy. No, they cannot afford to buy the best — the most expensive things, yet they can afford to live by the "second-best," and to live comfortably.

They consider themselves poor living in wealthy, modern America. If they would live in Africa, India, China or some poor country with the same material things they have here they would be accounted well-to-do.

We, the plain people, are not like the modern woman, yet with all our conveniences, are we happier than Sarah was?

Contentment and thankfulness assure us of a happy life.

* * *

DUTCH APPLE PIE

6 - 8 tart apples
2/3 cup granulated sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter

Crumb topping:
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon flour

Line a 9 inch pie plate with pastry. Set in refrigerator until ready to fill. Peel, core and slice apples into eighth. Arrange apples in pastry-lined pie plate. Mix sugar and cinnamon together. Pour over apples. Dot with butter. To make crumb topping cream butter and sugar together. Cut in flour until mixture is crumbly then cover top of pie with the mixture. Bake at 400°, 50 to 60 minutes.

* * *

Sloppy Joes

2 lbs. hamburger
1/2 cup onion (chopped)
1/2 cup celery (chopped)
1/2 cup vinegar
2 tbsp. dry mustard
1 bottle catsup
2 tbsp. brown sugar
1 cup tomato paste
Salt and pepper to taste

Add 1 cup water to hamburger. Cook. Add the rest of the ingredients and continue cooking.

Serve with hamburger buns.

-Mrs. Edwin Beachy, Oakland, Maryland

* * *

Apple Salad

8 medium apples, pared and diced
2 or 3 bananas, diced   1/2 cup peanuts (chopped)
2/3 cup raisins   1/2 cup celery (chopped)

Toss lightly.

Dressing:

2/3 cup cream   1 teaspoon salt (scant)
1/2 cup milk   1/3 cup sugar
2/3 cup peanut butter   2 tablespoons vinegar

Mix salt, sugar, and vinegar gradually into peanut butter. Then add milk and cream slowly until well blended and smooth. Pour over salad mixture and toss lightly.

Yield: Approximately 10 cups.

Variations: One cup tiny marshmallows and (or) one cup pineapple tidbits may be added to fruit mixture. Walnuts may be substituted for peanuts.

-V. A. Showalter, Virginia

WATCH YOUR SPEECH

Have any of you ever had a child call you "dumb"? Well, it sure isn't a nice feeling. Of course, she didn't know the full meaning of her words. It was a word her parents often used, not about people, but to describe some things, or animals (usually when they were provoked).

The child who said this happened to be my niece. I know she isn't the only one using this word. Others do too and other words with similar meaning.

Once we have used such words awhile, it's easy to let them slide out without thinking. And I'm sure we all know how a child can remember and repeat most anything we say.

Also I'd like to add a few words about swearing. Some people think it's smart to use profane words. Well, I did too once. At the school which I attended swearing was common among the boys and used by a few girls. This sounded like fun to me. Finally I decided if they can, I can, too.

Then one day my chance came. But after I had said it I didn't feel big at all. Far from it! That was my first time and my last. Only a few people were present for which I am very thankful.

Not everyone at school used profanity. I have a special respect for those who do not. Maybe if my parents had warned me I wouldn't have had to learn the hard way.

— A teenager, Pennsylvania

* * *

These hands of mine are very ordinary.
Slightly chapped, a few broken nails.
Several warts and a cut that hurts a little.
They're big-boned, rough-skinned, and freckled.
No one has ever called them beautiful.
Today they shook down the ashes.
Put mush on the stove for breakfast.
Dressed a fat baby, still warm from its bed.
Watered the horses for Dad.
Washed out some diapers.
Cuddled away a child's injury.
Spanked a wayward one.
Rolled out some cookie dough.
Opened the door to a neighbor's knock.
They will be folded in prayer the last thing tonight.
Ordinary, plain, work-worn— Mother's Hands.

— Mrs. M. G., Pa.

PARENT'S OPINION COLUMN

Why is it that when a child is born (in this community especially) that a lot of friends and relatives go to the home over mealtime? Sometimes the mother is still in bed and has to have a hired girl to help her all day long Sundays. She, of course, doesn't get paid for this because it's Sunday. Sometimes there are as much as eight to twelve families for dinner. In the P. M. they have company which usually lasts till some come for supper. Then after supper,—"Oh, who comes now? Is it Aunt Suzy and her family? I'll bet they didn't have supper yet." I have even seen where very close neighbors with big families went for meals. When shall a man chore, or a woman rest? Sometimes women have been sick for a few extra weeks which cost them hundreds of dollars, not mentioning the many other hospital and doctor bills. Why can we not let the mother rest in the forenoon and visit in the afternoon? Let her rest over suppertime. Visit after supper if you wish, but go home early so the mother and father can both go to bed and say, "My, didn't we enjoy the company this afternoon!" I wonder what others think about this.

-Illinois

Some Mothers Write

When my husband went to get our hired girl, he took our three-year-old daughter with him. After passing a farm house she asked, "Who lives there?" My husband replied, "John C's live there!" After a moment's thought, she asked, "John the Baptist?" K. G., Md.

With the passing away of Grandmother much was talked of heaven the first months. The children wondered what heaven looked like, who was there, what would be there to eat, etc. Suddenly our two-year-old son said, "And will there be toys there?" This of course brought smiles from the older ones, and one of his brothers said, "No, Johnny, there won't be any toys there." Tears came to Johnny's eyes as he said, "But I want toys to be there." I then told him, "Yes, John, I believe there will be toys there. As I believe there will be something for children in heaven, even if it isn't toys as we have here on earth."

— Mrs. H. Lauver, Ephrata, Pa.

A FATHER WRITES, TOO-

We have many people in our locality that fall for the "special sales" which are advertised and come by mail. Some simply can't afford those long trips, but are talked into going by others to "fill the load". And as we see, by the time they come home and have their trip paid, etc., they have high priced items. -M.

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

There are two ways to balance a budget— raise the income or lower the expenses. In many cases the latter may be the best for the soul. - Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

The Little Lame Girl

She was lame, and she sat by the window,
Singing like any bird;
And from her pretty, smiling lips
Came never a fretful word.
Backward and forward her needle
Busily went to her song
And there she sat by the window,
Working the whole day long.

"Oh, beautiful little maiden,
It would be happy for thee
If thou couldst only wander
Over meadow and the lea."
She lifted her eyes in wonder,
And said with a gentle smile:
"My rose-tree stands in the window-
Stands in it all the while.

"Oh, fresh and bright are its colors,
And sweet are its crimson flowers;-
Good and fair is the tree to me
All through the busy hours.
Can I not also be useful,
Pleasant and good and sweet,
Though it hath pleased my Creator
To bind, in His love, my feet?

"Out of the dangerous highways,
Out of the hurry and fright,
Here I sit in my window-
Sit in the warmth and light;-
Sit in the peace and the shelter,
Happily doing my task,
Mother-love watching near me-
What is there more to ask?

"Into the lives that are brightest
Some rain is certain to fall;
Fortune gives many gifts to some,
But no one ever gets all.
I am content with my portion,"
And she lifted her happy face,
"For I, like the rose in my window,
Can brighten my own little place."
Sent in by Mrs. Morris Zook, Pa.

• • • •

There are many houses for rent down in Thanksgiving Street. If only we would move out of Murmuring Street, which is overcrowded with thankless, joyless, loveless people, and take residence in the sunny atmosphere of Thanksgiving Street, there would be a remarkable change in our mental and physical states.

A healthy mind makes for a healthy body, and much else that is good, for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he (Proverbs 23:7). The quality of a man's thoughts has a powerful effect on his health for good or ill. The Bible declares that a cheerful heart is a good medicine (Proverbs 17:22), and this is equally true of a grateful heart. He who has learned to see the goodness of God, in both prosperity and adversity, and who gives thanks always in all things (Ephesians 5:20) has a new outlook on life. An improved attitude toward life has a wholesome effect on mind and body. And we learn by experience the meaning of the words of Nehemiah to a people that were mournful when they should have been thankful and grateful— The joy of the Lord is your strength (Nehemiah 8:10). A joy that is truly strengthening.

Begin this life of thanksgiving and praise this very day. Meditate on God's goodness to you, on His amazing forbearance, on the countless blessings which are ours in Christ Jesus, and on the glorious future which opens up for all who are redeemed by the blood of Christ. Then with the psalmist you will say, I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth(Psalms 34:1). And as you experience the blessings which flow from a life of praise, you will know in very truth that it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord (Psalms 92:1).

-- Sel.

• • • •

HOPE IN ACTION

Hope looks for the good in people instead of harping on the worst.
Hope opens doors when despair closes them.
Hope discovers what can be done instead of grumbling about what cannot.
Hope draws its power from a deep trust in God and in the basic goodness of mankind.
Hope "lights a candle" instead of "cursing the darkness."
Hope regards problems, small or large, as opportunities.
Hope sets big goals and is not frustrated by repeated difficulties or setbacks.
Hope accepts misunderstandings as the price for serving the greater good of others.
Hope is a good loser because it has the divine assurance of final victory. — "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

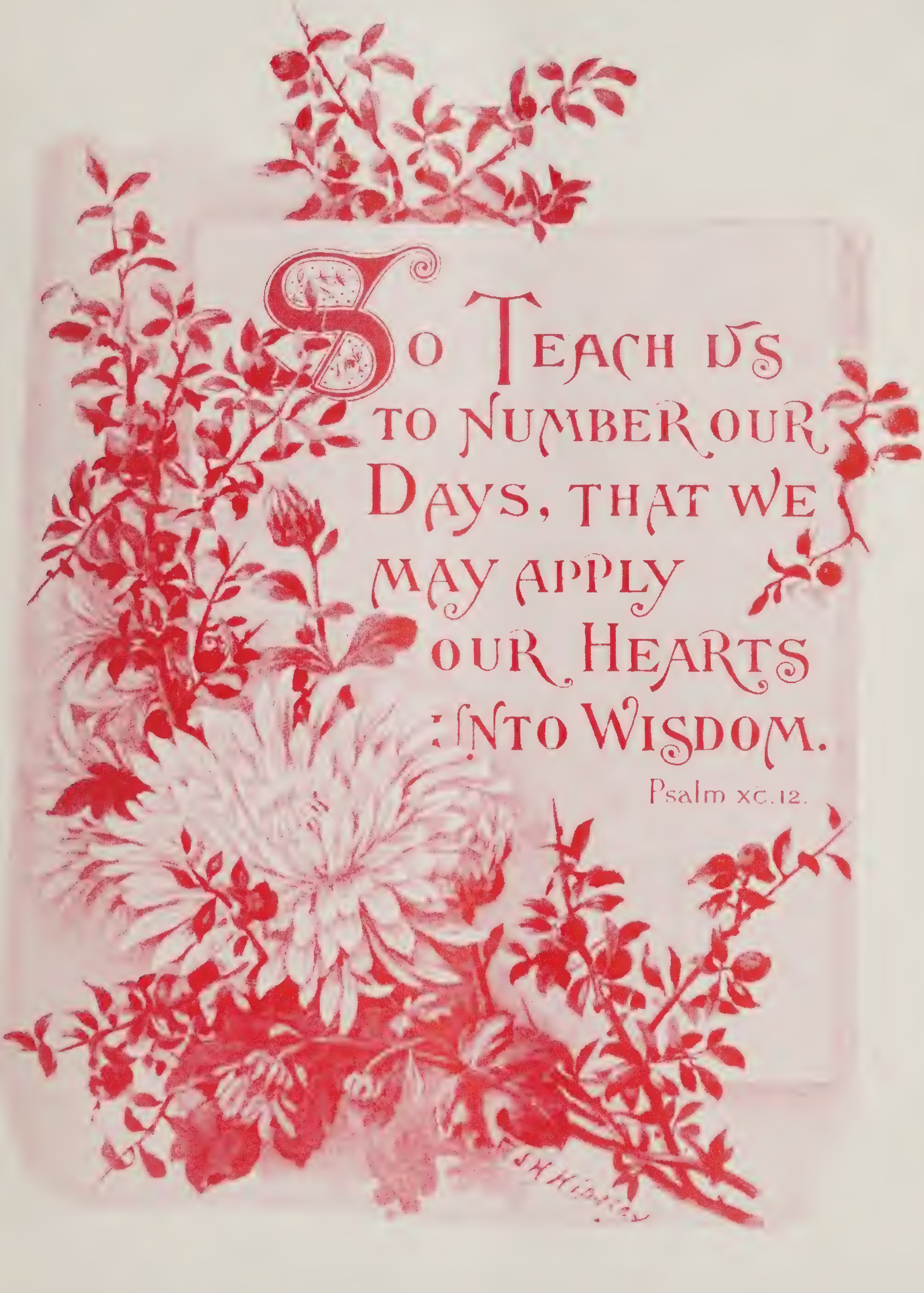
• • • •

Here is a question that I wonder if some of you readers might have an answer for it. "What is a good remedy for cracks under the toes in summer while children run barefooted? In Pennsylvania Dutch it's called "kee-gretz."

The grandparents always blamed "kee-gretz" on walking around in manure in cow stables and manure yards. I once asked our family doctor, and he called it a fungus. This would put it in the same category as athlete's foot.

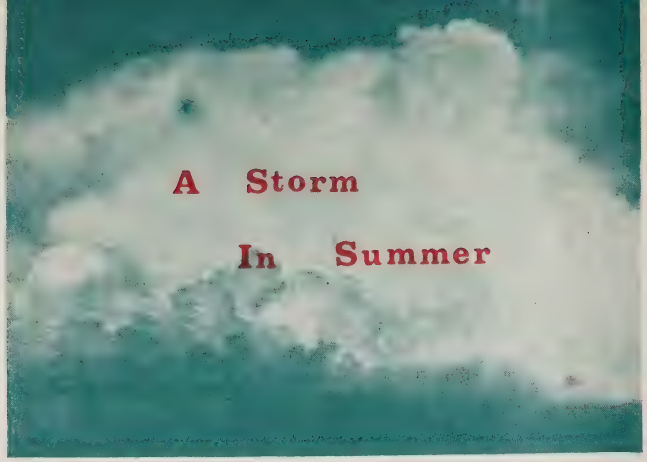
It can be very painful and disturbing especially at night when one wants to sleep. We used to tie woolen yarn around the toe, which might have helped some in mild cases but in more severe cases it is not sufficient.

— J. M., Pennsylvania



So Teach us
to Number our
Days, that we
may apply
our Hearts
unto Wisdom.

Psalm xc. 12.



A Storm In Summer

Some people consider a thunderstorm an ordeal to be to be endured. This is hard to understand in view of the fact that in God's plan of balances of nature, it is more important than a day of sunshine.

Meteorologists tell us that at any time, (right now for example) there are forty thousand thunderstorms in progress somewhere on the earth. Scientists can not explain exactly why or how a thunderstorm works but they have learned a few things.

On a clear warm day a certain amount of electricity passes from the air to the earth. This builds up inside the earth and if there were no way of escape, or returning this electricity to the atmosphere again, the results would soon be disastrous.

Before there can be lightning there must be thunderheads pushing high into the upper air layers. Inside these towering clouds are violent updrafts and downdrafts. Droplets of water are torn apart and this builds up a charge of electricity in the cloud.

The lightning is most intense a few minutes before the rain starts falling and for the first 2 or 3 minutes after it starts.

Sometimes it lasts for 10 or 15 minutes longer and gradually diminishes. If you see severe lightning in an approaching storm, then chances are that it will have played itself out before reaching you. It's the storms that start in your area that have the most rain and lightning. Most thunderstorms do not last more than half an hour for by this time the moisture is exhausted and the stor fades away.

Did you ever see lightning travel from the clouds t the earth? If you think you did, then it was very probabl an optical illusion. One reason is that it travels so fas that the eye can not see it. (300 feet in one millionth of second). The other reason is that it nearly always travels from the earth to the clouds.

By means of photography, scientists have discovere that a "step leader" first travels from the clouds to th earth to open the way for the stroke of lightning. Thi step leader is invisible to the eye and travels ten time as fast as lightning. The lightning then follows the sam path.

Ordinarily a stroke of lightning lasts only 2 to 10 micro-seconds. A micro-second is one-millionth of a second But most strokes are multiple, that is they consist of or more storkes close together. The eye is not able t discern anything which lasts less than one-tenth of second. Therefore it appears as one stroke. Some lightning strokes consist of as many as 45 separate strokes and last about half a second.

Since the stroke of lightning is surrounded by intens light, it is impossible to measure its diameter. Howeve it is believed that the stroke varies from an inch to inches in diameter.

There is nothing like a cold stroke, except comparatively. It is easy to see that a single stroke with one inc diameter, would not be nearly as hot as lightning 5 inche in diameter, consisting of twenty strokes.

Where there is lightning there is thunder, but sometimes it can not be heard. The sound of thunder travel a mile in 5 seconds. Likewise when there is thunde there is lightning. The thunder is caused by the rapi heating of the air, and the resulting sound wave.

The length of a stroke of lightning from the earth t the clouds may be from 1/2 to 5 miles. Instances of lightning 100 miles in length have been recorded betwee clouds.

Some people, particularly children, live in constan fear of lightning. Like the fear of snakes or darkness, i is usually the result of being implanted by other childre or by parents.

Of course, it is wise to take precaustions and stay i the safest places during a thunderstorm. The safest plac is a house, but stay away from chimneys, stoves, windo screens, water pipes, and drafts. The middle of a wood is a safe place but stay away from the tallest trees an the edge of the woods. Lone trees in the fields are especially dangerous. By all means stay out of the water for a person in the water is in much greater danger tha on land.

It is not true that lightning does not strike twice in th same place. The Empire State building in New York cit has been struck as many as 8 times in a day, and i usually struck 30 times a year.

There is no reason to become panicky. Did you eve hear of anyone losing sleep at the prospect of driving t town? If you travel 10 miles to town, the danger of bein killed is about twenty times as great as a thunderstorm Statistics show that the danger of being killed in any on thunderstorm are about equal to the danger of driving 1/ mile down the highway. It has been said, "If you see th flash or hear the thunder then it missed you. If it doe hit you then you will never know what happened."

Of course there is a danger of being killed by lightnin for in the U.S., about one person a day is killed. But i we have faith in God then there is no reason for fear Most of us are in much greater danger in other ways.

A summer thunderstorm is a breath-taking spectacle It is something you can see, hear, smell, feel and taste It is really one of nature's greatest shows.

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FAMILY LIFE

JULY
1970

Volume 3
Number 7

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letters to the editors

REMEMBER THAT ECLIPSE?

If I understand right you stated in Family Life (April issue) that the eclipse of March 7, 1970 was the first one visible in the U. S. since 1878. Around the middle '20s there was an eclipse supposed to be total in eastern Pa. I remember it quite well as there was snow on the ground and was just about like bright moonlight. I wonder if you have any record of this?

-David G. Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania

I remember an eclipse in the twenties and it was winter. Dad thought it was getting dark and told us to quick get the cows into the barn. But soon the darkness was past. -Isaac Horst, Ontario

ANSWER— Both of these probably refer to the eclipse of the sun on January 24, 1925. It was total over southern Ontario and northern Pennsylvania.

What we said in the April issue was that there was no eclipse which lasted as long since the one in 1878. Actually that one did not last quite as long, as the one in March of this year.

We also received mention from several other individuals from different parts of the country concerning eclipses they had seen. On the back cover of this issue you should be able to find the path of each of these eclipses and the date when they occurred. It also gives the length of total shadow for each eclipse.

CIGAR ON THE BUGGY, TOO

I enjoyed the article, "Geared to the Times and Anchored to The Book," (April issue) but I believe one part was left out. The man in the Cadillac was smoking but the man in the buggy was not. I must say that far too often we see the man in the buggy smoking, too. As for me, the witness is lost (I'm a Conservative Mennonite) and I fear it is also lost for the worldly person.

-Mrs. Elva Dean Miller, Indiana

ANSWER— The author of the referred to article tried to take a typical example from each class. It is altogether normal for the man of the world to be smoking a cigar, but it is not the cigar-smoking Amish man who is keeping up the faith of his fathers.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

The article of "Geared To the Times and Anchored To the Book" (April issue) was interesting. It has about the same meaning as the enclosed poem entitled "The Church And The World."

-Mrs. Henry Frey, Mount Forest, Ontario

ANSWER- We are printing this outstanding poem elsewhere in this issue. The author of the above article had included it with his article but it was omitted for lack of space at that time.

STRANGE BANNERS FROM THE INSIDE

The article in the May issue, "Waving Strange Banners" was interesting. But I kept hoping the author would come to the point where the trouble really lies.

Many people are seemingly concerned about the world. Jesus said, "I have overcome the world." Let us each be concerned about the promise that we made on bended knees, "Jesum Christum allein dienen" (to serve Jesus Christ only). Then we will not be overly tempted from the outside.

The Pharisees saw much unrighteousness, but other people were always the cause. So it is in these days. In 2 Chronicles 7:14 we read, "If my people who are called by my name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land."

So let us humble ourselves and take notice of the little foxes that are creeping in and destroying. -A. G., Iowa

SAMMY, GEB ACHT!

"Ich bin ken Koward" (May issue) was good but that surprised me where it said that they used coal oil to start a fire. That is a dangerous example in a story that is supposed to be a good lesson. We should teach children never to use coal oil; and even for adults who think they know how, it is very dangerous. When the fire is slow in starting with paper and kindling, then a tablespoonful of lard will help along and is not dangerous. -Mrs. I.B., Ontario

ANSWER: It is a good warning. However, if you will read the story carefully you will see that it was coal that was poured into the stove instead of coal oil.

A PRETENSE OF RELIGION?

It's all too true about girls not being what they profess when out and away from home with their hair-dos and dress ("Change Is Never Sudden," May issue). But what about young men with their hair combed like hippies, feathers in their hats and going to places where they shouldn't be? May parents wake up and do more teaching, Bible reading, and praying with and for their children. I know the Amish are the nearest right if they are sincere Christians and are a good example to those about them. But if only the outside is cleaned what does it avail and how can others be impressed and won if they find out it is only put on?

I love the Amish and I know there are many real Christians among them but there is a burden on my heart for those that are only making a pretense of their religion.

-L. Guengerich, Delaware

LOSING INTEREST IN THE LAW

"When Mom Laid Down The Law" (May issue) made me think back to school days when dishwashing was our job. But now with my daughters I have a different plan. I try to help them with the dishwashing as much as I can as there are also many other jobs they can help; so, by

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U. S. A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

working together you get more help from them. If they are left alone too much, they will lose interest in the job.

-B., Ontario

NOT AFRAID TO PRINT AMISH STORIES

Family Life is not so preachy as to make us use it instead of the Bible, it is not all nature, or health, or world news but a little of each. Is there any other paper that is more interesting? Is any more safe to come into the home? You can't make it please everybody so don't try. To some, history is dry, Bible stories are "Sunday school," etc. Thank you for not being afraid to print "Amish" stories and articles even when you know it is read by some "English" people like me. I could write more but I hope you get my idea of what I think.

-Mrs. Detweiler, Pennsylvania

THE WRONG WAY PLOW-

I've heard so much about that plow error on the Family Life cover (May issue), I doubt if I'll ever hear the end. No, I don't think anyone would plow that way. You know, my husband told me that plow is turned the wrong way but I didn't know what he meant and he didn't say no more, so I left it be. Now since everyone else is talking about it (and after looking our plow over) I can see it.

People will probably say like my brother did, "The person who made that doesn't know much about farming." (He didn't know I made it.) But they are wrong as I have lived on the farm all my life and have always enjoyed working in the field but sad to say I never hitched up a horse and never handled a plow.

This is the first time I've made a drawing for the public and now I know I'll have to study my things more carefully, especially if I make farm pictures that go to a lot of farmers. I do have a habit of doing my work too fast. However, I've sold some paintings with horses but those were to city people and they were none the wiser if something was out of place. I guess you know what I mean.

-Mrs. Mahlon W. Stauffer, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

ANSWER—If no one ever made any mistakes there would be a lot less to talk about. You need not feel bad about it because many people (including us) who handled a plow for many a day didn't notice the error until our attention was called to it. We are convinced that it was one of the most interesting and most talked about covers we have ever had on FAMILY LIFE.

THE LAW IS STRICT

Reading the article, "The Hurt of Helping," (May issue) made me think that this is one of the most important articles we are in need of today. As the writer stated, it is "sometimes necessary to hurt in order to heal." In a spiritual sense, would it be misapplied to apply these words to the law and the gospel? Saul had to be humbled and smitten to earth on his way to Damascus by the power and sternness of the word of God in order to be brought to Christ. Saul had to be hurt and stricken before he could be healed.

God has to deal with us like he did with Saul. How does the Father draw us to Christ? We may find the answer in Gal. 3:24, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ that we might be justified by faith."

By a stern, strict and wrathful law he brings us to a state where we can acknowledge our sins. This hurts, and we are humble, cast down, and given a contrite and broken heart. Then Christ steps in as our only means of redemption (healing), justification and sanctification.

If we are not able to work together as spiritual brethren and receive rebuke and reproof with meekness then there is a possibility that we have not as yet become humble and made low by the strictness of God's law. Why should we be offended at the reproof of a brother, which is given out of love?

In Lev. 19:17 we read, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart. Thou shalt.... rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him." If we truly, from the bottom of our hearts, can acknowledge our sins and see the need of our healing through Christ our Saviour and sanctifier, then we will also acknowledge the sins of others and out of love rebuke and reprove them. If we do not reprove them then we hate them thereby making murderers out of ourselves (1 John 3:15).

In a natural sense if a house were burning and there were brethren in danger of being burned, we would do our best to save them. We would not call this hatred but in a spiritual sense this love and hatred is often falsely interpreted. But it seems very few want to be pulled out of the fire of everlasting destruction (Jude 23).

-D. B., Ontario

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE YOUNG DIE FAST

According to a recent survey, more people between the ages of 16 and 24 die from automobile accidents than from any other single cause. Young people have keener vision and better driving ability than older drivers but they are also more reckless. Often they do not realize the tremendous power of destruction, both to themselves and to others, which is under the hood of the car they're driving. Other causes for the high accident rate include limited driving experience, immature judgment, emotional instability, and strong drink.

A recent study made by the University of Michigan indicated that young people often drive recklessly when emotionally upset in order to "let off steam." They are apt to take needless risks. One incident was given of a boy who practiced taking a curve, each day at a little higher rate of speed. Finally he took three of his friends to show them what he could do. At the same rate of speed the car rolled over. The extra weight of the passengers changed the behavior of the car and ended in tragedy. The game he was playing was a game of death.

The plain people have always maintained that the ownership or constant use of motor vehicles is dangerous, especially to young people. This danger is of two kinds, one is physical danger and the other is spiritual. The survey seems to back up their claim as far as the physical danger is concerned.

CANADA HEADED FOR SOCIALISM?

Changes in the present tax laws may tend to eventually destroy private enterprise in Canada. If the proposed laws are enacted then the business men will be hard hit in order to help the lower income class. Net incomes of less than $10,000 may not be affected but once the figure goes over that mark, the government will take one-half or more of the profits. Many businesses and factories today cost anywhere from $200,000 to $500,000 and under such a system, it would be almost impossible to pay off the investment.

The government of Canada is also playing with the idea of a guaranteed annual income for every family. Already in effect are family allowances for children (baby bonus), workmen's compensation, Canada Pension Plan, a hospitalization plan, and medicare.

With everyone being taken care of from the cradle to the grave, incentives for saving are being destroyed. The present emphasis of spend-spend is exactly opposite of the principles of hard work, thrift, and savings on which America was founded.

The idea that the government should take care of everyone is in direct conflict with the principles taught in the Bible that the church should take care of its members who are not able to support themselves. Since the Canada Pension Plan (equivalent to Social Security in the U.S.) came into effect several years ago, no exemption has been granted to anyone from participation in the program.

The Old Order Mennonites and Old Order Amish have refused to pay, and so far the money has been seized from bank accounts or milk checks. Prime Minister Trudeau (equivalent to the president in the States) recently stated that no one would be exempted from participating in the program.

……

Across The Editor's Desk

In the past, our "Letters To The Editors" pages have contained some letters of criticism which were not altogether constructive. It is true that concerning many of the articles in Family Life there is room for a difference of opinion, provided it can be presented so as to build up rather than to tear down.

We are glad that most of the letters we receive are either letters of appreciation or constructive criticism. Unfortunately, the occasional one does give us a "good going over."

Recently the opinion was given to us that such letters should never have been written and that no one benefits from reading them. We are inclined to agree and propose to omit such letters from now on. It may be true that 19 out of 20 people would see that they are unreasonable, and profit thereby, yet some may be confused.

We, at times have been tempted to write such letters, too, so we know about how they feel afterwards. They are always sorry they did.

Two persons intimately connected with Family Life from its beginning have now joined hands to form a new household, a new beginning of family living. Elmo Stoll and Elizabeth S. Miller were married on June 4th. Elmo has probably written more for Family Life than anyone else with his regular column, "Views and Values," his Bible stories, children's stories, and feature articles. Elizabeth has worked at Pathway for three years and was in charge of the subscription department. She has now turned her responsibilities over to others but will still help at the print shop when needed.

Elmo will have less time to devote to writing. We hope the change will be mutually beneficial, that because of his work with Family Life he will be better equipped for family living and vice versa. Incidentally we cannot claim credit for bringing these two together for their friendship began before either one started working at Pathway. We wish to join with our readers in wishing them a happy Christian married life.

In this issue we are publishing another burns article. It so happens that I have a special interest in the subject after our experience of two years ago (see July, 1968 Family Life).

Burns are a major class of accidents in the farm family and it seems a frequent happening among the plain people. A dipper or kettle full of boiling water or other liquid is brimming over with danger. It is urgent that children be taught from infancy the dangers of fire or hot liquids.

There are many remedies for burns, but we believe that none of them work well without a generous amount of TLC to go along with it. TLC stands for "Tender Loving Care" and that is one of the reasons why many of our people have better success in caring for accident victims at home than at the hospital.

Union salve is a widely known remedy but we have never used it. The reason for this is that we are sold on the "lard and flour" treatment for burns.

Neither do I agree with Mrs. Nisley that burns are necessarily always painful. Our little boy had a fair-sized area of 3rd degree burns and the only time he cried or showed any sign of pain was while the dressing was being changed. ■■

Tomorrow's Bridge

Tomorrow's bridge, as I look ahead,
Is a rickety thing to view;
Its piers are crumbled, its rails are down,
Its floor would let me through.
The chasm it spans is dark and deep
And its waters foam and fret;
I have crossed that bridge a thousand times
Though I never have reached it yet.
It has crashed beneath me to let me through,
Although it is miles away;
But, strange, the bridges that I crossed
Have all been safe today!
Perhaps I shall find when I reach the one
That lies in the distant blue,
Some hand may have mended its rickety floor
And its piers may be strong and new,
And I can pass over, light-hearted, free
As a bird on the evening air.
Forgive me, God, for my fearful heart—
My anxious and foolish care.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

SMALL ITEMS OF LUXURY

"I have eaten many meals in Amish Homes in many states," said the crippled driver as he put his crutches beside his chair. Then he continued, "Do you know how I can tell at the dinner table whether or not they have a girl working out among the public?"

"No," I answered, "how do you tell?"

"Well, it is this way," he said, taking a deep breath. "There is something on the dinner table at times that did not used to be there."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The paper napkin beside your dinner plate is an item of luxury. Years ago I never saw one in an Amish home, but that was before their girls started working out."

Soon the conversation turned to other things, but I did not forget the point that he made. It made me think. This English man noticed the paper napkin and considered it an item of luxury from the world. Are there not many others? Are we not pursuing on the coattail of the world in its progress in luxury?

-Melvin E. Hershberger, Ohio

A TRACK THAT FITTED

When I was about seven years old, we lived on a farm. One day Dad had some cementing to do, and then he told us three boys, "Now stay off the cement until it is dry."

So we played awhile. But it so often goes that way that if you are told not to do something then it looks so tempting. So, it was here, and I went down to the shop and looked at the cement for awhile. I was barefooted and finally I put one foot on the cement. Of course this left a track and when I saw it I ran away.

When Dad saw it he got all three of us boys together and asked, "Who did this?"

The answers he got were "Not I," "Not I," and "Not I's."

We all insisted it was not us; so finally Dad took my older brother and tried his foot on the tract, but it was too big. Then he got my younger brother and tried his foot on the track but it was too small. Then he got me and my foot fitted exactly.

Then he asked again, "Who was it?"

This time the answers he got were "Not I," "Not I," and finally I said, "Me."

That evening the rod was not spared and I also went to bed without supper. But that was a lesson for me and still more since I am married and have children of my own. In Proverbs 13:24, it says, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes."

I can still look back over my life and see more tracks that my dad did not know. The lesson I take out of this is that every sin we do makes a track beside the narrow road. If we come before the great judgement seat someday and are asked why we did some of these things and we say we didn't, then Jesus can take us and show us our tracks and only our feet will fit the tracks.

I often think how my mother used to sing. "Keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail." If we do this, then we won't make so many tracks.

Of course if we do make tracks we should make them right even if it goes pretty hard sometimes.

-Name withheld, Meryersdale, Pennsylvania

A is for "Apple" 'Twas Eve's delight.
B is for "Betrayal" Of Jesus that night.
C is for "Cross" Where He was crucified.
D is for "Death" For you and me He died.
E is for "Eternal And Everlasting life."
F is for "Footsteps" We must follow day and night.
G is for "Glory Goodness and Grace."
H is for "Heaven" Our final resting place.
I is for "Ignorance" To be, is great cost.
J is for "Judas" Who, no doubt, was lost.
K is for "Kneeling" In our daily prayer.
L is for "Love" Found everywhere.
M is for "Mercy" He has died for all.
N is for "Needless" To stumble and fall.
O is for "Overcoming" Our sorrows and woes.
P is for "Pleasing" Our Lord, we all know.
Q is for "Quickly" He is coming sometime.
R is for "Repenting" This poor soul of mine.
S is for "Saviour" We all hope to meet.
T is for "Truthful" To all we do greet.
U is for "Unseen" Things up above.
V is for "Victory" Through His great love.
W is for "Wisdom." We need not be dismayed.
X is for the "Kiss" When He was betrayed.
Y is for "Yielding" Our lives to the best.
Z is for "Zion" The home of the blest.

-Laura Miller, Baltic, Ohio

MY PERFECT HOUR

-by Mrs. Paul Stauffer

A curtain of mist shrouded the countryside as I stepped outdoors that cool predawn morning. I had awakened early and could no longer sleep.

I was on a visit to Mother and the old home farm once more before the new highway was to turn it into a shambles. What seemed worse, in a way, they planned to run the road the whole length of a small meadow surrounded by woods with a spring at the lower end.

This was a special place to us children and our young feet had traveled here many times. A visit to this childhood spot never failed to refresh us. It was a quiet place away from the sounds of civilization.

The world lay sleeping as my feet took me past the dim outlines of the farm buildings. The wet grass caused me to remove my shoes and without thinking my steps carried me up the back lane, the wet cool grass caressing my bare feet along the way.

Gaining the old cow lane which various cows and children often traveled, I paused to look toward the valley. The fog had enclosed me in a world of my own. Dim blobs of familiar trees were visible and stood as sentinels in the mist. The moment was exhilarating. I was quite alone. But no, the Spirit of Love, the Being who created all, seemed to enfold me.

Once again something beckoned me on. My destination was now clear. But dare I enter the remote sleeping woods? Surely, was I not protected by the Divine One? I would keep my rendezvous with childhood memories.

All senses alert, I tried not to miss a single impression of this perfect hour. Sounds were scarce. The wet autumn leaves deadened my footsteps and I could clearly hear the soft "plop" of moisture dripping from the trees.

Reaching my destination, I walked down the depression to the spring. Could I dip my feet into the cold clear water? Why not! This would be my last goodbye. Never again would I see its beauty unmarred.

Memories were thick, I dared not dwell on the sad side. I would not ruin this hour with tears. "Peace be still and know that I am God."

A fleeting instant I could feel sorry for all who never experience the joys of solitude. The whine of cars and friction of humanity living a goldfish kind of existance is their world. No space to roam, to find and understand themselves and God, ruining peaceful sanctuaries in their mad rush after elusive pleasures.

The woods' creatures are beginning to stir. Dawn is near. An owl gives a few hoots and all is still once more.

Reluctantly I retrace my steps. But I jealously guard the few moments left to me. My steps lag and I pause at times to enjoy my limited view, to feel the cool wetness of the blanket of fog, and to listen to the silence. A lone bird darts through the half-darkness.

The buildings come to view. I see a light in the kitchen and turn toward it. As I walk in the door my sister says, "I think I know where you were!"

TRUE Or FALSE

Women of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

The world of the Bible was a man's world where women usually stayed in the background. Somebody has said, "There are no average women in the Scriptures," referring to the fact that unless a woman's life was outstanding, either for good or bad, she usually wasn't mentioned. If this is so, we do well to be familiar with those few women whose lives have been recorded for us. Answers and scoring on page 25.

1. John the Baptist's mother was named Anna.
2. Elijah once became so frightened at the words of a woman that he ran far away and wished he could die.
3. Jesus rebuked Mary, the sister of Martha, for being lazy and not helping with the preparation of meals.
4. Jochebed was a wicked queen, the wife of King Ahab.
5. The Queen of Sheba is mentioned in the New Testament as well as in the Old.
6. Eve did not know that God had forbidden them to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and that is why she listened to the serpent.
7. The Bible does not forbid women to be preachers; this is just church tradition.
8. A young girl once asked for a man's head brought to her on a platter as a birthday gift.
9. Rahab was a harlot who lived in Jericho.
10. The Bible does not tell the name of the young girl who answered the door the night Peter came out of prison.
11. A Jewish girl became queen when she won a national beauty contest.
12. At one time a woman was judge over all the tribes of Israel.
13. The Bible never mentions women painting their faces, since that is a practice which was unknown until modern times.
14. Delilah is a woman the Bible speaks well of.
15. Wherever we read that Jesus personally addressed his mother, he always called her "Woman," and never "Mother."
16. Although the Israelites sometimes grumbled against Moses, his sister Miriam never took part in this complaining.
17. A woman in the Bible once prayed so earnestly for a son that those watching her took her to be drunken.
18. Paul tells us the name of a woman who was a deaconess.
19. Solomon in Proverbs warns much against women, but he never speaks well for them.
20. Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Blame Dodging Game

Andy's parents are very upset. They stand for a long time telling a friend about the problems they have at home. They tell how Andy doesn't listen anymore. How he just does whatever he wants to. How he comes and goes as he pleases. He talks back. He has things that are forbidden by the church. He doesn't have any respect for authority.

And Andy's parents know exactly who is to blame for it all. "It's that Perry Weaver," Andy's parents say. "Ever since Perry has been chumming around with Andy, Andy isn't the same. Perry is a terrible influence on him. Why, Andy used to be a good boy. He always listened. We never had any trouble with Andy. If only Perry would stay away. It's just too bad what a harmful influence Perry is on our boy."

The funny thing about it all is that Perry's parents are also telling their friends, "We're having real problems the last while with Perry. Why, Perry just doesn't listen to us the way he used to. He just does whatever he wants to. He comes and goes as he pleases. He talks back. He has things that are forbidden by the church. He just does not have any respect for authority."

Strangely enough, Perry's parents are also very convinced where the blame lies. "It's that Andy," they point out. "Ever since Andy has been chumming around with Perry, Perry just isn't the same anymore. Andy is a terrible influence on him. Why, Perry used to be a good boy. He always listened. We never had trouble with Perry. If only Andy would stay away. It's just too bad what a harmful influence Andy is on our boy."

Andy's parents blame Perry, and Perry's parents blame Andy.

Why shouldn't they? It's the easy way out. That way neither of the two sets of parents needs to say, "Somewhere we failed in raising our boy. Somewhere we didn't discipline the way we should have. It's our fault that he doesn't listen to us, or have respect for us. Somewhere we didn't work together as father and mother to provide him with an environment of love and security. It's our fault that he turned out the way he has."

To accept guilt is painful. It is unpleasant. It is humbling. No one likes to admit that they have failed. It is much easier to believe that the other person has.

Andy's and Perry's parents are not unusual in wanting to place the blame for problems at someone else's door. All of us have the same weakness. It goes all the way back to Adam who set the rules for the blame dodging game.

Adam was guilty. Even now, six thousand years later, it is easy enough to see that. Adam knew better than to eat the forbidden fruit. There was no possible excuse for it. He wasn't hungry. He wasn't forced. He deliberately sinned. He knowingly and willfully did what God had told him not to do. Yet when God started asking questions, Adam tried to push it off on poor Eve. He should have been a man about it and said, "I have sinned. I am guilty. I have failed miserably. I have no excuse." Instead he pointed at Eve and said, "That wife you gave me, she brought me some of the fruit."

Eve did no better when she was put on the spot. She also tried to dodge the blame and let someone else carry the guilt. "The snake," she said, "tricked me into eating it."

But God saw through their blame dodging attempts. He knew that both of them were guilty, and he said they must all bear their punishments—Adam would find out what it was to sweat, Eve would suffer in childbearing.

Instead of us today learning a lesson from Adam and Eve's unhappy experience, too many of us follow their example. And there is no end to the situations that turn up where we should be willing to accept some of the blame, instead of taking the easy way out—blame dodging.

If there is a misunderstanding, I claim the other person didn't make himself clear to start with; no wonder I misunderstood him. If my horse is thin, he's a hard keeper; it's never that I feed him poorly or work him too hard. If I explode and lose my temper, it's because the other person drove me to it with his insults. If I get deeper and deeper in debt, it's because I had a lot of bad luck; it can't be that I have bad management.

Several years ago a teacher told me about all the trouble she had in school. It became so serious that finally she just stopped teaching. She said the parents were terribly uncooperative. Some of them were constantly making all kinds of trouble. She was convinced that all the blame for her difficulties was with the parents. But later the teacher admitted, "I thought at the time that it was the parents, but maybe it wasn't. Maybe I was more to blame than I realized." In her case, the passing of time helped her to get a truer perspective. I admired her for making the admission, for it must have been humbling. But it was too bad that she could not have realized it at the time the trouble was happening. Then she might have been able to overcome it and work with the parents. That is one of the most tragic results, of dodging the blame and pushing it off on others. It makes a solution almost impossible. As long as we don't see our mistakes, there is little chance that we will better ourselves. If we don't admit guilt, there is no reason to work toward improvement.

Many problems and quarrels could be quickly solved if we were willing to say, "I am to blame." But too often it is less painful to point out the other person's mistake, than it is to admit our own. A quarrel will continue as long as both sides are saying, "You are to blame." Both sides are probably right when they say the other is to blame. But it would be just as true if each side would say, "I am to blame," and it would certainly sound better — besides accomplishing more.

When we fail, the natural thing is to look around for any likely object upon which to place our guilt. Sometimes the object we pick may be so broad and so complex that no one else will feel guilty. Then we really have an ideal setup. We don't need to feel guilty, and no one else needs to, either. I read a magazine article recently which I thought was a good example of this very thing.

The article was about an eighteen-year-old boy in Toronto who took his own life last February. The father felt that the blame for his son's death was "society." An unjust and harsh society, according to the father, had driven his son to suicide. He felt his son had been misused all along the line— in school, in church, by the navy, by the police force, by his friends—everyone. I found it a bit hard to imagine that so many other people had failed so greatly, and his own father, who should have had more influence on the boy than all the others put together, had not failed at all. But, undoubtedly, placing the blame on a vague and nameless "society" helped the grief-stricken father to ease the feelings of guilt.

Often the same blame dodging process takes place when someone leaves one of the plain churches to join a more liberal one. His relatives and friends don't want any of the blame for his having left, so they say bitterly, "He never would have gone if the church would not have misused him. They were always picking on him." Or worse yet, they imply that the change he made is an improvement by saying, "He would still be here today if the Amish would be what they should be." By this it is implied that the person who left was seeking virtue, and that he found it in a more worldly church. The lives of those who leave usually show up the hypocrisy of such excuses within a few years.

Guilt is a funny thing. It's the hardest thing on earth to find the rightful owner of. No matter who you ask, it always belongs to someone else. No one wants to claim it.

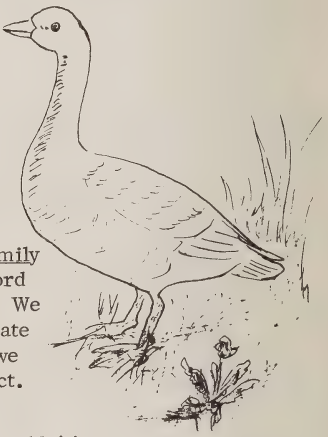
Parents blame someone else's son. Teachers blame the parents. Parents blame the teachers. Farmers blame the weather. A bereaved father blames "society." Rebellious members blame the church.

It's the blame dodging game.

Adam blamed Eve, and Eve blamed the serpent.

Eve was right. It's Satan's game. Let's let his children play it. The rest of us have work to do.

SPECIAL GOOSE SECTION



The "Mother and the Mama Goose" story in the March issue of Family Life touched off a record number of responses. We decided to run a separate section of the letters we received on this subject.

CAN SHE KEEP HER SANITY?

I think we need more stories like "Mother and the Mama Goose." It was interesting and brought out the fact that at least some people can see their own mistakes and are not afraid to admit it instead of looking for other people to blame. I know from experience what one goes through if the husband is away from home most every day and the mother has the responsibilities of the home all to herself. Sometimes it's a wonder she can keep her sanity. Of course someone who has never been through it has no way of knowing our trials or of understanding our actions. But we can always do like the mother did in the story, turn to the Lord and think of the blessings He has bestowed upon us. -Kansas

WATCHING FOR THIS STORY

I just got done reading the "Mama Goose" story. Ever since Family Life started I've been watching for a story that points out the worries and responsibilities we mothers face while the husbands work away. I know children are a blessing, but for me sometimes it gets pretty hard to see it thus.

This morning it was raining and I dreaded the day for I knew I would have the children inside our small house all day. It went smoother than the average but even so it is hard to keep all those little hands and feet where they belong. But my biggest job is to keep myself in deeds and words where I belong so as to be a good example.

-Mrs. A. M., Ohio

OTHERS IN THE SAME BOAT

I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoy the story of "Mother and the Mama Goose." I had to laugh until the tears just rolled down my cheeks and my two-year-old asked, "Mom, vas ist letz?"

We had 4 children in 4 years, and I get "down in the dumps" at times too, but it helps to know that others are in the same boat.

It's no wonder you can't keep your head together with the 16-month-old climbing on top of the table trying to reach a book off the shelf, the baby crying hungrily and the four-year-old spanking the two-year-old for doing something he thought he shouldn't!

I sympathize with the mother who wrote this story and I know what she means by being at home alone all day and trying to keep everything on an even keel.

My husband is a full-time farmer but that doesn't mean he's home every day. Today is Saturday and this morning he rushed off to help a neighbor and said he probably wouldn't be home before 6:00 PM. So that means I should start the chores and he is very fond of ice cream and would appreciate it if I made some for supper. Then there are the baths and head washings and all the other little things that involve taking care of children.

No, there's never a dull moment; but when they're all in bed and sleeping I often tip-toe in and look at their peaceful faces. Then I have to think, very soon they'll be growing up and wonder what lies in store for them. Surely in our job we need the help of the Heavenly Father.

-A mother from Ohio

COUNTED BEFORE THEY WERE HATCHED

I had to laugh when I read it but I felt just as sorry for the mother as for the geese. It made me think of the time I got a notion to try and hatch turkeys. I paid a good price for eight eggs and put them under a cluck with hopes that she would be a good one and she was. She sat very good, and all these weeks I had been thinking of how nice it will be to have real turkeys proudly walking around our farm. Then in the fall we would butcher two and keep the rest to raise more.

So I was very careful to sprinkle the eggs as I had heard we should. About three days before they were due I held the cluck off and with a pop bottle and a sprinkler I began to sprinkle the eggs. But, oh, so quick I dropped the bottle right on the nest. The eggs all broke but 2 or 3. A few days later one turkey came out. Of course, it only lived 3 weeks. I guess I counted the turkeys before they were hatched. -Mrs. Perry Stutzman, Ohio

WISHING FOR HER HUSBAND

It was Monday morning. My husband got up and put the water on to heat for the weekly wash. Then he went to the barn for a few chores, but by the time he got back in to eat breakfast, both our little girls were crying. So I changed diapers and took care of them real quick hoping they would go back to bed after breakfast. Then we had to hurry through breakfast so my husband wouldn't be late for work. I told him the next morning we'd get up half an hour earlier so that if the girls wake up we would have time to take care of them. (We did, too.)

After breakfast my husband went to work, the girls went back to bed and I left the dishes and went to the basement to get started with the morning's wash. After sorting the clothes, I filled the machine and went to get gas for the motor. Oh yes, I remember we had only a little gas left from last week and had not gone after any more. So I put it in hoping that it would last till I was finished washing.

I knew the gas was getting low so I saved the blankets for next week and hurried with the last loads. The gas lasted till I was finished. I filled the clotheslines hoping they would dry till after dinner so I could hang out the rest.

I went back into the house, took care of the little girls again, and it was not time to get lunch yet. I decided maybe I would have time to read the story, "Mother and the Mama Goose" in F. L. for my husband had told me it was good.

I agreed with the author that things happen around the home that we'd appreciate having our men around but little realized how soon I'd be fervently wishing mine would be home.

After eating lunch, I started doing the dishes, and wished I had done them in the morning instead of leaving them till now. I decided the faster I hurry, the sooner I'd be done. When I was about halfway through I heard two-year-old Anna crying and soon she came running with blood coming out of her mouth and down her cheeks, too. I could see at a glance that here was more than usual.

I grabbed a cold wash rag and tried to stop the bleeding but it wouldn't stop. So I bundled her up and took her to the neighbors. The neighbor lady had colder water so we rinsed a wash rag and held it against the little girl's cheeks and stopped the bleeding.

"If you want to go to the doctor, I'll take you," the neighbor lady said. Then she added, "It looks like something is sticking out of the wound."

I called my husband at the pallet shop and told him what had happened and asked if he'd go along to the doctor. He didn't think it was necessary but I really wished he would be along.

The doctor examined the wound and pulled a splinter of wood out of her cheek. She had fallen on something and bitten a hole clear through her cheek. Her teeth had chipped a piece of wood off of whatever she hit and pulled it back into her cheek.

That evening when my husband came home, he asked, "How's Anna? I've been worried about her ever since you called and thought I should have gone along."

Now it's a week later and Anna's mouth is healing nicely. It's washday again, but the dishes were done when it was time. I hope my day will not end like it did last Monday although I'm thankful it wasn't worse.

-Mrs. D. S., Ohio

HOW TO GET A NEW WASHER or THE STORY THAT WAITED 34 YEARS

I had a tinge of pity for the mother with the goose story. I believe the mothers are few that don't have experiences at times that stories could be written about. It's been many years since I had small children but I still remember trying days that came up, and maybe if I'd been more patient, things would not have added up so.

I recall a certain washday 34 years ago. It was a windy, chilly day in January. Church was to be at our house the next Sunday so I had been cleaning house the week before. On Monday morning I had a big washing gathered up, bedding and things that go with house cleaning, plus the weekly washing for a family of six.

I had the wash water ready for an early start but then we couldn't get the washing machine motor started. We had an old second-hand machine we had bought years before, and it was worn out.

So I decided it's no use spoiling my start for the week. What else could I do but go at it like I did before we had the machine? So I rolled up my sleeves and went to work. I boiled the clothes and rubbed them on the washboard and wrung them out by hand.

We had four children at that time, but the oldest girl went to school. Occasionally I went in to check on the three little boys, aged 5, 3, and 8 months. One time I came in, things were not going very well, so I wrapped up the three-year-old and took him along out with me. I hoped that now I could watch him and see what he does.

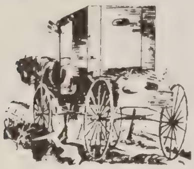
I had a large oval-shaped wicker-type clothes basket and I filled it with white wash ready to hang out. For some reason I stepped outside for just a minute and when I came in the three-year-old had messed blueing all over the top of my basket of clothes. So that meant I would have to wash and rinse out that basket of clothes again.

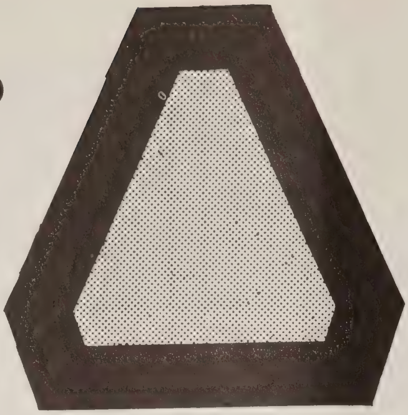
Finally I was ready to hang out my clothes. After awhile I looked out and what did I see? The wind had blown a white bedspread down at one end and there it was flopping along the ground— ready for another washing.

That evening I told my husband that I think I could write a story about my washday. But I waited 34 years to do it. But by the time the next washday came a new washing machine was there and everything went fine.

But why is it that we remember such dark days like that so well? There have been many washdays when everything went fine but we don't think of those days like the trying ones. We need the cloudy days as well as sunshine. -Mrs. Eli S. Bontrager, Iowa City, Iowa

NOT AFRAID OF PERSECUTION





THE FOLLOWING STORY IS PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OR CONSENT OF THE PERSONS INVOLVED. IN ORDER TO RESPECT THEIR DESIRE TO AVOID PUBLICITY AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS AND PLACES HAVE BEEN CHANGED. NOTES FOR THE STORY WERE OBTAINED FROM A RECENT VISIT TO THAT COMMUNITY BUT SINCE THE MANUSCRIPT WAS NOT CHECKED BY THE PERSONS INVOLVED, THERE MAY BE MINOR INACCURACIES.

By

David Wagler

IT WAS A SLEEPY SUNDAY afternoon in autumn of 1968. The state road leading east of Greenville in southern Tennessee was dotted with sightseers liesurely driving along to spend the time and to get a look at the countryside. The rolling hillsides afforded a splendid view and on the level places there were farms and fields full of fat beef cattle. Fifty miles to the southeast was the busy city of Chattanooga with its masses of people, its smoky factories and noisy stockyards.

But in Greenville, which was the county seat of Lemon County, there was little evidence of the hustle and bustle of the city fifty miles away. It was just the typical backwoods community, full of southern hospitality, a quiet peaceful place to live.

Suddenly a lanky bay horse emerged from a sideroad pulling a black buggy. As he approached the highway, the driver, Dan Hostetler, pulled the horse to a halt. Then he nervously looked both ways and waited for the approaching cars to pass before pulling out on the highway. When the road was clear both ways as far as he could see, he gave his horse a slap and started down the highway as fast as his horse would take him.

Dan had only a short distance to go on the state highway that afternoon, but he had a special reason to be uneasy. It was not the danger of getting hit that was worrying him, either.

Dan was on his way home from church and that day the minister had admonished the congregation that they should not worry about their own safety. God would take care of them. And if it were His will to let persecution come then He would also give the needed grace to bear it.

Dan believed every word the minister had said, and yet he was nervous until he would be off this highway. Every time a car passed, Dan felt tense.

Suddenly a sleek new car passed him from behind with a red light on the roof and it was flashing. His heart beat faster but it was too late. The car pulled off the road in front of him with the flasher still going. That meant for Dan to stop. The policeman approached the buggy.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Dan Hostetler."

"Your address?"

"Greenville, R.R. 2."

When he had taken down this information he asked, "Why don't you have a slow-moving vehicle emblem on your vehicle as the law requires?"

"Because— because we don't believe in it."

"Don't believe in it! Don't you know it's the law and that's that?"

Dan was silent. The officer told him he would receive a notice to appear before the court in due time. Then he proceeded down the highway, and Dan Hostetler soon turned off onto a gravel road and went to his home.

Willie Hostetler had taken on a carpenter job. A man who lived south of the highway had asked him to repair his barn. But he had to cross the state highway for there was no other way to get to it. Cautiously Willie crossed over to the other side and went to his work. That afternoon when he came back he looked both ways. The only car in sight was more than a half mile to the east. Willie heard a siren and looked back. A black car was following him on the gravel road and a red light was flashing. Willie knew that it was a state policeman and that the same fate would befall him as befell his older brother, Dan.

Some time later when Dan and Willie Hostetler were arraigned before the county court on charges of violating the state law, they pleaded guilty. The judge gave them each the choice of paying a $100 fine or spending 30 days in jail.

Since they maintained they had not done anything wrong they refused to pay the fine. The jail sentence was the only thing left for them.

Jacob Hostetler did not like to see his two sons go to jail. He could easily have paid the fine and thus avoided the sentence but not with a clear conscience. He felt that if he had paid the fine he would have been admitting guilt. But the boys were merely living out the convictions which they had received from the teachings of the Bible. No crime had been committed and no fine would be paid.

When the time came, Jacob Hostetler hitched up his horse to the buggy and took his two sons to the county jail to begin their sentences. He bade them good-by and encouraged them to be strong in the faith. Then he turned and started for home.

But before he reached his home a state policeman stopped him and arrested him for operating a slow-moving vehicle without an S-M-V emblem. A few weeks later Jacob joined his two sons in the county jail.

With Jacob Hostetler and his two sons in the jail, things came to a halt on the Hostetler farm. The horsepowered cane press, the water-driven feed grinder, the blacksmith shop and the woodworking tools. Everything was quiet, that is all except the washing machine. Mrs. Hostetler knew how to put the water wheel in gear to drive the washing machine, so each Monday the family washing was done as usual.

About ten years earlier, Jacob had come into these hills in search of a quiet place to live. All he wanted was a peaceful spot where he could raise his own family and live his own life the way he understood the Bible. Along with several other Amish families, Jacob decided that this was as ideal a spot as he could find. Certainly he did not care for the high-priced land and crowded conditions which existed in many Amish communities.

To Jacob Hostetler, the same as for his parents and grandparents, the wisdom of this world is foolishness before God. He believes that people should depend on their own God-given talent to devise a way and means of survival instead of depending on the world to solve their problems.

When Jacob moved onto this farm he did not make use of the highline that goes past the end of his lane. Instead, he began to look around for ways to make a living without using more of this world's goods than absolutely necessary.

On many Amish farms windmills pump the water. But when Jacob looked around he discovered a source of power which would be better than a windmill and more widely applicable. A creek was running through the lower pasture at a steady gait, and the natives assured him that it would keep on running the year round. All he needed would be a dam and a water wheel.

He had never had any experience with water wheels but at once his mind went to work. In fact he even thought about it at night and one night he dreamed he saw a water wheel in his lower pasture. Using this dream as a basis, he started work, but his first attempt ended in failure. So he tore it out and started over again. The second time it worked but there were still many changes that had to be made.

"If any part of the system didn't work I tore it out and started over again," he said.

Today he has a network of waterpowered operations that I am sure many people would pay a lot to see if it were located at a tourist attraction. But a tourist attraction is the last thing in the world that Jacob Hostetler wants to be.

He has a feed grinder which is run by the water wheel. Another cable runs from a pulley above the wheel to the farm shop where he operates a blacksmith shop and woodworking tools. A system of small gates adjusts the flow of water into the pit and can be controlled from his workshop. By pulling on different cables he can start, stop or control the speed of the machinery.

There is also a cable from the workshop to the washhouse. Power is transmitted by old gearboxes taken from discarded machinery.

A sorghum press nearby can be operated by horsepower. Each year he cooks a lot of sorghum molasses, as high as 2700 gallons. But because of shortage of help, he may have to discontinue the molasses cooking.

He also has maple trees on the farm. We were there in early March and he was busy cooking syrup. The steam was pouring out of the sap house. During the half hour we were there, 3 or 4 people drove in to claim their syrup. Apparently there was no job in disposing of the syrup; the difficulty was in determining who gets it.

Jacob Hostetler and his two sons got along remarkably well with the jailkeeper. Like Joseph in Egypt, Jacob soon had the job of caretaker and overseer of the jail. In spite of all the freedom allowed to him, the jailkeeper never lost any sleep worrying that Jacob would escape.

October is a busy time of the year, but with the help of neighbors, Jacob's wife managed to take care of the livestock and keep the farm going.

Jacob Hostetler had many good neighbors and many of them were not of the Amish faith. Every year they had brought their cane to the mill and had always taken home a good quality of molasses. But this year Jacob was in jail and only half of the molasses had been cooked. With cold weather coming on, it was feared that the cane might spoil. Going a year without molasses was more than the neighbors could bear to think of so they began planning on how they might get Jacob's release.

Going to the jailkeeper, they told him of their predicament.

"If he promises to come back when he is done cooking molasses, he can go home," they were told.

So Jacob was released on his word of honor and the cane press was in operation once more. And everybody was happy, that is except Jacob, for when his job was finished he went back to jail. But the peace was only temporary and before another year had passed, Jacob Hostetler was looking out from behind the bars again. But the Amish would not yield, neither would the state. A law is a law and as far as the state officials were concerned, anyone who did not obey was a violater.

No matter if the laws were designed for your own safety and if you were responsible for damages. It was still a violation of the law and had to be dealt with accordingly. There were arrests and more arrests. Since the fines were not paid, the jail sentences had to be carried out.

How long this might have gone on no one knows. Finally the group decided to move out of the state and two families actually left. But at this stage, quite unexpectedly, an unknown friend stepped in and interceded for them with the state officials.

Joseph Wittmer, a college professor of education was himself of Amish descent. Although unknown and unrelated to the Amish persons involved in the controversy, he felt that an injustice was being done. So he wrote a letter to the governor of the state asking if a peaceful solution to the problem might not be worked out so that the Amish could remain in the state. The governor replied that he would give his immediate attention to the matter in the hopes that something could be worked out.

At the same time, Wittmer also wrote to the prosecuting attorney of the county.

"Why do you want to prosecute these people who have not committed any misdemeanor?" he asked in a lengthy letter.

In a few days the answer came back. "I do not want to prosecute these people but they pleaded guilty so there was nothing else the judge could do but sentence them."

He also stated that a halt had been called and that no more of the Amish would be arraigned before the court pending the outcome of negotiations to reach a peaceful solution.

In the state of Ohio, where the law is also compulsory, an exception has been made for Amish buggies provided they use a white reflector tape around the edges of the vehicle.

While we were in the community, we had a nice visit with the bishop of the group. Perhaps in many ways, he might be considered as an ultraconservative, yet the truth is that he is merely trying to live out his convictions as he understands the Bible.

The difficulty with the law began when it became compulsory for all slow-moving vehicles to have an S-M-V emblem on the rear of the vehicle. This is a safety emblem worked out by the state of Ohio and has been adopted by many other states and Canada. It consists of a triangular-shaped piece of florescent orange paper, 14 inches on a side, surrounded by a 2" strip of red reflecting tape. The orange color in the center is designed to attract the attention of oncoming motorists during the daytime, especially during twilight or fog. Advocates of the emblem say that under certain conditions, it can be seen twice as far as a vehicle without the emblem. The red reflecting tape shows up during the night.

"Why does your group object to using the S-M-V emblem?" I asked the bishop.

"There are several reasons," he answered. "For one thing the orange is rather bright."

When we noticed how plain his house and his belongings were we could easily understand that to him, such a bright color would look out of place on his black buggy.

"Another reason is that we are supposed to be different," he went on. "Almost all the people everywhere accept this emblem and regard it very highly. If we just go along with this then it may be harder to be different in other things which are really more important."

"But it's for safety," I said. "The way the cars travel on the highways these days a person isn't safe even if he does everything he can."

"That is true," he agreed, "and we urge our people to always have lights when they go on the highways."

"Have there been accidents already involving your people?"

"We have had some near-accidents. One evening a car came over the top of a little hill and almost hit a buggy. The people in the car were very nervous about it. A blacksmith in Ohio is now making lanterns with a big red lens which shows up much better than the ones we have ever had before."

"But don't most of the Amish in other communities use the S-M-V emblem?"

"Yes, and that is what is so hard for the state officials to understand."

It was not hard for me to understand that these people might have a conscience against some things that others do not. None of them use tractors of any kind, and some families do not have a gasoline engine on the farm. They are different and yet I believe the underlying principles are the same as other Amish. They are much concerned to live a life in accordance with the will of God.

The bishop was not bitter against the state officials for having caused so much inconvenience to their group. He especially appreciated the assistance which Joseph Wittmer had given them.

I was glad when I learned that a halt had been called in the persecution of these people. I am also glad that they want to do what they believe is right even if we do not agree with them on all the issues. We can have nothing but respect for anyone who is willing to suffer in silence and to live up to what he believes is right, even in the face of persecution. ■■

BEWARE THE BROWN BOTTLE

Dad had gone to the barn to finish up some chores after supper. I had the children in the bathroom washing up for bed. Then I heard a "thump-thump" on the door. I hoped it was just the wind.

But soon the five-year-old girl exclaimed, "There's a big man at the door."

I hurried to the door for he had his big face right against the window of the door and was looking in. He could hardly make it up the one step to come into the kitchen.

"It's so cold outside that my legs are stiff," he said, but I soon found out that wasn't the reason.

His face was red and his eyes were nearly swollen shut. His voice was rough and there was a smell on his breath.

"Can I use your telephone?" he rasped. "My truck isn't working."

I showed him where the telephone was and he dialed the operator and asked her to call his home in Hamilton.

"Would you come and fetch me?" he asked his wife. "I'm on Highway 56 near Orangeville."

"No, no," I corrected him, "this is Highway 86 and we are near Elmira."

I told him several times but it didn't do any good. I guess his wife knew how he was looking and feeling for she refused to come and fetch him.

This made him so angry that he screamed into the phone. I have never heard anybody talk like this before. I'll just mention one thing he said to her, "I'd take you to hell right away if I could."

Apparently she thought he was in a saloon for he shouted several times that he wasn't.

The children were so scared that they all hung around me. Then he decided he needed a garage man so I told him the number to dial.

"I can't read for my eyes hurt," he said, so I had to dial. But I could not get an answer so we had to wait.

I didn't know if I could trust him or not for he was swaying back and forth and couldn't stand straight.

Then he looked around in the kitchen and saw the baby in the buggy. "My, you have it nice with all these children," he said. "This is the way I had it, too, but now they all left home. Maybe I wasn't thankful enough for the way I had it."

So we went back to the phone but then I heard a neighbor lady talking. This got him all excited and he screamed at her, "Oh you women folks, all you do is sit on the phone!"

This was mean of him for she was making a long-distance call. After awhile I tried again but got no answer so I told him to go out to the barn and maybe my husband could take him there. He said no, he wants to get someone, but finally he asked where the barn is. Oh, what a relief.

Soon my husband came with him into the house and they called another garage man and he said he would be here in 30 minutes. While he waited he had to have a good smoke.

At last the yellow flasher was here and out went the man and wasn't I ever glad. I don't think I was ever so scared before in my life. But deep down in my heart I pitied him for the condition of his soul.

In a few minutes they had his truck fixed and he was off.

This was all a great lesson to me. Why should I ever grumble? What would I do if I had a husband like this? I was wondering, do I appreciate my husband enough?

After seeing this man I am very thankful for the kind of husband I have. I had to think of Sara, 1 Peter 3,6; "Even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord, whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well and are not afraid with any amazement."

Just a little brown bottle is causing so much trouble to his health and how about his soul? One bottle is inviting the next and it'll keep on until it has a person in this shape.

Young girls, if you don't want to be the wife of this kind of a man I would advise you not to have anything to do with boys that love this kind of drink.

1 Thess 5, 7 - 10, " For they that sleep, sleep in the night, and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us who are of the day be sober putting on the breastplate of faith and love and for an helmet the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him. " -A Mother of Five, Listowel, Ontario

They're Waiting For Your Heart

- Dan E. Hershberger

The statement has been made that we ought to take care of our bodies for we cannot send to a mail order house for parts. But with the advancements of medical science, one begins to wonder if man may not commercialize on parts.

In years past man did not know of hearing aids, eye glasses, false teeth, plastic noses, glass eyes, artificial limbs, plastic veins or stainless steel rods and plates.

In more recent time have come blood banks, eye banks, bone banks and kidney transplants. But the latest undertaking is the transplanting of the most marvelous organ of all, the heart of man.

A friend of ours has a weak heart and the doctor somewhat jokingly told him, "If you are real careful, your heart will last you as long as you live. "

But if a man lives with another man's heart, the above statement would not be correct.

Even the safety league has gathered an idea from the heart transplantings and posted this slogan:"Drive Carefully, — They're Waiting For Your Heart. "

It is stupendous to think that man's heart may live after him or vice versa. As we think of someone bidding for our heart it also brings to mind the enemy of our souls as well as the Lord Jesus for we find that they are both trying to get our hearts.

With all this demand for man's heart whom will we choose to sell out to? The decision is ours and we need to weigh it carefully and prayerfully. Our destiny in time and eternity depends on our choosing in this life.

Before we accept a bid let us see what is being offered for yielding our hearts. The Bible tells us that the majority of mankind sell out to Satan so let's see what the deceiver has to offer that draws so many humans to his side.

THE LUST OF THE FLESH— this is one of the offers of Satan which has captured many hearts indeed. Many have gone to the depths of moral sin and decay; others have robbed or trodden under foot their fellow man. Some have cheated or lied or hated or cursed the very ones that the Lord wanted them to love because of their lust of the flesh or a carnal mind.

THE LUST OF THE EYE also stems from a heart that is governed by the enemy of our souls. We can see the fruits of this lust almost anywhere we go by the wearing or display of things that have no purpose other than to bring glory to some mortal body. We may often see people who suffer from heat or cold or other bodily discomfort (like high-heeled shoes) because their heart is serving this lust. It may show itself in wearing an expensive diamond from Africa or in a cheap pin from the dime store.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE is also offered by Satan. Because it is not so easily detected, we may be ensnared by it unawares. Man may put his confidence and trust in his own wisdom or earthly possessions and feel secure in the perishable things in life.

We may even pride ourselves as being the best farmer on the ridge or the best gardener in the neighborhood or have the best herd of Holsteins on Cooper's Creek.

What is the final reward for serving this deceiver? The Apostle Paul sums it up in these words, "The wages of sin is death. "

Indeed no serious-minded person would sell out for such a measly sum.

THE BENEFITS OF THE LORD— Now let us see what the wise man says in Proverbs 23:26, "My son, give me thine heart and let thine eyes observe my ways. "

What are some of the benefits of selling out to the Lord? Paul tells us in Gal. 5:22, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such is no law. "

Christ said, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake shall receive an hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. 19: 29).

"For man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the HEART" (Sam. 16: 17).

"Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. 22: 14).

-Staunton, Virginia

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

Practicing Good Manners

The house was full of people. Church services had dismissed a few minutes earlier. We men were standing in tight little groups, chatting. In the kitchen the women folks were getting the lunch ready, then carrying the filled dishes of pickles, red beets, and peanut butter to the tables which had been set up. Before long the man of the house would signal for us to come for lunch.

As we talked, we stood quite closely together. There was not much room to spare with so many people in the house. One thing nice, the children had gone outside to play. That always helped.

Suddenly I felt someone push me. Not a gentle nudge, but a determined shove that almost made me lose my balance. A ten-year-old lad, big for his age, plowed through between me and my brother-in-law. He was followed closely by his younger brother. The boys did not say a word, but climbed over the benches to the water faucet, where they each took a drink. Then they came charging back, heads forward, hurrying to get back outside to play with their friends.

This time we were ready for them. We leaned back against the wall, and the boys passed without any difficulty.

I could not help thinking to myself, as the old saying goes, "Where were those boys when the manners were dealt out?" Surely they had been hiding behind the door.

We had just resumed our conversation when once more we were interrupted, this time even more rudely. We had our backs turned and did not see the lady approaching until, like the boys, she was pushing her way through. Without a word and without slowing down in the least, she crowded between us. I lost my balance and fell awkwardly against the wall.

"Oops!" said the sister.

I saw that it was the boys' mother, and then I no longer wondered where they had learned their ill manners.

"Come to eat," called the man of the house. As soon as the ministers and older brethren were seated, we too went and sat down. The table was spread with the usual church dinner— just a light lunch for the congregation. After eating there would be more visiting until the middle of the afternoon when everyone would go home.

A few hours later as our horse jogged slowly homeward, I told my wife how we had been pushed. "Yes, I can believe it," my wife said. "That same lady has pushed me aside many times. And she is not the only one that pushes." She mentioned the name of another sister.

"They probably don't mean a thing by it," I reasoned, trying to excuse the impoliteness of the two women and the two boys. "Maybe they're nervous and don't realize how rude they are."

"Could be the women are," my wife answered. "But I can't picture those boys as being very nervous. I just think they've never been taught better."

I got to thinking about it after we reached home. Was it a lack of teaching? Was it selfishness? Or was it just thoughtlessness?

Are Manners Worldly?

One day while I was teaching school, the English lesson for the fourth grade was about manners and courtesy. "Have you formed the habit of saying 'Please' and 'Thank you'?" I asked the boys and girls.

"Oh, we don't do that at our house," scoffed one lad. "Just fine people do that."

"But if a man in town would give you a quarter, wouldn't you thank him?" I questioned.

"Oh, maybe, if I didn't forget," he replied. "But at home it's not necessary. If Dad gave me a quarter, I wouldn't say thank you."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, I'd be ashamed to."

I wondered if this same attitude— that manners belonged to "fine" people— was the explanation why I had gotten pushed aside on Sunday. Did the two boys and their mother think it would have been a mark of worldliness to have touched us on the shoulder and asked, "Would you excuse me, please. I would like to get through here."

Are manners worldly? I suppose the answer depends on what we call manners and what we call worldly. It is not hard to understand why there is a reaction against "fine" manners among our people. None of us likes the unnatural, put-on, sugary actions of people who are insincere or flatterers. We are suspicious of anyone who "oh's" and "ah's" and says, "Please, my dear," or "You are so wonderful!"

People who think a great deal of each other don't always have to voice their feelings. They can sense love and affection without being told in so many words. Saying please and thank you with deeds is a lot better than saying it with words.

But is there anything wrong in saying it with words? Is there anything wrong with using the common courtesies of "Pardon me," "I'm sorry," and "Thank you"— even within an intimate family?

What do you think? I think they do have their place. I believe our plain people could cultivate a little more outward courtesy without any great risk of becoming worldly.

Courtesy is the Golden Rule

If courtesy isn't the Golden Rule of Matthew 7:12, what is? I don't believe there is a better definition of true Christian courtesy— "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Courtesy is a concern for others, an interest in their well-being. It is the opposite of selfishness. Courtesy is not, "I come first," but "What can I do for you?" Courtesy is a Christian virtue all the way through.

Is there a difference between courtesy and manners? Not much. If we are truly courteous, we will have good manners — whether or not they are the exact manners prescribed by society. For good manners are not a formal learning of the rules— good manners come freely from the heart. They are the outward expression of an inward attitude. Good manners are kindness, unselfishness, and an alertness to the needs and wishes of others.

The trouble with not practicing good manners at home is that we're unlikely to practice them away from home either. If we grunt and growl to our loved ones, we're going to get caught sooner or later barking at a stranger. If we shove each other around at home, pushing people aside when we are away from home will come naturally. If we can't speak to our brothers and sisters without being sassy, someday we're going to hear ourselves saying things when we don't want to say them.

The telephone is a tricky instrument that does funny things to people. I have heard both men and women speak in a bossy voice, or say nasty things, over the telephone, and I am sure they would have spoken differently had they been face to face. Our reputation as a peaceful mild-tempered people can be ruined by such things.

The Bible says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We may excuse our sour words with, "I really don't mean it the way it sounds." I know I have at times excused myself in this way. But I am afraid it is a poor excuse.

I admire the even-voiced, unruffled manners of some brethren I know. Nothing ever seems to upset them. Even when they have reason to be angry or excited, they remain quiet and speak in level tones. Many of us will never be able to achieve such control over ourselves, but we can all, with the help of God, strive to that end. However, unless we really want to be unselfish, we won't get very far.

Are manners worldly? It depends on what you have in mind when you speak of manners. If you're speaking of the real thing — kindness and love for others — you'll surely find it among Christians if you find it anywhere.

But, regretfully, you may also find among Christians those who are very bold when they want to pass through a narrow place. You will find some who speak disrespectfully over the telephone. You will find husbands and wives who undoubtedly love each other, yet are seldom heard to speak softly and kindly to each other. You will find those who say nothing more than "Oops" when they want to apologize.

Personally, I fear that manners like these are the kind that are worldly. -Guaimaca, Honduras

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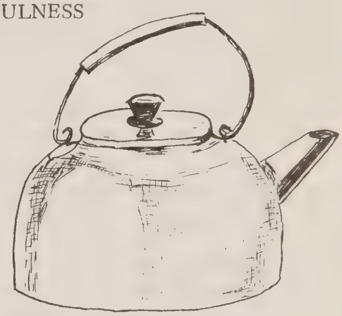
Sylvan and the Teakettles

SOLOMON KING WAS DISAPPOINTED AND ANGRY THAT HIS SON WOULD BE DECEITFUL. HE HAD NO IDEA HOW SOON HIS OWN TRUTHFULNESS WOULD BE PUT TO TEST.



-Author's Name Withheld

Sylvan King flicked the switch on the dashboard as he turned into the long farm lane. The lights on his buggy went out. He really didn't need them now that there was no traffic. He could see the fence posts move past on each side as his tired horse walked slowly up the lane.

Furthermore, Sylvan didn't want his dad and mom to see him come home. Not at a quarter till two. He hadn't planned to stay so late, but the other boys insisted. "Ah, come on," they had teased him. "You're not in kindergarten. You're old enough to make your own orders. Your old man'll never know where you've been or what you've been doing."

Sylvan, who was seventeen years old, had grinned then, one of his wide grins that everyone said were just like his father's. "He sure doesn't know where I'm at right now," he said. "And I'm not planning to tell him either."

Cheers.

"That's the stuff!" someone shouted.

It had made Sylvan feel warm inside to think the boys liked him so well. He would sneak off more often to the pool hall. The gang there was a lively one, and shooting pool wasn't the only pastime.

Now, as each step of his horse brought him closer home, Sylvan no longer felt so smug inside. He shivered a little. He wasn't going to let his dad find out where he had been and what he had been doing — not if he could help it.

Sylvan jerked erect on the buggy seat. A light! Why was there a light in the kitchen? Beneath the thin buggy blanket his heart sank.

Sylvan," Solomon King was saying, "I'm very, very much disappointed in you." The grandfather clock in the hallway struck twice. The kerosene lamp on the kitchen table fluttered a little, as an August breeze swept through the open window and crossed the room.

Solomon King was a big, round-faced, square-shouldered man, fifty-eight years old. He had long been considered one of the pillars of the church. As he spoke to his youngest son, his voice was louder than necessary and there was a touch of anger and hurt pride.

"Just what will the people think when they hear you're running around nights like this? Why, the whole church will be talking about it. Where were you, I'd like to know?"

Sylvan looked at the floor, chewing his lip. Tears trickled down his mother's cheeks and fell on her hands lying folded in her lap. But his father was not crying.

"Why did you lie to us?" he asked sharply. "You said you were going down to Joe Stoltzfuses. When you didn't come home at ten, we knew there was something wrong. Come on, tell us why you lied."

The young man winced. "I did not lie," he retorted. "I did go to Joes. I wanted to know if he still wants to sell his old buggy."

"Yes? So, you did go to Joes. Where else did you go? You certainly weren't there until this time of the night."

"No."

"Where did you go then?"

Sylvan spoke in a whisper, "To New Bedford."

"New Bedford!" Solomon stood up. "In New Bedford until after midnight. What made you do something like that?"

The boy did not answer.

The next forenoon Solomon and his son fixed fence together. Nothing had been said all morning about the night before, but Sylvan could sense that something was coming.

At last Solomon blew his nose. "Sylvan," he began. The boy paused from hammering a staple into the corner post, and turned nervously to listen.

"I'm sorry I was so harsh last night. I guess I about lost my temper. But can't you see why? You are old enough to be trusted, and yet you do things behind my back. That's the worst part— deceiving us. You told us you were going to Joe Stoltzfuses, but you didn't say you planned to go further. That was just a half-truth— well, in fact it was a lie— you made us believe you were just going down to Joes. Don't you see?"

"Uh, huh," Sylvan answered under his breath, starting to swing his hammer again.

"Just a minute, son," continued the older man. "Mom and I were talking this morning. You know the trip to Canada next week? Al Ringling's going up there on a fishing trip and he said we could ride along and visit till he comes back."

"Yes?"

"We were going to let you stay home and look after the farm— there's just the chores mostly. We told you you could have the days free. But after last night...." Solomon King paused. "After last night we're afraid you can't be trusted. You might get into bad company while we're gone. So if Al has room, we'll take you along with us and get Uncle Levi's boys to chore."

"Ahh, Dad," grumbled Sylvan. He had already planned with his buddies what he would do while his parents were gone— a fishing trip to the old millpond, maybe a day in town. And it would feel pretty important to be in charge of the farm all by yourself.

But as the forenoon wore on, and the fence was patched, Sylvan began to look forward to the trip. It would be nice to see Canada, and he would have some things to tell the boys when he got back. And Niagara Falls— that would be something to see.

But he didn't like the idea of tagging along with his parents wherever they visited— as if he were a boy of ten! Oh, well, he could slip outside when the talk got too boring, about who was whose cousin and what freundschaft Uncle Jonas was to Ben's Henry by his first marriage. Also, he didn't like the idea of hearing it whispered why he was going along on the trip.

"You can't be trusted," his father had said. He had also said, "When you were a little boy, it was our responsibility to see that you behaved. Now you're almost a man, and it's your responsibility."

Al Ringling was a great sportsman who liked to sit and fish a whole day at a time. "He's never grown up, that man," Solomon King had once told his wife. "He's a good neighbor, but when it comes to fishing he's still a boy."

Al's station wagon rolled steadily along as it neared Buffalo on the Governor Thomas E. Dewey Thruway. Mile after mile passed beneath the spinning tires. Sylvan sat in the back seat with his mother and Mrs. Ringling. Solomon sat in front with Al. The back end of the station wagon was stuffed with tackleboxes, fishing rods, and a tent for two.

"We should be at the Falls by four o'clock," said Al, glancing at his wrist. "Good thing we got an early start."

In the back seat Sylvan yawned.

"Ho, must be the lad's sleepy," teased Al. "But you're used to losing sleep, aren't you?"

"Nope, not much."

"Don't tell me you're not a night owl. I saw you in New Bedford the other week, didn't I?"

Solomon King straightened his wide shoulders, and his face became very stern. He did not give his son a chance to answer. "You're right," he said, "the boy was in town one night, but it's to be the last time. He's really not that kind of a boy."

Al felt the strong emotion in the big man's voice, and so he promptly changed the subject. "You're going to do any shopping up in Canada?"

"Shopping?"

"Yeh. You know you're allowed to bring back a certain amount duty free. I forgot just how much, but I think it's fifty dollars."

"Oh, I don't know. Haven't they got everything in the U. S. that they've got in Canada?"

"I reckon maybe they have, but a lot of folks like to buy a few souvenirs, you know."

"I don't go for souvenirs. They're a waste of money," stated Solomon bluntly.

"Just like fishing, not so?" laughed Mrs. Ringling from the rear.

Al looked sidewise. "Naw, Solomon, you wouldn't say fishing's a waste of money, would you?"

"No, I would say it's a pretty good pastime." Then he added, "For boys, that is."

Mrs. Ringling giggled. "There, Al, he put you in your place."

"Well, folks aren't all alike, I suppose," drawled Al. "Some like their fishing, and some like their money, and..."

Al did not finish. He had almost said, "some like their fun," but just in time he remembered Solomon's sternness when they had talked about Sylvan's night in New Bedford.

In the Niagara Motel that night, the Kings sat talking. "It's too bad Al saw you in New Bedford," said Solomon to his son. "You see now what happens when you try to get sneaky, and hide something. It just doesn't work at all. Just what do you think Al's opinion is of us people, if we don't live up to what we profess."

Just before noon the next day the station wagon arrived at the farm home of Solomon's cousin. He was back in the field shocking oats, but his wife came running out to welcome the travelers.

"Do come in. Dinner'll soon be ready," she said. "You too," she motioned to Al, who was getting back under the steering wheel.

"Thank you, but we can't stay. We want to keep going..."

"Al would like to get to Parry Sound yet tonight and do a little fishing," put in Mrs. Ringling. "He hasn't time to eat."

"Whatever you think. You're welcome to stay."

"I guess not this time. Good-by."

"Remember, we'll be back sometime Wednesday of next week," called out Al to Solomon. The station wagon purred out the lane and then gathered speed as it headed north on the gravel road toward the highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon King and Sylvan enjoyed their stay in Ontario. Each day they ate dinner with a different family. Solomon's cousin and his wife took them in the two-seated surrey most days. And on Friday they planned to go to another settlement. The Kings really didn't know very many people there, but over the years they had become acquainted with a few.

On Friday afternoon they called at a home where the wife had not been well for many years. As they entered the house, Mrs. King saw a shiny teakettle on the kitchen range. Curiously, she walked over and examined it. "Why, this isn't stainless steel, is it?" she asked.

"Yes. I've had it about a year, I think. We haven't been able to get them for very long," answered the woman of the house.

What If It Had Been Me?

-by Monroe D. Hochstetler

Young folks, heed the warnings of our day—
We know of so many who have been called away.
If some could talk now, they'd say all is well,
But how sad to think where the others must dwell.

It was years ago some daring young folks
Went to the beach to go riding in boats.
They were out on the water having their fun,
But how sadly it ended ere the setting of the sun.
They rowed on the lake and a boat overturned.
All thought of danger before they had spurned.
One boy lost his girl friend; he thought it couldn't be.
True, it was someone else, but what if it had been me?

Then I think of another time, of a young boy
Who in the bloom of life had his pleasure and joy.
He went on a trip to see some friends—
Let me tell you how this story ends.
It was a nice day and they went for a swim,
And when they came home it was without him.
The body was brought to the father and mother.
Again it wasn't me, it was still another.

Another time two girls were driving in a car;
Carefree and happy— they weren't going far.
They came to a railroad. The train was traveling fast
And hit their car. The girls breathed their last.
Within the same church another young maid
Was riding past the home of her two killed comrades;
Another crash, twisted steel, bodies mangled bad;
Her funeral was only a week after the one they'd had.

The next tale I'll tell speaks loudly to us all
We must abstain from sin and take heed lest we fall.
Two boys were speeding, were going home at night.
There was a bad crash, and it must have been a sight.
These boys lost their lives, and are now in eternity.
Take it serious, boys and girls, and let this a lesson be;
Jesus first loved us and gave himself to die
That we might live in heaven— you and I.

Each time it was some other youth– it wasn't me.
I still have time to repent and pray on bended knee.
I've time to think more seriously tho' the day may soon arrive
When all but I will go home from a funeral alive.

"Well, that is something," exclaimed Mrs. King, turning the teakettle around and around in her hand. "We have stainless steel cookware, and water pails, and mixing bowls... but I haven't seen any stainless steel teakettles. Solomon, why don't we buy one and take it along home? I'd sure like to have one."

"I guess they are pretty nice," admitted Solomon, lifting the teakettle. "What do they cost?"

"I'm not sure anymore," came the answer. "Dan bought it for me. But they have them in the hardware in town. You could stop in and see."

"I think we'll do that," said Solomon.

I'm sorry, I only have six in stock," said the village hardware-man from the top of his stepladder. "If you want the six, I can give you ten per cent discount, and of course the price is in Canadian money. I'll allow you seven per cent premium on your U. S. currency."

"I think we'll take the six then," said Solomon King. "First we figured to just buy one, but then we decided they'd make nice presents for the married children. And Malinda has a niece that'll likely get married this November, and a teakettle would make a good wedding gift."

"Sure thing," said the merchant, hunting beneath the counter for a box big enough to hold six teakettles.

"So we'd like to get eight teakettles in all. You wouldn't know where we could find a couple more?"

The merchant pursed his lips. "I really don't. Most hardwares don't carry them. They might have them in Stratford, though. You could try this place," and he scribbled a name and address on a paper.

"Thanks very much. Here, Sylvan, bring this box, will you?"

Al and Mrs. Ringling drove in the lane at six o'clock on Wednesday evening. The fishing had been pretty good, they said, and Al had fallen in only once.

"Did you have a good visit while we were gone?" asked Al.

"Yes, we did," replied Solomon. "A real good visit, but we're ready to start home, all the same. You think we can drive home tomorrow, all in one day?"

"No reason why not. We'll get an early start. Pack our stuff tonight, then hop out of bed about five. Is that O.K.?"

"Suits us fine. Say, we've got some boxes to load, and we might as well get started. Sylvan!"

"Yes, Dad," answered the young man, from where he was sitting on the porch steps.

"Bring out those two boxes of teakettles, will you?"

"Teakettles? Are you kidding?"

"No, Al."

Sylvan came down the sidewalk, dangling a big box on one side and a smaller one on the other.

"Teakettles!" whistled Al Ringling. "How many, a dozen?"

"No, eight. Six in the big box and two in the little one."

"But what...? We can buy teakettles at home. This Canadian air agrees with you, does it? You're feeling all right, Solomon...?"

"You see," explained Solomon. "These are stainless steel teakettles. They're something special— never rust, never wear out. My wife thought she wanted to have some for the children."

"But say, you're going to have a lot of duty to pay. That will cost you some money at the border, I tell you."

Solomon King gasped. He had forgotten all about customs! Why had he been so stupid? If it weren't so far he would return some of the teakettles to the hardware. But of course they would be closed by this time.

"Of course," said Al slyly, watching Solomon from the corner of his eye. "It might just possibly be that the officers won't ask if you bought something. A lot of times they forget. And if they don't ask, that's their hard luck."

Solomon did not answer. He had thought the teakettles were plenty expensive to begin with. Paying a high rate of duty on top of what they had cost— well, did they think he was made out of money?

"You let me take care of this," Al was saying. "Go on into the house and talk to your cousin till supper is ready. I'll pack these teakettles for you."

A half hour later Al entered the house, carrying two empty cardboard boxes. "Might as well leave these here," he announced. "We haven't got room for them. That big box wouldn't fit into the station wagon anyway, so I took the kettles out and wrapped them in the tent. The customs men will have a hard time finding them there, won't they, Sylvan?"

Solomon King pretended he had not been listening. He felt a little uneasy about the whole deal, especially after talking to his cousin.

"I don't know how it is taking things into the States," his cousin had said, "but coming this way it's the traveler's responsibility to report purchases. It says so right on the declaration sheet. It might be different with U.S. customs..."

Then his cousin had continued, "Since we moved to Canada, we discovered there are a lot of things we can't get here that we used to buy in the U.S. So when we go over on a visit, we usually bring some stuff back. There's not much to it, just fill out a form, telling what you bought and what you paid for it, and when you last brought in something. Sometimes they let us through easy, but other times we have to pay duty."

At 8:05 the next morning Al Ringling's station wagon pulled into line at the Peace Bridge customs station near Buffalo. "Now let me do the talking," warned Al.

"Good morning," called out the chubby customs man. He looked stiff in a new uniform. "You folks are from Pennsylvania, I see."

"That's right," said Al.

"All born in Pennsylvania?"

"Yep."

"How long have you been in Canada?"

"Eight days," answered Al.

The officer peered through the station wagon windows. "Anything to declare?" he asked.

"Nope," answered Al without hesitating, and then added, "unless you want to know how many fish we got!"

"Go right ahead," the man smiled.

The station wagon moved away and soon it was zooming along on the freeway through Buffalo. Solomon King squirmed uneasily on his seat. "What did the man ask you about something to declare?" he asked.

Al Ringling laughed a short dry laugh. "What the man doesn't know won't hurt him. And besides, you've paid enough for those teakettles already."

The station wagon sailed over a bump in the highway. Back beneath the tent, two teakettles jinkled against each other. Solomon King, sat silent in the front seat. His son, Sylvan, heard the teakettles, too. He was thinking.

Our Little Girl Was Scalded

-Mrs. Olen R. Nisley

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1968, WAS A VERY warm day. The girls had gone to the German summer school in the forenoon. Now it was after dinner and I was getting ready to wash. The oldest girls were told to do the dishes so they put water over to heat and they decided to sing some of the German songs they had learned in school. I thought then, how glad I am that they love to sing these songs.

I asked my husband to cultivate the truck patch and ordinarily I would lead the horse. But since I was so busy we asked the oldest girl, Nettie, to ride the horse. I got the dishwater ready for the other two girls and told them to start washing the dishes.

I soon noticed that they had other interests so I told them to get busy or I would have to get after them with a paddle. They rushed in right away and before I knew it Laureen came with a teakettle full of boiling water. She was only seven years old and she stood on a small stool and started pouring the water into her dishpan. The dishwater had cooled off and she wanted more hot water.

Apparently the lid was not on right and some water splashed out on her. This caused her to jump and in some way the stool tipped over. Then the teakettle dumped upside down on top of her and the contents went over her back, chest, one arm, and shoulder. Some ran onto her leg, foot, and tummy. She started screaming.

I thought to myself, what is the right thing for me to do. Since I had no scissors handy I unbuttoned her dress. But when I wanted to remove it, it was plastered to her body. The skin came off her back with the dress. Then I realized, this is serious.

I sent one of the girls to get their dad. One of the neighbors had a field of hay to put up and Dad was just leaving to go help put it up.

The question was, what should we do, should we take Laureen to the hospital? She turned very pale and said, "Oh, I just can't stand it anymore."

Daddy said we should put union salve on her and he held her hands while I put it on. I could not remain calm. I'm ashamed to say, I get so scared when something happens.

We had only a small jar of union salve and when that was all, I put on some Black Family ointment, which we had used for burns before. I tried to put the salve on thick enough so the air would not get to the burns. I put a loose clean sheet around her and put her on the davenport and tried to make her comfortable. We gave her children's aspirins every three hours to help relieve the pain. She wanted one of us to hold her hand all the time.

She was resting better so Olen decided to leave to help put up hay. He said he might not be home till late and would try to get more union salve. I felt that I had to finish my washing. The girls asked, "What will we do tomorrow about German school?"

"Wait and see," I told them.

We darkened the room and tried to keep her quiet. But some men were working on the road right outside the house with big noisy trucks. Every time a truck passed, the noise and vibration bothered her very much. It was certainly a long and tense afternoon for me. I wished my husband could have been at home to calm us down. Laureen, too, asked for her dad.

They were putting up hay till dark so I had the chores alone. The older girls stayed with Laureen but every so often they would come running and say, "Mom, you have to come right away. She wants you."

It seemed to help her if we were with her and talked to her. "I'm so sorry this happened but it helps so much to talk to you," she said, "even if I have to keep you from working."

Nettie read and talked and sang and did a very good job of trying to keep her entertained. Vera couldn't stand to see her suffer so.

"I don't want to go to the hospital," Laureen said. "I'll bear anything if I don't have to go to the hospital."

I really wondered whether we should try to take care of her without seeing a doctor. But we hoped we would not have to take her to the hospital.

We tried to get her to eat and drink but she said, "It hurts too much to swallow."

In the evening friends came to see her and they told us they thought we would not be able to care for her at home. They went and got some ice cream and pop for her but she never touched it.

Olen went everywhere trying to find union salve but he could find only a little. But he did come home with plenty of advice. Everybody told him we shouldn't take her to the hospital for she would only suffer there.

When evening came she was tired and we made her comfortable with pillows. To our surprise she slept well all night.

My father said Laureen ought to have a tetanus shot. So Tuesday we decided to call the doctor to give her a shot. We have a lot of confidence in our family doctor. He had once told me that the doctors use all their knowledge and medicines, but a Higher Power has to do the healing.

I was reluctant to call him for I thought if he saw her he might want to do different than what we were doing. I decided to call him anyway.

"How bad are her burns?" he asked.

"I don't know if they're 1st or 2nd degree," I answered.

"Who took care of her burns?" he wanted to know.

"We tried to."

"I think you had better bring her to my office," he said.

I really didn't know how we could take Laureen for she couldn't wear any clothes. Finally we decided to wrap her in a sheet and carry her to the car. When we got to the doctor's office the doctor was late in coming so there we sat. The nurses turned their faces away when they saw her. One of them had a boy, who had died from severe burns. He had been her only son, and one day he had come running to her in flames. He had died two days later.

"It always makes me sick to see a burned child," she said.

The other one said, "Why didn't you bring her in right away? This salve will all have to be cleaned off now and that is very painful."

Laureen heard and understood it all and she sat there and cried. If ever I felt an agonizing pain for a child I did then.

"She'll need more than a tetanus shot now," the nurse continued.

"How was I supposed to bring her? The sheet would have stuck to her body."

"You could have brought her naked," the nurse went on. "I bet she didn't sleep a wink last night."

"Oh, yes, she did," I contradicted. "She slept well all night."

Needless to say by this time I was feeling dejected. When the doctor came and examined her I asked him if we had done the wrong thing.

"No," he assured me, "that salve didn't hurt one bit."

But he went on to say that when a person is burned over such a large area there is a considerable loss of body fluid and this is dangerous. He called the hospital right away and made arrangements. Laureen dreaded it very much to go, and it's no wonder the way the nurses had talked. But when she got there she found the bed so nice and clean (it had been sterilized), and the nurses so friendly that she told me, "Why, Mom, I think I can stay alone tonight!"

She was laid in her bed in her sheets and salve. In the afternoon we were sent out of the room so they could clean her. I thought, "Oh, my, how she will suffer now."

But when I got back she said, "Mom, I feel so fresh and clean and I didn't even cry!"

I felt so thankful. The union salve had been on her body 24 hours and I still feel it helped.

They didn't put anything on her burns, just laid her between sterile sheets. Her things came in sealed packages, and I had to wear a gown to be in the same room.

The next day, Wednesday, the doctor said, "Today we'll put her in a tub of tide water." It hurt her quite a bit and they had a struggle as she was afraid of the water.

Olen still felt that we could have done more for her at home so I told him he should speak to the doctor. So he told the doctor, "I just can't see this not putting anything on those burns."

"Air will heal them faster provided we can keep infection out," the doctor told him. "It is very painful to change the dressing."

The next several days they soaked her in tide water four times a day. If the water was the right temperature she enjoyed it. Once it was too cool and that caused trouble.

On Friday morning when Daddy came to see her he thought it was a miracle how fast she was healing. He said, "The doctor knows what he is doing. We'll forget what others tell us."

It was hard to get her to eat or drink. She was supposed to have lots of liquids and she liked Kool-aid better than anything else.

She stayed alone at night and slept well. I told her to let Jesus hold her hand and soon it would be morning. Sometimes she wouldn't tell us good-bye so that we would stay a little longer.

She seemed to be healing nicely but on Sunday, six days after her accident, she had more pain. I held her most of the day on the rocking chair and talked to her. She said, "If I could just go out and soak in some of that beautiful sunshine and fresh air."

She didn't want to look at herself in the mirror as half of her face was dark with dead skin. On Monday the doctor came and picked off all the dead skin and the scabs. This was painful. Then she was supposed to go into the ub but this time she screamed and cried. She didn't want o go in and her teeth chattered.

On Monday the doctor told us, "We'll see at the end of he week when she can go home."

Of course I was about crushed but I told myself, the octor knows best. Imagine our surprise when he came n Tuesday morning and said, "Laureen, you are healing so fast. Would you like to go home this morning?"

She hardly knew what to say. The doctor told us if we soak her twice a day and use the salve he gives us, she an go home.

Soon she was outdoors playing with her little sister but I kept a white piece of sheet pinned over her shoulder. One day she wanted to slip into a sleeve but it stuck to her shoulders so I made her a housecoat with snaps down the front. Her worst burn kept on draining for some time. Today the only place she has bad scars is on her arm and some on her chest. Her back was burned the worst but you can hardly notice it there.

I hope we will never have to go through such an experience again but I think it did draw us more closely to God.

She got a sunshine box from her friends in school and opened a present a day. She enjoyed this immensely.

What would we do the next time? I'm not sure, for burns are painful any way they are treated. I think I would put salve on them and soak them but no bandages.

Satan In Church

Some folks may not believe it
And others know it's true
That in every Christian service
Satan is present, too.

He's willing that we go to church
But not pay much attention
When the preachers read God's word,
Or what of Christ they mention.

Some folks are clad in worldly dress,
With a fashionable hair-do;
They heed not godly warnings;
This pleases Satan, too.

Some he tempts to talk and laugh
And some he puts to sleep,
With minds so full of carnal things
God's word they cannot keep.

When the congregation kneels
Some visit all the while;
Not list'ning to the fervent prayer;
This, too, makes Satan smile.

If all were blood-bought Christians;
Close to Jesus would abide,
Then Satan couldn't enter in;
He'd have to stay outside!

-E.A.H.

SAM SPARROW COCKED HIS HEAD and peered out of one eye. "They call me a dirty little sparrow, but I can't help it that I don't have the lovely plumes of a peacock or the song of the bluebird."

Pauly Pigeon, perched on the hay track nearby, cooed sympathetically and said, "Well, that's too bad."

Sam Sparrow picked defiantly at the two-by-four at the gable end of the barn and went on, "They're always picking on us, the men of the house; they've just got a spite against us. Why, we hardly know where to build our nest."

Pauly Pigeon looked sad. "I didn't know you had it so hard. We build our nests in the barn and no one ever bothers it. In fact, we often see children squealing with delight, pointing at us and saying, 'Oh, look at those beautiful pigeons!' They never try to destroy our nests. Maybe it's because we have such lovely feathers."

Pauly Pigeon stretched out his wing. The feathers glistened in the sun that came through the crack of the barn. "I work a long time keeping my feathers nice and clean."

Sam Sparrow held up one wing and picked at a louse, "No one would notice us even if we were nice and clean. No one cares for us."

Sam continued telling his troubles until Pauly was quite angered at the way his friend was being used. "I'm going to tell Papa Pigeon about it for I don't think he knows."

Papa Pigeon was out in a field. By the time Pauly found him, the young pigeon was worked up to a frenzy. His voice rose to a loud, shrill, chopping chirp. "And to think what a rough time they had this spring. They looked everywhere for a place to build their nest. They thought the sugar shanty would be all right, but what happened? In no time at all some men came along and killed all their babies. It's mean. It isn't fair."

Pauly's feathers became ruffled. He stopped to catch his breath. "Then Sam and Sally Sparrow flew around and chirped and beeped. They couldn't cry to get anyone's sympathy. One of the men had a gun and then there was a bang. The feathers flew. Now Sally has to go all summer without a tail!"

"That's awful," Papa Pigeon said. "I wonder why people use the sparrows like that."

"I'm going to tell the other birds about it," Pauly said all excited.

Pauly saw Sam Sparrow on the pine tree on the lawn so he flew down and sat not far from him. On the lawn was a pole and on the pole was a lovely white house. On one of the porches sat Sally. "Come away from there," called Sam. "It's not safe for us there."

Then Sam saw his pigeon friend and said, "You see we are not allowed to live in such a lovely mansion. We just have to make our home wherever we can. Even then we are not safe."

Sally Sparrow came and sat nearby. "Sam," she pleaded, "there are many rooms in that house and they are not all occupied. Why can't we live there?"

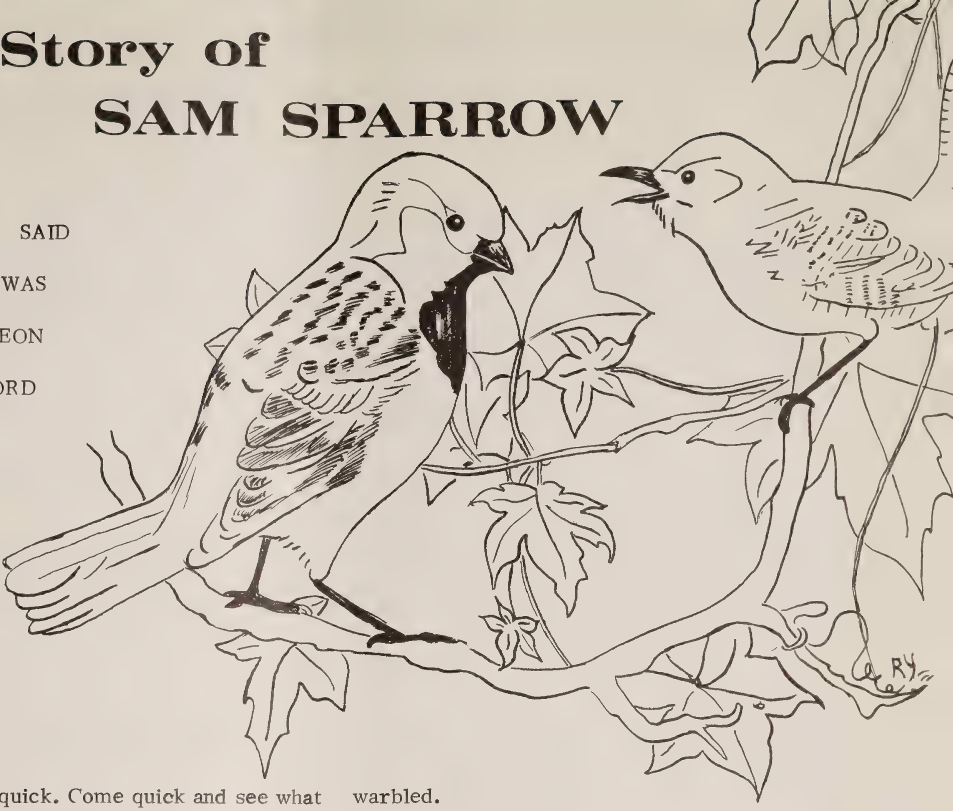
Sam was not persuaded. "It's not safe. I think we should build our nest in the down spouting of the farmer's house."

Soon Sam and Sally were carrying feathers from the hen yard to the down spouting of the house. Sometimes the wind blew the feathers down onto the lawn but they did not stop to pick them up.

Several days later Sam Sparrow came fluttering to

The Story of SAM SPARROW

WHEN SAM SPARROW SAID HOW UNFAIRLY HE WAS TREATED, PAULY PIGEON BELIEVED EVERY WORD OF IT.



Pauly all excited. "Come quick. Come quick and see what they are doing to our nest. Sally has laid one egg already and now they have come. Just come and see once."

Pauly followed Sam to the house. "It's too late now. Oh, it isn't fair."

The man of the house had set up a long ladder against the house and now he was climbing up. Pauly heard the man muttering, "Those awful sparrows. Now they have clogged my down spout again. If only they would stay in the woods where they belong."

"Just because our eggs are not blue like the robin's eggs, they tear down our nests," Sam moaned to Pauly. "Why, just this morning I heard the man's wife telling the children not to go near Mrs. Robin Redbreast's nest because they might scare her away."

"Just because your eggs are not blue?" cooed Pauly sympathetically. "It just isn't fair, that's what it isn't."

"And just look over there on the fence post," Sam went on. "There is the bluebirds' nest and over on the tree is the wrens' box. It just isn't fair, that's what it isn't."

"We are just as pretty as Jenny Wren," chirped in Sally Sparrow who was sitting nearby.

Jenny stopped singing when she heard her name. "Did you say something to me?"

When Sally told her what she had said, Jenny replied, "Maybe if you would sing for the people they would welcome you, too."

"But we do sing," Sam asserted as he threw out his chest and began to chirp.

"No, no," Jenny answered. "You just beep. If you will listen to me I will teach you how to sing."

"What, you teach us how to sing?" Sam scoffed. "And we can already sing a lot nicer than you can."

"But why don't you sing like this?" Jenny perked up her tail and pointed her beek upward toward the sky. Her throat swelled and gurgled. "Cha-cha-cha-cha," she warbled.

"That may be all right for you," Sam smirked, "but the song we sing sounds a lot better than that."

Thereupon Sam and Sally began to twerp and twitter until finally the woman of the house came to see what the noise was all about. She had a broom in her hands and she shook it at the sparrows.

"It's just not fair," Sam called back to Pauly as he flew away. "It's just not fair the way we are used."

Pauly Pigeon flew over to Mrs. Redbreast as she sat on her nest and told her the whole story."We must do something about it," Mrs. Redbreast said.

"But what can we do?" Pauly wanted to know.

"I know what we can do. We'll get all the birds to help us with this righteous cause."

Jenny Wren chirped in and said, "I'm sure all the birds will help us however they can."

"If we all stick together, we can make things go our way," Mrs. Redbreast said encouragingly.

"That's right. That's right," cried all the other birds together.

"We will continue," Mrs. Redbreast said, "until we have every bird on our side.Then we will sit around and mope. No one will sing their song. Maybe Solomon Owl could sit by the window at night and hoot so the people can't sleep. Then they will think of the wrong they have done."

The birds flapped their wings in applause. "We'll appoint Mrs. Robin Redbreast as our leader," chirped Sam Sparrow who was now holding his head higher than usual.

"Everyone to the air!" chirped Mrs. Redbreast. "Go to all the birds and tell them to meet under the oak tree in the pasture at sundown tonight."

The sun had not completely sunk over the hill until blue, green, yellow, red, brown, purple, orange, grey, and black feathers could be seen in the large oak tree. There was much excitement. Pauly Pigeon sat on a fence nearby with Mama and Papa Pigeon. Mrs. Redbreast sat on a stump beneath the tree. "I want to call everyone's attention to the treatment which has been given to poor Sam and Sally Sparrow," she began. "It matters not where they make their nests, they are always molested, while other birds go free. They made it in the sugar shanty first, but—"

Solomon Owl opened one eye. "Madam," he interrupted, "that is no place to build a nest anyhow, is it?"

"Maybe not," Mrs. Redbreast agreed, "but they weren't allowed in the martin box and—"

Again Solomon Owl interrupted, "Of course not. It was not built for them."

"But why shouldn't they have just as much right as the martins?" Mrs. Redbreast wanted to know.

"Ask Molly Martin if she wants them there," Solomon Owl insisted.

The birds all turned their heads toward Molly Martin. "I think they should be treated fairly, but er-ah-that is, we think they should build their nest somewhere else."

"Why somewhere else?" asked Mrs. Redbreast sternly.

"They, er-ah-could stay there if they weren't so bossy. But when they live somewhere they try to drive all the other birds away. And besides they, er-ah- have lice."

"That is right," grunted Solomon Owl. "I, too, get of their lice when I sit too close to their nests. They don't keep themselves clean."

"But it isn't fair that they are always picked on by the men of the house. They are not used the same as others." Mrs. Redbreast tried to voice the complaint loudly.

There was silence as Solomon Owl looked down from his perch. "I've heard that same line before many times." He tilted his head toward a neighboring set of farm buildings. "When people don't behave in church they soon complain and say they are not used right."

"But you have heard how Sam and Sally Sparrow have been mistreated." Mrs. Redbreast nodded her head up and down to put more emphasis on her words.

"We should do as the men of the house want us to do," replied Solomon seriously. "There is no place for disobedience."

Jenny Wren perked up her little head and twittered, "You can't teach the sparrows anything either. I wanted to teach them how to sing but they wouldn't listen."

Sam Sparrow became jittery. Sally hid herself behind a leaf.

"So you are getting wise, too," Solomon Owl said to Jenny. With his big round eyes he looked with scorn upon the other birds. "It's a strange thing that everyone could be persuaded to think the men of the house are unfair to the sparrows. I'm sure if we would act like they do, we wouldn't be welcome either. They don't sing. They don't catch mice like I do, they try to drive the martins away from their home, they clog the spouting and they carry lice all over the place. Just what is this meeting about anyhow?"

Mrs. Redbreast's breast shrunk to below normal size. Her beak hung down as her eyes turned up to the wise old owl in the tree. "It is to help the underdog. We should be used equal, shouldn't we?"

"Underdog?" asked the old owl. "We shouldn't believe everything anyone says. It's just like some people who are blind to their own faults. Neither do they want to be reminded of their shortcomings. Instead of acting as they should, they complain to others and say they are not being used right, that they are being picked on. Find out the truth first and see if it is as they say. We are used right when we behave. This the sparrows don't do. If anyone will tell me what Sam and Sally Sparrow do that is upbuilding, we will help them."

For awhile there was silence in the oak tree. Each bird looked at his neighbor for an answer. Pauly Pigeon looked up with wonder at Solomon Owl. Then he looked at the colored horizon where the sun had disappeared. He wished he hadn't come. Things looked so different now that Solomon Owl had spoken.

"What have you to say for yourselves?" Solomon demanded as he tried to locate the sparrows among the leaves. But they were nowhere in sight. Rather than admit that they, themselves, were at fault they had slipped away. ■■

I Know Not Why

I know not why His hand is laid
In chastening on my life;
Nor why it is my little world
Is filled so full of strife.

I know not why when faith looks up
And seeks for rest from pain,
That O'er my sky fresh clouds arise
And drench my path with rain.

I know not why my prayer so long
By Him has been denied;
Nor why, while others' ships sail on,
Mine should in port abide.

But I do know that God is love,
That He my burden shares;
And though I may not understand,
I know for me He cares.

I know the heights for which I long
Are often reached through pain.
I know the sheaves must be threshed
To yield the golden grain.

I know that though He may remove
The friends on whom I lean,
'Tis that I thus may learn to love
And trust the One Unseen.

And when at last I see his face
And know as I am known,
I shall not care how rough the road
That led me to my home.

-Grace E. Troy

A wise old lady of eighty tells her friends as they reach sixty: "You have spent sixty years in preparation for life; You will now begin to live. At sixty you have learned what is worth while. You have conquered the worst forms of foolishness, you have reached a balanced period of life, knowing good from evil; what is precious what is worthless. Danger is past, the mind is peaceful, evil is forgiven, the affections are strong, envy is weak. It is the happy age."

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

-Author Unknown

THE Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song.
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come give me your hand," said the merry World.
"And then walk with me this way."
But the good Church hid her snowy hand.
And solemnly answered—"Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of eternal death.
And your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air.
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.
Your way is narrow and thorny and rough,
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in rounds of joy I move.
My way you can see, is a broad fair one.
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and me.
And we'll travel side by side."
Half shyly the Church approached the World.
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the false World grasped it, and walked along
And whispered in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste.
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form.
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes
And then at the dazzling World.
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
With a smile contemptuous curled;
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garment drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins, and fashionable silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
And waved in a thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World.
"Let us build you one like mine,
With kitchen for feasting and parlor for play.
And furniture never so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and daughters met frequently there.
Shining in purple and gold.
And fair and festival—frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer;
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old-
With world-winning graces rare.
Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all curled—
Untrammeled by Gospel or Laws,
To beguile and amuse and win from the World.
Some help for the righteous cause.
The Angel of mercy rebuked the Church.
And whispered, "I know thy sin";
Then the Church looked sad, and anxiously longed
To gather the children in.
But some were away at the midnight ball.
And others were at the play;
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
And the angel went away.
And then said the World in soothing tones—
"Your much loved ones mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm.
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers,
And walked along with the World;
While countless millions of precious souls
Were hungering for truth untold;
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I do not like to hear.
They talk of judgments and fire and pain.
And the doom of darkest night.
They warn of a place that should not be
Thus spoken to ears polite!
I will send you some of a better stamp,
More brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will show how men may live as they list
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good.
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think He'd take one child to heaven,
And leave another behind?"
So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Deemed gifted, and great, and learned;
And the plain old men that had preached the cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.
Then Mammon came in and supported the Church,
And rented a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral display
Soon proclaimed a gospel new.
"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter, food and clothes.
Why thus need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes
And horses and carriage fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food.
The rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things.
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the way.
The flowery way they're in."
Then the Church her purse-strings tightly held
And gracefully lowered her head.
And simpered, "I've given too much away.
I will do, sir, as you have said."
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn

She heard not the orphans' cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.
And they of the Church, and they of the World
Journeyed closely, hand and heart,
And none but the Master, who knoweth all,
Could discern the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I'm rich and in goods increased.
I have need of nothing, and naught to do.
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard her and laughed within,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church has fallen—the beautiful Church.
Her shame is her boast and pride."
Thus her witnessing power, alas, was lost.
And perilous times came in;
The times of the end, so often foretold.
Of form and pleasure and sin.
Then the Angel drew near the mercy-seat.
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
A voice came down from the hush of heaven.
From Him who sat on the throne;
"I know thy works and what thou hast said
But alas! thou hast not known
That thou art poor and naked and blind.
With pride and ruin enthralled;
The expectant Bride of a heavenly Groom
Is the harlot of the World!
Thou hast ceased to watch for that blessed hope,
Hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas! I must cast thee out.
And bolt thy name from its place."
But out from the side of the harlot church,
While she sleeps in indolent shame,
Will be taken the remnant who keep God's word,
And honor His holy name.
By the word of their testimony, and the blood of the Lamb,
They overcame the world.
They prayed for the day when their enemy strong,
Would be into the abyss hurled.
For those who keep their garments clean,
Shall walk with Him in white,
In the day when He comes to claim His own,
To make them His jewels bright.

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. False. John the Baptist's mother was not named Anna, but Elisabeth (Luke 1).
2. True. Elijah fled for his life when Jezebel threatened to kill him, and under a juniper tree he prayed to die(1Kings 19: 1-4).
3. False. Jesus did not rebuke Mary. He rebuked Martha for being too worried about material things (Luke 10: 38-41).
4. False. Jochebed was not a wicked queen, nor the wife of Ahab. She was the mother of Moses, Aaron, and Miriam (Numbers 26: 59).
5. True. The Queen of Sheba is mentioned in both the Old and New Testament (Matthew 12:41).
6. False. Eve did know that God had forbidden them to eat of the tree. She herself told the serpent that God had said, "Ye shall not touch it" (Genesis 3:3).
7. False. The Bible says plainly that women should "keep silent in the church" (1 Corinthians 14:34, 1 Timothy 2:11, 12).
8. True. The daughter of Herodias asked for John the Baptist's head (Matthew 14:1-12).
9. True. Rahab was a harlot, but because of her faith she found favor with God's people (Joshua 2: 1, Hebrews 11:31).
10. False. The young girl who answered the knock of Peter was named Rhoda (Acts 12: 13).
11. True. Esther became queen because she was "fair and beautiful" and the king preferred her before all the other maidens of the kingdom (Esther 2).
12. True. Deborah, the prophetess, ruled Israel for a time as judge (Judges 4:4).
13. False. The wicked Queen Jezebel "painted her face" just before she was killed (2 Kings 9:30).
14. False. Delilah was the Philistine woman Samson found so attractive, but the Bible does not speak well of her. She was deceitful and unfaithful (Judges 16: 4- 20).
15. True. Jesus is never recorded as having addressed Mary as Mother. He called her Woman twice—at the wedding feast at Cana (John 2:4), and while on the cross (John 19: 26).
16. False. Miriam and Aaron complained against Moses so much at one time that God smote Miriam with leprosy (Numbers 12:1-10).
17. True. Before Samuel was born, his mother, Hannah, prayed for him so fervently that Eli, the priest, accused her of drunkenness(1 Samuel 1:13).
18. True. The deaconess' name was Phebe, and she is called "a servant of the church," which in German is translated as "Dienste der Gemeine" (Romans 16:1).
19. False. Solomon does warn against "brawling" (Proverbs 21:9), "contentious" (21:19), "foolish" (9:13), "evil" (6:24), and "adulterous women" (30:20), but it is unfair to say that he never speaks well of women. He praises them highly in other passages (Proverbs 11:16, 22, 12:4), and devotes the greater part of the last chapter of Proverbs to the praise of "a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies."
20. True. Ruth was the mother of Obed who was the father of Jesse (Ruth 4:17).

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct	...	Excellent
17-18 correct	...	Good
15-16 correct	...	Average

Denk was du biſt

Menſch, denke doch wer und was du biſt,
Ein Heuchler, oder ein wahrer Chriſt.
Ein Heuchler hat doch nur ein Schein,
Und iſt ein Glied in des Teufels Gemein.

Warum eins dem andern Uebel nachſagen,
Und ſeinen Nächſten ſehr hart verklagen?
Willſt du aber ein Gottes Kind ſein
Dann ſei barmherzig und halte dich rein.

Mit Hab und Gut ſei nicht der Welt gleich,
Unevangeliſch handeln nach dem natürlichen Reich.
Der Herr hat's zug'laſſen Geld zu erſchaffen,
Doch der Menſch denkt damit ſich fröhlich zu machen.

Tuſt du dein Nächſten ſehen in Noth,
Warum enthaltſt du von ihm dein Brot?
Warum haſt du dein Bruder verdroſſen
Und von ihm deine Hand zugeſchloſſen?

Was kannſt du ſagen in der letzten Zeit
Wenn der Herr fragt nach deiner Barmherzigkeit?
Haſt du gehandelt den Phariſäer gleich,
So kommſt du nicht in das Himmelreich.

Der reiche Mann gehet davon betrübt
Weil er ſich ſo heftig an ſein Geld geübt.
Wer ſich ernährt von andere Leute ihr Gut,
Wird der Herr ſtrafen daß es wehe tut.

Warum haſt du dein Bruder nicht lieb?
Nimmſt gar von ihm, du biſt ein Dieb.
Geld Geiz, ein großer Laſter und Schand,
Wäre ſchändlich geſchrieben auf der Wand.

Dein Nächſten verachten, das Geld haſt ſo lieb,
Wird bringen ein Tag ſehr dunkel und trüb.
Das Geld macht dir, viel Mut und Freud,
Aber darnach bringt es große Herzeleid.

Mit ſolchen Geiz gehen zum Abendmahl
Und doch gar denken es iſt Fried überall,
Wo doch keine Liebe und Friede gemäß,
Solches Heiligtum iſt ein leeres Gefäß.

Der Geiz bauet niemals eine heilige Gemein,
Es iſt ein groß Uebel und ſehr unrein.
Haſt du andere Leute ihr Gut gefreſſen?
So wie man mißt, wird's ihm gemeſſen.

Der Geizige zerſtört ſein eigenes Haus,
Er hat keine Ruhe drin oder draus.
Je länger, je ärger gehts in dieſer Zeit,
Wo man Geld mehr liebt als Gerechtigkeit.

Vergeltet nicht Böſes, tut Barmherzigkeit,
So wirſt du Gnade finden für dich allezeit.
Der Bileam war ein geiziger Prophet,
Und machte daß ein mancher Menſch untergehet.

Geld ſuchen iſt eine geiſtliche Krankheit,
Kann verkürzen dem Menſch ſeine Lebenszeit.
Bekehre dich und trage doch Chriſte Kreuz,
Und laſſe ab von dem unerſättlichem Geiz.

Seligkeit iſt mehr wert als die ganze Welt,
Und doch hält man eher, lieb ſein Geld.
Was kannſt du antworten um die elfte Stund?
Haſt du gebaut auf Jeſus, der rechte Grund?
Darum laß dir gefallen an meinem Rath,
Mache dich los und ledig von deiner Miſſetat.

— C.M., S.A.

Tiſch-Gebete

Gebete vor dem Eſſen.

Aller Augen warten auf dich, o Herr, und du gibſt ihnen ihre Speiſe zu ſeiner Zeit, du tuſt deine milde Hand auf und ſättigeſt alles, was da lebet mit Wohlgefallen. Amen. Unſer Vater etc.

Herr Gott, himmliſcher Vater, wir bitten dich, ſegne uns dieſe deine Gabe, die wir von deiner milden Güte zu uns nehmen und mache uns deines ewigen himmliſchen Tiſches teilhaftig, durch Jeſum Chriſtum. Amen.

Gebet nach dem Eſſen.

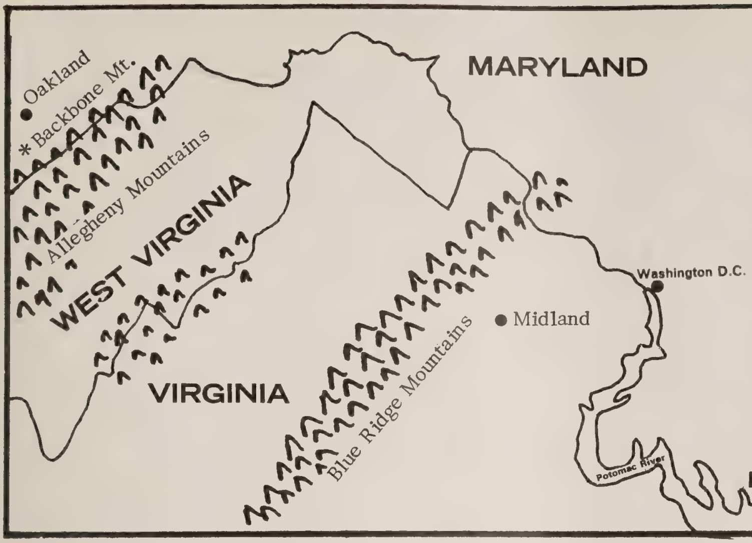
Wir danken Gott für ſeine Gaben,
Die wir von ihm empfangen haben;
Wir bitten Gott, unſern lieben Herrn,
Er wolle uns hinfort mehr beſcheren;
Speiſe uns mit deinem göttlichen Wort,
Daß wir ſatt werden hier und dort;
Du, lieber Gott, du wolleſt uns geben,
Nach dieſer Zeit, das ewige Leben. Amen.
Unſer Vater etc.

Alſo, ſpricht der Herr im 5. Buch Moſi im 8. Capitel:

Wann du gegeſſen haſt und ſatt biſt, ſollſt du Gott deinen Herrn loben, und hüte dich, daß du des Herrn deines Gottes nicht vergeſſeſt, noch ſeine Gebote verachteſt. Amen.

WIR BITTEN UM VERZEIHUNG

Wir hofften ein Artikel haben dies Monate von die Amische in Europa. Aber drum dasz ein "mail strike" gewesen ist hier in Kanada ist dies Artikel nicht zurueck gekommen von dem "typesetter" in zeit.



A Trek Across The Mountains-1901

BY DORA L. SWARTZENTRUBER

My father, Simon Lichty, married Sarah Beachy of Aurora, West Virginia on December 8, 1878 and started housekeeping close to her home in an old house which had formerly been a tavern, called Rising Sun Tavern. Here they lived a few years where Jonas and Fannie were born. Then they moved to the Amish settlement close to Grantsville, Maryland and lived there several years where Noah and Dan were born. Then they bought a farm on Negro Mountain where they lived until 1899 where their last five children were born. Then they decided to move to Fauquier Co., Virginia some 50 miles or so southwest of Washington, D.C. This move was of short duration; it lasted but two years as none of us liked it.

It was decided to move back to Maryland. We started early Monday morning from Midland, Virginia from the "haase fall" (rabbit trap), the L. J. Swartzentruber home on April 9, 1901. We had two vehicles; one was a three-seated spring wagon with a top. Dad was the driver with Doll and Pearl. The other was an open one-seated buggy to which Mollie, a black coon-footed mare, was hitched. Doll was also black while Pearl was dark brown with a black mane and tail. They were all three farm horses and heavy with foal. All three had colts within the next three weeks.

Fannie, being the oldest at nineteen, was the driver of Mollie and the buggy for the whole five-day trip to Oakland, Maryland. In the spring wagon with Dad were Mother, Lizzie, Mary, Ross and Ray (twins), and I.

The girls took turns riding in the buggy. We traveled about 40 miles the first day. We also had our dog along — a black-and-white shepherd dog called Watchie. He walked all day the first day until we came up into the Blue Ridge Mountains.

In the evening we came to an abandoned schoolhouse which I believe Father had known about and had picked for our destination that first day. It was dark when we got there and it was very cold with a bit of snow on the ground. We ate a bite of supper which Mother and Fannie prepared. Father took care of the horses, tying them to posts or trees beside the schoolhouse out of the wind and storm as much as he could.

We had two lanterns with us. One we had in the schoolhouse to see by, and Dad carried the other one while feeding the horses. During the first night the horses got scared and some tore loose. We could hear Dad grabbing his lantern and running out the door calling, "Whoa, Doll! Whoa, Pearl! Whoa. Whoa." He had quite a time with them. They threw his lantern over and broke the globe, leaving him in the dark to get along the best he could. After he had quieted them down he came in again, but I doubt if Mother and Dad slept much that night.

There were streams to cross on the journey. Very few if any of them had bridges. Some of the streams were quite high with water and it would come up into the buggy beds. Then we would have to lift all the perishables onto the seats.

During the five-day trip, we were all feeling good but Lizzie. She was sick the first two days, but the last three she was feeling all right. When we came to a long hill we got out and walked. Fannie got so cold in the buggy the second day that she had decided within herself to just let herself freeze stiff. But she always got out and walked before she was frozen!

The second day we did not travel as many miles for we were in the mountains. That night we stayed at a farm and the people allowed us to use the stable which was some distance from the house. We ate supper and slept in the hay loft which was very comfortable. Dad had gone to the house after dark for something. He carried the lantern, and Watchie, the dog, accompanied him. On his return, Dad heard a commotion in back of him and turned around holding up the lantern to see.

A cow with her head down was right on him. She was after Watchie, and the dog ran to Dad for refuge. The cow caught Dad with one horn going through his open coat, splitting it until her horn was released. Dad was near the fence by then and scrambled across none too soon. The cow had a new calf and did not appreciate intruders.

We started off again the next morning at daybreak.

Our destination that third day was the home of people by the name of Cook. The people we had stayed with the night before told us about the Cooks. At times that day we wondered if we would ever arrive at the Cooks. Pearl, one of the horses, got sick with colic and wanted to lie down every time we stopped to let the horses rest. As soon as we came to the Cooks, we unhitched Pearl and took her harness off. She lay down and rolled and rolled; then she got up and stuck her lips out as far as she could stretch them. Once more she lay down and rolled.

Mary went with one of the Cook girls to get a man that was a back county veterinary. He came back with the girls and examined Pearl. He took a pint of common table salt and mixed it with a quart of warm, almost hot, water. This solution he poured on Pearl just in front of the hip bone, rubbing vigorously all the time he was pouring. This made a white lather on her. She got better very soon and was well enough to travel on the next day. (We tried the salt remedy after this whenever she got colic, and it always worked.)

We traveled on the last day with nothing unusual happening. We all sat straight, eagerly looking for familiar sights since we were now crossing the tall Backbone Mountain (elevation 3,360 feet). Of course, we walked all the way up and rode down. When we arrived at Table Rock we could see the valley below where our new home was to be. We turned right at what is now U.S. Route 50 but was then a narrow dirt road. They were all dirt roads then. We wound in and out down the west side of Backbone. When we came down a few miles, we crossed a little creek. Dad pointed to the left and said, "This is part of our farm." All we could see there of the 700-acre farm were alder trees and wet marshy land. It did have a wire fence for about three-fourths mile along the road. At the corner of a woods we turned right a few rods. To the right of the road, sitting up just a little off the road, was a house. We pulled up and stopped. This was our neighbors on the east by the name of Joel Schlabach. That night we slept in nice warm beds. Fannie, my oldest sister, had a nightmare that night. She started hollering, "Whoa, Mollie, whoa." She was down on her knees at the foot of the bed leaning over and fishing for the reins which she had held in her hands for five days. She must have thought they had slipped out of her grip and fallen over the dashboard. Before she fell over too, Dad and Mom came to her rescue. They woke her and got her back under the covers for the rest of the night.

The next day was Saturday. The oldest of us children accompanied Dad and Mom over to our new home. We had to cross Cherry Creek by fording it, since there was no bridge. The water came up to the spring wagon bed. Our new home was the old General Kelley house and plantation, consisting of 700 acres. About 300 acres were fenced in, but the land was wet and full of brush, big alder groves, and lots of glade grass which was flattened down by the winter snows. The buildings consisted of the main house where General Kelley had lived and died. It had many additions built onto it. There was a one-room log house with a loft and a lean-to room; this was set to the left of the road as you drove in and was a chicken house. The large house was on the right side of the road. Around it were some large oak trees, a lot of pine, some Balm of Gilead, and some waving aspens. There was a porch all along the front with a nice lattice to hide it all. A woodshed was out back and in line with the little house. There were five rooms and a hall with only three rooms upstairs. There was a stable 100 rods from the house. The folks cleaned up the house so we could move in on Monday. The George Tulmer family was still living there but was moving out. That Saturday was a long day for the three or four small children who had stayed behind at Joel's. But evening finally came and the family was reunited.

Next morning Joel hitched two horses to the sled and we all piled on and went to church at the home of Sol Schlabachs. He was Joel's brother. (They had taken a little boy into their home some years before, a cousin or relative of theirs. This young boy turned out to be a carpenter and still later a chiropractor and had his practice in Lancaster, Pennsylvania for around forty years. His name was Roy D. Becker.) I think we all stayed at Sol's for dinner which they served for the whole church. They put two backless benches together and spread a white tablecloth on it, thus making a nice table. They served bread, butter, apple butter, red beets, pickles, and coffee; also cookies and dried apple pie (snitz) baked in half moons. This serving of meals was practiced for years and caused quite a disturbance when someone wanted to discontinue it and did.

Our family lived in the Kelley house for seven years and had to carry all the water several hundred yards. In 1907 a new house was built down by the spring. Previous to that in 1903 a large bank barn had been built. The family lived in the house until 1923.

I could have had this more in detail if I had written it years ago. But we get too soon old and too late smart.

(Editor's note: This account was written in 1960 when Dora was advanced in age. She passed away in 1963.)

The World Needs Hope

The world's in need of optimists—
Not men who fret and frown
But men who know the sun will shine
Though now the rain falls down;
Men who can see life's brighter side,
Smile, laugh, and sing a song;
Yes, that's the kind of men we need
To help the world along.

The world without the optimists
Would be just like a tomb,
For hope and sunny cheerfulness
There would be naught but gloom;
No joy, no merry laughter then,
But cares, a pressing throng,
So optimists we surely need
To help the world along.

Yes, this old world needs optimists
To drive its fears away,
To show man that the sun of hope
Is shining every day,
That God still lives, that wrong is weak,
That right is always strong;
Yes, optimists are what we need
To help the world along.

-O. S. Hoffman

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HERE IS ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE KEIM SISTERS, LYDIA AND MARY.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

-by Elizabeth Miller

LYDIA AND MARY KEIM LOOKED FORWARD TO HAVING COUSIN ANNIE AT THEIR PLACE ALL DAY. THEY DID NOT EXPECT THINGS TO TURN OUT AS THEY DID.

Lydia! Mary!" called Mother from the bottom of the stairs. "Are you awake? Come. We have to hurry or we won't be ready in time."

"Yes," answered Lydia sleepily. Then she remembered. Today Dad and Mother and Uncle Amos and Aunt Lena were going to a funeral and the girls' cousins, Annie and Cristy, were going to stay at the Keims until their parents came home. Dad and Uncle Amos were going to hitch their horses together and make the twelve-mile trip in the double buggy.

Quickly Lydia reached out and shook her sleeping sister. "Mary, wake up," she said. "Remember, we want to be done with the chores when Annie and Cristy come."

Mary was on her feet in a hurry. "Let's be careful and not wake up the boys or we'll have to take them along to the barn," she said.

"Yes, and David will be fussy all day. I hope the boys will be good today," added Lydia. "If they're not we won't have very much free time with Annie." Quietly the girls dressed and slipped from the house.

"Look at the sun," said Mary. "It really must be early yet. Usually when we go to the barn it is much higher and brighter."

Lydia glanced at the sun. It was just beginning to leave the eastern horizon. "It's hard to believe that in the wintertime it doesn't come up until after breakfast," she said. She was a few steps ahead of Mary as the two were hurrying toward the barn.

"Here, aren't you going to stop in to get a bucket?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I almost forgot." Lydia turned around and came back. "I guess I was too busy thinking."

"What were you thinking about?" asked Mary. "About wintertime and the sun?"

"No, I was thinking about Annie. Won't it be nice to have her here all day," said Lydia. "And we won't have very much work to do either."

Mary frowned a little. "I guess it's going to be nice, but I still wish she were my age and not yours. Cristy is Bennie's age and Annie's your age. That leaves me in the middle with no one."

The girls had reached the barn by now and Dad happened to hear Mary's last remark.

"You mean that leaves you in the middle with both your cousins to play with. If you get tired of the girls and their talk you can go out and play with Cristy and Bennie," he said. "I don't think you've been cheated a whole lot, even if Uncle Amos's don't have a girl your age."

Mary smiled a little but didn't say anything as she picked up the little wooden stool and used it to push Bossie, the little Jersey cow, over so she could get in beside her. She knew Dad was right; she did sometimes get tired of being treated as a "little sister" and ran off to play with Bennie and Cristy. They always enjoyed having her help them make things and invent new games to play.

Mary milked two cows, then helped Dad feed the horses and the calves while Lydia washed the milk pails. Then they hurried to the house where Mother had breakfast waiting. All morning they had to hurry and there seemed to be no time for their usual chattering. The girls had just started with the dishes when Eli came bounding in across the porch. "They're here! They're here!" he shouted. "And I was the first one to see them come!"

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned Mary. "You'll wake up David!"

"Mother, may we go out to meet Annie?" asked Lydia. "We'll finish the dishes later."

"I guess," answered Mother from the bedroom. "But you have to be sure and..." She stopped there, for the girls had already left the house.

When the girls got to the barn Dad and Uncle Amos were hitching the two horses to the double buggy. Aunt Lena and Annie stood a short distance away. King was pawing the ground impatiently.

"Whoa, now," said Dad. "You'll get tired enough by the time we get there. Hold still now."

Mother came out of the house. "Now be sure and take good care of the little boys," she said. "Be very careful to keep the gates closed so David won't wander outside the yard. Eli, you and Bennie be good boys. Don't play in the barn loft."

"Yes, and you too, Cristy," added Aunt Lena. "Don't climb up somewhere you can fall from and break an arm. And Annie, I told you you're to help the girls with their work if you come over here to stay a whole day."

Everyone promised to be good and the two mothers climbed into the back of the buggy and were off. Then the children stood and looked at each other. "What do we have to work today?" asked Annie.

"Mother said we don't have to do anything except the chores and take care of the little boys," said Mary quickly. "We've done the chores outside, but we're not done with the dishes yet."

"Where's David?" asked Annie next.

"He's still sleeping," answered Lydia. "If we're quiet he might sleep for quite awhile yet. It's only a little after seven and sometimes it is almost nine o'clock when he wakes up."

"Why, that's almost two hours!" exclaimed Annie. "Why don't we take a walk down to the pond until he wakes up? Could we?" she asked, sounding all excited.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Lydia. "Sometimes he wakes up sooner. I don't think we should go and leave him alone like that, even if he is sleeping."

"Well, we could ask the boys to play in the yard and go in to check every so often to see if he is still sleeping," suggested Annie next.

"We don't have the dishes done," reminded Mary. "I don't really like to wash dishes but the longer we wait, the harder they will be to wash."

"Hey, I know," said Annie. "Mary, if you stay here while Lydia and I go to the pond, we'll do the dishes when we come back. Won't we, Lydia?"

Mary looked at Lydia. She opened her mouth and was about to protest when she saw her sister's lips form a firm line. "No, Annie," she said. "I'm the oldest and Mother expects me to stay here and take care of the little boys. If you want to go to the pond, then you may take the rest along and I will stay here."

Annie was silent for a minute, trying to decide what she wanted to do. "I guess if you don't go I'll stay here, too," she said a little snappy. The three girls turned and walked silently toward the house.

"Are you going to wash the dishes now?" asked Annie. "Don't you think David will wake up when you start rattling dishes?"

"He's used to us working in the kitchen. The noise doesn't seem to bother him as long as it isn't too loud," answered Lydia. "We wash dishes every morning while he's asleep."

"Mother helped me wash our dishes before we left," said Annie. "How come you were so late this morning?"

"Late?" exclaimed Mary. "Why, we were early. The sun was just coming up when we went to the barn to milk!"

"You mean you have to get up in time to help milk?" asked Annie.

"Why, yes, don't you?" asked Mary.

"No, I don't," answered Annie. "That's one advantage of having big brothers. Cristy and I get to sleep until Mother comes in from milking."

"Well, I milk two cows and Lydia milks three," said Mary. "Even Bennie helps sometimes."

"Oh, I can milk, too, if I want to," said Annie quickly. "I help in the evening sometimes."

They were in the summer kitchen by now. Lydia picked up the dishrag and put it into the water. "Oh, this water is cold," she said. "We might as well get new water. It's not going to be very funny, washing dried up dishes with cold water."

"Why don't you let the dishes set until dinner time?" asked Annie. "You'll get clean hot water then, and the dishes won't be any harder to wash then than now. That way we could visit or play until David wakes up."

"No, I think we'll wash them now." Lydia was already filling the dishpan with hot water. "Mother's expecting it of us, and besides, we'll be glad at dinner time that we did them this morning."

Lydia washed the dishes and Mary dried them. Annie sat on the high kitchen stool in the corner and waited for the girls to finish. "Do you have any other work to do?" she asked.

"Nothing besides taking care of the boys," answered Lydia. "And at noon we'll have to feed the chickens and gather the eggs."

At Evening Time

-By Bertha Inwood Michael

Out in a pasture I hear a bell tinkle;
Cattle are wending their way to the bar
While a small boy slowly trails along after
Old Bess and Old Daisy and Star.

See the colts frisking about in the meadow.
Lambkins are skipping up now to the fold.
Low in the west where the sunbeams still linger
Are clouds of blue, crimson, and gold.

Pale yellow four-o'clocks fling out their odor,
Sweet crimson clover is scenting the air.
Out in the orchard the apple blooms whiten,
Giving sweet fragrance so rare.

Down in the field where the green corn is growing
Breezes are rustling the leaves as they pass;
Tossing the wheat that is whitening for harvest
Nodding the flowers in the tall grass.

Mother hens cluck as their babies they hover.
Twittering swallows fly home to their nests.
Down by the streamlet the killdeers are calling;
Nature is sinking to rest.

"Yes, and feed the horses, too," added Mary. "Dad told me this morning that they're working pretty hard right now with the haying and wheat cutting and they should be fed even if they're not working today."

"Did we show you the art books we made at school?" asked Lydia. "I can't remember if you were here or not since school is out."

"No, I haven't seen them," answered Annie. "You did tell me about them, though."

"Well, as soon as we're done here we'll go out and sit on the swing and look at them," promised Lydia. She dumped the water and wiped the dishpan with quick swishes. Then she helped Mary put the dishes in their right places.

"Why, look," exclaimed Mary. "It still isn't even 8:00 yet. I wish we'd always get up this early."

"Ha," said Lydia. "It's hard enough to get you out of bed at the usual time, let alone earlier than usual."

"But I got up right away this morning," said Mary. "I was at the barn as soon as you were."

"I know," answered Lydia. "But today was special. We were all anxious to have Annie and Cristy come; even Bennie and Eli were counting the days." Lydia smiled at her cousin. "Come, let's go out on the porch. Mary, bring out the art books."

Before they were even seated on the swing they were interrupted by a loud cry coming from behind the barn. The girls looked up in time to see Bennie and Cristy coming around the corner of the barn leading Eli between them. Eli was howling at the top of his voice.

"What happened?" asked Lydia as the girls ran out to meet them. But before any of the boys answered, she knew. The big white swelling on his arm told her; Eli had been stung by a wasp or something.

"Where were you boys?" she asked, looking sternly at the older two.

"We-we, ah, we went to the woods and were going to play in that old wagon. We weren't even on it yet when something buzzed out and flew around us." Bennie waved his hands around his head to show how they were surrounded by whatever was after them.

Cristy took the story on from there. "And— and did we run!" he cried. "Bennie and I ran away from them, but Eli just stood there and screamed. I think that's why he got stung. The bumblebees didn't like the noise."

"But Eli is smaller and can't run like you two can," said Mary, angered by the way Cristy put the blame on Eli. "You should have taken better care of him."

The girls took the screaming little boy into the house. Mary held him on her lap and tried to quiet him while Lydia took a teaspoon and mixed vinegar and baking soda to put on the sting. Before Eli stopped crying there was another cry. It came from the bedroom.

"Sh-h-h-h-h," said Mary. "Who do we hear?"

A smile broke out on Eli's face. "David," he said happily. "David's awake."

Yes, David was awake—awake and very much confused with what was going on. When Annie went into the bedroom to bring him out, he refused to come to her. When Mary tried to put Eli on a chair so she could go after David, Eli started crying again. "It hurts," he sobbed.

"Yes, I know it hurts," said Lydia. "But this will make it feel better." She tried to sound like Mother.

It seemed like a long time before Lydia and Mary had the little boys in good spirits once more. All the time Annie sat sullenly by, watching the girls without a word.

"Why didn't you tell your mother to take the two little ones along to the funeral?" she asked suddenly. "We could have gone to the pond and had all kinds of fun if they weren't here."

Lydia looked up sharply. "But— but the funeral isn't a very good place to... oh, I don't know. We older children didn't even know the man that died, and right away it was decided we could take care of the little boys at home. It is so far and I guess Mother thought the boys would be better off at home with us."

"Well, we'd be better off if they weren't here," said Annie. "I was looking forward to all the good times we'd have and now you're working all day."

"Well, the boys will probably soon go out into the sand box. Then we should be free until it is time to get dinner," said Mary. "My, that last hour went fast!"

Suddenly Annie's face lit up again. "I know what. Let's pack a picnic lunch and go back into the woods to eat our dinner," she said. "We can carry David that far and the boys can take turns carrying the things we need for our picnic."

Lydia and Mary looked at each other. "It does sound like a good idea," agreed Mary. "Do you think we..." She stopped when she saw the look on Lydia's face.

"But the things Mother told me to make for dinner wouldn't suit very well for a picnic. And besides, David is heavy. We'd get tired carrying him that far. And besides that, he goes to bed right after dinner. We couldn't stay....."

"Girls, come quick!" called Bennie as he came running in across the porch. "Quick, my big black rabbit got out of the hutch and I'm afraid the cats are going to eat him. Cristy is watching to see where he goes until I come back. Come, we need you to help catch him."

"How did he get out?" asked Lydia. But Bennie was already on his way to the barn. Lydia and Annie ran, too. Mary followed the best she could with David. He was getting bigger and heavier every day and running with him was almost impossible. By the time she got to the rabbit hutch, the others had already trapped the escaped rabbit into the L-shaped corner where the corn crib came against the barn.

"Now watch him," cried Bennie. "I think I can sneak up behind him and catch him by the hind legs. That way he can't scratch me." He crept toward the rabbit and spoke to him in a low coaxing voice.

Bennie took a sudden dive and grabbed the animal. "I got him!" he cried, but too soon. The rabbit struggled and kicked and scratched and hopped away. Three long ugly streaks appeared on Bennie's arm. Blood began to ooze from the scratches.

"Oh, you!" cried Bennie angrily, staring first at his arm and then at the retreating rabbit. "Go ahead and run away. I don't care if the cats do eat you!" It was hard for him to hold back the tears.

"Never mind, Bennie," said Mary. She put David down. "I'll go after that Mr. Black Rabbit myself. I'll show him who is stronger, rabbits or people."

"Ah, let him go," said Annie. "We can't catch him anyway. Bennie said he doesn't care if the cats do eat him."

Mary ignored Annie's remark and circled the rabbit, forcing him to turn around and hop back into the corner again. This time it was Mary who crept toward him, then lunged and grabbed the animal. She managed to wrap her apron around him and carry him back to his hutch. "There, you bad boy," she said. "You get in there; now stay there, too."

"Look at this," cried Cristy. "This is how he got out!" He pulled the wire screen from the frame of the hutch and showed the others a good-sized hole.

By the time the girls had helped the boys repair the rabbit hutch and bandaged the scratches on Bennie's arm it was time to get dinner. Once more Annie sat on the kitchen chair and watched the girls work. "Don't you girls ever have any time to yourselves?" she asked.

"Why, yes, we do," said Mary. "All day today we do not have to do anything except take care of the little boys. And-and-well, in the wintertime we have more time to do other things. And lots of times we play with David."

"But I mean times when you don't have to do anything," said Annie. "Not even take care of your little brothers."

"Oh, I guess sometimes," said Lydia, trying to think of such a time. "The other evening we went to Enos Masts. Mother told us we could stay an hour. It seemed like such a long time since school was out and we had talked with the Mast girls much."

"Was that the first time you saw them since school's out?" Annie sounded surprised.

"Oh, no," laughed Lydia. "We see them in church every time and once they were here, too."

"Esther Lehman and I go together lots of times," said Annie. "We go as often as our mothers let us."

"So do we," laughed Mary. "But that isn't very often. Mother has lots of work and we don't expect to have free time very often. The little boys keep us pretty busy, you know."

"Well, I guess I do know," said Annie. "This morning you said we didn't have to do anything but take care of the little boys. I thought we would have lots of fun. Now it's dinnertime and we were busy all forenoon."

"But we still had some fun," said Mary. "I thought catching the rabbit for Bennie was fun and ..."

"Probably you think taking care of your crying brothers was fun, too," interrupted Annie. "Well, not me. I'm just glad they're your brothers and not mine." She got up and started for the door. "I'm going out and look at your art books awhile." With a slam of the door she was gone.

The two sisters looked at each other. "What's come over her?" asked Mary. "I thought she liked David. She's often said she wished she had a brother like him."

Lydia stirred the macaronies thoughtfully. "Well, before when we were together Mother always took care of David and Eli," she said. "We were free to do as we pleased. Now today they are our responsibility and we are more tied down."

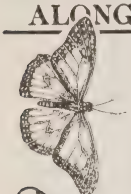
"You mean Annie likes to play with David, but she doesn't like the work it takes to care for him," added Mary. She took a stack of plates from the cupboard and arranged them on the table.

Lydia scraped the last of the applesauce from the jar into the dish. "That's what Mother meant the other day when we were wishing for a nice big flower bed like Grandma has. Remember when she said too many people want 'something for nothing.' "

Mary was silent for a minute. "We never realized how much work it takes to take care of a flower bed. I guess since Annie never took care of a baby brother she didn't realize how much of her time it would take. But I don't care if David and Eli take a lot of our time. That's one 'something' I'm glad we don't have to be without."

"Same here," said Lydia. "Now let's call the rest. Dinner's ready." ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



FLYING FLOWERS

-by David Luthy

One day Lucy Coblentz was playing in the sandbox. She was just reaching around to pick up a small tin shovel when her hand touched something fuzzy.

"Ooohhh," screamed Lucy, and she jumped out of the sandbox as fast as she could.

"Oh, that's just a caterpillar," laughed Henry, from where he was playing in the yard. "It can't hurt you."

"Kill it any way," demanded Lucy. "I don't like it."

Henry walked to the sandbox and reached a stick toward the slow-moving object and flipped it toward his sister.

"Eeeewoowww," screamed Lucy even louder than before.

The house door slammed and Father appeared. "What's wrong? Who's been hurt?"

Henry didn't say a word but stared at Lucy. She was crying.

How To Tell a Butterfly from a Moth:

1. Butterflies have thin bodies, while moths are plump.
2. Butterflies fly during the day, but moths fly at dusk or night.
3. Butterflies have smooth feelers on their heads and the feelers' ends are like knobs. Moths have hairy feelers which end in a point.
4. Butterflies rest with their wings folded up over them; moths rest with their wings spread flat.

"Henry threw a fuzzy caterpillar at me," she sobbed.

Father was soon by her side comforting her. "Henry shouldn't have done that. But you shouldn't scream like that either. A person would have thought you were being trampled by a horse when it really was just a harmless little caterpillar."

"But I don't like them," said Lucy, wiping her eyes.

"You don't like them?" questioned Father. "I wonder."

Lucy stared at her father. He was smiling at her.

"I kinda think you really do like caterpillars, but you don't realize it," he said.

"No, I don't," she insisted, shaking her head. "They are all furry and walk so funny."

"But don't you think they are pretty when they fly?" asked Father.

"Fly?" questioned Lucy. "Do caterpillars fly?"

Henry was interested in the conversation, too. "I never saw a caterpillar fly, Dad. Do they really?"

Father sat down on the corner seat of the sandbox. "Well, they don't fly when they are caterpillars, but they do fly once they have changed."

"Changed?" wondered Henry. "What do they change into?"

Lucy looked even more puzzled than her brother.

"They change into butterflies," smiled Father.

"Butterflies!" exclaimed Lucy. "I love butterflies."

"Of course you do," said Father. "Everybody does."

"They're as pretty as flowers," said Lucy.

"And they fly like birds," added Henry.

"Yes," agreed Father, "that's true. In fact, some people call them 'flying flowers.'"

"Oh, that's a nice name," said Lucy and Henry at the same time.

"But how do they change from a caterpillar into a butterfly?" asked Henry.

Father thought for a minute. "I'm trying to think of a way to explain it so you'll understand, for it is not easy. You know God's ways in nature are often mysterious to man. It seems almost like magic or a miracle that a hairy worm like creature can turn into a beautiful delicate butterfly. But it isn't magic or a miracle; it is just part of God's wonderful plan for all creatures."

"Does the caterpillar grow wings?" asked Henry.

"No, it doesn't," said Father. "You see a caterpillar can spin like a spider. But it doesn't spin a web. When it is full-grown it fastens itself to a twig and weaves a silk-like covering called a cocoon. Inside this new home the caterpillar spends the winter— all the time its body is changing. When spring comes the new creature is ready to push itself through the cocoon walls and out into the fresh spring air. Now it is no longer a hairy caterpillar but is a beautiful butterfly."

"Does the butterfly have the same colors it had, when it was a caterpillar?" wondered Henry.

"No, it doesn't," answered Father. "It has entirely different colors — much brighter usually. Caterpillars are often brown or green, but butterflies are any color of the rainbow— purple, red, blue, orange, yellow, pink, black, and even white."

"Can we ever see a mother butterfly with her little ones, like we can the robins?" asked Lucy.

"No, Lucy, we can't," smiled Father. "There are no such things as baby butterflies. When a butterfly comes out of the cocoon, it is full-grown. And when it lays its eggs, guess what is born."

"I can guess," said Henry. "Caterpillars."

"That's right," agreed Father. "Every butterfly egg hatches little caterpillars which grow and spin cocoons and after winter has passed appear as butterflies."

"What do butterflies eat?" asked Lucy. She ran a handful of sand on top of her foot, then jerked her foot away. "Do they eat flowers?"

"They don't eat flowers," said Father. "They eat from flowers. They suck up nectar from flowers like bees do. And they carry pollen from flower to flower like the bees do, too. This helps fruit trees to bear fruit and different flowers to develop new flowers. Butterflies are a real friend to man."

"What about caterpillars?" asked Henry.

"That's something interesting," said Father. "A caterpillar eats many of the farmer's crops and is considered an enemy. But when the caterpillar changes into a butterfly, it becomes the farmer's friend. So, caterpillars change in more ways than one."

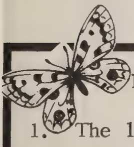
The butterfly conversation was so interesting that Father forgot to look at his pocket watch. Soon the back door was opening and Mother was calling, "Dinner." She looked so startled to see Father with Henry and Lucy in the sandbox. "Well, what are you three up to?" she asked good-naturedly. "I thought Dad was going to work on the pasture gate a little while before dinner."

"Dad was telling us all about caterpillars and butterflies," said Lucy, running toward her mother. "Did you know caterpillars turn into butterflies? I never did."

Mother ran her hand along side her head, pushing some loose hair back under her covering. "Well, I guess I knew that; yet I really never thought much about it. That really is something, though, isn't it, to think a caterpillar which crawls around on its stomach will sometime be flying like a bird."

"And it eats like a bee," added Henry.

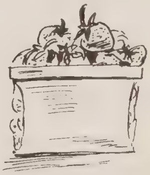
"Okay," smiled Mother, "dinner's on the table. You and Lucy get washed up and then you can tell me all about it at the table." ■■



Interesting Facts about Butterflies

1. The largest butterfly, the Queen Alexandra, measures 11 inches from its wing tips (found only in New Guinea).
2. The smallest butterfly is the North American Blue Pygmy which has a wing spread of less than 1/2 inch.
3. Butterflies cannot bite or chew; they only drink.
4. The butterfly's wings have thousands of scales which overlap like shingles on a roof.
5. Some butterflies migrate to warmer countries in the winter. The Painted Lady butterfly of Iceland migrates the farthest — to North Africa some 3,000 miles distant.
6. The Kallima butterfly looks like a dead leaf when its wings are folded together in a resting position.
7. The city of Pacific Grove, California has the world's only butterfly sanctuary. A fine of $500 and up to six months in jail protects the butterflies from people who would harm them. As many as 2 million Monarch butterflies spend the winter there on only a few acres, living in the high pine trees overlooking the ocean.

Fifty Boxes Free



-by Harvey Mazelin

It was a beautiful summer morning. A few stars still shone dimly in the sky, but in the east a rosy red appeared; telling that the night was almost over. Everything was quiet; only occasionally a bird was heard singing in the summer morning. But not everybody was still asleep.

A strong, well-built, barefooted boy of fourteen was walking through the woods. Allen was on his way to his uncle's farm, five miles away, to pick strawberries. As he walked through the quiet summer air, birds began to sing, and in the eastern sky the first beams of sunlight appeared.

At last after one and one-half hours walking he came to his uncle's strawberry patch. A few pickers were already in the patch, so he started picking at once. He hurried all forenoon, and he thought, "Surely David won't have as many quarts as I do. But," he said, "David started before I did, and he is a fast picker."

At twelve o'clock everybody stopped, and Allen went with David to eat his lunch. It was a beautiful summer day; the sky was cloudless, and a soft, mild breeze made the trees sway to and fro. Everything was lush and green and flowers bloomed in the lovely summer sun. David and Allen sat down under a lofty oak tree and started eating. They chatted occasionally to each other, and at length Allen said to David, "How many boxes did you pick this forenoon?"

"You have to tell first," said David.

"All right," Allen replied, "I picked 26 quarts. How many did you pick, David?"

"I picked 38 quarts," answered David.

Allen was disappointed. "How could you pick so many more than me?" he said angrily.

"Well," said David, "I picked fast and I had a good row." Allen finished eating in silence, then went back to his row. He was disgusted. He had worked hard and fast, and now David had picked 12 quarts more than he had.

He felt like quitting, but suddenly an idea flashed through his mind. "Surely," he thought, "if I'd really hurry and put in some green ones I could catch up with David by quitting time. Well," he sighed, "I know I shouldn't put in green ones, but I don't like to have less than David."

So he at once set to work, and soon he was fairly flying through the rows. Half-ripe, green, rotten, everything went in. All afternoon he worked hard and he was glad when his uncle announced that it was time to stop.

"How many do you have?" Allen asked David now.

"Sixty-eight," answered David.

"I have eighty-eight," replied Allen happily.

David couldn't understand how Allen had picked so many more than he had, as he had picked fast all afternoon.

"Well," said Allen, "it's a secret that I won't tell."

The conversation ended here and both boys went home.

Allen's uncle had paid ten cents a box. The eight dollars and eighty cents in Allen's pocket felt heavy as he slowly walked home.

"Why, oh why," thought Allen, "did I do it?" He was troubled. He knew he should not have cheated, but he had not wanted to be beaten. All through his work the next few days he thought about it, but told no one.

A week later he received a letter from his uncle that he needed pickers again. Allen's uncle was very stern when they met. He said he had not been able to sell more than half of the berries which Allen had picked. He would have to pick fifty boxes free.

"I'm very sorry, Uncle," said Allen sadly. "I'll never do it again."

That evening as he walked home he was sad—but inside he felt happy. He knew that "Be sure your sin will find you out" was good advice. ■■

This
Month's
Bible
Story

The Plagues of Egypt

Part 2

Pharaoh's heart was very stubborn. Already God had sent four plagues upon the land to punish the proud king, and still he refused to let the Israelites leave.

Again God sent Moses to tell Pharaoh, "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, 'Let my people go that they may serve me.' If you refuse to let them go, the Lord will send a great plague upon the animals in Egypt, upon the cattle, horses, asses, camels, oxen, and upon the sheep."

This time Pharaoh was given a twenty-four-hour warning. "Tomorrow," Moses told him, "at a set time the plague will come if you do not let the people go."

On the next day, just as Moses had said, a deadly plague struck the livestock of the Egyptians. Everywhere animals were sick and dying.

Pharaoh thought that maybe it had just happened, that the plague was not really a punishment from God. He sent a messenger to the land of Goshen to see if the Israelites' cattle were dying too. The messenger soon returned to tell Pharaoh that in Goshen all the livestock was still healthy and well. Pharaoh knew by this that the plague was striking only the Egyptians, and that it surely must be a special punishment from God. Still Pharaoh's heart was hardened and he refused to let the people go.

Then God said to Moses and Aaron, "Take a handful of ashes out of the furnace and go stand where Pharaoh can see you. Then let Moses sprinkle the ashes toward heaven. The dust of the ashes will cause boils to break out upon man and upon beasts throughout all Egypt."

Moses did so. He sprinkled the ashes toward heaven in the sight of Pharaoh. Immediately the sixth plague broke out— a painful plague of boils. This time the magicians did not even try to see if they could do the same thing. They did not feel like doing tricks for Pharaoh—they had too many boils.

But still Pharaoh's heart was hardened and he would not let the people go.

The word of God came to Moses as it had come before, "Rise up early in the morning and go stand before Pharaoh, and ask him to let my people go, lest still greater plagues come upon him."

Moses stood before Pharaoh and said what God had bidden him say, "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, 'Let my people go that they may serve me.' "

But Pharaoh was still determined that he would not let them go. Moses said, "Tomorrow about this time God will cause it to hail harder than it ever hailed before in Egypt. If any livestock or people are out in the fields, they will surely be killed by the hail."

By this time some of the Egyptians were learning that when Moses said a plague was coming, it was coming. They were not as hardhearted and stubborn as their king. All the Egyptians who believed Moses gave strict orders that their servants and cattle should stay inside the next day.

As the morning came, Moses stretched out his rod toward heaven. The next instant the sky seemed to be crashing in. God sent thunder and hail with such a noise that it made the ground shake. Great streaks of fire ran along the ground.

Never before in Egypt had anyone seen such a frightening storm. Huge torrents of hail rained down from the sky. Thunder rocked the earth. Lightning flashed so bright that it looked as if fire were falling down from heaven right with the hail.

The slashing pieces of hail ripped the limbs off the trees and killed the growing plants. Any animals and people who had stayed out in the field were killed. But all the while the storm was raging over the rest of Egypt, in the land of Goshen all was quiet. No hailstones fell upon the Israelites.

Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron to come to him. At last he was truly frightened. "I have sinned this time," he cried. "The Lord is righteous and I and my people are wicked. Beg the Lord to stop this mighty thundering and hail, for it is enough. I will let the people go; they do not have to stay any longer."

Moses said to Pharaoh, "As soon as I am outside the city, I will spread abroad my hands unto the Lord. The thunder will stop and there will be no more hail, so that you may know that the earth belongs to God. But as for you and your servants, I know well enough that you aren't ready yet to serve the true God."

Moses walked out to the city and spread his hands to heaven. At once the storm passed over and the plague of thunder and hail was past.

Sure enough, when Pharaoh saw that the hail had stopped, he got over his fright. Once again he hardened his heart and refused to let the children of Israel leave as he had promised to do.

By this time the land of Egypt was beginning to look like a desert. Many of the animals had died. The fields of growing grain lay shattered and barren by the hail. Even the trees hung twisted and broken. The hail had destroyed all the fields of flax and barley for it had come close to the time of harvest. Only the wheat and rye were left, for these were still too small to be damaged at the time the hail came.

After the hail had stopped, God told Moses and Aaron to go again to speak to Pharaoh. Moses and Aaron spoke boldly to the king and said, "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews,'How long are you going to refuse to humble yourself before me? Let my people go that they may serve me. If you refuse to let them go, behold tomorrow I will bring a plague of locust and they will eat up everything that is left from the hail!'"

When Moses and Aaron had finished speaking, they turned and walked away. Now the servants of Pharaoh felt worried. They came to Pharaoh and said, "How long are you going to let this Moses trouble us? Let the Israelites go and serve their God if they want to so badly. Don't you realize that already Egypt is destroyed?"

When his servants talked like that, Pharaoh decided that maybe he had to do something. He was too stubborn to give up completely, but he made up his mind to bargain with Moses and Aaron. He called the two men and said to them, "All right, go and serve the Lord your God, but first tell me who all is going."

Firmly Moses replied, "We will take the young and the old along, our sons and daughters, our flocks and our herds, for we must hold a feast before the Lord."

Pharaoh didn't like such an answer. He knew well enough that if he ever let them go they would never come back. Now he became angry. "The Lord be with you indeed, if ever I let you and your little ones go," he shouted. "Look, you have some evil purpose in mind."

Before Moses and Aaron could say a word in answer, Pharaoh commanded that they be driven from his presence.

God said to Moses, "Stretch out your hand and let the locusts come." As Moses obeyed, a strong east wind sprang up. All the day and night the wind blew. Early the next morning the sky grew strangely dark. The locust were coming.

Never before had anyone in Egypt seen so many locust. They covered the ground and ate up every green plant and sprout that had been left by the hail.

Now Pharaoh became excited. He sent for Moses and Aaron in a hurry. "I have sinned against the Lord your God and against you," Pharaoh cried. "Please forgive me this once, and beg the Lord your God to take these locust away, for they are going to be the death of us all."

Moses went out from Pharaoh's presence and prayed to God, asking that the locust be taken away. So God caused a strong west wind to spring up. It blew all the locust into the Red Sea. When the wind stopped blowing, not a single locust could be found in all the land of Egypt.

As soon as the locust were gone, Pharaoh changed his mind again. He hardened his heart and decided that he wouldn't let the people go after all.

God said to Moses,"Stretch out your hand toward heaven, so that a great darkness may come over the land of Egypt."

Moses did so, and a thick darkness settled over the land. It lasted for three days. Everything was completely black. There was not even the slightest ray of light anywhere. The darkness was so thick that it could be felt. The Egyptians huddled inside their houses during the three days the darkness lasted. They didn't dare to venture outside into the blackness. Yet in the land of Goshen the Israelites had light as usual.

Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron. "All right," he said, "you can go and serve your God, and you may even take your children along. But you have to leave your flocks and herds here."

"No," said Moses firmly, "we have to take our cattle along, or we won't have anything to sacrifice. Our cattle must go along. When we go, not a hoof is going to stay behind. We have to take everything, because we don't know which animals we want to sacrifice until we get there."

Pharaoh flew into a rage at this bold answer. "Get out of here," he shouted, "and watch out that you never come back. If you ever see my face again, I'll kill you."

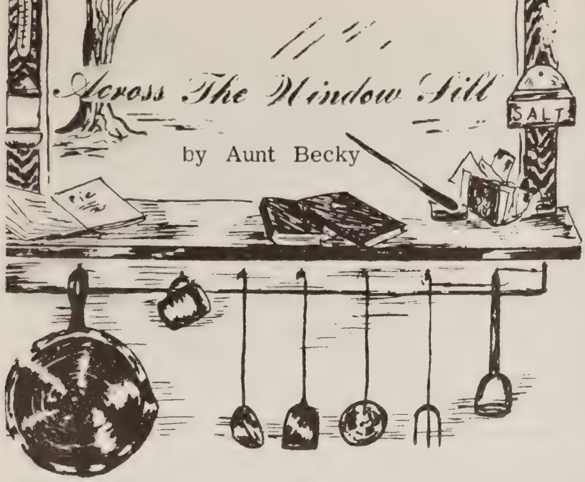
"What you have said is true," Moses said quietly. "You will never see my face again." Then Moses and Aaron turned and walked away.

Nine plagues had come, and dreadful plagues they were. Yet the last and greatest plague was yet to come. And when it came, it would be so terrible that it would make all the other plagues put together seem as nothing. -E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. Did the Israelites also have to suffer during the last five plagues?
2. What did Moses do in the sight of Pharaoh that brought the plague of boils?
3. Why did Pharaoh's magicians not try to copy the plague of boils?
4. What happened to any people or animals that had not taken shelter before the plague of hail?
5. The hail destroyed all the grain except the wheat and rye. Why were these two not also damaged?
6. Were all the Egyptians as stubborn and unbelieving as Pharaoh?
7. What plague did the east wind bring over the land?
8. How long did the plague of darkness last?
9. When Pharaoh said the Israelites could leave if they left their cattle behind, was Moses willing to accept the permission?
10. What did Pharaoh say would happen if Moses ever saw his face again?

ANSWERS: 1. No, the plagues were not felt in the land of Goshen 2. Sprinkled ashes in the air 3. They were suffering too much from the boils themselves 4. They were killed 5. They were still too small 6. No, some of them believed Moses 7. Locust 8. Three days 9. No, Moses said not a hoof should stay behind 10. Pharaoh said he would kill Moses



Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

A Mother's Contentment

My washline and the clothespins I wouldn't want to trade
For an automatic clothes dryer— the finest ever made.
Though the rains may come and the wash won't dry
For a day or two apart
I have a satisfaction that's down
Deep within my heart
Because I need not speak of automatic
Or tell its wonders to my friends;
It's greater far to praise my God
For sunshine— when He sends.
(It's when I think of these things
that I surely wouldn't trade.)

As I hang the children's clothes
And fasten them one by one
It gives more time to pray
For the children too soon are gone.
"Father, help that I be concerned
Not only about their clothes
But that their hearts be pure and clean—
Full blooming as a rose."
(And when I think of these things
I'd have no desire to trade.)

As I am gazing upward
Far into the deep blue sky
I hear a robin singing,
White clouds are floating by.
Oh, the rapturous beauty of nature!
Oh, Giver of it all!
(How wondrously close He seems to me!)
Oh, please, do hear my call!
(It's when I'm blessed with such thoughts
that I wouldn't want to trade.)

And in the winter season when
The brisk cold air does freeze,
I hope to learn a lesson
Worth more than that of "ease."
May I learn to give more freely
To hands that are cold and numb
Because they have no wash to hang,
No warm house when they're done.
(It's when I think of this
that I should not want to trade.)

I wonder if the soup at noon
Would have tasted quite as good
Had I not been outdoors this morn
And caught nature's happy mood?
No, I think I might feel disgusted
With some stomach trouble, too,
Because the dryer needs repairs
And the payment's overdue.
(And when I think of all of this
I do not wish to trade.)

No, my washline and the clothespins I surely would not trade
For an automatic clothes dryer— not for the finest ever made.

-by a young Amish Mother, Pennsylvania

* * *

(The above mother's washday is "behind the times." But I wonder how many mothers still follow "Grandma's receet"?)

GRANDMA'S WASHDAY "RECEET"

Bilt fire in backyard to heet kettle of rain water.

Set so smoke won't blow in your eyes if wind is pert.

Shave one hole cake of sope in bili'n water.

Sort things. Make three piles, 1 pile white, 1 pile collard, 1 pile work britches and rags.

Stir flour in cold water to smooth then thin down with bili'n water.

Rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile. Rub collard, don't bile, just rench it, starch.

Take white things out of kettle with broomstick handle then rench, bleu and starch.

Spread tee towels on grass.

Hang old rags on fence.

Pour rench water in flower beds.

Scrub porch with soapy water.

Turn tubs upside down.

Go put on clean dress, smooth down hair, brew a cup of tee, set and rest and rock a spell and count your blessings.

* * *

Did you ever feel it necessary to write? You seat yourself at your desk and then blankly look at the paper— which stares back at you just so blankly. This is the way I feel this morning. Seems about all I can think of is how beautiful it is outside. I guess the reason for this is because the warm days were so slow in coming this spring. This is now the second summery day we've had, although the things in the garden and fields have been growing real well.

Enough vegetables can be taken from the garden already to start making my favorite tossed salad. It is good with any fresh vegetables that are available. Lettuce, onions, radishes, celery, carrots, etc. It is almost essential to have lettuce in it. Also add 1/2 banana cut fine, a handful of raisins, and crushed peanuts (optional). The dressing is made of sour or sweet cream, sugar and salt. Vinegar or lemon juice may be added. Olive oil instead of cream may be used. Only about two tablespoons are necessary for a large dish of salad. Do not use the olive oil from the drug store, but the fresh from the grocery or health store.

An old doctor book said that 1 teaspoon olive oil per day would insure one against appendicitis. I don't know if anyone has proven this, but we know olive oil is healthy.

A health dietitian recommended that every dinner and supper should begin with a generous helping of raw salad. This olive oil dressing is also delicious with just lettuce with thin-sliced apples. There are many variations, so a salad like this is not tiring.

* * *

I suppose different readers misunderstood the mother who wrote and asked opinions about giving supper after church. She was not referring to the lunch after church, but the supper in the evening for the married people (not for the young folks). Through the years I have heard different people comment about this—generally the ones who were opposed to it. Following are a few comments.

We have never lived in a house suitable to take church, but I have often thought I would be tired and ready to visit till the lunch dishes were put away. Wouldn't it be better for each to go home and read and study the Word, than to stay and smoke and talk things they shouldn't, as some do. The children, too, often become tired and irritable after such a long day. Is it keeping the Sabbath holy?

-Pennsylvania

I agree 100% with the mother who feels we should rest after church services, instead of burdening our weary bones to prepare a big feast for the evening. Is this keeping the Sabbath holy? Are we mothers not more tired and worn out from a day like this, than we are during a weekday? Years back Christian parents didn't let their children run on the Sabbath day. Thanks for bringing up this subject. I had my last supper after church.

-Withhold name

I don't like to see it either where a lot of fuss is made to have a big supper and only the neighbors and relatives invited. In our community the young folks and a couple families are invited back for supper. We try to keep our menu very simple. I think this can be a blessing to the church when done decent and orderly.

-One who enjoys the young folks

* * *

PARENT'S OPINION COLUMN

Is it wrong to play games on Sunday? I don't mean games like baseball or gambling cards, but rather quiet games like checkers, or scrabble. I would deeply appreciate hearing opinions from others. -Concerned

* * *

A rich man is the one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

* * *

In the April issue of the Ambassador of Peace appeared a quiz for girls who work as "maud." I asked the girls then to send in suggestions for a quiz for the people they work for. Quite a few girls responded. So if you have a hired girl this summer watch for the quiz in the Ambassador of Peace. It is for you!

* * *

APPLE PUDDING

6 apples (diced)
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup nuts cut fine
4 bananas
Filling:

Mix 1 cup white sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, and 1 egg with enough cold water to make a paste. Add 1 cup hot water and boil. Add a little salt and vinegar and 1 tablespoon butter. Cool and mix with apples, etc. Whipped cream may also be added. -Mrs. M. T., Applecreek, Ohio

* * *

PEA SALAD

1 cup cooked peas, drained
1/2 cup chopped sweet pickles
1 cup celery, cut fine
1/2 cup diced cheese

Season with salt, pepper, and sugar. Mix with a good mayonnaise. -Martha Helmuth

For variations with green beans:
Put in layers in a baking dish about 2 quarts cooked green beans, 5-6 wieners, cut up, 1 can cream of mushroom soup. Bake at 350 until soup bubbles.

Instead of wieners a few raw onions may be cut up into the beans with bacon chips sprinkled over the top.

Dried bread crumbs browned in butter may be added to cooked green beans just before serving. This adds a delicious touch to an ordinary dish.

* * *

Some Mothers Write

This is rather late but thanks to A.M. for being concerned about our article. We want to try, with the Lord's help to be more careful from now on. We have many shortcomings and don't feel we can accomplish more than anybody else. Our prayers are with everyone that is trying to keep F. L. writers all in peace and love.

Also we want to thank Mrs. Sam Yoder for the whole wheat bread recipe (March F. L.). It is the best bread I ever made. We have a maple tree in our yard so we are eating it with maple syrup and butter.

-Mrs. E.S., Pennsylvania

To make cottage cheese we let skimmed milk stand in a warm place until it is thick. Then we pour it into a cotton bag and hang it up until the whey is drained from the cheese. We find it isn't necessary to be heated on the stove. -Mrs. Milo Yoder, Ontario

I was disappointed to know that someone does not wish to see quotes of children on your page. I feel we parents of small children need to be encouraged to listen more to the simple interests and views of our children. As the saying goes, "If we don't listen to our children when they are small how can we expect them to talk to us about their problems when they are grown." Senseless as their childish chatter may seem at times, if we hope to have them confide necessary things to us, we'll also have to listen patiently at times to things only interesting to the very young.

We were amused how our three-year-old would get the Family Life and say, "Vo is da Becky Ann ihr tuckle dool?" ("Where is Aunt Becky's rocking chair?")

-Mrs. G.S., Pennsylvania

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

At times great courage is born out of fear.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

"GOD GIVETH US RICHLY
ALL THINGS TO ENJOY"
(1 Timothy 6:17)

When we think of the beauties of nature we think of how God has given us all things richly to enjoy. Nature is something that the poor and rich can enjoy alike. I've noticed the tone of some of the letters from shut-ins, and the less handicapped. They write of birds, and trees, and flowers. Although their small world may not contain much of nature, yet they have learned to appreciate what they have. Therefore, more enjoyment is derived from it.

It is very difficult to appreciate everything though. For instance, this morning a little brown sparrow was winning the battle at my martin box. The martins were perched on top and with cocked head watched as their enemy patrolled the little porch. Last winter when no birds came to my feeder I would've welcomed a sparrow. Now I'm wondering if I can learn to appreciate them after they have chased away the martins. I was overjoyed when I came back from my vacation recently and found a martin box outside my window. Dan S. Miller built it last winter and erected it while I was gone.

Now that we're talking of nature I think of the observation beehive which many shut-ins would enjoy. My brother-in-law, Monroe I. Mast, made several of them. He also had one in his cabinet shop. As I sat by its side I could see little fuzzy bees hatching. As soon as they were out of their cells one of the worker bees went inside to clean it. I watched the bees coming into the hive carrying pollen on their hind legs. They would back into a cell and kick it off.

Bees are like busy mothers, they strive to keep their house clean. One day I watched them try to drag a dead bee outside. Tirelessly they pulled and tugged the dead carcass from one side of the hive to the other. It seemed no matter how much hard work there was to do, the lazy drones refused to help.

Soldier bees guard the hive. These are probably mostly stationed on the outside. Some of the bees hunt for pollen. When they find it they come home and do a dance. By their dance their sister bees can tell how far and where the pollen is situated.

I suppose by now many of you are wondering what an observation beehive looks like. It is a box with glass sides, about 18"X 18"X 6". A pipe extends through the wall to the outside where the bees crawl through. The hive can be pushed back and forth like a door on hinges.

It seems the more we study the wonderful world of nature, the more we appreciate it. Ants are also interesting to watch (although I've never had a colony). The work of the spider also fascinates me. I'm sure I'd have a nice intricate web in the corner of my room if I could be sure the spider would stay within its boundary.

And now we will leave the bees and the ants and the spiders and speak about the annual handicap gathering. Several young boys and girls, who have never attended before, have written and expressed a desire to be in the group this year.

I'm afraid many of you will be disappointed that we will not have it in Canada. The handicaps who wished to come are welcome anyway.

Handicap gathering: August 1, 1970, at the Liberty Fire Hall, East Main Street, New Holland, Pa. For more information write to Gideon L. Fisher, Route 1, Box 108, Ronks, Pennsylvania 17572

• • •

Yesterday I received a letter from Crist L. Stoltzfus, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, telling of the death of one of our handicapped friends, David J. Beiler. When still a young man David dived into shallow water and broke his back. This paralyzed his body, and so he spent the remainder of his life on a wheelchair.

• • •

On my last shut-in page I wrote of little Isaac Fehr. Before Family Life went into the mail the little shut-in passed away. He died April 22, 1970.

Why empty seems this house of ours?
    Where is its song, and joys?
Why is a wee bed empty, still?
    Why silent all the toys?

O, haven't you heard? Do you not know
    Death's Angel came one night
And took our suffering baby boy
    To a glorious home of light?

• • •

In regards to "kee-gretz" or athlete's foot. We have been using Undesine ointment. This kills the fungus germs. It is also good for ringworm. We get the ointment from the Indiana Botanic Gardens, Hammond, Ind. 46525 Price: $1.00 a jar. -Mrs. A.P., Pennsylvania

• • •

J.M. from Pa. should try the salve made with catnip and tallow for "kee-gretz." I have found pounding comfrey root and tying it on severe wounds or something like "kee-gretz" is super. I have used a tea made with hoarhound leaves and sassafras bark for two persons this spring that had bronchial cough with good results. Take 1/3 cup hoarhound with 1 teaspoon sassafras. Steep with 1 quart boiling water 10 or 15 minutes. Strain, then add 1/4 cup honey. Take a swallow or two when cough comes.

-Leona Jones, Goshen, Indiana

• • •

Thanks to the readers who answered the request for the song, "Don't Forget The Old Folks."

• • •

"Some men never feel small but these are the few men who are." - C. K. Chesterton

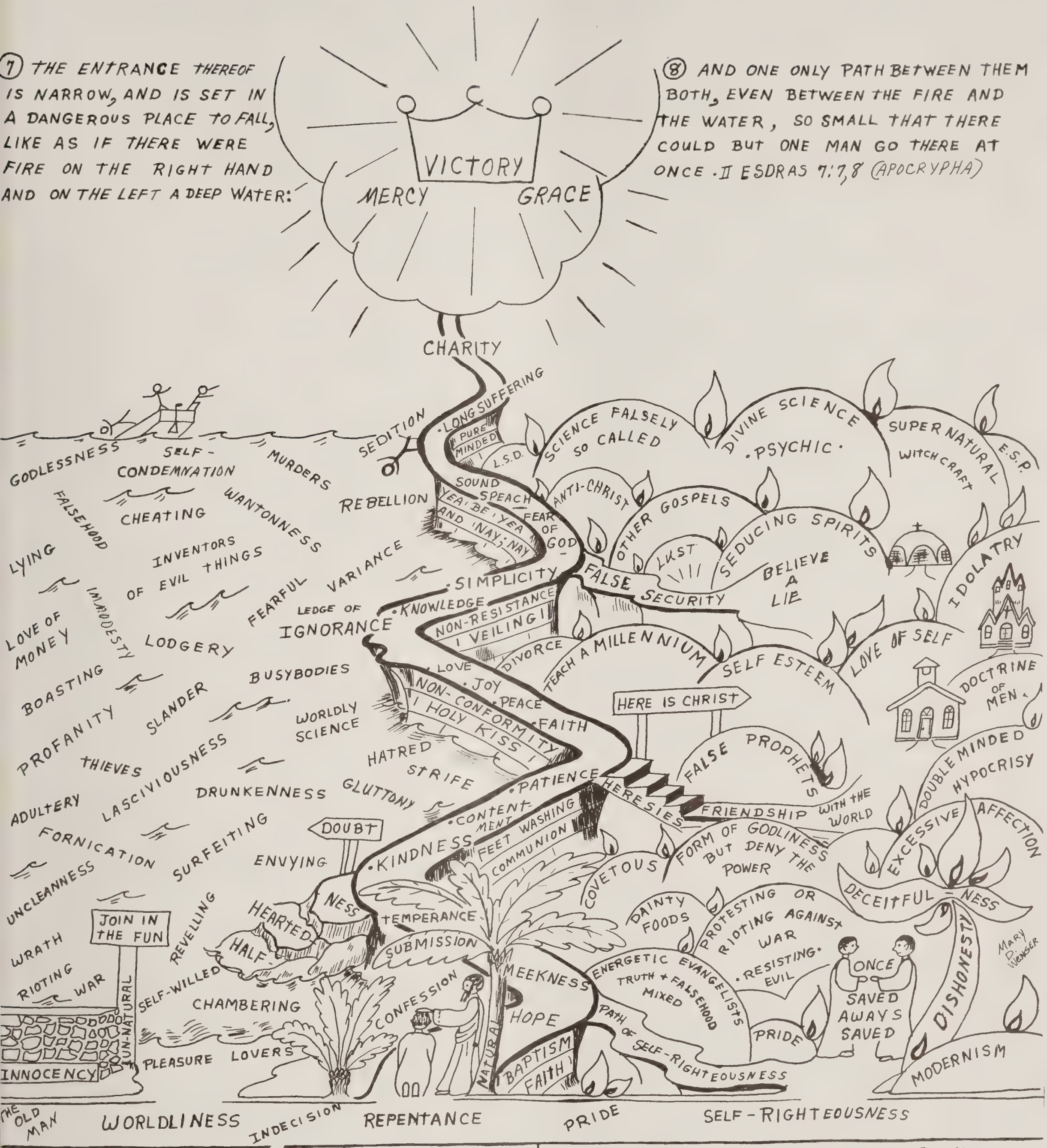
• • •

Mary Wenger who did our full page feature this month also does writing. She and her mother, Esther Wenger, moved recently to Tunas, Missouri.

• • •

⑦ THE ENTRANCE THEREOF IS NARROW, AND IS SET IN A DANGEROUS PLACE TO FALL, LIKE AS IF THERE WERE FIRE ON THE RIGHT HAND AND ON THE LEFT A DEEP WATER:

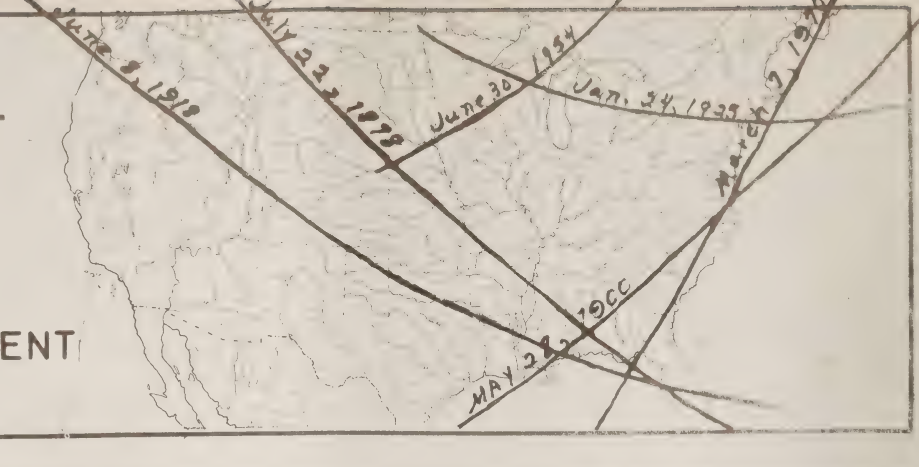
⑧ AND ONE ONLY PATH BETWEEN THEM BOTH, EVEN BETWEEN THE FIRE AND THE WATER, SO SMALL THAT THERE COULD BUT ONE MAN GO THERE AT ONCE. II ESDRAS 7:7,8 (APOCRYPHA)

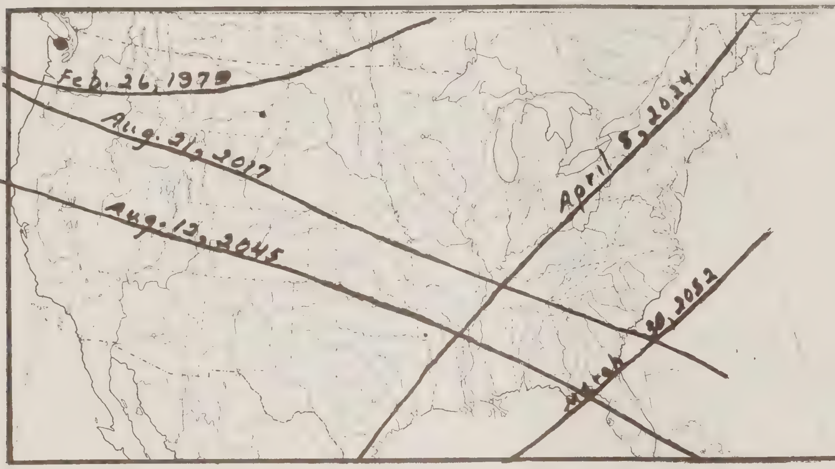

VICTORY
MERCY
GRACE
CHARITY
LONGSUFFERING
PURE MINDED
SEDITION
L.S.D.
SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED
DIVINE SCIENCE
·PSYCHIC·
SUPERNATURAL
WITCHCRAFT
E.S.P.
GODLESSNESS
SELF-CONDEMNATION
MURDERS
FALSEHOOD
CHEATING
WANTONNESS
REBELLION
SOUND SPEACH
YEA BE YEA AND NAY; NAY
FEAR OF GOD
ANTI-CHRIST
OTHER GOSPELS
LUST
SEDUCING SPIRITS
BELIEVE A LIE
IDOLATRY
LYING
INVENTORS OF EVIL THINGS
IMMODESTY
FEARFUL
VARIANCE
·SIMPLICITY
FALSE SECURITY
LEDGE OF IGNORANCE
·KNOWLEDGE
NON-RESISTANCE
VEILING
LOVE OF MONEY
LODGERY
DIVORCE
TEACH A MILLENNIUM
SELF ESTEEM
LOVE OF SELF
DOCTRINE OF MEN.
BOASTING
BUSYBODIES
·LOVE
·JOY
PEACE
NON-CONFORMITY
HOLY KISS
·FAITH
HERE IS CHRIST
PROFANITY
SLANDER
WORLDLY SCIENCE
HATRED
STRIFE
FALSE PROPHETS
DOUBLE MINDED
HYPOCRISY
THIEVES
LASCIVIOUSNESS
·PATIENCE
HERESIES
ADULTERY
DRUNKENNESS
GLUTTONY
·CONTENTMENT
FEET WASHING
COMMUNION
FRIENDSHIP WITH THE WORLD
EXCESSIVE AFFECTION
FORNICATION
SURFEITING
DOUBT
·KINDNESS
FORM OF GODLINESS BUT DENY THE POWER
COVETOUS
UNCLEANNESS
ENVYING
DECEITFUL NESS
WRATH
JOIN IN THE FUN
REVELLING
HALF-HEARTED-NESS
TEMPERANCE
SUBMISSION
DAINTY FOODS
PROTESTING OR RIOTING AGAINST WAR
RIOTING
WAR
SELF-WILLED
MEEKNESS
ENERGETIC EVANGELISTS
TRUTH + FALSEHOOD MIXED
·RESISTING· EVIL
ONCE SAVED AWAYS SAVED
DISHONESTY
MARY D. WENGER
CHAMBERING
CONFESSION
HOPE
PATH OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS
PRIDE
UN-NATURAL
INNOCENCY
PLEASURE LOVERS
NATURAL
BAPTISM
FAITH
MODERNISM
THE OLD MAN
WORLDLINESS
INDECISION
REPENTANCE
PRIDE
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

THESE DO NOT PROFESS CHRIST THINGS ARE THEIR GOD.	TRUE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST	PROFESS CHRIST BUT ABIDE NOT BY HIS COMMANDMENTS
THE DOOR TO "JOIN IN THE FUN" DOES NOT DECEIVE, IT IS REVEALED AS SIN + EVIL.	"I AM THE DOOR; BY ME IF ANY MAN ENTER IN; HE SHALL BE SAVED." JOHN 10:9	THE DOOR TO "DECEITFUL" LOOKS MUCH LIKE THE DOOR TO "SUBMISSION", THAT IS WHY SO MANY ARE DECEIVED BY IT.

THERE ARE MANY PATHS THAT LEAD OFF THE NARROW WAY, BUT NO ENTRANCE EXCEPT THE DOOR OF "SUBMISSION". IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS DOOR THEY MUST FIRST "COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM... AND BE YE SEPARATED...". ONLY THE LORD CAN DELIVER THEM OUT. "... HE THAT ENTERETH NOT BY THE DOOR... BUT CLIMBETH UP SOME OTHER WAY, THE SAME IS A THIEF..."

ECLIPSES— PAST AND PRESENT





ECLIPSES OF THE SUN

MAXIMUM DURATION OF TOTALITY	
July 29, 1878	3m,4s
May 28, 1900	2m,10s
June 8,1918	2m,23s
Jan. 24,1925	2m,32s
June 30,1954	2m,35s
March 7,1970	3m,28s
Feb. 26, 1979	6m,2s
Aug. 21,2017	2m,40s
April 8, 2024	4m,28s
Aug. 12,2045	6m,6s
Mar. 30,2052	4m,8s

The upper map shows that during the past 100 years there have been six total eclipses of the sun over the United States. The greatest of these was on March 7, 1970 (see April Family Life) lasting at its longest point for 3 minutes and 28 seconds.

During the next 100 years (if the Lord tarries and the world remains in its present motion) there will be five total eclipses. The first one of these, on Feb. 26, 1979 will last more than 6 minutes at its longest. However since it will occur in the forenoon and only over the states of Washington and Montana, the chances will be poor for good visibility. Theoretically it is possible for an eclipse of the sun to last for 7 1/2 minutes yet there is no case on record that it actually has.

The town of Perry, Flordia claims to be the eclipse center of the U.S. During the past century it has been in the path of totality of three eclipses. and barely missed by the fourth. In the next hundred years it is scheduled to be crossed by two more. It was here that the scientists gathered on March 7, 1970 but were disappointed because of cloudy skies.

Astronomers have calculated the path of the moon for centuries to come, provided it stays in its present orbit. If man should ever be senseless enough to try to explode a hydrogen bomb on the moon and succeed, it is possible that its course would be changed enough to make all these predictions obsolete. ■■

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FAMILY LIFE

AUGUST
1970

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letters to the editors

LIFE IN COLORADO

It was interesting to me to read about the folks that traveled to Colorado as my sister, Mrs. Phinaes Miller was one of them. I am sending a letter that my niece wrote about life in Colorado. I don't think there are very many living that went out there.

-Mrs. Menno Kauffman, Greentown, Ind.

Here is the letter:

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phinaes Miller, (Mother's name was Betty Anderson) with my baby brother, Ammon and myself (I was four years old) homesteaded at Wild Horse, Colorado in 1910. That was the same time as Ira Chupps did and we travelled together and lived neighbors.

I remember well how Mother used to shoot across the prairies with Dad's shotgun to scare the wolves so they wouldn't carry our chickens and turkeys away. We had a three room new house built, but no barn and we had a very good bachelor friend named Eli Yoder. I remember the the widow Eash and her family, also the Ira Nissleys.

The loco steers used to break the barbed wire fence around the pasture and crowd up to the house. I remember the cow chips Mother and Katie Chupp would gather in their aprons and then dump them in the wagon. The men had gone to Dakota through harvest because our crops were all gone.

-Mrs. Perry Bontrager

BLACK AND BROWN SPIDERS

In the article, "The Spider, Master Engineer", (October issue) it says that the only spider that is dangerous is the black widow. Possibly the author did not know about a brown spider which has migrated from Central America. It is called the brown recluse.

It was first identifified as dangerous to humans after a little girl was bitten near Columbia, Missouri in 1957. It is less than an inch long, has a fiddle shaped marking on its back, and its body and legs are covered with very fine hairs. It is brownish colored.

Normally it does not attack humans except when cornered in clothing or bed covers. The vemon destroys tissue in the area, causing the skin to slough away, leaving a deep ulcer. I have heard that someone had a spot as large as a dinner plate. Of course, that was an extreme case. Some persons are more sensitive than others.

In the spring of 1965 something stung me on my forearm as I scooped up a pile of laundry. At first I thought it was a wasp. By evening my arm was swollen quite a bit and there was a red streak. I had a temperature so I went to a doctor and he said it was a brown recluse bite.

It took about three weeks to get over the itching caused by the poisons. I took aspirins to help the itching. It felt like pins were sticking me and I spent some pretty uncomfortable nights. The ulcer was only about the size of a dime so I guess I had a mild case.

We have spiders like this around the house as I see them occasionally in the cupboard. But no one else in our family has been bitten.

-Mrs. Jerrold Eigsti, Buffalo, Missouri

KELLER A BRIGHT BABY

In the June issue you wrote about Helen Keller as being "not only blind from birth, but deaf and dumb as well." As I have just read her story I think I am correct is saying that she was a very normal child at birth until nineteen months old, perhaps even brighter than most. Then she had a severe illness, which the doctors thought she would not survive. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. However, the fever left her one morning suddenly as it had come but it had deprived the little girl of her sight and hearing for the rest of her life.

-Mrs. E.W. Martin, East Earl, Pennsylvania

FRAIL HUMILITY

I especially liked the article on humility, (June issue). It describes the fraility and delicasy of humility. As soon as we feel we have attained it, it has vanished. I truly believe the high air kind of humility is much more disliked and an abonination before God than the undisguised pride itself.

I also thought much of the test of the good Samaritan club or group (see "Not What You Can Do, But What You Are," June). I wish more people could realize the difference between obeying that small still voice instead if trying to win by following the letter. Mark expected to be scorned and rebuked for being a chicken which would have been the case if his companions would have been like-minded.

-S. M. Horst, Wallenstein, Ont.

MANY THINGS NOT TOUCHED

When the Pathway papers were first printed I couldn't understand where you would get material to keep going. But I often think of things that haven't been touched. I wish someone would write an article on square dancing, party playing and ring games. I'm afraid they are all the same in the eyes of the Lord. Ring games are tolerated in the church but the only difference is that you don't have no partners. — M. F., Pennsylvania

TO WARN OF DANGER

Was glad for the article about Moody and Graham, not glad that they were not sound in the faith, but that the errors of their teachings was exposed. Such men may be gifted above many but all Christians should beware of those who reject Bible truths. Can we reject one Bible truth and still be sound in the faith? If so, can we reject two or three and still be sound, or where do we stop?

It has been said that unless we know something good about someone we should not say anything, but I believe this saying can be taken too far. The Bible tells us we should help each other in material things when there is danger of losing material possessions. How much more is it necessary to warn each other of false prophets when

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U.S.A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

there is danger of losing that which is priceless?

It is not for me to say whether Moody and Graham knowingly and willingly taught errors or not for maybe they were not enlightened in those particular points. But I feel enough evidence was given that we must beware of their teachings if we are to obey the Word.

— N. Stoltzfus, Punxsutawney, Pa.

* * *

IF RIGHTLY USED

We especially enjoyed the article on shunning (April issue) and felt it covered the subject well. Surely if this were practised rightly, more souls could be won for Christ.

We find the Sammy stories interesting to read to the children. The last one, "Ich bin Ken Koward"(June issue) brought home the point of taking a stand for what is right.

I would like to see more articles on such things as right living for young folks and the importance of the new birth. God's word says, "Ye must be born again."

How sad it is that so many of the young folks are in need of being taught the blessing of being right with God. This means being right with our parents and the church also. If only our youth could feel the blessings which comes from obedience from the heart.

— Henry J. Hochstetler, Missouri

* * *

EACH ONE IMPROVE HIMSELF

I was impressed with the story "The Love Of Money" (June issue) and I believe we could all benefit from it. We should not point our fingers toward others and say, "That hit you." Each one of us should take it for ourselves and see if we couldn't improve.

Such a writing is like a minister giving a sermon and letting the chips fall where they may. What would happen to our churches if we never got any warning? I am glad that some have enough love to give us these warnings.

— a concerned reader, Missouri

* * *

NIGHTSHADE IS POISON

I was surprised to see such an article as "Pity The Poor Relative" by Deadly Nightshade (June issue). I know you had a footnote with the article stating that the foliage and berries are poison but the magazine is read by young and old. Now if some youngsters read this article, it sounds very tempting and decide to give it a try and should become poisoned unto death, would not you and the author of that article be responsible for that death?

— John Brubacher, Leonardtown, Maryland

ANSWER - By comparing nightshade with tobacco, we feel the article is an effective way of showing up the fallacy of the arguments which are brought forward in favor of tobacco. Perhaps the article was stronger than necessary; we never thought of anyone being persuaded to use nightshade.

We repeat, nightshade is poisonous. Anyone chewing the stuff will have to suffer the consequences. We will not be held responsible. The same applies to its cousin, T. O. Bacco.

"You can never do a kindness too soon because you never know how soon it may be too late." -Selected

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

The People Eat So Here

It was on a Friday. My wife and I with our eleven-year-old daughter took some garden produce to the Ephrata auction. As we were standing around, we were hungry as we had left home without dinner. I decided to get something for us to eat.

After awhile an "English" man came around and said, "The couple who is with us is from the state of Arizona. Would you care if they took a picture of your girl?"

"Well," I said, "I am sorry, but we are opposed to taking pictures."

So the man turned to the Arizona couple and said that we are opposed to taking pictures. They seemed to be a little ashamed.

After awhile as I was eating my snack I heard the lady say, "Oh, this is a beautiful country; it's simply wonderful, but the people eat so here."

Then it was my turn to be ashamed. I don't think she realized the testimony she gave me. The words came to my mind, "Eat, drink and be merry." Others were also eating around the market place.

I wonder if that isn't too often the case in this beautiful country of ours where we live in prosperity?

— D. Z. Zimmerman, Ephrata, Pa.

No Easy Cure

In our family we had a child with a disease which the doctors told us would sometime require hospitalization in order to correct it. Of course we were hoping the doctors were wrong and that we could find an easier way out.

One day a woman I had known for some time told me that her child had the same disease as ours. But she went to a doctor who gave the baby a treatment, and now the child was cured. She urged me strongly to go to the same doctor. She professed to be a Christian woman and had an open Bible lying in her car.

We decided to go to the same doctor with our child. He worked around on the outside of the child. Then he told us that a blood vessel had been out of place and that now it is all right again. Our child would not need an operation.

It all sounded so simple and easy, but it was false. Neither of the babies was healed. It wasn't until we were willing to follow the advice of a true physician that our babies are now apparently healed.

I believe this happens in spiritual sickness too. We are apt to try to find an easy way to get to Heaven. Some religions offer an easier way but we may end up by finding we had our hopes on something that proved false.

— Pennsylvania

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE SQUEAKING ARMY

An army of ravenous mice has gone through a 500 mile strip of Australia's rich wheat belt. It has been considered the worst plague in that country's history. The millions of mice have stripped the countryside bare, have ravaged animal food stores, homes and gardens and have also attacked people. A 24-year-old invalid was attacked by the mice in bed and had to be treated for severe bites to both feet. On March 10th the squeaking rodents were still eating everything in their path.

MORE DRINKS FOR THE YOUNG

For the first time in its history British Columbia, a western Canadian province, opened its liquor stores and bars to 19 and 20-year-olds. A new law permitting this brought forth such a stampede that extra hired help was needed wherever liquor was served. Vancouver Island, which is located within B.C. had reported in this past year they were already having trouble with their young people drinking cheap shaving lotion, which contained alcohol. The new law, for this age limit, also includes the right to vote and to marry without parental consent. It affects 35,000 young people. Such a law can mean only one thing for the province of British Columbia. That is more lawlessness.

PENN CENTRAL COLLAPSE

The Penn Central railroad, sixth largest corporation in the United States, filed a bankruptcy petition in early June. In February, 1968 the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad merged to form the Penn Central Company. It was hoped that the merger would put the company on solid financial footing by eliminating wasteful competition. But it did not turn out that way. There was continual bickering inside the new company which resulted in poor service and confusion. Even the computers of the two companies could not work together.

One of the main reasons for the collapse was the 100 million dollar loss the company took each year on passenger service. This was offset somewhat by a small profit on freight, but it still left the company about 50 million farther in debt each year.

Another reason was a constant pressure for wage increases and improved working conditions. There was also the constant threat of strikes, and the unreasonable rules which had to be followed. For example, an engineer on the Metroliner running between New York City and Washington received 4 1/2 days pay for each round trip, although it takes only six hours. This is based on a rule which was agreed to in the days of steam power which defines 100 miles as a day's work.

At the same time, its fares were fixed and any increase had to be approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Penn Central has one-third of the passenger trains which are still operating in the U.S. and 75% of the long haul schedules. Since figures indicate that the railroad is losing up to $5,000 on every trip from New York City to St. Louis, the company is trying to discontinue the long-run passenger service. But because of protests by various groups, the government has not yet granted permission to do this.

Federal officials believe that five other railroads are practically in a similar condition to the Penn Central. They include the Western Pacific, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, the Milwaukee Road, the Northwestern, and the Erie Lackawanna.

The government does not think that it can afford to allow such a large company to go bankrupt for fear of the effect it would have on the national economy. It was reported that one government official said, "If the Penn Central goes, the public will think 1929 is here. We can't let it happen."

About the only solution seems to be the taking over of the railroads by the government. But it still remains to be seen, how many money losing companies the government can support until it, too, will be out of funds. ■■

The Church of God

God has wisely organized his people on earth into a church and invested it with extraordinary powers (Matt. 16,18; John 20,23). It is idle to argue against church organizations for the Bible is full of it. Christ taught it by example when he called and ordained His twelve Apostles, and He gave instructions how to deal with offenders (Matt. 18). The first official work of the Apostles was to fill the vacancy caused by the falling away of Judas (Acts 1). They afterwards extended the work of organizations by establishing churches wherever they could find a body of believers and appointed elders, deacons, etc. The Bible has no promise for anyone so long as he refuses to recognize God's organization, the church (Matt. 18,17; John 15,14; Col. 1,18).

When people enlist under the banner of the King, they naturally march in the King's army, the church. It is the only place we can keep all the Lord's commandments and is also a powerful factor in keeping us on the right road.

FOR THE CONVERTED ONLY

Since the church is for converted people only, no one should be taken into church fellowship without having first given evidence of repentance and conversion (Matt. 3,7-8; Acts 2,38; 8,37). A sinner is a sinner whether out of the church or in it. We are holding out false hope to the ungodly as well as exposing the church to great danger if we receive unrepentant sinners into the church. Neither should they be retained in the church after it is evident that they are unconverted. As the converted people are all in the church, so the unconverted should all be outside.

EXPULSION OF THE UNGODLY

The church being intended as the earthly home of converted people, upon them rests the responsibility of keeping the church pure. This implies three duties:

1. Watchfulness
2. Restoration of the erring
3. Expulsion of those who cannot be restored.

The admonition to "take heed" is recorded in the Bible so often that we can not emphasize it too strongly. We all need to keep a close watch upon ourselves (Matt. 25,13;

Mark 13,37; 1 Cor. 10,12; 2 Cor. 13,5) so that we may not be moved away from the hope of the Gospel. The duty of watching over the souls of man is enjoined upon all, especially the shepherds of the flock (Acts 20;31, Gal. 6,1; 1 Peter 5, 2-3).

The restoration of the erring is an important part of the work of the church (Matt. 5,23-24; 18,15-18; James 5, 19-20). Expulsion should be thought of only when all other means have failed. A human soul is too valuable to be squandered through neglect or impatience.

But after all has been done that can be done to restore them, and there is still no evidence of repentance the only wise and scriptural thing to do is to expel them (Matt. 18,17; 1 Cor. 5,2; 2 Thess. 3,6). This should be done both for their own good and for the good of the church.

-- Selected by G. B., Iowa

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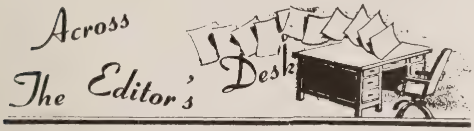
Across The Editor's Desk



In this issue we are printing an article on Peter J. Twisck's view of the millennium. We realize that this will not be the most widely-read article, yet for those who have been plagued with the millennium disputes, it should help to clarify the position which our church has traditionally taken on the subject.

Peter J. Twisck was a well-known historian, and anyone who has read much of the Martyr's Mirror should recall that references to his writings are frequently made in that book. He married a granddaughter of Menno Simons which of course does not make his writings more or less authentic, but he is considered to be an authority on both historical and doctrinal matters of his times.

The purpose of the article is not to encourage our readers to get involved in disputes over the millennium. We believe that already too much time has been spent in debating back and forth. There are some questions which cannot be answered by any of the theories, and there are some things we don't have to understand in this life.

If anyone is determined to make a detailed study of any book of the Bible with a view toward explaining all of it, we would advise him not to start with the book of Revelations.

We believe that the Amish and Mennonites have traditionally held the amillenialist view. However, about 100 years ago due to the influence of D. L. Moody upon certain Mennonite ministers various views of the millennium crept into the Mennonite churches.

If you have never been involved in the arguments, then this article may not be of much value to you. However, it might be a good idea to file it away for later reference.

This month we are publishing a number of responses we got to the article on insurance entitled "Fringe Benefits Or His Benefits." All of the letters are against insurance and the aid plan. Since the defense has failed to state its case, we may have to do that here.

The aid plan has been in operation in many communities for many years. The principle on which it was founded was that this is still helping each other in times of need. By having an assessment of property each one knows what his fair share of the loss is. He can still give more if he wishes, and can also help those who are not in the aid plan.

Just how the plan is working out, whether it is fulfilling its purpose, without undesirable side affects or not, each individual and community will have to decide for themselves. But apparently there are some problems involved, which would merit some deep thinking on the subject.

And now in defense of liability or property insurance with a regular insurance company— what can we say? We don't seem to be able to think of one reason, that would hold water, in defense of the practice. Anybody volunteer?

We have certain deadlines we like to meet. The Ambassador of Peace and the Blackboard Bulletin are usually sent out by the 15th of the month while Family Life is in the mail before the first of each month. A friend of ours recently told us that he tears off the calendar sheet on the day that Family Life arrives and uses the numbers to put down the answers to the "True or False" quiz. This quiz is proving to be an interesting feature of F. L., and if you have as many calendars as people in your house, then Dad and Mom and all the children can have each a sheet to do their quiz.

But if we are late with this issue then we ask your forbearance. Several things happened at the same time which may prevent us from making the deadline. On July 2, a death message came saying that Emma Coblentz's step-father had passed away. She left that day to attend the funeral and to spend some time with her mother. Emma is our typesetter. She sets most of the material for Family Life and she was just starting on the August issue.

But we have another typesetter, Mrs. Smith, who sets type for us regularly at her home in St. Thomas. But it so happened that at this time, she was busily engaged in setting the type for the forthcoming Pathway booklet called TIPS FOR TEACHERS. Our schedule says that this book must be ready by August 13th, the opening day of the teacher's meeting. In order to do this, the type will have to be set before Family Life.

So it all depends on how things go. At the time this is written the chances don't look very good that this issue will be out on time. Several of the print shop girls have been pressed into service setting up type. If you do get this issue the same time as usual then you can know that everyone, the typesetters, the paster-upper, the printer, and the assembly and mailing crews all worked overtime. If you don't get it on time you can know we all tried anyhow.

For teachers and pupils, August is the getting-ready-to-go-back-to-school month. This is as it should be but we wonder if parents ought not to be more concerned about it, too. It is estimated that approximately two-thirds of the Amish pupils now attend parochial schools. Another 20% attend one-room public schools which have nearly all Amish pupils. According to these estimates, there would only be about 15% still going to town schools.

How are the parochial schools working out? Previously we only had different people's opinions on this and these opinions varied from "very good" to "very poor." In fact, some state officials believed the parochial schools were nothing more than "baby-sitting enterprises." However, those officials now have something more than personal opinion to go by.

According to an article in the Blackboard Bulletin, May 1970, an unbiased study on the matter has just been completed. Wayne E. Miller from the University of Michigan, along with several other recognized authorities in the field tested a number of Amish and public school children to compare the different groups. Miller believed that the parochial school children were not getting as good an education as the Amish children in public schools. But he was very much surprised when the final figures were completed.

The purpose of the survey was to determine whether Amish school children were getting the education they would need later in life. The following subjects were tested:

1. Vocabulary
2. Reading Comprehension
3. Spelling
4. Word usage
5. Knowledge and use of Reference material
6. Arithmetic

Such subjects as history, geography, civics or science, which would be of minimal value to the Amish children, were not included in the tests.

Five different groups of children were tested as follows.

1. Children from Amish Parochial schools
2. Children from public schools which were 100% Amish
3. Amish children from public schools with less than 50% Amish children
4. Non-Amish children from public schools with less than 50% Amish children
5. Non-Amish children from schools where there were no Amish enrolled

When the final figures were in, they showed that the pupils from the parochial schools had the best rating. Second highest were the pupils from the public schools with 100% Amish students. Third place went to the schools with no Amish students, while the mixed Amish schools came in last. For complete details, see the above mentioned issue of the Blackboard Bulletin.

Although there is some satisfaction from the above tests, yet there is no room for relaxing our standards or efforts. One very noticeable part of the survey was the poor showing made by the parochial school children in using reference material. They were at the bottom of the list in this subject. This is really hard to explain.

Such simple things as using a dictionary, a concordance or an encyclopedia, ought to be taught even in the home if nowhere else. Of course it is much easier to teach a child how to use a dictionary than it is to teach him to use it. Otherwise they are apt to forget.

This might be a good time to get in a word for the Bulletin. During the past year several new features have been added to make it of special interest to parents and school children. It now goes into more homes than ever before, yet, more than half of the homes where Family Life goes, do not get the Blackboard Bulletin. It would seem to us that any home where there are school children or teachers, or prospects of the same, should be interested in the parochial school movement. Anyone interested in the parochial school movement would probably enjoy the Bulletin.

The Bulletin is starting its 14th year in August. If you would like to subscribe to it now, we will send you the May issue free containing the referred to article. This is for a limited time only and while our supply lasts. You must address your letter to Box FL - 8, The Blackboard Bulletin, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario. The price is only $2.00 per year.

Editorial

The Problem Is People, Not Things

As we go back in history we find that people have always had problems. Two thousand years ago the heathen nations worshipped the sun and the moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and a collection of other gods. They believed these gods could send them sunshine and health, prosperity and happiness.

Today there are other problems. Three of the main issues in the United States are the war in Vietnam , helping the underprivileged, and pollution. Most people believe that if these three major problems could be taken care of, the nation would have prosperity and happiness.

War has been a problem as far back as we can read in history and according to the Bible it will always be with us. Poor people, likewise, have always been on the earth. But pollution is a relatively new problem, something which very few people were concerned about 25 years ago.

But there were exceptions. Seventy years ago at least one man was alarmed about the pollution problem. The editor of the magazine, Scientific American was alarmed, but he also had a solution. At that time the city streets were jostling with horses and noisy carriages. Here is what he had to say:

"The improvement in city conditions by the general adoption of the motor car can hardly be overestimated. Streets clean, dustless and odorless, with light rubber-tired vehicles moving swiftly and noiselessly over their smooth expanse would eliminate a greater part of the nervousness, distraction and strain of modern metropolitan life."

Recently a million dollar suit was brought against the three major auto manufacturing companies claiming that the automobiles they manufacture have polluted the air of Chicago. The people who brought this suit believe that if proper exhaust facilities were installed on the cars, the pollution problem would be solved. That sounds very simple.

There are many kinds of problems today and perhaps we would be safe in saying that every individual has some problems to cope with. Maybe the exception would be those who have given up the fight and are inmates of an insane asylum.

Many of us who drive a horse and buggy are tempted to believe that if we had a faster means of transportation and a little more of the modern conveniences, our problems would be solved.

The man who is toiling to make ends meet believes if he had a little more money, his problems would be solved. (A recent survey showed that among people who were earning from $5,000 to $50,000 a year, none of them had quite enough and they all believed that a 10% increase would solve their financial problems.)

Thousands of young people in the cities are becoming disgusted with the "nervousness, distraction and strain of modern metropolitan life" and believe that if they could live on a farm and use an oil lamp, their problems would be solved.

Recently two young people from Toronto visited us. The girl wore steel-rimmed glasses, and the boy had long hair and a beard. They felt sure that if they could start a community like we had and "live on the land" their problems would be solved.

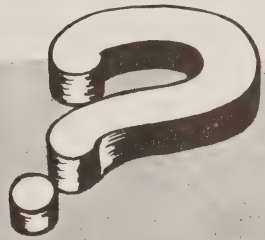
In all these solutions one thing is lacking, no consideration has been given to human nature. The Bible tells us that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17:9). The editor of the Scientific American believed that when automobiles came, they would be used wisely and reasonably. He could not envision the possibility of anyone roaring through town at fifty miles an hour, or hurtling to their own destruction at breakneck speeds, or polluting a city with fumes.

The men in Chicago who are suing the auto manufacturers have not yet been able to accept the fact that pollution in one form or another is here to stay as long as they live.

The person who thinks that modern conveyances and conveniences will solve his problems is headed for disappointment. The hippies that believe a rural life will bring them what they are looking for will also meet with disillusionment.

Some of the above solutions may be helpful (some harmful). Installing certain types of exhaust equipment in automobiles may help relieve pollution in some areas, but as long as people will keep on polluting the earth in other ways, then it will be only a drop in the bucket. Wearing a beard to show our faith and belief in God is a good thing but wearing it as a symbol of self-will is nothing but mockery. Living on a farm may be conducive to Christian living but without the love and the fear of God in our hearts, it is all in vain as far as lasting benefits are concerned. — D.W.

TRUE Or FALSE



Ages of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

"How old are you?" is a question we often ask today when we make new acquaintances. It is a question that people have been asking each other for many years— even back in Bible times (for example, Genesis 47:8). If the ages of your friends interest you, you will also enjoy doing the following quiz to see how well you score on the ages of well-known Bible characters. Answers and scoring scale on page 15.

1. There is no record of anyone having lived more than 696 years.
2. Jesus was almost 20 years old when he was baptized.
3. King David began to reign as king younger than any other man we read of in the Bible.
4. The Bible does not tell us how old any of the twelve disciples were when they died.
5. Isaac was 40 years old before he married.
6. Since Abraham was already a 100 years old when Isaac was born, he was the last child to be born to him.
7. "We spend our years as a tale that is told" is a well-known saying that is mistakenly quoted as a Bible verse.
8. There is some reason to believe that 20 was the age at which young people were considered to have reached accountability in Bible times.
9. When Herod wanted to kill Jesus, he commanded that all the babies around Bethlehem be slain who were "a year old and under."
10. God decrees how long each person should live, and we cannot die sooner or later than God's appointed time.
11. Joseph was only 12 years old when he was thrown into a pit and sold into Egypt by his jealous brothers.
12. Elderly men in Old Testament times often kept their heads covered since grey hair was considered unsightly.
13. Abraham was slightly older when he died than were either Noah or Adam when they died.
14. The Bible tells of a man who lived another fifteen years after God had told him his time had come to die.
15. The average life expectancy at the time of Moses was much higher than it is today.
16. Jesus was only 12 years old when he disputed with the doctors and learned men in the temple.
17. John the Baptist's parents were both very elderly when he was born.
18. The Bible says that Lazarus, at the time Jesus raised him to life, "was not yet thirty years old."
19. When Moses was given the task of leading the Israelites out of Egypt, he was already an 80-year-old man.
20. The Bible is silent as to the age of the lame man who was healed in the temple by Peter and John, but the fact that he "leaped" in his joyfulness would indicate that he was youthful.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Way You Say It

Eighteen-year-old Betty Graber bent over to pull a pigweed from where it was hiding in the foliage of the wide tomato plant. Then she straightened up and took a firm hold on her hoe. She whacked forcefully at a large weed. With an effort she got it out by the roots. She paused to wipe the sweat from her brow.

Her younger sister, Mabel, was hoeing beside her and she also paused. "It's too hot today to work so hard," Mabel said. "I'm thirsty."

"Shall I go in and mix some Kool-Aid for both of us?" Betty offered.

"Umm, that would be good," Mabel said. "But let me go. I know how to mix it."

"Yes, but you don't know where it is," Betty said. "I'd better go. Dad just got eight packages in town yesterday and I stuck them away in the pantry."

"I can find them," Mabel said. "I'm the youngest, so I should get to go."

"Okay, but listen carefully while I tell you where they are. They're in a paper bag on the same shelf as the sugar canister is kept."

Almost before Betty finished speaking, Mabel was off for the house. She grabbed a pitcher from the kitchen cabinet and hurried to the well to fill it with cold, fresh water. Then she ran back to the house. "Now, where did Betty say the Kool-Aid packages were? Oh, yes, I remember — behind the sugar canister."

But Mabel couldn't find the Kool-Aid. She either had not heard, or had already forgotten that Betty said they were in a paper bag. At last, tired of looking for the missing Kool-Aid, Mabel headed back out to the garden. By now she was thirstier than ever, and thoroughly disgruntled about having to make an extra trip in the hot sun out to the garden.

"Betty," Mabel said accusingly, "you told me wrong. The Kool-Aid isn't where you said it was."

The heat had made Betty irritable, too. "You just didn't look where I told you," she snapped back. "Next time listen when I give directions. I told you you couldn't find them."

The girls were old enough to know better, but — they quarreled. They quarreled like two children in a sandbox with only one toy between them.

The regrettable part about it was how easily the unpleasant incident could have been avoided. It is almost certain that the quarrel would not have happened if Mabel had returned to the garden and said, "Oh, Betty, I'm sorry, but I guess I didn't listen well enough to your directions. I couldn't find the Kool-Aid." It is safe to predict, that had Mabel phrased it thus, Betty would have laughed and said good-naturedly, "I was afraid of that. I'll come in with you, and we'll mix it together and sit on the swing in the shade to drink it." How much more pleasant the afternoon would have turned out.

When Mabel couldn't find the Kool-Aid, she had little choice but to go back and make her problem known to Betty. Her mistake was not in what she said, but in the words she chose with which to say it. Often the choice of one or two words can change the tone of an entire statement. It is amazing how much easier criticism is to accept, depending on how it is stated.

For example, let's suppose a husband thinks the grocery bill is higher than it should be. He notices it one week, but doesn't say anything. He tells himself that maybe the week is an exception, that perhaps his wife had to buy some items she doesn't usually buy. But the next week his wife again spends more than he thinks is justified. It happens the third week and the fourth. On the fifth week, the grocery bill is higher than it has ever been before.

"This thing has got to stop and that is all there is to it," the husband says to himself. Now that he has reached a decision to do something about the situation, he can do one of two things. The first and most natural thing to do is to go immediately to his wife, look as grim as he feels, and say, "What in the world have you been buying? How can we possibly need $50 worth of groceries?"

Approached in such a way, the wife is almost sure to retort, "I wish you'd try to cook three meals a day without spending anything."

And the husband is just as sure to return with, "And I wish you'd take my place a while and try to earn a living. Then maybe you'd value money a little more."

At this stage, if not earlier, the wife is likely to break into sobbing and the scene will end with both of them frustrated and unhappy, each indignant and angry at the other's unreasonable attitude.

The second choice the husband has is to try to think of how he can approach his wife in a way so she will know he is not being unreasonable or blaming her. He might say after supper, "That certainly was a good meal. If I don't become overweight, it won't be your cooking's fault."

Pleased by the compliment, the wife is likely to say, "As hard as you work, you deserve good meals."

"I know, but I was thinking today that maybe I work harder than I would need to. It just seems that we have bills all over, and I was wondering if it wouldn't be better to do without some things and then not have to work so terribly hard. Why don't we have a little talk tonight when the children are in bed, and go over our finances together and see if we can find any places where we can cut down a bit."

By including himself and not blaming his wife, the husband makes it easy for her to say, "It seems that groceries are costing more all the time, but if there is any way I can help cut expenses I will be glad for suggestions."

How much better both of them will feel when the evening is over. And how much more will have been accomplished. The wife will feel a lot more like skimping and saving for a husband who is so understanding, and she won't be begrudging every sacrifice she makes for him.

In many little ways the day can be brightened by a thoughtful choice of words. A child will certainly find life more enjoyable if Mother says, "Now, Johnny, we'll all have to see how quiet we can be for a little while and not wake the baby," than if she barks, "Johnny, you noisy brat, do you always have to slam the door!" Even asking someone to do a task can be less unpleasant when a little kindness and consideration is added. No one likes to be greeted upon entering the house with, "You don't need to sit down and start reading right away. You know I need a bucket of fresh water brought in from the pump every evening." The bucket of water would seem less heavy if the request were more like this, "I'm sorry I didn't think to mention it before you sat down to read. Would you mind bringing in a bucket of fresh water before supper?"

I remember once several years ago when I went to the dentist that he had a sign on the front lawn which said, "Please help us keep the grass green." I thought it was a very reasonable request and I was careful to walk only on the sidewalk and not trample his lawn. Three-quarters of an hour later I was leaving the office and several blocks away I noticed a second sign stuck into a lawn. This one said in harsh, bold letters, "KEEP OFF GRASS." Maybe it was the ache in my jaw where I had just gotten a tooth pulled that made me more contrary than usual, but the sign provoked me into just wanting to walk across the lawn on purpose. I stifled the impulse, of course, but I remember thinking how different the two signs were. They had the exact same message, both home owners were asking the public to stay off their lawns. But the two ways of phrasing the same request produced opposite effects in me. The one made me feel cooperative and the other made me feel uncooperative.

King Solomon understood this part of human nature. The observation he made 4, 000 years ago is still not out of date. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger" (Proverbs 15:1). All of us could profit by memorizing this verse and meditating on it until its ageless truth becomes part of our thinking.

"Grievous words" do indeed stir up anger. Clanging iron against iron produces sparks. Sharp accusing words are like boomerangs that insist on coming back. The harder we throw them, the more forcefully they come hurling back to us. We cannot change this. But we can be glad that the first part of the verse is equally true. A "soft answer" still does turn away wrath. ■■

Secret Things

-By Solveig Paulson Russell

This was a day of secret things!
I saw a moth unfold its wings,
And in the hedge close to the ground
A tiny hidden nest I found.

I saw the morning steal the dew
And watched how shadows stretched and grew,
And when a bee flew close to me
His stubby feelers I could see.

I moved a board and there, below,
I saw where bugs in darkness grow;
And a closed bud I saw last night
Today had opened into light!

I saw these things and others, too,
And when I stopped to think, I knew
These secret things of earth and sod
Were just the handiwork of God.

Faith Versus Luck

When I was young, certain superstitious beliefs made a deep impression on me. It seemed everybody was talking about such things and I began to feel that they believed in them. This made it especially hard for me. You see, I was born on Friday the thirteenth.

Whenever something had to be decided in the family such as who's going where, it seemed I was always the unlucky one. Usually I had to stay at home with Mamma (a good place to be, although I didn't realize it at that time).

Father would say to one brother, "You go and plow." To another he would say, "You harrow." But what was left for me? "You go and watch the cows." It was always watching the cows along the road and I was getting tired of it. When could I drive a team like my older brother?

Another day Father would say to my oldest brother, "You take the team and wagon and help the neighbors thresh. Your brother can go along."

But where did I come in? Just as I thought, "You take care of the cows."

One day I was out beside the road herding the cows. Along came a buggy so I jumped up to see who it was. It was my father and my brother just older than I. Father waved and smiled at me. My brother was all smiles. Now where could they be going?

Finally it occurred to me, they're going to town, that's where they're going. That's why my brother is all smiles, he will get a lot of candy and have such nice things. And me? I have to stay at home and herd the cows again, again.

Tears came to my eyes as I watched the buggy go over the hill. I sat in deep thought meditating on that fateful day, Friday, the thirteenth. Why did it happen to me?

Suddenly I happened to think that I hadn't seen the cows for some time. I jumped up and looked both ways just in time to see the last tails going over the top of the hill. I started to run after them, but by the time I got there I couldn't find the cows anymore. I looked everywhere and then I started crying as I went home. What a day. I couldn't go along to town and now the cows had run away. What an unlucky day!

When I got home Mother saw I had been crying and wanted to know what was wrong. "The cows ran away," I said.

She told me to look behind the barn and there they were in the strawshed, and the gate was closed.

"But I wanted to go along to town," I whimpered.

"What do you mean?" Mother wanted to know.

"I wanted to go to town with Father," I said.

"But they didn't go to town," she answered."They went back on the back forty to hoe weeds!"

When I heard that, I thought maybe the day is not so unlucky after all.

One morning I thought luck was coming my way for I was allowed to take the cultivator and cultivate corn. I was shown how to operate this piece of machinery and was warned not to plow out the corn. This cultivator had spring trip shovels and it they hit a stone or a root the shovels would flip back. I was told that when this happened I should put the lever up and then it would flip forward again.

That forenoon I hit something and one of the shovels tripped. I put the lever up but nothing happened. So I took hold of the shovel to pull it forward. But somehow I had my hand at the wrong place. When the shovel flipped forward my hand was caught and I had to pull it out. This caused me much pain and I am still carrying the scar from that experience. Unlucky again? I wished I had been taking care of the cows that day.

As I grew up many things happened that made me feel I was unlucky. But of course that is not uncommon to all youngsters, but it affected me more than some people because of the talk about my unlucky birth. I am glad to say that in the immediate family this subject was not talked about and I am thankful for that. As I grew older I tried to erase the matter from my mind, for in my heart I felt that this was only a myth and no truth. But still when something befell me, my thoughts went back again to that day.

Out of our family, I was the only one to be drafted for World War II. I was 21 at the time and had planned to get a job, but the war changed all that. I worked for 3 1/2 years in C.P.S. camps and hospitals most of the time for nothing. (At the hospitals we did receive $15.00 a month allowance.)

After the war I came home and tried to get started farming. But it was hard to get started as I had nothing except $300.00 which the church gave me, and a little which I had earned. With this I had to buy horses, cattle, and equipment. Many pieces of machinery I bought for 50¢ to $5.00. Welding was not so popular at that time and I needed plenty of wire and nails to keep the machinery together.

The first years of farming were pretty hard for me, as it looked as if luck had passed me by. My neighbors seemed to have good luck and they were going past with the nicest teams and flashy wagons. But why shouldn't they, I thought, for they didn't have to go to C.P.S. camps and work for nothing.

The church decided to ordain a minister. Out of the four, I was the one to draw the lot. I felt as if I'm the unlucky one again. I have studied much about the matter of luck as opposed to faith. From the experiences I went through as a boy and knowing the heartaches it has caused me, I would like to warn parents not to repeat such superstitions even if only in fun. Sometimes we do something in fun which can leave a lifetime scar.

Once I was with a group of boys in town. We passed a fortuneteller who advertised that for 35¢ he would tell us our luck or fate. We were curious to see what he would say, so two boys volunteered to go in.

The first one came back with a big smile on his face. Luck was his. According to the fortuneteller, he had a future of much happiness and would be rich in material goods.

With such good news, the other boy went in to have his fortune told. But he returned with a sad face. His luck was to be the opposite.

But from meeting this boy in later years it appeared that this little prank had left a sad effect on him. Actually he would have had much reason to be thankful as he was blessed substantially with material goods. The first boy was also disappointed for he did not receive as much as the fortuneteller had told him.

Finally I came to realize that if I can be patient with my lot in life and have faith in Christ then "bad luck" can not hurt me. The curious thing was that my material blessings were finally greater than I had ever expected. I saw that I was given more than some others that had been at home all the time and were never drafted. Perhaps they had other hindrances that kept them back in material things which I knew nothing of.

From the experience I went through as a boy, I have learned that we should have more faith in God instead of feeling that we are lucky or unlucky because of some silly saying. To believe that God can give and that he can take away again is a much more substantial foundation than to trust in superstition. Is it possible to have our trust in God and at the same time observe such silly superstitions?

There is also a question in my mind whether some methods of healing which are used today might not come into this category. If sickness befalls us, it is natural that we do all we can to get well again, but we must realize that maybe it is not His will that we be restored to health. In my opinion, I would rather die trusting in the Lord than to live by means which are not pleasing in the sight of God.

— Name withheld, Ontario

(Last spring the author of this poem travelled many miles to Dayton, Virginia where he was welcomed in at the door of the Justus K. Showalter home. The next day Justus was ordained Bishop.)

J ourneys of life through cold and heat.
U sually tiring from the head to feet.
S eeing things we haven't seen before,
T o be finally welcomed at some unknown door.
U ndulating highways... those ribbons of stone,
S eemingly endless on our way from home.

"Keep Right".. say the signs.. with their wisdom galore,
S ilently guiding toward a welcome door.
H ills are high and valleys are low.
O ver the streams the bridges go.
W inding at curves.. or straight on before,
A help in finding that welcome door.
L ife is a journey.. each day is a map.
T he streets are one-way.. there is no turning back.
E nding in death the journey is o'er,
R eady for Heaven's "welcome door."

-Harvey H. Nolt

When Ivan thought about marriage, he found his mind wandering to different families he had learned to know. He hoped that in some ways at least, his home would be different from theirs.

IVAN FINDS A FARM

-Author's Name Withheld

As Ivan Schmucker travelled the twelve miles to the Joe and Sadie Yoder farm, he wondered how long he would be working there. He would be farther away and she would not see him so often, but she believed it would be good for him to work there.

Mother felt that Joe Yoder would give Ivan the kind of guidance that his father would have given to him, if he were living. Although Ivan had never given her much trouble, still he was only eighteen and boys at that age could easily be led astray.

Before Ivan had gone to work for Joe Yoder, one of the neighbors had asked him one day, "Where will you be working next year?"

"At Joe Yoders," Ivan had answered.

"Er ist tight," the man said.

Ivan was afraid he had made a mistake so he asked another neighbor what he thought about Joe Yoder. This man answered, "I heard one of his neighbors say he's the best neighbor he ever had. I believe if everyone did as well as Joe Yoder, our church would be different than what it is."

This made Ivan feel better but these conflicting thoughts kept going through his mind as he travelled along the road. His mother had told him how to find the place. As he neared the farm he saw three cows in the pasture and a few horses. It did not look like it was a dairy farm. The fence had seen a lot of patching and the barn needed paint.

As Ivan drove in the lane, Joe came to meet him and helped him put his horse away. Sadie came to the door to welcome him in. There were three or four girls half hiding behind her skirt. One little girl was playing on the floor and there was a crib by the kitchen table.

As he put his clothes away in his room, Ivan looked out the window and saw three girls walking down the lane for school. There were five girls altogether. Only the baby in the crib was a boy.

The first forenoon Ivan helped Joe do some work around the barn. When they came in for dinner the baby was in the high chair. When Joe came to talk to him, the baby crowed and cooed. Ivan tried it, too, but little Davey would hide his head with half a smile and then see if he were watching. It was not many days before he would reach for Ivan as well as for Joe when they came in.

Ivan's father had died when he was three years old. There had been a little sister two years younger but she had died when she was two days old. Ever since he was ten, Ivan had worked out to earn money to help his widowed mother. Until he was out of school he had worked for a neighbor every evening and morning to help chore. When he was out of school he had taken farm work and then he had only gone home to his mother on weekends.

At the age of sixteen Ivan had gone to work for Sam and Mary King. During the two years he was there he had learned many a lesson. In some ways he had been disappointed. Looking back now, he remembered that the Kings were the kind of people that he had sometimes secretly envied as a boy. They seemed to have it better than other people. But that was before he had learned to know them well.

Ivan liked his work at Joe Yoders. In many ways, Joe was the father to him that he never had before. He felt that one could not work around Joe very long without knowing that he had in his heart the peace that passeth understanding. Joe was always so cheerful, and at his work he was usually whistling or singing a hymn.

Sadie did not always have her kitchen so clean and all her work done like Mary King, but it was not long before Ivan saw why. There was a big garden beside the yard and also a vegetable patch beside the meadow. When they had more than they needed, she would sell some to the milk customers that came from town. She did all her own baking and if there happened to be times when she was too busy, they did without for a few meals.

One day Ivan heard Sadie talking to Martha, her oldest daughter. Martha had wanted something, he did not remember what it was. "Martha," she had said kindly, "God said he would supply all our needs, but he never said all our wants."

They did without many things others had, yet theirs seemed a happy home. The girls were given to little squabbles and at times seemed a bit lazy, but there was a love and concern for one another and a sense of responsibility. When the need arose, all could be counted on to do their share.

The second year that Ivan was at Joe Yoders was a very dry year. His thoughts went back to Sam and Mary King and he wondered how they were making out. He had often thought when he worked there that the Kings had more than their share of trouble. But after working at Joe's awhile the thought occurred to him that perhaps it was mostly that they were not willing to do without anything they wanted.

As soon as something went wrong Sam seemed to go to pieces. Yet he would always say that God would provide a way.

Ivan remembered that everything around the King farm had to be just so-so, yet they often had time to go visiting during the week. And if they weren't visiting, there would be lots of company. Mary had a nice kitchen that was always brightly painted, shining and clean. Her three children were dressed in nice clothes, perhaps not always as modest as they might have been. She seldom had time to do any baking so the bakery truck stopped twice a week.

There was only a small garden in the back of the house at the Kings but a store bus stopped in every Friday. There was always a big box of groceries to be paid for and if she needed more things, Sam would fetch them at the store.

Even though the Kings milked fifteen cows, it seemed no matter how hard they tried, the milk check was always gone before the next one came. Every time something turned up, it seemed Sam could not sleep well and for a few days he would be nervous and irritable. Once after they had taken a trip to Ohio, their oldest girl, Susie, fell and broke her arm. There was no money, so Sam told the doctor he would have to wait until he sold a calf. Two of his best cows were due to freshen soon. One evening Sam checked them both but by the next morning the one was dead of milk fever. Sam was not himself all day and Ivan had been worried about him. He had lain awake longer than usual and happened to hear Sam leave the kitchen and go out by the back way. When he did not return for some time Ivan had tip-toed downstairs and gone to look for him. The night was warm and the moon was shining brightly. Out in the orchard under a big apple tree Sam was kneeling in prayer. Silently Ivan looked at the heavens so bright and clear and bowed his head and asked God to send Sam peace and guidance. Then he went back to bed and slept.

The next morning Ivan overheard Sam talking to Mary. "Don't you think we ought to cancel that new gas stove we have ordered?"

"I guess not," Mary had answered. "If you don't know what else to do you can ask my parents. You know they will loan us the money."

When Ivan had told his mother about the conversation, she said, "Don't blame Mary too hard. I once worked for Mary's parents when Mary and her sister, Katie, were just little girls. I could hardly keep from telling them they were spoiling those girls, but I felt it was not in my place for I was just a young hired girl. I don't think there was anything those girls wanted that they didn't get as long as it wasn't against the ordnung of the church."

Now as the dry weather continued through July and August, Ivan often thought about Sam Kings. Just what was the difference between Joe Yoders and Sam Kings? Ivan thought it over and came to the conclusion that it was because the Yoders went calmly on when something went wrong. They were willing to do without some things and thus were prepared when adversity struck. But the Kings were not willing to make sacrifices and when something went wrong they were up against it.

The next spring, as Ivan was starting his third year at Joe Yoders, he heard that Sam King had quit farming and was going to work at a trailer factory. It was no surprise. There was talk that Sam was not well, but Ivan had a feeling he knew where most of the trouble lay.

Benny Beiler was Ivan's best friend and every Sunday evening they were together. One Sunday evening Benny said to Ivan, "I'll let you in on a secret if you don't tell anybody. I'm taking a girl friend home this evening."

"I'll let you in on a secret, too," Ivan said. "I was planning the same thing."

Both of them took their girl friends home for several Sunday evenings and then quit. Ivan felt that if that is what the girls are like then he had enough. Later he found that Benny felt the same way.

One day while they were at work, Joe Yoder good-naturedly teased Ivan about the girl friend. "I've had enough," Ivan replied. "No more girl friends for me."

Joe was quiet for a while and then he said, "Ivan, did you pray about it before you made up your mind? Perhaps you did not look for the right virtues. While married life is not for everybody, I feel it should be the prayer of all young people that God will guide them in their search for a partner if it's the Lord's will that they marry."

After that Ivan did some serious thinking and praying. He and Benny were close friends and they spent many hours discussing different matters. There were many things that went on among the young folks that they did not think belong among those who follow Christ. If they were at a singing where things went on that were out of order, they would go home. Sometimes Benny would come with Ivan to Joe's place and they would sit and talk with the family or sing.

Joe Yoder's children went to a parochial school several miles away. The school board had asked Esther Blank to teach. She was a girl from a neighboring church district and had taught school several years.

During winter Benny Beiler started taking Esther Blank home regularly. It was because of Esther that Ivan met Mary Miller. Esther and Mary were close friends. One evening at the singing Benny asked Ivan, "Would you take Mary Miller home as it's on your way and I would have to drive out of the way to take her home with Esther."

"Now, Benny, you know I am not interested in girls," Ivan laughed.

"Do it as a favor to me," Benny said.

Ivan agreed but there were few words on the way home as it seemed that neither one had much to say. He thought no more of the incident but later he found Mary in his thoughts more and more. It was two months before he got up the courage to ask to take her home again.

Ivan liked to work for Joe Yoders. The next spring he started his fourth year and then a year later his fifth.

"It must be almost dinner time," Ivan thought to himself as he saw Sadie go toward the house with a basket of eggs. This was the first warm spell in March and he was still tired from walking behind the plow the day before.

How he loved to see the rich black earth turn over in straight furrows. He looked across the brown landscape that was slowly starting to turn green. Often it made him think of how the dead shall rise to life again. If one did not see it every year, it would be hard to believe that the cold bare earth could come to life again.

Last week it was five years he started to work for Joe and Sadie Yoder. They had really been the happiest years of his life.

Could it really be only three years since he had first met Mary? Somehow it seemed as if he had always known her. He wondered what she was doing. Was she out planting the sugar peas and lettuce? That morning Joe had helped Sadie with the garden. He was glad today was Friday for soon it would be Sunday and then he would see Mary again.

How much happiness there had been in those three years. He thought of his mother, how she had parted with his father when they had been married only four years. That had been nineteen years ago and yet sometimes her eyes filled with tears when she spoke of Father. Now since Ivan loved Mary so much, he could better realize what it must have been like for Mother. But he had often heard her say, "We mourn not as such that have no hope." Yes, someday she hoped to meet him on that other shore.

The thought came to him, "I wonder where I'll be plowing next year?" He had not the faintest idea but somehow he felt that next year, somewhere, he would be plowing for himself, if it were the Lord's will.

They had talked it over and Mary had told him it was up to him to decide what to do but she would like it best on a farm. Of course, if one were to only consider where he could make the most money, there would be no question about it. He could earn more money by getting a job at the factory or with the carpenters.

Elam Esh down the road worked with the carpenters. Sometimes Ivan thought it would be nice to live as Elam did. He came home soon after 5:00 and then there was not much to do in the evenings. Elam was a fine Christian and Ivan thought he always tried to do what was right. Elam always said he never took his worries home with him in the evenings. A farmer has more care upon him.

But just last week Elam had come and asked Joe Yoder if he could give his oldest boy some work after school. "He gets into mischief," Elam said. "You don't need to pay him anything. In fact, I would sooner give you something if you will teach him to work. At home he teases the younger children and he gets into my tool chest, too."

"Don't you have anything he can do at all?" Joe had asked.

"I don't mind if he uses my tools when I am there," Elam replied, "but most of the tools are too dangerous for boys to use alone. And besides, there is nothing for him to build."

Joe had agreed to have the boy come and help with the chickens and other chores every evening after school. That way Martha could help her mother with the housework more. Joe wanted to pay for the boy but Elam said, "My dad used to say that with boys that age, you have to tell them what to do, then see that they do it, and then check to see if they did it right."

When Joe told Sadie about the arrangement, she said, "We'll send cracked eggs home with the boy every week. I know they can use them."

Like most of the plain people of that community, Joe farmed tobacco. Ivan wondered whether this was the thing to do. One day they were talking it over and Joe said, "When I was a boy, I used to think I'll never farm tobacco. But now I realize that was because I did not like the hard work that went with it. When we were married we rented a farm on shares from a man who was not of our faith and that was part of the bargain that the landlord get half of the tobacco crop. When we moved here, my father told me, 'The landlord is old and his boys do not want to farm, so save your money and if it ever comes up for sale perhaps we can help you. We can't just go and buy one for you. But we will help you.'

DID YOU KNOW?

Beginning about the second century B.C. all male Jews were expected to wear at morning prayers, (except on Sabbaths and festivals) two phylacteries, one on the forehead, called a frontlet, the other on the left arm. They consisted of small leather cases containing four passages of Scrip- Ex. 11:1-10, 11-16, Deut. 6:4-9, 11:13-21. (In connection with this practice, see also Matt. 23:5)

"When we were here four years the landlord said he is not well and that he would like to sell the farm. He said we could have the first chance. We talked it over and felt we were not ready yet so we asked him if he would give us another year. We did not know whether it was the right thing to do to go so deep into debt. But we have been thankful ever since. If the farm were sold today at the prices they bring now we could not buy it.

"We talked it over and with the interest and taxes we either had to farm tobacco or I would have to work away during the winter. I felt the family needs me so I chose tobacco. But this year I think I'll only put out half as much and try some tomatoes. If they do well, we'll have only tomatoes next year."

"Tomatoes do yield good, don't they?" Ivan asked.

"It depends more on the weather," Joe said. "Several years ago Johnny U. tried them and he said he worked for almost nothing. But since a lot of people have quit growing them the canneries are paying a better price. With farms selling for $1200 to $2000 an acre you have to have something to take the place of tobacco."

"But hasn't anyone started farming without raising tobacco?" Ivan wanted to know.

"I can't think of any right now. Jake Miller didn't want to grow tobacco when he started farming but the only way he could rent a farm was to pay a high rent. Jake tried hard but the second year we heard he was getting pretty deep in debt. Perhaps they might have pulled out of it as he went to work in a greenhouse over winter. But then he was in an accident and broke his back."

"What happened then?"

"The church paid the hospital bills and the neighbors helped with the chores. Once when some men had come to visit him and he thanked them earnestly for their help with the expenses, one of them was unkind enough to say, 'Well, Jake, the tobacco money is all right now, isn't it?' "

"Did he raise tobacco after that?"

"No, he took a job and worked until his debts were paid off. Then he sold his stock and quit farming. Now he works for a man who has a nursery. He says he likes that kind of work, out in the open and close to nature, but it's still not like being on his own farm, for he has to be away from his family."

"But Amos Esh seems to be doing all right," Ivan said. "He quit farming tobacco several years ago and he milks forty cows now."

"Yes, that is true," Joe said, "but did you ever think of how much work he has to do on Sunday? He once told me if his hired boy goes home over Sunday he has to get up at 3:00 AM to get done in time for church. Also, he had his father to help him. Not every young man has someone to build him a dairy barn like that and loan him the money to buy the cows."

During the summer, Ivan tried to keep his ears open for farms that were coming up for sale. Depending who bought it there might be a chance to rent it unless they wanted it themselves. But it seemed there were always three or four others who had asked first. He had not even found out about one farm that was sold privately until he heard some of the boys teasing Benny Beiler whether he was going to rent it.

That fall when they were picking tomatoes Joe Yoder had gone to the bank and seen Eli Fisher talking to the banker in a side room. Joe knew that when he wanted to borrow money to buy steers, the banker had taken him into that very room. Joe had heard that the farm next to Eli was up for sale so if Eli was borrowing money, he had probably bought it.

Joe dropped a hint to Ivan while they were choring before supper. He noticed that right away, Ivan seemed in a hurry to get the chores done, so he said to Ivan, "Sadie needs a few things from the store. If you want to get them, I will finish the chores."

After picking up Sadie's things at the store, he went to see Eli Fisher. Eli was out choring but he seemed to know right away what Ivan wanted. "I saw Joe when I was at the bank today," Eli said, "so I knew the cat was out of the bag. You are the first one to ask, but there is Abe King. The farm he is renting is being taken by the new highway. He has several boys that need work and he has his farming equipment and a herd of cows. They have no place to go so unless they find something, they will have to sell out."

Naturally Ivan was disappointed but he understood Eli's point of view.

"I would like to see the young boys who are getting married go into farming instead of to the factories," Eli went on, "but I feel it is a lot worse for those who already have a big family. Abe has had hard going, as his wife has been sickly so much. I feel as a brother in the church, my first duty is to him."

Ivan thanked him and he was glad that there were still some in the church who cared about others. A week later he heard Abe had rented the farm.

Several weeks later as he was saying good night to Mary, she said, "Now don't worry yourself about finding a farm. Perhaps God has other plans for us."

He had not realized that he had been worrying about it, but she must have seen it.

That fall as they watched a big bunch of geese heading south Ivan said to Joe, "Did you ever think of moving somewhere else?"

"Yes, I've thought about it a lot. If we had not bought a farm yet when that group moved to Brush Valley the other spring, we might have gone along. But most of the farms are taken up now."

"Those geese are going south," Ivan remarked.

"Yes, I have heard about Central and South America. But it is so far and the climate and the conditions are so different. I admire the courage of those that did go. I once read a saying, 'He who goes into a strange land commits himself into the hands of God.' "

"I guess there would be problems."

"Once an established church is there, I believe a lot more would go. But quite a few have gone who were from different states and there are always differences in their beliefs. I hope with God's help they can live in unity. But if we go back into church history we will find that many difficulties in new communities came from the fact that the people came from different places and had been brought up differently. And some of the governments are not too stable."

In the fall, came the day of Ben and Esther's wedding.

This was a big day for Ivan as he had looked forward to it. Perhaps the next time it would be him, and how would he be prepared for it? During the sermon the minister preached much about the seriousness and the responsibilities of caring for a family.

Ivan found his mind wandering to the different families he had known so well. Would he have to work away from home every day like Elam Esh and then ask someone to teach his children how to work? He hoped not.

Would he have a farm like Sam King where everything looked good on the outside but without the true peace? Would they buy whatever they wanted, whether they really needed it or not? Would Mary let the children do as they pleased in order to keep up with other people's children, and make clothing which were barely in the "ordnung" of the church? He felt confident that their home would not be like this.

Then he thought about Joe Yoder and his wife, Sadie. He was glad for the lessons and examples he had learned from them. Ivan felt that here was a family that truly lived their faith, and they were willing to deny themselves the needless and doubtful things. They were concerned about the overall good of their family and the church.

Next year Joe would be raising tomatoes and would not farm tobacco. Ivan was glad for this. Joe had felt that a person could not get a start in farming without raising tobacco but could it be that Joe was mistaken? Ivan wondered.

Then he thought of his mother. She had to give up her partner after only four years of married life. Would he be able to do that if God required it of him? What were Ben and Esther thinking now as the bishop was uniting them in marriage? They seemed to be so happy, but did they realize the seriousness of what they were doing? He hoped they did and that they would strive to live up to their marriage vows, whether it would be only a few days or many years.

On the way home that evening, Mary asked, "Did you hear about the Beam farm?"

"Do you mean the farm several miles down the road from your place?" Ivan asked. "What about it?"

"It's just a small farm," Mary said, "but it's for rent."

"I hadn't heard," Ivan said, very much interested.

"Of course they aren't plain people but we know them well," Mary said, "and they would be easy to get along with. They have a small house on the farm we could move into."

"But what would we do?"

"They have land that we could use for raising tomatoes," Mary said, "and maybe my brothers and sisters could help us pick if we need them. Maybe you would have to get a job during the winter, but that would still be better than not farming at all." ■■

IT MATTERS NOT

It matters not if I've been hurt;
    It matters not at all,
That sometimes from my weary eyes
    The scalding teardrops fall.
It matters not if cherished friends;
    On whom I leaned in vain,
Have wounded me by word and deed
    And left me with my pain.
What matters is— Can I forgive
    Again, and yet again?
It's not, "Have they been true," but,
    "Lord, have I been true to them?"
'Twill matter not when evening comes
    How rough the road I've trod,
If only I have walked with Him
    And led some soul to God!

-Selected

KEEP GOING

- By Margaret Owen

"Remember," called the guide to the young man at the foot of the trail that led to the top of a Swiss mountain, "your life depends upon keeping awake. The snow is not packed down, but with your snowshoes I am sure you can make it. The way is steep, but follow the red arrows and you cannot lose the trail. No matter how tired you are, keep going."

"Don't worry about me," answered the young man as he started up the path. "I have climbed mountains before."

All went well, but it took him longer than he had expected. When night began to fall and a cold wind blew out of the north, he was still several miles from the camp where he must spend the night. Suddenly he began to stumble and lose the path. His muscles ached, and he became so sleepy he could hardly stay awake.

"You dare not sit down," he told himself, but it was no use. At last he saw a great rock by the side of the path, and decided to sit down for five minutes to rest.

He hurried toward it and fell flat on his face. He had stumbled over an object almost covered with snow. At first he thought it was the body of an animal, and he stooped to throw it out of the path. To his horror, he found he was bending over the body of a man—a man who had fallen asleep in the way.

Pulling the body to the shelter of the great rock, he rubbed the hands and feet. He breathed on the chest, as he had seen woodsmen do. He rolled the man over and over in the snow until he saw signs of life coming into the face. For two hours he worked as hard as he could to save the life of the man, and then he helped him up the trail.

Not until he reached the camp and sat down to drink a cup of warm tea did he remember that he, too, had planned to lie down by the rock. His weariness and his sleepiness had both vanished when he found the man and went to work to rouse him.

In saving another, he had saved his own life.

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. False. The oldest man, Methuselah, lived to be 969 years old, and even then he may not have died a natural death for he died in the year of the flood and may have drowned in its waters. There are six other men mentioned in the Bible besides Methuselah who lived more than 900 years. The second oldest man, Jared, came within 7 years of matching Methuselah's great age (Genesis 5:3-27).
2. False. Jesus was not 20, but almost 30 when he was baptized (Luke 3:23).
3. False. Not David, but Joash, was the youngest king to begin reigning. Joash was only 7 years old (2 Chronicles 24:1). The second youngest king the Bible gives record of was Josiah, who was 8 when his reign began (2 Chronicles 34:1).
4. True. The Bible does not state the age of any of the twelve disciples, either at their death or at any other time.
5. True. Isaac was 40 when he married Rebekah (Genesis 25:20).
6. False. In spite of his age, Abraham became the father of six more sons after the birth of Isaac (Genesis 25:2).
7. False. "We spend our years as a tale that is told" is correctly quoted as a Bible verse. It is found in Psalms 90:9.
8. True. When the Israelites murmured against God, only those were held accountable who had reached the age of 20 (Numbers 32:11). There are a number of other references which seem to confirm 20 as the age when a young man in Israel was counted as an individual (See Ex. 30:14, 38:26, Lev. 27:3, Num. 1:3, 32:11, 1 Chron. 23:24, 27:23, 2 Chron. 25:5).
9. False. Herod commanded all the children to be killed who were 2 years old and under (Matthew 2:16).
10. False. Although we cannot lengthen our lives beyond our allotted time, the Bible teaches that by careless or wrong living, we can shorten it. Psalms 55:23 says that the wicked "will not live out half their days."
11. False. Joseph was not 12, but 17 years old when he was sold into slavery (Genesis 37:2).
12. False. Grey hair for the elderly was not considered unsightly, but beautiful (Proverbs 20:29).
13. False. Abraham died much younger than Noah and Adam. Abraham was only 175 years old, while Adam was 930 and Noah was 950 years old (Gen. 25:7, 5:5, 9:29).
14. True. God told King Hezekiah he should prepare himself to die, but when Hezekiah prayed and wept for a longer life, God granted him fifteen more years (Isaiah 38:1-5).
15. False. Average life expectancy at Moses' time must have been almost the same as it is for us today living in North America. Moses wrote that the days of our years are three score years and ten, which would be 70 years (Psalms 90:10). Also, we know that all the Israelites who were between 20 and 30 when they left Egypt, died before they were 70 for within 40 years they were all dead. Average life expectancy in the U.S. for men is 66.6; for women 73.4.
16. True. Jesus was 12 when he disputed in the temple (Luke 2:42).
17. True. John the Baptist's father said to the angel Gabriel, "I am an old man and my wife well stricken in years" (Luke 1:18).
18. False. The Bible nowhere indicates the age of Lazarus.
19. True. Moses was 80 when God called him to lead his people out of Egypt (Exodus 7:7).
20. False. The Bible states the age of the lame man who was healed as "above 40 years old" (Acts 4:22).

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct ... Excellent
17-18 correct ... Good
15-16 correct ... Average

Special Section:

RESPONSE TO
"Fringe Benefits or His Benefits"
which appeared in June issue.

I DID NOT RENEW

The article on fringe benefits reminded me of the experience I had with an insurance agent. It was back in one of the first years that we were farming. One day when I was in the chickenhouse, a car came in the lane and a well dressed man got out and came over to where I was working. He introduced himself as the agent for a certain insurance company.

"Many of your people are taking out insurance with our company," he said. "Ours is a big company and a lot of your people in L_______ County are listed with us. Of course they are under a different agent.

"The thing you people seem to be especially interested in is the liability insurance our company offers. This is not coverage for yourself but only for the other person when an accident occurs. Now for example, you live pretty close to the road. You know that sometimes a horse or a cow gets out on the road at night or even in the daytime. If that should happen and cause an accident you would be responsible, because you are responsible for everything you own.

"Or suppose when you drive to town with your horse and buggy you cause an accident. You are responsible, even if you couldn't easily help it. Or maybe you would forget to tie your horse and after awhile he starts for home and causes an accident or damages someone's property. The bad part of such an accident is that sometimes people get hurt or even killed. Then they could sue you for thousands of dollars or even take all you own."

By this time I was interested for sometimes my horses and cows did get out. One time I had forgotten to tie my horse but nothing serious had ever happened so far.

"When something like this happens," the agent went on, "all you need to do is to notify our company. Then we will come and look things over and we pay the damages. This type of coverage costs only $14.00 a year. Of course, for just a few dollars more you could have full coverage for yourself, your family, and even hospitalization and life insurance."

I did not care about life insurance, but by this time I was very much interested in the liability insurance. I had heard some of my friends talk about this kind of insurance and they thought it very necessary to have coverage like this in our day and time.

I couldn't remember of ever hearing anyone teach or preach against it. I gave him a check and he signed me up for one year of liability insurance. "Now," I thought, "I am protected."

But that year I did some serious thinking on insurance. I guess I had an uneasy feeling about it all the time.

If I am so careless as to let my horses and cows get on the road or forget to tie my horse, why should I ask the insurance company to pay for my neglect? Wouldn't this be yoked with unbelievers? 2 Cor.6:14. I could understand that we would feel bad if an accident occurred and we were to blame, especially if someone got hurt or killed. But wouldn't we feel just a bit better to pay for it out of our own pockets if we could instead of asking the insurance company to pay for what we were responsible?

It is probably true that some people would probably sue us for all that we are worth. But Jesus said, "And if any man will sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also" (Matt.5:40). Insurance companies sometimes sue each other or take their cases to court so they won't have to pay so much.

I looked up what I could find in the Bible and I decided that such verses like 1 Cor.6:7, Phil. 4:19, and 1 Thess. 4:11-12 don't sound like we need an insurance company to help us. And besides, we belong to a church that has a record of always caring for its needy.

Before the year was up, the insurance man came around again but this time I gave him a firm no. I did not want to renew the policy.

Since that time some of the churches in our state have organized a liability aid plan. This does away with being yoked with a worldly company. But the question still remains whether we need an organized aid plan if the brotherly love and concern to bear another's burdens is found among us like it says in 2 Peter 1:7-8 and Gal.6:2.

I cannot answer all the questions, but I would like to add that we do stress the teachings of "Love not the world" (1 John 2:15) and "Be not conformed to this world" (Romans 12:2). But if we are so hard against worldliness in some things, how can we have our earthly goods insured with a worldly insurance company? Probably what we need is a deeper study of what worldliness is according to Bible standards. — J.P., Pennsylvania

THE MODERN JOB

My mind was drawn to Job who endured and was greatly blessed in the end and left us a glorious example of victory through suffering.

The "modern Job," of course, would be fully covered for all that befell Job of old. This would include theft, fire, storm, and life insurance, together with a hospitalization policy. Furthermore, the modern Job would enter suit against those who so wrongly accused him. Instead of scraping his flesh with a potsherd, he would be in a modern hospital with all the care necessary to relieve those "sore boils," of course.

The modern Job is all for self. He knows nothing of "trust in God," neither does he leave an example for this or coming generations and his name is soon forgotten. But the Job of old is remembered throughout time and eternity. — M.S. Stoltzfus, Gap, Pa.

THE ONCOMING GENERATION

Can we justify a systematic way of giving in the light of the Scripture, where the rich and the poor give alike? As the set-up is in some churches, the rich and poor give alike and under the same system the rich and the poor receive alike.

The aid plan looks good from the outside as it is to help one another. But what about the oncoming generation? Will it work toward strengthening our faith in Jesus Christ, or will it have a tendency to draw our confidence to an earthly established organization? "Thus saith the Lord, cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm and whose heart departeth from the Lord."

Before we get too far involved in the church insurance program, it is good to take notice what is taking place in the so-called higher churches. Many of their numbers will not be without insurance, including life insurance. Why do they want life insurance? Because they do not have a living relationship with God and do not trust God to care for their loved ones who are left behind should they suddenly be called from this life to eternity. Then they invest money in life insurance, putting their trust in an earthly company instead of the Almighty God who has the pre-eminence in all things. Col. 2,16-20.

If we accept an aid plan as scriptural, when our forefathers relied on the Spirit to move every man to give out of a willing heart, can we expect the coming generation to not go a step further and take part in a life insurance program? — Enos Martin, South Carolina

A SOUND INSURANCE POLICY

Since we live in a time of insurance, it is necessary that we prove with Scripture whether there is any need for insurance of money or worldly goods. When fire, death, accident, or any other loss occurs we must say that none of these occur without the knowledge of God.

Job was a man with seven sons and three daughters, and many thousands of sheep, camels, oxen, asses, and a very great household. The Bible tells us that he was the greatest of all the men of the east (Job 1:3). These things were taken from him in one day. (It does not say that his household was taken from him.) Job did not have any other security than God and what did he say? "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." In all these things Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly. A great loss, indeed. How could he survive without insurance?

Today we hear people say, "I simply could not have survived without insurance" or "It costs a lot of money but I couldn't be without it."

First of all Job realized that what he had was given to him from God. Therefore why did not God have the right to take it again?

After this, God allowed sore boils to come over Job from the soles of his feet unto his crown. Then his wife said, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die."

But he said unto her, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women. What, shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we receive not evil?"

In all this Job did not sin with his lips. Apparently Job realized that he should not try to avoid what God let come upon him. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty " (Job 5:17). To not despise could mean not to think too little of, or try to avoid it. Is there a better way to try to avoid this than by insurance?

When we read in Job, chapter 42, how he recovered his losses and much more, it shows that Job did not need insurance, only faith. This would seem to indicate that those who must have insurance do not trust God fully. "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble and he knoweth them that trust in him " (Nahum 1:7). This should probably be taken spiritually, but if we can trust God spiritually, we should also trust him to support us in material things. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you " (Matt. 6:33; also see Matt. 6:19-34). When God makes a promise He will also fulfill it. What more do we need to assure us that He will supply our every need if we fully trust Him and do His will? The 23rd Psalm is also very good to read if we need courage.

Proverbs 10:3, "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish. But he casteth away the substance of the wicked." According to the dictionary, the meaning of substance is property or what a person firmly builds upon. This is, of course what insurance is, something to depend upon. But the Bible says that God will cast it away. Therefore nothing can be so firmly built that God cannot cast it away.

But one thing that God will not cast away is our trust in Him if it is from a pure heart. Therefore insurance is of very doubtful value to a Christian.

"Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in his mercy to deliver their soul in death and to keep them alive in famine "(Ps. 33:18-19). If the Lord will keep us alive in famine then he can also support us in any other need, especially if (as the Psalmist says) we fear Him and have faith in Him.

We might say we want more than just to live, but "Better is a handful with quietness than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit" (Ecc. 4:6).

-- Chesley, Ontario

UNEQUALLY YOKED

We need to be on guard against the unequal yoke. Every bond of fellowship with unbelievers which binds us to a course of actions contrary to gospel standards constitutes an unequal yoke. This applies to all organizations, secret or otherwise, where believers and unbelievers are united.

Let us look at the Mennonite church concerning the insurance problems of today. In the past, the Mennonite church consistently excluded from membership anyone carrying life insurance. But other kinds of insurance, such as accident, automobile, and property insurance and workmen's compensation have been accepted. The fact that certain principles were recognized in regards to life insurance, but ignored in respect to other kinds of insurance, has brought up some serious problems.

Either the church will have to remove the restrictions against life insurance or it will have to apply the same principles to other unscriptural kinds of insurance.

In order to decide which of these is the proper thing to do, let us consider the following points:

1. God is very specific in His promises to care for His own, Psa. 37,25; Jer. 17,5; 49,11; Matt. 6, 24-34; Rom. 8,31; Heb. 13,5-6.
2. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put our confidence in man. Ps. 118,8-9; Jer. 17,5-10; Psa. 1,1; 2 Pet. 2,1-3.
3. Any system of insurance which draws people away from the provisions outlined in the Bible for caring for the needy and gets them to look to worldly organizations for support in times of need, undermines faith in the promises of God.
4. The Bible gives specific instructions as to how the needy among God's people should be cared for. Rom. 12,13; Gal. 6,10; Eph. 4,28; 1 Thess. 4,11-12; 1 Tim. 5,3-8.
5. On the average only about half the money paid into insurance companies, ever gets back to the policyholders.
6. Insurance appeals to questionable motives in man's dealing with his financial problems, encourages carelessness and waste and is therefore objectionable on economic, moral and religious grounds.

— E. T. Y., Indiana

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

MEET THE PRISONERS

Today I would like to take you to jail.

Now, don't be alarmed. There are some very fine people there, whom I am sure you would be pleased to meet. I know you have the idea that men in prison are all wicked criminals, but this is not true, not in the least. Some of the greatest men in the world have been prisoners.

Are you coming with me, or has the thought of damp musty prison cells frightened you too much? I assure you the trip will be worth-while, though it may leave you with troubled feelings and cause you to do some hard thinking.

We're here, and I'm pleased to see you have made up your mind to come along. The prison keeper welcomes us with a nod, and when we tell him we would like to meet certain prisoners, he frowns a bit but then pulls a fistful of jangling keys from his pocket and beckons us to follow.

The keeper unlocks a heavy iron gate that swings open and we pass through. He locks it again behind us. We start down the long corridor, our steps echoing as we walk nervously along. A bright young man comes walking toward us, and passes by. He carries a tray with empty dishes in one hand, and on his wrist there is a steel band with keys.

"His name is Joseph," we are told. "He is a prisoner, even though he doesn't look like one."

We gasp. Surely the honest-looking young man we have met is not a prisoner! Why, he carried keys. "Yes," the keeper explains, "I fully trust him. He is a prisoner, yet he is also my right-hand helper, and takes care of the other prisoners."

We have heard his story before. He is Joseph, the young Hebrew lad who was sold into captivity by his jealous brothers. We know why he is in prison, too. It's not because of any crime. No prisoner has ever been more innocent. He is in prison because he refused to do wrong. Seems strange, I know, but they tell me a lot of the other prisoners are here for the same reason.

We pause as Joseph comes walking back down the corridor. The keeper rattles his keys impatiently, but we pay no attention, for we are anxious to learn to know this young Hebrew prisoner better. He used to be the favorite son of his father Jacob. In spite of this the Midianite merchants figured he was worth only twenty pieces of silver as a slave. They probably made a handsome profit when they sold him to Potiphar, captain of Pharoah's guard, down in Egypt.

Whatever the price Potiphar paid for him, Joseph soon proved himself a good investment, and before long the great Egyptian had turned the care of his possessions over to his new slave. But Joseph's life was to be full of strange reverses. Potiphar's wife was used to having her own way. When Joseph refused to commit sin, she became furious and had him thrown into prison.

But even here in prison Joseph is trusted and admired, and we know he will not spend the rest of his life behind a locked door. God still has greater plans for him.

The keeper motions for us to follow. We stop in front of a barred window and peep in. The man we see is Micaiah, a prophet who lived in the days of King Ahab of Israel. He is not so well-known as the young Hebrew, Joseph, yet we know he is no less brave in serving God. As we stand in the hallway, an attendant comes with Micaiah's dinner. It consists of nothing but bread and water.

We have a Bible with us, so we take time to read about this strange prisoner. Has he done any wrong, someone wonders. Just a minute while we read the record.

It sounds as if King Ahab didn't like the prophet very well. No wonder, for Micaiah prophesied that bad things would happen to the king, rather than the good things the prophets of Baal predicted. So the king did what frustrated kings have always done-- sentenced the righteous prophet to prison. "Put this fellow in the prison," he commanded, "and feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until I return in peace."

Micaiah then spoke up boldly, "If thou certainly return in peace, then hath not the Lord spoken by me."

Time proved Micaiah right, and the four hundred Baal prophets wrong. King Ahab did not return in peace. He was carried back as a corpse. Because he had spoken God's Word so boldly without fear of men, Micaiah was penned up in prison, and the false prophets ran free.

We are ready to move on, and the keeper leads the way. He takes us deeper and deeper into the castle-like prison, and the air becomes worse. It smells like a dirty cellar, only much stronger. A rat runs down the dark hallway ahead of us, and cockroaches scurry to get out of our way.

"Be careful now," the keeper warns, as we enter a room. "Don't fall into the pit." In the gloom we make out a dark hole at one side. The keeper lights a torch, and some of the bravest in our party get down on hands and knees and peer into the dark hole.

A groan comes up out of the dungeon. "Oh," we shudder, "there's a man down there." Those who look can see that the poor prisoner has sunk deeply into the slime at the bottom of the pit. It is like a well without water; there is only mud. The torch brings to life many of the hundreds of creatures in the pit— bugs and frogs and lizards. The prisoner begins to speak, but we can not understand the language. We must go on. There is nothing we can do to help the prophet Jeremiah in his misery.

"Follow me," says the keeper again. "I have a noteworthy prisoner indeed to show you. His name is Peter, and he is the boldest of the disciples of a Jew named Jesus, who was crucified last Passover time. We have sixteen soldiers guarding Peter, and he is chained with two chains so there is absolutely no chance of his escaping. Let us go see how he is feeling this morning."

We walk for what seems like a long, long time. Suddenly in the corridor ahead of us, we see soldiers milling around and then we hear their excited voices. The keeper starts to run, and we hurry after him.

"Peter has escaped in the night," cries one of the guards, his face having a stricken look. "This means death for all of us!"

"But how...how did he escape?" asks the keeper.

No one seems to know for sure, but someone whispers, "It is reported that an angel came and freed him."

Yes, it is true, the cell where Peter had been chained and guarded is now an empty cell. We open our Bible and read all about it in the twelfth chapter of Acts.

The keeper says, "I'm sorry, Peter is no longer here. But maybe you would like to meet Paul."

We move on in our imaginary journey to Caesarea where the Apostle Paul is in chains, waiting to be sent to Caesar in faraway Rome. Paul has more liberty than most prisoners, we learn. He is permitted to have callers at any time. A centurion has charge of him.

We find the apostle busily writing at a small wooden stand. We are told that this is not the first time he has been a prisoner. Once he and Silas were cast into the town jail in Philippi. An angry mob had rounded them up, stripped them of their clothes, and cruelly beaten them. They had fastened the two men by their feet to the stocks.

That night strange things happened in Philippi. Smarting from their wounds, Paul and Silas could not sleep. So they prayed and sang praises to God. The other prisoners listened. At midnight an earthquake suddenly shook the prison. The fetters fell off and the bands were loosed. The stocks opened and the prisoners were free. But they did not make a dash for safety. They sat quietly until the keeper of the prison came trembling to Paul and Silas, seeking earnestly for salvation.

As we take leave of the Apostle Paul, we think of the words he wrote to the Corinthians,

> "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft... Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."

"So Great a Cloud of Witnesses"

Are you wearying? Are the sights too much for you —these many godly men suffering in prison? Surely if the

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(WINDOWSILL, cont. from page 37)

about same for supper. While sitting in the kitchen and telling her sister-in-law how to get supper, she was also trying to nurse her baby which was very fussy. She had several other small children who were tired and fussy. Then she wondered what was wrong with the baby that it didn't nurse better, and was expecting she'd have to put it on the bottle. Is it any wonder?

— A Mother, Jamesport, Missouri

In this community some families have from 36 to 43 families for meals when a baby is born. I don't think this is the appropriate time for mealtime company. Some parents cannot afford to hire so much help to prepare for all this, without the added food expense. Most of the time the mother isn't able to do as much as she does. By the time everyone has handled the baby and said goodbye the baby is fussing, the mother is tired and hardly anyone gets any rest all night. We enjoy company and go to see new babies a turn in the afternoon. I am sure if this practice could be stopped many a young mother would gain her strength back in half the time. — Indiana

I think it is very cruel for the people to come flocking to your house when a new baby arrives. Especially for meals. We have nine children but only once did we have so much company. My bedroom was full of visitors all day. I got so tired I could cry and was sick half the next week. I never before knew what too much company does. With the kitchen full of strangers how can a mother rest with all the noise and "where is this" and "where is that" and "how do you fix this?" -- Mrs. E.Y., Ohio

I know a mother who had a headache before evening (she had prepared the dinner for guests). Visitors in the afternoon also came until it was high time to get supper started, and it was feeding time for the baby. And she must lie down and rest before someone comes. Well, of course, she never got to feeding the baby. Supper wasn't quite ready for those who came for supper until some more came for the evening. What else could this bring but a tired sick mother and a fussy baby? I know some people feel this is the time to go, but it is not so with all families. Is it necessary to be there more than one hour or two? Let's go home before chore time, and time to get supper so the mother can rest and get ready to enjoy after supper guests. — a young mother

I'm a mother of two. I, too, enjoyed visitors in the P.M., or evening after the babies were born. Also in the week, and not only on Sunday. I appreciate having the parents come for dinner, but think the neighbors should not go for dinner until the baby is 4 or 5 weeks old at least. I like when neighbor women come in during the week to spend an afternoon. When they bring five or six children along it can be nerve-wracking. -A mother, Ohio

Before I was married I worked out a lot and also on baby cases. Many times I had to stay over Sunday and help so if they happen to get company I'm there to get the meals. Yes, I **fully** agree to just go visit in places like this on Sunday afternoon or Sunday eve after supper.

— Oklahoma

This is called "sweet coffee" in our community.

I was once a hired girl where so many came for dinner that in the P.M. we started all over butchering chickens, baking pies and cakes so there would be something to eat for supper. I was always told "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy" and do not feel that going to "sweet coffee" is keeping it holy. — a hired girl

I did not think there was a place where the Amish still practised going to a place of childbirth at mealtime anymore. In Ohio and in Pinecraft we do not call or expect callers for mealtime unless invited. — M., Florida

THIS MONTH'S PROBLEM

Here is a question which perplexes me greatly. When children are playing with toys, one decides he wants what the other one has so he grabs it away. The other one either cries or maybe slaps or stomps or something. Now which child should be punished? What is the best thing to do at such a time? — E., Ohio prisoners can remain joyful day after day, we can bear a brief visit to their cells.

For there are many more. We haven't been everywhere yet. In fact, we have passed many cells already because we did not have time to visit them all.

If you are rested, let us go on. Our next call is at a dungeon many miles away, to a castle along the Danube River in central Europe. The year is 1539, and all Europe is in a turmoil. For the stormy Reformation is shaking the population and men are seeking truth as a matter of life and death.

In the cold old castle at Passau along the blue Danube, a large group of prisoners has been kept in the dungeon for nearly five years. These prisoners are Anabaptists. They have not been idle while they are in prison, for they have written 51 hymns—hymns of prayer to God, pressed out in the mill of suffering.

As we approach the gloomy castle, we hear the prisoners singing one of their hymns,

"Wach auf, wach auf, O Menschenkind!
Von deinem Schlaf steh auf geschwind,
Wie bist du so verdrossen,
Willst du diesen Tag müszig stohn
Und nicht ins Herren Weinberg gohn,
Der dich hat b'rufen lassen?"

These prisoners are in the castle for no other crime than their faith in God. This faith shines triumphantly through the hymns they have written—hymns that have come down to us in the AUSBUND and are still sung in our Amish churches today.

As we stop at Passau we learn that many Anabaptists have been imprisoned throughout Europe--in Switzerland, in Germany, in France, and in the Lowlands. Someone tells us of Hans Brael who was kept in a dungeon so dark that when he was brought out into the daylight his eyes could not stand the glare. We hear that his cell was so damp that all his clothes rotted from his body until at last there was nothing left but the collar. When his brethren sought assurance from him that he was steadfast, he sent them the collar as a token that his faith was not wavering.

If we had time we could read about hundreds of Anabaptists in prison. Most of them were on "death row" and were to become victims of the stake or the sword. The book Martyrs' Mirror is filled with their stories.

Yes, if we had time we could visit Felistis Jans in her prison home. She is such an honest helpful young girl that the jailer's wife has taken a great liking to her, and is using her as a maid-servant. One day Felistis had an opportunity to flee, but refused because she felt it would not be right to betray her mistress.

We could look in upon Wouter Denijs, slowly writing a letter to his wife and children. He is using a sliver of wood dipped in ink made from red earth.

Or we could call upon Jan W. who was tortured and then tortured again, to force him to name his brethren. He refused to utter a single name, even of those brethren who were dead, for, said he, "If the devil comes upon the first step, he also comes higher."

But really, it is time to bring our journey to an end, although we would like to make a side trip to London, England where John Bunyan is writing Pilgrim's Progress— in prison. We would like to visit Joseph and Michael Hofer, Hutterite men from South Dakota, who suffered "even unto death" in American prisons during World War One. We would like to call on some conscientious young Amish boys who right this minute are in prison because the 1W program looks spiritually dangerous to them.

But our trip has been long enough. It has been an eye-opener, hasn't it? Suddenly it seems that prison life is not an uncommon experience for the children of God.

A wise man once said, "Society sentences two classes of people to prison-- those who are too sinful and those who are too righteous."

To be a prisoner for wrong-doing is shameful; to be a prisoner in the name of Christ is quite the opposite. "For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. ...for even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps" (1 Peter 2:19, 21).

The thought of suffering is not pleasant. The flesh of man shrinks from the prospect of a prison sentence. Handcuffs. Barred windows. Padlocked doors. The ball and chain. Pistol-carrying guards. These are not nice words. But they are real words.

The Christian, even today, must recognize the possibility that life in prison may someday be his lot. ■■

(Millennium, cont. from page 23)

practiced judgment or discipline to reclaim wayward members. The man of sin, the beast out of the pit, the son of perdition will administer this judgment after the manner of men in a very terrible way. Satan will succeed in killing the two witnesses. Satan will try to drown the woman with a great stream of water out of his mouth. This stream of water represents countless sects with self-chosen commandments, enough to wash away the entire church of God. But the earth helped the woman by opening its mouth and swallowing them up (Rev. 12:15, 16). That is, the kings of the earth limited the pope's power by multiplying the number of convents, the traffic in indulgences and pilgrimages and the shameful wickedness associated with them. (At this point Twisk's meaning is not clear.) The anathema of the pope ceased, and the ten kings made him naked (Rev. 17:16). That is, they took his possesions from him.

However, Satan easily deceived his opponents by changing his tactics. As an angel of light, he clothed himself with the letter of the Word and said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." The judgment of the saints, or church discipline, was explained as silliness and not commanded to anyone. What was accomplished by the two witnesses, or the Bible, in stirring up the consciences of men was quieted down. Satan would have delighted in denying God and eternity, but his recollection of the wrath to come tormented him. In the place of true Christianity he sets up the image of true Christianity.

As we see the drift of the churches today away from the standards of the Scripture and the failure of church discipline, Twisk's statements seem to speak prophetically to our own times. In conclusion Twisk's own words are:

> "From all these things we may conclude that the end is nigh at the door and that the prophecies are fulfilled. It is midnight and who knows how soon the seventh angel will sound and call out, "The Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."
>
> For each individual, however, the time is fulfilled when it is said, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Therefore watch and pray, for no one knows in which hour the Lord will come. ■■

the millennium

The following article explains what an early Mennonite preacher thought about the millennium.

— by James Lowry

1. INTRODUCTION

Historically the plain churches have avoided speculations about the end time. One of the reasons for this is the fanatical excesses of a splinter group of "Anabaptists" at Münster in Germany at the very outset of the movement. The Münsterites were guilty of the use of armed force in an attempt to establish a kingdom of God on earth, the compulsory adult baptism of all the residents of their town, Münster, and a love of imposing titles, pomp, and display in dress, among other things, all based on millennial teachings. These excesses led Menno Simons, Dirk Philips, and other early leaders to deemphasize speculations about the end time. Another series of events occurring in Russia over 300 years later have reaffirmed the danger of such speculations. Under the influence of the writings of a German pietist, Jung-Stilling, Claas Epp wrote a book predicting the near date of the millennium (beginning March 8, 1889). He expected Christ to establish a kingdom in Central Asia. Epp gathered a group of Russian Mennonites and led them through extreme sufferings and privations into the barren lands of Central Asia (see "Doomsday — 1889," Family Life, August, 1969). Here as Epp's visions and prophecies grew more extravagant and deluded, his followers gradually deserted him.

2. TWISK

Early Mennonite and Anabaptist leaders, when they have commented on such matters, have taken the amillennial position. The most complete early explanation of this position is found in a booklet by Peter Twisk entitled The Peaceful Kingdom of Christ or an Explanation of the 20th Chapter of Revelation.

Peter Jans Twisk (1565 - 1636) was an elder or bishop in Holland, whose wife was Menno Simons' granddaughter. A conservative man, Twisk produced a great many writings, the only one of which easily available to American readers is the thirty-three article confession of faith found in Martyrs' Mirror, pp. 373-410. The first known copy of Twisk's booklet was published in German (Das Friedensreich Christi) in Russia in 1875. Apparently the earlier Dutch copy, from which it was translated, has been lost. Since then it has been republished a number of times in German and English. Its publication in Russia was very timely since Claas Epp began to teach his disastrous millennial views early in the 1870's. Apparently the booklet was brought out in 1875 to counteract his teachings, however, unfortunately without complete success.

3. WHAT IS THE ONE THOUSAND YEARS?

The thought of Twisk's little booklet is at times hard to follow. Perhaps it has suffered somewhat in translation. Clearly, however, Twisk thinks that we are now living in the millennium. The one thousand years of Revelation 20, he feels, need not be taken literally. The fact is that men may not know exactly when Christ will come the second time. (Christ's second coming is to close rather than open the millennium.) Since Isaiah prophesied many things about the peaceful kingdom in figurative language, it is also likely that John stated the period of one thousand years in a figurative sense. This thousand years period, Twisk thinks, is the same as the twelve hundred and sixty days of Revelation 11, in which the witnesses of God prophesy and the woman of Revelation 12 was supported in the wilderness. It is also the same as the forty-two months of Revelation 13 when the church is trampled by the heathen.

4. THE CHARACTER OF THE PEACEFUL KINGDOM

Twisk regrets that so many men have misunderstood the one thousand years. They have made the same mistake the Jews of Jesus' time did when they expected the Messiah to set up an outward, earthly kingdom. Nevertheless, the kingdom of God has no outward display of beauty. The bride of Christ (that is, the church or kingdom) says, "I am black..., My mother's children were angry with me " (Song 1:5,6). "Oh my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rocks, and in the secret places of the stairs "(Song 2:14). Isaiah also says of Christ, "He hath no form nor comeliness ... that we should desire him" (Is. 53:2). Thus the ruler of the new kingdom was not born amid the applause of a noisy, boasting world, but in a lowly stable. In a worldly kingdom the greater the authority of the ruler, the more honor and service he receives. But in Christ's kingdom the power and authority of the king becomes greater through patience and through suffering the abuse of men (Acts 5:41; Matt. 5:11,12). Likewise the apostles, as Christ's successors, ruled the kingdom (church) in lowliness and tried to serve rather than be served (I Cor. 4:9-13).

Many Scripture passages show that the one thousand years kingdom is to be spiritual and not material. Those who belong to the kingdom are born spiritually, that is, a second time. Men may say that the kingdom of God is this or that, but Christ says the kingdom is within (Luke 17:21). Also he says, "My kingdom is not of this world." Similarly, Jeremiah prophesied something which has already taken place in the kingdom of God: "But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days; I will put my law into their inward parts and will write it in their hearts" (Jer. 31:33). This happens when believers become spiritually alive through the new birth. Thus the kingdom of God is present on earth in a real, spiritual way today.

Another characteristic of the millennial kingdom is peace. Its citizens are at peace with God and with one another. "Then they will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation and they shall not learn the arts of war anymore " (Micah 4:3). All of this is already fulfilled in the true church of Christ which is nonresistant. This is further explained by the prophecy of Isaiah: "The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and fatling together; and a little child shall lead them " (Isa. 11:6). This prophecy was fulfilled as early as the time of Paul, who like a ravenous wolf delighted in catching and killing the innocent sheep of Christ. Afterwards, he became peaceable and lived with the lambs of God.

Another characteristic of the peaceful kingdom or millennium is judgment. "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them and judgment was given unto them . . . they shall be priests of God and of Christ and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Rev. 20:4,6). This judgment given to the saints is both future — "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" (I Cor. 6:2) — and present — "If the world shall be judged by you . . . how much more things that pertain to this life?" (I Cor. 6:2, 3) So Christians must judge among themselves, not to please man but to please God. Those who reject God's word and walk according to the flesh must be excluded from the camp of Zion. Thus church discipline or judgment is a characteristic of the millennium. This judgment of mercy is administered to bring souls to repentance so that they might be saved in the end.

5. PROPHECIES ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE MILLENNIUM

The first prophecy about the beginning of the kingdom was made by Jacob to his son Judah: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be " (Gen. 49:10). Twisk says that Shiloh or Christ came just as the sceptre departed from the Jews. Then for the first time the Jews were required to pay taxes to the Romans and thus acknowledge them as their sovereigns. Never before in this manner was the sceptre or power of Judah taken away, even though the Jews had been subjected to many ups and downs at the hands of the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Persians, and Greeks. Twisk feels that the Books of Maccabees prove this.

Daniel in his prophecy of the seventy weeks tells how a king or prince would come. At the end of the appointed time (the weeks being calculated as weeks of years) Christ was born in the reign of Caesar Augustus, emperor of Rome. Daniel explained the coming of this kingdom as he interpreted the dream to King Nebuchadnezzar. Christ's kingdom was to be established while the temporal kingdoms of the world were still existing. "In the days of these kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom " (Dan. 2:44). Especially during the last of the four great kingdoms, the Roman Empire, Daniel predicted the establishment of Christ's kingdom by the stone which became a great mountain and filled the whole earth (Dan. 2:34, 35).

The gospels state plainly the coming of Christ fulfills the prophecies about the kingdom. So the angel said to Mary, "And He (this king) shall reign over the house of Jacob forever" (Luke 1:33). Concerning the prophecy of Isaiah about the acceptable year of the Lord (for the establishment of the heavenly kingdom) Jesus said in the synagogue, "Today is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears " (Luke 4:21). Moses and many other God-fearing men looked forward to a blessed time in which the happiness of mankind would be restored. Concerning this happiness Jesus says, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear; for verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see and have not seen them " (Matt. 13:16, 17). Thus all all of these prophecies, according to Twisk, point to a certain time when the peaceful kingdom of God was established on earth.

6. THE PROGRESS OF THE MILLENNIUM

Twisk says that the books seen by Daniel in a vision (Dan. 7:10) contained the hidden counsel of God (Dan. 12:9). They could not be read as long as the veil hung over them (II Cor. 3:13, 14). Christ was the lamb who in Revelation 7 took the great book and opened it by His death. This marked the beginning of the kingdom and the restoration of what had been lost through Adam's fall. Under the New Covenant those who are born again are resurrected from spiritual death to spiritual life. The new birth is the first resurrection of Revelation 20. The born-again live and reign with Christ a thousand years — which is actually forever (Rev. 20:4). Also the glory of the kingdom of God on earth is shown by the white horse and by Him who sat on it. By the conquests of this horseman the privilege of eating of the tree of life was restored (Rev. 6:2).

The kingdom was established on earth, but the king had to go away to a far country to defeat his strongest enemy, death. When He had conquered death, He gave gifts to his subjects, the gift of reigning over sin (I Cor. 15:26). Since death was conquered, the angel could also bind Satan and cast him into prison (Rev. 20:1, 2). Twisk says that the chain which bound Satan was the great chain of the law. Because of the sacrifice of Christ this chain was then strong enough to bind Satan. Then could the gospel be proclaimed on earth in the power promised in the law of Moses. During this acceptable time — these thousand years for the proclamation of the gospel — Satan could not deceive the nations (Rev. 20:3). Nations apparently means Christians called out of various nations. This does not mean that no temptations would come to Christians. It does mean anyone who continues to watch and pray and does not reject the commandments of God will not be deceived by Satan. "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee " (Rev. 3:10).

This is also the time in which the two witnesses (Rev. 11) prophesy, when the woman (Rev. 12) clothed with the sun flees into the wilderness to stay for 1, 260 days, and when the heathen trample the holy city or the true church for forty-two months. As stated before the 1, 260 days, the forty-two months, and the one thousand years are all the the same time period. According to Twisk the two witnesses are the Old and New Testaments and the woman clothed with the sun is the true church of Christ.

The time will come when all Israel, that is, the spiritual Israel converted in the days of the two witnesses' prophecy, shall be saved. Then Satan is to be loosed for a little time (Rev. 20:3). Then he shall deceive the nations in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog (Rev. 20:8). Satan will have no opposition to fear. He will not be hindered. The two witnesses of God will be lying dead in the streets (Rev. 11:8). Then, too, the woman clothed with the sun will flee to the wilderness a time and times and half time. This is interpreted to mean three and a half days. Apparently Twisk feels that the woman flees twice, once in Rev. 12:6 and once in Rev. 12:14.

When Satan goes forth to deceive the nations, he will not appear in his true, evil character. He will seem to bring good things. Through the dead letter of the word — the Old and New Testament witnesses being slain — a great work will be carried on, a work very similar to that of which the two witnesses spoke. However, this will be a work only in outward appearance, for this is the time just before Christ's second coming when no one can work any longer (John 9:4). Then the gospel will be preached throughout the whole world, but only as a dead letter, as the flying roll of the prophet Zechariah showed. "I see a flying letter, twenty cubits long and ten cubits wide ... This is the curse that goeth forth over the face of the whole earth" (Zech. 5:2,3). High living and the giving of gifts to one another will seem to be the chief work of man. This is outwardly the time of great revival, but is actually a great falling away.

A number of other events will occur when Satan is loosed. The earthquake at the opening of the sixth seal (Rev. 6:12) signifies changes in the political world. The four angels bound in the River Euphrates are to be loosed (Rev. 9:14-16) bringing judgment on all unregenerated, unbelieving, dead people. The two witnesses of God will again rise to their feet, and, after their reception in heaven, will judge the world, for they are the Word of God. The three spirits (Rev. 16:13) like frogs are false teachers. They will claim to do wonders and prophesy in the name of Jesus, but he shall say, "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

When Satan is loosed for a little while, judgment will be administered quite differently from the way the true church

(continued on page 20)

(SHUT-IN, continued from page 23)

grip it in his hand and feed himself.

After three months at the center he came home very well pleased with his achievement. By this time we all accepted his invalidism as his lot for life.

During his affliction Roman studied a lot about the body and the cause of diseases. He enjoyed company and never tired of visiting. His mind was always good and he was able to attend church quite regularly.

Roman's younger brother, with the aid of his sisters, could lift Roman around. Roman enjoyed to visit his many handicapped friends. Occasionally they would have a get-to-gether.

One day a friend took Roman and a few other handicaps on a trip to Detroit to see some places of interest. They thought they could be back the same evening, but they did not get back until the next morning. We could see by this that Roman was getting stronger and could stand longer trips. This encouraged him to think of going to Florida to spend a winter there.

Finally he came to the conclusion that he could have a small portable rocking bed made. Roman did the planning and his brother Henry and a friend did the welding. By the last of October, in 1962, the bed was finished. Plans were for his brother and a sister to accompany him south.

A few days later Roman wasn't feeling very well and the doctor said he has the flu. Medication didn't help and he couldn't rest nor sleep. He thought if he could be in an iron lung he could be more comfortable. Arrangements were made to take him to the Dover Hospital. The trip was hard on him and upon arriving they found the iron lung was not made ready. A part was missing which they couldn't find.

By then Roman was in a coma, so it was decided to rush him to the Akron Hospital with a police escort. They had gone but a few miles when Roman passed away. This was the 30th of October, 1962.

Several times Roman expressed his desire to leave this world. His last words before leaving home that evening were, "Don't worry about me, for there is a Higher Power." — Mrs. Maryann Schlabach and daughters, Katie and Fannie

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INFORMATION WANTED

How much do you remember of the polio epidemic in 1952? Did it range through several states? How long did it continue? Did anyone keep any record of all the Amish who had contacted the disease? How often was church postponed because of the epidemic? Did school continue through this time? I would like to have any information concerning this period. Also the names and the addresses of all those that can be remembered to have had polio at this time. Also mention how they were afflicted, and their present condition (if you have this information). And now since we have the story of Roman C. Schlabach, I wish I could have the story of other polio victims and weave it into one article. Please let me hear from you.

• • •

HOME REMEDIES — and suggestions

A few more suggestions have come in concerning "Kee-gretz." Some have connected this with athlete's foot. "Kee-gretz" and athlete's foot are not the same thing, although maybe some of the same remedies would be helpful to both.

We experienced with an old remedy lately. It is also good for any infections such as swollen fingers around the nails or other sores from cuts or scratches.

Take 1 quart of wood ashes. Add 1 quart of water. Boil 5 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep from sticking to the bottom of pan. (Use stainless steel or enamelware. Never use aluminum. I use a basin, then I can just reheat it in the basin to use the next day.) When cooked 5 minutes add just enough water to cool, to soak your foot in (about 2 quarts). Have it as hot as you can stand it. Soak every evening 10 minutes.

Now I wonder if anyone has a remedy for "housemaid's knee?" — Annie Fisher, Pennsylvania

When I went to school we were all taught, "Use soap often. It kills germs; and germs can't live on soap." My husband, for a long time, was troubled by cracked hands. We tried different things for it, from soap of various kinds to oils, and also vitamins. Then we learned more about skin and soap. (It's been three or four years now since he's been bothered with cracked skin.) By nature the skin is slightly acid, and by the use of alkaline soaps we destroy the natural acid coating. If soap must be used then it should be mild soap like ivory, etc. Then rinse in water in which a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar has been added.

A doctor once said, "Using soap for bathing is unnecessary and undesirable. You don't have to use oil on a baby if you don't remove it in the first place."

I never use soap on our babies until the age of eight to to nine months, and then very seldom. We're never bothered with rash.

A few drops of Lysol, or such, disinfects and deodorizes the skin in bathing older children and grown persons. The dirty hands or feet washed in clear warm water and with a little extra rubbing will cleanse well, and sores heal quickly for us if rinsed with vinegar.

I think many would be better off healthwise and moneywise if hand soap was not often used.

— E.B., Missouri

An Invitation...

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First Amish Settlers in Geauga County

Geauga
Stark
Holmes
OHIO

- by Yost J. Byler and Uria Byler

In the year 1886, Samuel Weaver with his family migrated from Holmes County, to Parkman Township, in Geauga County and settled on a small farm on the Parkman Middlefield Road, the first farm north of the Cook farm. He was the founder and first settler of the colony which followed to the land of milk, cheese, and maple syrup — the main products of the farms. The news soon spread to the different states, causing a lot of landseekers for the next ten to fifteen years.

Many farms were for rent, fully equipped, with from ten to forty milk cows, crops, tool, sometimes horses, and large sugar bushes fully equipped on a 50-50 basis. Other farms were for sale at from 20 to 40 dollars an acre.

In the spring of 1887, my grandparents, Preacher Daniel J. Byler and son, Preacher Jacob (my father) and families loaded a train car of household goods at East Brook Station, or New Castle, Pennsylvania and started on their way to the new colony.

The following day, father and his brother, Noah, and my brother, Steve, started for Geauga County with four horses hitched to an open wagon, arriving at Warren, Ohio that same evening. The next morning the ground was frozen, but a nice March day soon turned the rough road into mud, so the men took turns in driving and walking. They finally arrived late in the afternoon at the farm previously rented, owned by Joe Gates, situated on the townline road of Middlefield and Parkman. The dwelling was of brick and still is in use.

There they set up housekeeping with a cookstove and a few utensils brought along for that purpose. In one room they built a fire in an open fireplace, put a pile of straw on the floor, and a few blankets for a bed. They had intended to unload the car and have the house in order by the time the families arrived, which was a week or ten days later. Father walked to Middlefield almost every day (4 miles distant) to see if the train car had arrived.

The same evening that the families arrived the train car was attached to the passenger train at Deforest Jct. The families were taken to the homes of David Millers and the Weavers.

My grandparents moved on the farm where Jacob N. Gingerich now resides. David J. Miller (John David) lived on the first farm south of the Boorn Schoolhouse, on Old State Road. The buildings are now in ruins.

Peter Millers (Mike Peters) lived southeast of Parkman, now U. S. Route 422. Simon Masts bought a farm two miles east of Welshfield, Troy Township. There was also a family by the name of Kuhns, and a family (I cannot recall their name) from Holmes County.

First church services were held at Sam Weavers in 1886, when a number of land seekers were there. Services were held by David Miller and possibly other ministers. The church was organized in the spring of 1887, and if my memory serves me right, it was at the home of my grandparents. The ministers were Daniel J. Byler, Jacob D. Byler and Simon Mast. Four years later, Mast was ordained a bishop, which he faithfully served until his death on his 50th birthday.

In the spring of 1888 and 1889 a number of families moved from Indiana, Holmes, and Lawrence Counties. Deacon Isaac Hershberger from Indiana located on the farm where his son, Bishop Neil, now resides. Noah Slabaugh bought a farm south of Swine Creek, opposite the Hawthorne farm. On that farm was the first burial ground. First burial was an old lady, Mrs. Sommers. Next was my brother Daniel in 1888, and a few others. Three of my sisters were also buried there. Eight or nine years later the bodies were all moved to the Hayes Corner cemetery.

Other families who settled there were my uncle John Kurtz from Pennsylvania, "Yacob Eli" Millers, and son John and wife, newlyweds. Els bought a farm west of Middlefield, where the nice dairy farm now is. D. D. Miller located south of Middlefield Center on the north side of the railroad, and started a Swiss Cheese factory.

Eli Borkholders who moved to Geauga from Indiana, moved in where Zooks had vacated, as Zooks moved back to Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. D. D. Miller needed milk to keep his factory, and seven sons busy (of course they were not all grown up at this time), so Eli started a milk route. We boys would get a big thrill to see him coming with a pair of small mules, very much resembling an over-sized pair of Western jack rabbits, and when going at full gallop those big 20, 30, and 40 gallon milk cans would make a clattering noise that could be heard a mile or so around the countryside.

Each year brought a few more families, namely, Kauffmans, Wengerds, Yoders, Gingerichs, Detweilers, etc. In the fall of 1889-1890, Uncle Crist Byler migrated from Kansas. The families at this time were widely scattered, all the way from Pope's Corners to Burton, Huntsburg, Middlefield, and Parkman. Some often had 8, 10, or 12 miles to go for church services. Nevertheless, they got together and were glad to have the fellowship together. Some of them walked all the way as there were few driving horses. The families rode in open spring wagons with farm horses for power, often colts following. In the spring it was rain and mud or rough roads, in the winter, cold and snowy, then the sled rides had their joys.

I heard the older folks say that those first few years were their most pleasant years, as the old and young were more alike, being together more, visiting, and at singings, spelling matches, etc., there was less pride, and more unity, less strife in church matters and among neighbors, and they were content with their few earthly possessions. I often heard the remark that Geauga County would be a good poor house if it only had a roof.

Neighbors were willing to help each other, often exchanging labor at harvest. There was far less farm machinery. Horse drawn corn planters were unknown. The farmers would prepare the corn ground, mark it both ways with a horse drawn marker, then the neighbors would join together and help each other, the younger boys, and often girls, would drop 3 to 4 kernels of corn at the cross marks, the older folks following with hoes, and covering it about one inch. While doing so, they had a sociable time together, creating good will among them.

If any strife, or ill feeling appeared, it was quickly settled, so that peace and good will prevailed among old and young alike and by observing the Golden Rule and the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, our forefathers formed and organized a church on the solid rock, and foundation of Christ.

Before the end of the 19th century, immigration started in earnest. One spring, 22 families migrated and all settled in the Nauvoo, and Hayes Corner section, all unloading the cars at Middlefield. My parents lived near where Frank Boorn's auctions are now held, so naturally we were invited to help unload most every car. The writer often helped. As was the rule, we would all help to unload the cars, then a long string of teams moved through the town, with the old Yankees watching the procession, shaking their heads and saying, "The Dutch are moving out to Egypt, " as that section was nicknamed.

Nearly all those families were renters, and mostly from Holmes County. Some were from Indiana and Pennsylvania. Some of the names were Yoder, Mullet, Sommers, Barkman, Petersheim, and Coblentz. The Kempfs, Schrocks, and Jake Millers migrated from Oregon, and Reuben Byler from Virginia. With such an increase it caused a shortage of ministers, and divisions in church lines were needed. The first one was the Middlefield-Parkman townline road. The second line was the Middlefield Center road. Those districts were called the Troy, Middlefield, and East Middlefield districts.

As the colony prospered, and increased, they settled north and east of Huntsburg. Among these were Preacher P. V. Yoder, and Preacher Crist J. Miller (Yone Crist) so they organized the Huntsburg district, the south line being at Barnes Corners. In this district a minister was ordained, and the lot fell on Jake Miller. He later was ordained a bishop, and resided at Dover, Delaware, where he was laid to rest. At this time, Father was the only bishop for the four districts. The next bishop was C. J. Kauffman, in the Troy District. The next one was Eli Byler in the East Middlefield District. Soon after, Father died on November 8, 1908 at the age of 59.

About 1905, a few became dissatisfied, so David C. Troyers migrated to Stark County, and were the first Amish settlers there. * He said he wanted to live where he could raise corn to fatten hogs. Others soon began to get cold feet of Geagua, and Stark County increased, resulting in nearly all the families in Huntsburg Township migrating to Stark County, a few back to Indiana, and to this day very few families have lived north and east of Huntsburg Village. Among the families leaving were two ministers, P. V. Yoder and Crist Miller, also Sommers, Coblentzs, Troyers, Helmuths, Beachys, Bontragers, Glicks, Schrocks, and others. Preacher Dave Miller went back to Delaware and a few back to Indiana. If my memory is correct the Schrocks migrated to Montana about 1899.

The first settlers and founders of Geauga County began looking for new adventure, so in 1900, Samuel Weavers, his son John and family, migrated to Oscoda County, Michigan, being the pioneer settlers among the pine stumps and brush. Others soon followed, but the colony did not flourish too well, and quite a few came back to Ohio. One is now a bishop, Harvey S. Weaver.

Those were the good old days, when folks were content with what they had to eat and wear, and sometimes went off to Holmes or Lawrence County on a visit with a farm horse and open buggy. Sometimes a mare was used with a young colt trailing behind, or going ahead.

The writer made the trip overland to Pennsylvania five different times. In the fall of 1902, I hired out to Sam Kurtz to help him drive six head of cattle from Middlefield to Winesburg, Ohio. It took us three days and part of a night to make the trip, driving the cattle through the city of Massilon. Two nights we slept in barns, eating cold lunches, or whatever we could get along the route. Imagine what would happen if anyone attempted such a trip in these advanced times.

Great changes have taken place during the last fifty years . . . in March, 1887 the church consisted of 9 families. Today there are eleven good sized districts. (In 1961 this was increased to 20 districts, or about six hundred families.) - Written by Yost J. Byler.

We can now see by Bishop Byler's account that most of the early Amish settlers of Geagua County were people of only limited means and that the first years were rather trying ones. From other accounts we know that the soil of Geagua was rather poor, as could be seen by many fields of so-called "poverty grass, " a tough, unpalatable grass that grows only on sour, unlimed soil that is too poor to grow anything else. When one of the early Amish settlers asked his "Yankee" neighbor what that stuff was, he got this answer, "Oh, that's poverty grass. Makes pretty good feed when it's short and green, but if you let it head out and cut it for hay it's kinda tough. My cows will chew and chew on it until the tears will roll right down their cheeks trying to get some good out of it. "

In those days lime and fertilizer were practically unheard of by the "Yankees" of Geauga. (To this day no one knows why the Amish called the non-Amish "Yankees, " unless it was because practically all the early settlers of Geauga came from Connecticut and other parts of New England, where the term "Yankee" originated.) Rotation farming was also seldom used by the native residents. The pattern of farming was far different from what the Amish had been used to in Pennsylvania and Holmes County.

During the winter there was little or no milk made by the "Yankees. " That was Nature's way of letting the cows go dry in the fall and freshen in the spring, and the farmers did nothing to disturb this regimen. The manure was tossed out of a window or piled up with wheelbarrows all during the winter, as the belief was that manure, like wine, does improve with age.

In the spring when the cows would freshen, the cheese plants would again open and people would start hauling milk in huge cans such as described in Bishop Byler's account. That was long before anyone thought of paved and improved roads and the mud was something to behold when the frost left the ground. Four horses were often used in pulling the creaking, groaning wagons through the soupy mud that reached up to and over the axles.

Most of the farm land in Geauga was in meadow when the first Amish came there. As long as the field would raise a tolerable crop of timothy it was thought a shame to plow it up for corn. However, when there was a spot of several acres where timothy would start to be replaced by the "poverty grass" it would be plowed up and planted to field corn, then followed by oats and seeded to timothy

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* (Editor's note: There was an Amish settlement previous to this in Stark Co. near Richville lasting from 1810-1870.)

again.

To say that the Amish were instrumental in changing the farming methods of Geauga during the latter part of the nineteenth century would not be an exaggeration. These folks had come from communities where crop rotation, lime and fertilizer were common farm practices, and it was not long until these were being used in Geauga. At first the "Yankees" shook their heads, "Waste of money to buy lime and fertilizer." "Plowing up good timothy sod, and put it in corn!" "'Tis a downright shame!" These were expressions that were heard many times. One of Bishop Jacob Byler's neighbors, a grizzled old-timer of about eighty summers, was talking to Byler about these new-fangled ideas on farming. "Jake," he said, "I don't like to say it, and I don't want it to happen because I like you folks, and want you to stay here, but I'm afraid that some of your boys are going to lose everything they have if they don't quit spending money for that kind of stuff. I've farmed it for fifty years and never in my life have I spent a dime for any such thing as that." (Meaning fertilizer.)

Well, the old timer's dire prediction proved wrong. The Amish continued with their "new-fangled ideas" and the white poverty grass meadows were replaced by fields of lush clover. Bigger barns were needed for storing hay and straw and again the Amish introduced something new for Geauga County; the basement or "bank" barn, where a load of hay could be hauled directly into the barn and unloaded with harpoons.

This great change in farming in Geauga did not take place overnight, or during the first year, but rather in slow steps. Most of the first settlers, as we have noted, were poor, had large families, and it was a struggle to make ends meet. Then, too, a majority were renters on farms, which also made it difficult to use the land improvement practices if the landlord did not agree. On those farms that the Amish owned, where lime and fertilizer were used, the results were soon noticed by the "Yankees," who were not slow to follow their Amish neighbors in improving their soil.

Around the turn of the century there began to be quite a noticeable change in the new Amish colony of Geauga. Up until then most of the settlers had rented their farms from their landlords at very reasonable rates. By dint of hard work and frugal living many had saved up enough money for down payments on farms, and credit at banks or private loans were not hard to get. Many bought farms on a "land contract" basis from their landlords on very reasonable terms.

Also, there were many people moving in from different sections, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Holmes County, and the colony was being more solidly established, but in appearance in was still far from that prosperous look of those three communities. In fact, it never has quite caught up in this respect, although there has been a great change from those early days.

We mentioned the term "frugal living" by some of the early Amish of Geauga, and Bishop Byler, in his narrative noted that the term "poorhouse" was humorously used by some Holmes Countians to describe conditions here. Both are closely related.

As an example of the former, Noah Detweiler, son of John and Sarah Detweiler was married in 1898 to Lizzie Byler, whose parents had moved from Lawrence County to Kansas, and back to Geauga, remembered using one gallon of sugar during their first year of marriage. Their wages during that time were $150.00, received from working on a farm. Their furniture consisted of a table, a bed, a dresser, and a few chairs.

To illustrate how the term "Geauga Poor House" phrase may have found its start, the story has been told in their later years by members of the first families who were small children then, that sometimes when visitors from other settlements, of which Geauga had many in those days, came to their house over mealtime, the parents would take the children aside and whisper, "Now children, don't eat so much, or the "fremde leute" (visitors) might not get enough." Undoubtedly this look of scarcity in food, patched up clothes, little furniture, and old weatherbeaten buildings was not lost when the "fremde leute" returned to their more prosperous homes.

The first Amish wedding in Geauga County according to the Burkholder history was one Joe Kuhns and Susie Miller on New Years Day, 1889. This was followed in the same year by Jonas J. Miller and Elizabeth J. Farmwald, then Andrew B. Gingerich and Emma D. Byler. The year 1890 saw two more Amish couples united in marriage, namely, Noah K. Byler and Lydia B. Gingerich, and Crist D. Miller and Mary S. Weaver, daughter of the first family to settle in Geauga.

The new community's greatest tragedy occurred one night in the fall of 1900 when David Coblentz, 20 years old son of Jacob Coblentz, was accidently shot while coon hunting. He, with several of his friends, were hunting southeast of Mespotamia. Suddenly and mysteriously David had vanished from the rest of the party. It seemed rather strange that he would leave without a word where he was going, but such was the case.

On trudged the young hunters, probably talking about their missing pal. Up ahead the dogs started barking. Momentarily forgotten was David in the excitement of the treed coon. When the boys got to the tree, they immediately tried to spot the object of the dogs' furious barking with their lantern. High up in the fork of a great oak they saw what appeared to be their coon. One held the lantern and taking careful aim with a .22 rifle, another hunter who was a dead shot, fired. There was a great crashing noise and David Coblentz, their missing pal, came plummeting down out of the tree, shot squarely between the eyes.

What had caused the youth to leave the hunting party and hide himself in that oak tree? No one has ever had an answer for that, although it was thought that perhaps he did it as a practical joke, intending to frighten the boys. But surely he must have seen the hunters below get ready to shoot, one might think. However it is idle at this late date to explain such a thing.

We will not name the youth who fired the fatal shot. He has been dead for many years after having lived an upright and Christian life. He was held entirely blameless in the shooting, although his remorse for the accident was such that for days there was great fear of him losing his reasoning.

The two most numerous family names in Geauga County are Miller and Byler, which causes quite a lot of confusion among the mail carriers, bankers and others, especially with so many "Johns" and "Dans." Quite a few of these family names stem from two of the earliest Amish families to migrate to Geauga; Preacher Dan Byler and "Jacob El," or Eli J. Miller, both mentioned in Bishop Byler's narrative. Most of the Bylers in Geauga, to the writer's knowledge, are direct descendants of the first named, or of his brother Noah, while many of the Millers can claim old "Jacob Eli" as their ancestor.

Eli, with a number of unmarried children, moved to

Geauga in 1888, and the "newlyweds" that accompanied them were their oldest son John and wife Sarah. John died in 1959 at the age of 94, leaving over four hundred living descendants, a fact which attracted wide attention in the press all over the country, and which was believed to be a record. Mrs. Jacob J. Mast, oldest daughter of John, is said to have been the first Amish child born in Geauga.

There probably are few Amish settlements in the United States that have shown a rate of growth to match that of Geauga County. For an example, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania was first settled by Amish about fifty years before Geauga was. Today there are five church districts there, while Geauga has twenty, spread out in three other counties. Stark County, Ohio, after fifty years has four districts. The Mifflin and Somerset communities, whose first Amish saw Indians and a wild country early in the 1800's have only a fraction of the Amish population that Geauga has.

Not everyone who has migrated to this land of maple syrup and holstein cows liked it well enough to settle down and stay. Bishop Byler mentioned this in writing of the first Huntsburg church district. After some years of dissension among its members for various reasons, there was a mass exodus out of that district, with many families moving to Indiana, Stark County, and other localities. Since then there has been considerable moving in and out of the community, and in recent years, with more moving out than in.

Today, in many parts of the country, the United States is greatly changing from a farming to an industrial and urban community. Nowhere is this change more apparent than in Geauga County, Ohio. There is only a fraction of tillable farm acreage there was in 1920, probably the heyday of farming the family-sized farm in northeastern Ohio. Since World War II there has been a great exodus of city dwellers moving out of Cleveland to the hills of Geauga. Where once stood rows of tall corn or great shocks of grain, now are seen great housing projects, allotments, stores, and new factories. Along such highways as 422, 87, and 322, that in 1900 were still muddy country roads, there is hardly any farming land left, and the city dweller is pushing into the country farther and farther, buying land at prices that no practical farmers can match. The result; higher and higher taxes, less and less chance for a young farmer to get established.

Today, because of the close proximity of the city of Cleveland whose suburbs are branching out into the hills of Geauga, with the resulting higher taxes and land prices, many Amish from Geauga are once again casting about for new locations. What the outcome will be, remains to be seen, but the day of cheap farms and opportunities, such as those that attracted the Amish to this "poorhouse" in the 1880's, is gone forever. Today no children are being admonished to eat only a little until the guests have left, and horses are no longer wallowing through mud to their flanks to haul milk. There is plenty to eat and patched-up pants are not seen as often as they were in the "roofless poorhouse days of Geauga County."

Nevertheless, those early days in Geauga were the "good old days" in their truest sense, and who can be blamed for wishing those days back, or at least for perhaps slightly envying those who were fortunate to live in the days when cold wars, fallout fears, and income taxes were unheard of?

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Warum keine Amiſche in Europa?

(von Joſeph Stoll)

Etwas wie ſechs Jahre zurück da ich ein Begräbnis beiwohnte in Miſchigan, bin ich ein alter Bruder bekannt worden mit Namen William Schweitert. „Schweitert — das iſt ein fremder Namen,“ bemerkte ich zu dem alten Mann. „Bitte, erzähle mir wie du zu die Amiſche gekommen biſt.“

Bruder Schweitert (der ſeitdem ſein Abſchied genommen) ſchaute mich hart an. Ich vernahm daß ich beſſer wiſſen ſollte als ihn ſolches fragen. Sein weißer Bart ſchüttelte ein wenig da er ſagte: „Merke, ich bin Altamiſch geboren.“

Er erklärte weiter daß er in Europa geboren war von amiſche Eltern. Er iſt als Jüngling herüber in die Vereinigten Staaten gekommen. Er wohnte eine Zeitlang in Nord-Dakota und heiratete dort ein Mädchen mit Namen Graber. Eins vom alten Joe Graber ſeine Kinder, Schweſter zum jetztverſtorbene Biſchof Albert Graber von Lagrange Co. Ind.

So weit ich mich erinnern kann, iſt William Schweitert das einzigſte in Europa geborene amiſch Glied daß ich in meiner Zeit lernte kennen. Warum das? Hat es kein Amiſche mehr in Europa? Oder iſt es nur daß ſie nicht mehr in Amerika anſiedeln?

Ich verſtehe es ſind keine Amiſche mehr zu finden in Europa heutigestags. Mennoniten hat es noch, aber die richtige, abgeſonderte Amiſche, gar keine.

Das iſt wunderlich. In Europa hat unſer Glauben ſein Urſprung. In Europa haben viele von unſere Vorväter ihr Leben geopfert für Chriſto. Etliche mußten ihre Heimaten verlaſſen, und ſuchten anderswo die Freiheit ihren Glauben zu beleben. So kamen viele nach Amerika.

Es iſt aber klar daß ſie nicht alle gekommen ſind. Manche Familien blieben in das alte Land und ſuchten das beſte zu machen unter die Umſtänden. Was gab es mit dieſe und ihre Nachkommenden? Wo ſind ſie Heut?

So weit wir wiſſen, gehören ſie alle zu mehr liberale, oder wie wir ſagen, höhere Gemeinden. Viele ohne Zweifel hören zu gar keine chriſtliche, oder wenigſtens zu keine wehrloſe Gemeinden. Es ſcheint die Amiſche in Europa haben Jahr nach Jahr ausverloren in ihrem geiſtlichen Haushalten, bis die Gemeinden zu nichts gegangen ſind. Schade, ſchade!

Wir möchten wohl denken daß wenn die Leute wo in Europa geblieben ſind hätten können in die Zukunft ſchauen, wären ſie entweder mit ihre Brüder nach Amerika gezogen, oder der Zuſtand von die Gemeinden beſſer in Acht genommen.

Ein Brief von 1919

Fünfzig Jahre zurück war noch geiſtliches Leben bei die Amiſche in Europa. Ein Brief von ein Prediger, Johannes Peterſchmitt, ſagte daß noch ſieben Gemeinden in Elſaß waren zu ſeiner Zeit. Dieſen Brief war geſchrieben kurz nach dem erſten Weltkrieg, und erſchien in die Zeitung, „The

Budget."

In dieſem Brief können wir vernehmen daß etwas fehlte unter die Gemeinden. Im äußerlichen Nichtgleichſtellung der Welt hatte ſie ſchon in 1919 viel verloren. Der Brief leſet wie folgt:

„Wir haben eine ſtarke Gemeinde mit zehn Prediger, unſern vier heißen Johannes. Unſere Gottesdienſt Verſammlungen werden in unſere Wohn-Häuſern ſowie auch an beſtellten Plätze abgehalten. Kirchen Ceremonie haben wir nicht."

„Wir halten das Alte Teſtament als nötiges, das Neue Teſtament aber als die Kaſernen der Worte Gottes, Beſonders die vier Evangeliſten was unſer Heiland ſelbſt geredet hat. Die 18 Artikel verfertigt und vollendet zu Dortrecht in Holland am 21. April, 1632. Damit lernen wir die Jugend zum Begriff der heiligen Schrift."

„In unſerm Alſaß haben wir 7 Gemeinden wo noch ziemlich nach alten Gebrauchen haushalten. Nur die unbefügte Haarzucht und Kleidertracht iſt etwas ärgerlich. Unſere Hantierung ſind faſt alle Landwirt und Müller, alſo nebſt Gottes Wort das nächſtigſte iſt. Gott ſchuf uns Menſchen Ihn zum Dienſt, nebenbei die Erde zu beherrſchen, bauern, pflanzen und bewahren. — Johannes Peterſchmitt."

Aus obigem Brief lautet es als wenn noch viel Gutes geweſen wäre unter die Europäiſchen Amiſchen Gemeinden in 1919. Ausgenommen die Bemerkung wegen Kleidertracht und Haarzucht, wäre nichts zu tadeln. Warum dann, haben dieſe Gemeinden im ganzen ausverloren in nur wenigen Jahren hernach? Waren dieſe Punkten von Kleidertracht ſo wichtig, oder war es vielleicht ein Kennzeichen daß die Gemeinden mehr im geiſtlichen Verfall waren als ſie meinten?

Noch einige Briefen von 1949

Dreißig Jahre gingen vorbei. Die Länder in Europa machten wieder eine ſchwere Zeit durch. Der zweite Weltkrieg verurſachte viel Herzensweh und Tod. Es war beides eine Zeit von geiſtliche Verwirrung und geiſtliche Stärkung.

Etwa vier Jahre nach dem Schluß vom Krieg, ſchrieb ein Prediger von Deutſchland zu einem amiſchen Bruder in Indiana, Namen Levi D. Chriſtner. Der Prediger, Namen H. C. Scheffler ſchrieb zweimal zum Bruder Chriſtner im Jahre 1949. Er erzählte wie es ging unter die Gemeinden zu ſeiner Zeit. Wir laſſen hier etwas von dieſe Briefen erſcheinen.

Kaiſerslautern, Deutſchland.
Juni 14, 1949

„Im letzten Jahr hatte ich einen Jungen zu taufen, der war ſchon größer wie ich. Ich bin 183 Zentimeter groß. (Etwa 6 Fuß und ein Zoll. P.Y.) Dieſer Junge gehört zu einer altamiſchen Familie mit Namen Schönbeck. Ich kenne ſeine Eltern und Großeltern ſehr gut, bin oft dort, ſie gehören noch zu den ganz Alten. Da hatten wir die Taufe bei ihnen im Hauſe. Es war nur der Familienkreis dabei, aber es war ſehr ſchön. In dieſem Hauſe Schönbecks waren früher, als es noch viele amiſche Mennoniten gab, immer die groſten Verſammlungen wie Taufe, Abendmahl und Fußwaſchung abgehalten. Sie wohnen ablegen vom Dorfe und leben ſtill für ſich. Ich bin gern dort. Der Großvater hat immer viel erzählt von die alten Zeiten."

WATCH NEXT MONTH
FOR A SAMMY STORY

„Du fragſt ob hier keine amiſche Mennoniten mehr ſind. Es ſind wohl noch einige da, aber ſie halten ſich ganz zurückgezogen. Gemeinden gibt es nicht mehr. Die meiſten haben ſich mit den andern zuſammen geſchloſſen. In der Zeit als der Verführer Hitler hier war, war es für kleine Gruppen ſehr ſchwer.

Sept. 2, 1949

„Und nun muß ich dir, lieber Bruder, noch etwas ſchreiben, damit du unſere deutſchen Mennoniten nicht falſch beurteileſt. Ich glaube die Mennoniten in Amerika denken immer, wir hier ſind ganz abgefallen. Es ſtimmt aber nicht. Es gibt unter den Amiſchen und auch unter den andern nur ganz wenige die Pomade brauchen, Puder oder ſo etwas. (perfume and face powder. P.Y.) Die Haare haben manche früher ſchneiden laſſen aber heute tun es viele nicht mehr. Die Zeit iſt ſo ernſt und was wir hier an Not ſchon durchgemacht, hat manchen die Augen geöffnet für den lieben Heiland und für ſein Wort. Der Familie Scheffler."

Dieſe Briefen von Herr Scheffler geben zu verſtehen daß die Amiſche in Europa ſchon ſehr zerſtreuet waren in 1949. Er hatte eine große luſt für die guten alten Zeiten, aber ſie waren vorbei.

Jetzt ſind ſchon wieder zwanzig Jahre verfloſſen, und man hört gar nichts mehr von Amiſche in Europa.

Was können wir lernen von dem Verfall unſere Brüder-Gemeinden in Europa? Können wir eine Warnung nehmen, und uns hüten vor ihrem Fehler?

Ich fürchte die Gemeinden am fernen Seite des Meers ſind nicht die einzigſte wo ſchon Schaden gelitten haben. Wo groß natürliches Reichtum iſt und eine freie Zeit, da iſt auch eine große Verſuchung. Die Gleichſtellung der Welt in ſonderheit, dient zur Verderbung viele Seelen.

Man möchte fragen, „Hat dieſe Verſuchung viel Kraft ſo lang die Gemeinde feſt bleibt in aller Ordnungen Gottes?"

Wahrlich, wir wiſſen daß die Weltliebe reißet gewöhnlich hinein in Stellen wo die Gemeinde, oder das Gemeinde Glied, im Glauben verſchwächt iſt. Aber was bringt dieſe Verſchwächung? Iſt es nicht zum Teil die Verſuchung, welches Jahr nach Jahr eine Aenderung bringt in die Gemeinden, ſo ſie nicht acht nehmen? Es geht Hand in Hand, glaube ich.

Die Gemeinde Gottes ſoll fortgepflanzt werden von einem Geſchlecht zum andern, aber der Feind unſre Seelen tut alles das er kann um es zu verderben. Wir können viel lernen von die Voreltern, aber es nimmt noch mehr — es nimmt ein anhaltender Fleiß um Gottes Willen zu erforſchen. Durch Gehorſam ſein Wort und ſeinen Geiſt iſt der Sieg möglich.

Warum ſind keine Amiſche in Europa? Es iſt eine bedenkliche Frage Gott weißt was die Urſach iſt, und Er weißt auch wie uns zu verhüten von einem nämlichen Verfall. Es ziemt uns im ernhafte Gebet vor Ihm kommen.

— Guaimaca, Honduras —

CHILDREN'S SECTION

It didn't seem fair to LeRoy that he had to work so hard for a pony when his friend got one for the asking.

THE PRICE OF A PONY

by David Luthy

LEROY MILLER wiped the sweat from his face and neck with his blue bandanna handkerchief. He had never worked so hard in his life; at least right then he couldn't think of any other time. He pushed his hay fork into the wobbling load of hay to keep his balance. He stared at the steady stream of hay coming out of the loader; it was like water pouring over a dam in a flood.

Thirteen-year-old LeRoy couldn't imagine ever being able to handle a wagon by himself like his older brother could. He was puffing today just keeping the front end spread out while his father was filling the back end — that was the hard part.

"A waterfall," thought LeRoy. "That's what the hay coming over the top of the loader looks like."

"Whoa," called Mr. Miller to Edward, his nine-year-old son who was driving. "LeRoy, make the corner for him. He's going to miss the hay at the end of this row."

LeRoy jabbed his fork firmly into the hay and took the lines from his younger brother.

"Not too short a turn," warned Mr. Miller.

The flood of hay came slower now as the wagon cautiously rounded the corner.

"Nice turn. You got it all," said Mr. Miller, glancing over the side of the high load. "Now this one more row and we'll have our fourth load."

"Then dinner and some rest," thought LeRoy.

The hay loader clanked and clattered as it brought the hay from the ground to the wagon. It was a steady rhythm. But then it hit a new pitch; at least LeRoy thought it suddenly sounded different.

"Whoa!" shouted LeRoy to the team.

The wagon stopped and the hay loader's creakings ceased. But the new sound continued. It was Edward and he was crying.

"Take the lines and drive, LeRoy," said Mr. Miller. "Edward's getting buried by the hay. We haven't far to go now. I'll handle the rest by myself."

LeRoy took two strides across the springy hay and reached down to his brother. Edward was really covered up and pushed tight against the standard of the wagon.

"Here, Edward, I'll help you out," offered LeRoy. He reached down and lifted his brother. "You should have climbed one rung higher on the standard."

"I tried, but I couldn't do it and keep the team on the row," whimpered Edward.

LeRoy didn't speak out loud, but he said to himself, "It isn't hard to climb up on the standard and drive at the same time." But then his mind drifted back to ten minutes earlier when he had felt so weak and had wondered how his older brother could handle a load by himself.

Finally the end of the row came. LeRoy wrapped the lines around the standard and climbed down to unhook the hay loader. His thoughts were of dinner and the rest that would follow.

Dinner time came and went and so did LeRoy's twenty minute rest under the shade tree. Once again he was helping his father load hay. The afternoon wore on and LeRoy nearly wore out, but he always found a reserve of strength to keep up his end of the work.

It was after supper that LeRoy found time to relax. He was out on the front lawn with Edward and his sister Mary playing the new game which Grandma Miller had brought them on the weekend. Just as he was getting ready to start a third round of the game, LeRoy looked up to see his friend, Andy Schrock, come riding in the short lane. Immediately his interest turned from the game to his visitor, but especially to the pony Andy was riding.

"When did you get it?" asked LeRoy, jumping to his feet and running toward the hitching post where Andy was tying the pony.

"Dad bought him for me last Friday at the horse sale," beamed Andy. "I told him last week I wanted a pony and he got me one."

LeRoy rubbed his hand over the black pony's neck. "He's a beauty. What do you call him?"

"Midnight," answered Andy.

"Can I ride him?" asked LeRoy.

"Sure, go ahead," offered Andy, untying Midnight.

"I want to ride, too," said Edward, who had followed close on his brother's heels.

"I'll take a ride by myself first, and then you can ride him with me," said LeRoy.

The farm lane was short and LeRoy was soon riding Midnight down the gravel road. He didn't know when he had enjoyed a pony ride more. Midnight ran so smoothly and was obedient to his commands. "A perfect pony," LeRoy thought to himself. "Andy's got a perfect pony." Then a wave of self-pity passed over LeRoy as if an evening breeze were sweeping across his body. "Andy's got the perfect pony, the perfect dog, the perfect pellet gun, the . . . the . . . perfect life."

LeRoy brought the pony to a walk and turned him around and headed back home. As he neared the farm his eyes fell on the hay loader standing in the field. It was idle now, but LeRoy remembered the long hours he had worked with it that day. Another wave of self-pity settled upon him. "I had to work all day like a slave and Andy probably was riding around all afternoon on his pony. He hardly ever has to work hard like I do. Yet his dad buys him everything he asks for. It isn't fair."

That night LeRoy slept well. At first his self-pity had tried to keep him awake, but his tired body was soon fast asleep.

When morning came, LeRoy woke up when his mother tapped the stove pipe which went through his bedroom. As he rubbed his eyes and turned over he heard a light patter on the window. "Rain," smiled LeRoy. "No hay loading today. Good." He buried his face in his pillow and stretched his body. If only he didn't have to get up and chore. If only he could stay in bed another hour. But a tap on the stove pipe and the call of his name sent him jumping out of bed. "Okay, Mom, I'm getting up."

It was at the breakfast table that the conversation turned to Andy's visit the evening before and his new pony. Edward told about his ride and about how nice the pony was. "I wish you'd get us one, Dad," said Edward. "We could use it to get the cows."

"Maybe we should have a pony," answered Father.

LeRoy's ears perked up. Was he hearing right? Was his dad serious about getting a pony?

"Andy asked his dad last week for a pony and his dad got him one at the sale on Friday," said LeRoy. "The sale is again in two weeks. Would you buy us one then?"

Father reached for a slice of bread and began buttering it. "Did Andy's dad buy the pony with his money or Andy's?" he asked.

LeRoy shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I guess it was his dad's money. I don't think Andy has any, but I don't know for sure."

"He's old enough to have earned and saved a little," smiled Father. "There's lots of things boys your age can do to earn some money to save for buying something like a pony. Raising rabbits, cutting grass for people in the evening, trapping muskrats, building bird houses."

LeRoy didn't say anything more about his father buying a pony. He understood his father's meaning. If a pony was purchased it would have to come out of LeRoy's pocketbook, not his father's. "It's not fair that I have to work for a pony and Andy got his just for the asking," thought LeRoy. He jabbed at a piece of egg still left on his plate.

Nearly a week passed before LeRoy saw Andy Schrock's pony a second time. It was in town at the hitching rack behind the IGA grocery store. "Hi, Midnight," greeted LeRoy and he stroked the pony's nose. "Where's your master, in the store?" LeRoy headed toward the IGA. It was cool inside and was a relief from the hot August afternoon. It felt good to be out of the direct sunlight. LeRoy walked down all the store aisles but didn't find Andy. "Maybe he's across the street at the hardware," LeRoy thought. But when he entered the hardware store, LeRoy saw only a man and his wife. "Wonder where he is?" said LeRoy to himself. After trying a few other stores, LeRoy found Andy sitting at the soda counter in the drug store. Why hadn't he thought of that first? Andy always had some pocket change for a coke or ice cream.

"Hi, LeRoy," called out Andy as LeRoy entered the store. "What are you doing in town today?"

"I came along with Dad to the mill. Saw Midnight over in the lot behind the IGA and thought I would go in and see you, but didn't find you until here."

"Yep, I tied Midnight over there a couple of hours ago. He was standing all right, wasn't he?"

LeRoy shrugged his shoulders. "Guess he was. I really didn't notice if he wasn't. He looked plenty warm though. Hot day."

Andy shrugged his shoulders. "Guess we all are hot today." He took a large swallow from his glass of coke.

"Well, I got to head back to the mill. Maybe Dad's done already and is waiting on me," said LeRoy. "Come on over some evening."

"Maybe I will," answered Andy. "Maybe tomorrow evening."

LeRoy set a brisk pace back to the mill. He had been gone longer than he had planned. His father was paying his bill at the mill and was about ready to leave. "One more stop — the IGA — and then we'll head for home," smiled Mr. Miller. Small beads of sweat showed between his lips and his beard. "A warm day for us, but even warmer for the horses. I don't think I would have come to the mill today if I had realized it would turn so warm. Looks like we will get a shower tonight. The air's heavy."

Mr. Miller held the horses in as a grain truck passed. Then the perspiring team was turned toward the center of the small town. They didn't trot with their usual briskness, but plodded along with their heads drooping.

"I've a notion to stop at Joe Yoder's right outside town and water the horses," said Mr. Miller. "A day like today is hard on them, and it is a heavy load to pull."

The wagon came to a halt behind the IGA. LeRoy jumped down and tied one of the horses. His father stepped down and went into the store. LeRoy stroked the team's heads. "You'll get a drink in a little while." Then he turned to follow his father. But something made him stop. "Poor Midnight," exclaimed LeRoy, seeing the pony still standing at the hitching rack. Midnight's head was nearly touching the ground. The sun had borne down on him for a few hours and the pony was exhausted. "He probably wishes he were tied under a shade tree," thought LeRoy. He looked around for a tree to tie the pony to but couldn't find one. "I know there are some shade trees over at the hitching rack across from the bank. Wonder why Andy didn't tie over there? Especially if he was planning to stay in town so long."

When Mr. Miller returned from his grocery shopping, he gave Midnight a pitying look as he passed. "Whose pony is that?" he wondered.

"Andy Schrock's," answered LeRoy.

"Oh," said Mr. Miller. He gave his son a rather knowing look, but said nothing.

It was a short drive to Joe Yoder's. His was the large farm which touched the town limits. Joe was standing in the barn door when the Millers' wagon pulled in.

"Hello, Joe," called Mr. Miller. "Got any water for some thirsty horses?"

"Sure, unhitch if you want, or we could just pump a few bucketsful and carry them over, " smiled Joe. He went to a door a few feet away and returned with two five gallon buckets. LeRoy jumped down to help him fill them.

When LeRoy carried the first bucket to Queenie, she could hardly wait. Generally she was reluctant to drink with her bridle on, but today it was different. White foam fell from her lips as she reached deep into the cool water.

Watching the thirsty horses drink made LeRoy feel good. He was glad they had taken the time to stop. As he carried the empty bucket back to the shed, he heard his name. Glancing up he saw Andy galloping past on Midnight on his way home. LeRoy waved. "Poor pony, " he said to himself. "He's got a four mile gallop ahead of him. Andy shouldn't use him so hard. "

The next evening LeRoy was working on Edward's broken toy wagon when he heard hoofbeats in the lane. It was Andy and Midnight. The pony came to a halt.

"I can't stay more than a half hour, " said Andy. "Dad doesn't like me on the road when it starts to get dark. "

The boys visited and told about what had happened in the past week. Andy told about the barn which had burned two places over from his home.

"Dad says he put his hay in too soon, " said Andy. "Want to take a ride on Midnight?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"Sure, " answered LeRoy, scrambling onto Midnight's back.

LeRoy took just a short ride. He kept feeling guilty riding Midnight, for he knew how much the pony was used. "I wonder if all the boys ride you when Andy visits them?" said LeRoy as he stroked the pony's neck with one hand; the other held the reins. "Don't you ever get to rest?" LeRoy rode a short distance and then headed home. "I'll take you back and give you a drink and let you rest up for your ride home. "

But when LeRoy came to a halt beside Andy and had jumped off, Andy got right on. "I'd better be heading home. "

"But, I thought I would water Midnight and let him rest a little before you left, " volunteered LeRoy.

"Naw, he can drink at home and rest there, " said Andy clicking to his pony. "See you later. " And the pony galloped out the lane.

It was a few weeks before LeRoy saw Midnight again. And when he did he hardly recognized him. He looked thinner and his once shiny black coat was dull. "Poor pony, " thought LeRoy. "Your master is wearing you out. You once looked like a pair of Sunday shoes — nice and shiny. But now you look like an old pair which needs a good brushing. "

"Hi, " greeted Andy, as he came up behind LeRoy. "Want to take Midnight for a ride?"

"No, I don't think so, " said LeRoy, trying not to sound odd. Yet he realized Andy must be wondering why he didn't accept his offer. He always had before.

There was a short silence. Then Andy hopped up onto Midnight's back.

"Hey, Andy, " began LeRoy. "Do you like Midnight very much?"

"Sure, " answered Andy without hesitating. "He gets me where I'm going. But I must admit he doesn't go like he used to. "

That wasn't what LeRoy had meant. He wondered why Andy didn't take better care of his pony, but he didn't press the subject any further.

September came and with it came a slight letup in farm work on the Miller farm. Ever since Andy had gotten Midnight, LeRoy had been wishing for a pony of his own. Now with his free time he thought of ways to earn some money to buy one. Once he started seriously thinking of how to earn money, there always seemed to be ways available. First he cleaned up an old orchard and rail fence at Abe Miller's, earning eight dollars. Then he split wood for the widow Katie Lehman, earning ten dollars. It was work, but LeRoy was getting what he wanted — money to buy a pony.

October came and LeRoy was too busy and tired evenings to look for extra work in the neighborhood. There was silo to fill and then the husking began. But when the first December snow came, LeRoy went to some "English" neighbors and asked to shovel their snow. He got the job and was paid well for his work and he made a few dollars selling Rosebud Salve. And then there was the money he got when he sold four rabbits. By January, LeRoy had saved $25 — which he hoped would be the price of a pony.

"Winter is a good time to buy a pony, " advised Father. "They don't cost as much now as they do in the spring. "

"The horse sale is this Friday, " said LeRoy. "Could we go?"

"I think so, " answered Mr. Miller. "I should go to town anyway some day this week. "

So, on Friday, LeRoy and his father went to the horse sale. And they didn't come home empty handed. Edward gave out an Indian warwhoop when the Miller buggy pulled in the lane that evening and LeRoy was leading a pony — a silver gray one.

"Silver is his name, and he's three, " LeRoy told his brother who stood admiring it. "It cost $30 and I had just $25, but Dad paid the rest for me. "

Silver wasn't the world's most beautiful pony, but he was a good-natured one. He didn't seem to have an ill temper or biting habit like some ponies. LeRoy, in the months that followed, was well pleased with his pony. And Silver was well pleased with his master. For LeRoy brushed him each morning, kept him well fed and watered, and didn't overuse him. Soon Silver and LeRoy became such good friends that LeRoy only needed to whistle and Silver would come in from the pasture. Of course, why wouldn't he? There was a nice clean stall and a measure of oats waiting for him. And sometimes there was even a lump of sugar from his master's hand.

During the winter months, LeRoy didn't see much of Andy. Even though they lived but a mile and a half apart, they went to different parochial schools. But when spring came, Andy rode in the Miller's lane one Saturday after the horse sale in town.

"How do you like her?" smiled Andy. "Dad bought her for me yesterday. Midnight was getting old. He didn't go like he did last summer. I call this one Snowball. "

Snowball was a very fitting name, for the pony was pure

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stoll

- For ages 10 and up
- 232 pages
- illustrated
- clothbound $3.25

white — just the opposite of Midnight. And she looked different from Midnight in another respect — she was sleek and pert and fresh. Midnight had looked worn out.

LeRoy didn't say it out loud, but thought to himself, "Wonder how soon Snowball will be worn out like Midnight?" He didn't say it out loud to Andy, but that evening at the supper table he said just that. Mr. Miller gave his son a knowing nod, indicating he wondered, too.

"It would be hard for me to part with Silver and get another pony," said LeRoy. "It would be, well, like giving part of myself away."

"Of course it would," agreed Mother. "Andy got his pony for nothing and it didn't mean much to him. But you bought your pony with your own hard-earned money. Your pony is part of you."

"That's why you take better care of Silver than Andy does of his ponies," spoke up Mr. Miller. He reached his knife toward the butter dish. "All of us appreciate something most which we've had to work to get."

LeRoy scraped his spoon along the edge of his soup plate, picking up the little bit that remained. His mind wandered to the barn where he knew Silver was tied. "Dad wasn't unfair, after all, to make me work for the price of a pony," he told himself. "It was good for me, and—it was good for the pony." ■■

The Lost Dime

— By Aunt Amy

Oh, it's warm," sighed eleven-year-old Wilma as she pushed the lawn mower to the edge of the porch and stopped.

"Yes, it is," agreed Susan. "But it's my turn now, and these two rounds will finish the yard."

"I'm glad we started early," said Wilma. "It was nice till just the last while."

"It's real July weather," commented Mother, who was sitting on the open porch shelling peas for dinner. "It's just fine for drying Dad's second cutting of hay, and the corn is growing fast. It doesn't hurt us to do a little sweating sometimes."

Susan pushed the lawn mower across the long yard, while Wilma fanned herself with a straw hat which she had picked up from beside the flower stand on the porch.

Mowing the yard was Wilma's job, for her brother Paul was so busy helping his father in the fields. Susan, a neighbor girl, was Wilma's good friend and each week they helped each other mow the lawn at Susan's home one day and at Wilma's home the next.

Little Ruthie was busy helping Mother shell peas. They finished just as Susan came back on her final round.

"Well, I guess that's it for another week," said Susan. "I'd better be going home."

"Wait a minute," said Mother. "You girls have been doing real well keeping the grass cut. Here is a dime for each of you. I have an appointment with the dentist at 3 o'clock this afternoon. I was thinking of taking our girls along. If your Mother can spare you for a few hours, Susan, you can go with us. We'll come right past the ice cream stand."

"Thank you so much," smiled Susan. "Since my brother broke his leg, we've had doctor bills and no money for ice cream. I'll ask my mother, and if I may go, I'll try to be ready when you come. What time will you start?"

"We should start by 2 o'clock," answered Mother. "Then we won't have to drive fast when it's so warm for the horse."

"Thanks for my dime, too," said Wilma.

Mother took the peas and started for the kitchen. "Ruthie," she said, "you may carry the pods out to the garbage pail. And Wilma, come in and get some lemonade for all three of you girls before Susan goes home."

"Oh, good," said Wilma, dropping her dime on the flower stand and starting for the kitchen. Susan sat on the porch steps to wait.

Wilma got a small tray and three glasses out of the cupboard. She set the glasses on the tray and filled them with nice, cold lemonade. Then she carried it to the porch and set it on the edge of the flower stand. Each girl took a glass and slowly sipped the delicious drink.

Soon Susan set her glass down. "Thanks again. I'll have to go now. If Mother says I may go with you this afternoon, I'll see you then."

"Good-by, I hope you can go along," said Wilma.

"Good-by," echoed Ruthie from halfway down the walk. "Hope you can go along."

Wilma carried the tray of empty glasses into the kitchen where Mother was getting dinner ready. Ruthie brought in the empty pan which had held the pea pods.

"Mother, why didn't I get a dime, too?" she asked.

"You'll get ice cream, too," Mother answered. "I'll pay for it when we get to the ice cream stand. I don't want you to lose your dime."

Wilma blinked. What had she done with her own dime? She wasn't holding it any more. Quickly she looked on the tray and on the table and even on top of the ice box. "Mother, where is my dime?" she asked.

"Where did you put it?" asked Mother.

"I don't know," answered Wilma. "I put it somewhere when I got the lemonade."

"Maybe it's on the porch," suggested Ruthie. "You were out there."

Wilma hurried to the porch and looked all around— on the porch steps, under the flower stand and even on top of it. But she couldn't find her dime. She went down the steps and looked carefully around the flowers in front of the porch, but no dime was to be found.

"Mother," cried Wilma, "I think Susan took my dime. I'm pretty sure she did."

"Why, Wilma," exclaimed Mother, "what an unkind thing to say about your friend."

"But, Mom, she said they hardly ever have money for ice cream. She probably thought you would give me another dime. She was on the porch alone while I got the lemonade and Ruthie carried out the pea pods."

"Wilma," said Mother firmly, "do you honestly believe Susan would do such a thing? You are warm and tired and can't think right."

"Well, no not really," said Wilma slowly, "but she said— "

"I heard what she said," interrupted Mother. "But that gives us no reason to accuse her of taking your dime. I don't believe for a minute that Susan would take a dime from anyone, and especially not from her friend."

Slowly Wilma walked to the cupboard to get the dinner dishes. She set the table. Suddenly the trip to town had lost all its appeal. Mother noticed her unhappiness. She could give her another dime, but she knew her daughter had a habit of putting things down anywhere, then having to hunt for them. She would wait.

"Wilma," called Ruthie from the front porch, "there's a bug crawling around out here on Dad's old straw hat on the flower stand."

"Shake it off," said Wilma.

"But it looks so cross and buzzes," said Ruthie. "Maybe it's a bee. Yes, I think it's a bee."

"It will probably fly away soon," said Wilma.

"But I'm afraid of it, and I want to play out here. Please chase it away," pleaded Ruthie.

Wilma walked slowly to the porch. There was a bee on the straw hat. She grasped the brim and gave the hat a shake which sent the bee merrily on its way. It also sent a small object sailing to the porch floor. It jingled as it landed.

"It's your dime, your lost dime," Ruthie squealed.

"Oh," said Wilma in a very small voice. "Oh."

— Indiana

THE BALANCE OF NATURE

By Agnes Ranney

In any "unpopularity poll" the mosquito would be sure to stand high on the list. Her persistent song and her annoying habit of biting are features of the summer we would gladly give up. But in the far north, even the unpopular mosquito serves a useful purpose.

In the cold reaches of northern Canada and Alaska, the lush pastures of warmer climates are replaced by low-growing mosses and lichens. These provide food for the big reindeer that roam the vast, treeless plains as well as for the tiny mouselike lemmings that make their homes in this cold land.

For all their great size, the reindeer would soon perish if the lemmings were not kept in check, for these little animals breed so rapidly that the country would soon be overrun with them and the mosses and lichens all eaten. But fortunately for the reindeer, the lemmings have enemies. Among these are the tiny shrews, the smallest of the predatory animals. Grown shrews catch and eat the lemmings. But their babies need softer food, and this is where the mosquitoes come in. Their young make up the chief food for the baby shrews. So, in a round-about but very real way, the great reindeer is dependent upon the tiny mosquito.

"No wild animal walks with aimless feet," says naturalist Gene Caesar. The delicate balance of nature appears again and again in the relationships among animals. Long ago, the Indians did little to upset this balance. They killed only the animals they needed, and used every part of those they took. Skins were made into clothing, moccasins, and coverings for their teepees. Tiny sharp bones became needles, horns were carved into spoons and other implements, rabbit hair was used with shredded cedar bark to make a kind of felt cloth.

When the first white man came to America, they found the land teeming with a wealth of wildlife. Sometimes for selfish reasons, sometimes with the best of intentions, they began to make changes. In doing so, they discovered some surprising things about the animals which share our world.

Perhaps the trappers made the biggest inroads on the wildlife they found. Three hundred years ago there were some 60 million beavers in North America — more beavers than people. But by 1800 there were few beavers left in New England, and by 1928 they had almost disappeared from the eastern part of the United States. Other animals suffered in proportion as trappers roamed the wilderness in search of the wealth the pelts brought at the fur trading posts.

As the beavers and their dams vanished, flood damage increased. Ponds, where ducks and geese had paused to rest, drained away and no longer provided well-watered pasture along their margins for moose and elk. Little by little, the settlers came to realize that the beaver was good for other things besides making beaver hats.

Sometimes it is people who really want to save the animals that do them the most harm. In order to save the deer, wildlife authorities have often offered bounties for the destruction of their natural enemies — cougars, wolves, coyotes. If the deer could have been questioned, they would no doubt have thought this a fine idea.

But it has been discovered that the deer really need those enemies. Without them, they lose their swiftness and watchfulness, and become less able to look after themselves. When the snow grows deep in the mountains, deer tend to stay together in a small area of trampled snow. When grazing is gone, the deer sometimes starve rather than brave the deep snow that lies between them and the slopes where they might find food. An attack by a wolf or wildcat would force them to scatter and so they would find moss or grass to eat. But in places where most of the enemies have been killed off, spring often reveals the tragic sight of winter-starved deer.

We are only beginning to understand the delicate balance among animal and animal, and animal and plant life, which is a part of God's plan for the world. So it is with our own lives. Sometimes the very difficulties we wish we didn't have to solve prove to be just what we needed to push us on to new efforts. Solving hard problems makes us stronger when the next test comes. And we know that nothing comes to us without God's knowledge. How encouraging to know that the Heavenly Father who notes the sparrow's fall holds our own lives in His hand!

- Portland, Oregon

This
Month's
Bible
Story

The First Passover

As evening drew near, all the land of Goshen bustled with unusual activity. Never before had there been such a night as this. Children watched in excitement, or ran on errands. There was much work to do, many things to get ready before darkness fell, for this was to be the Israelites' last night in the land of Goshen.

No wonder there was excitement. For four hundred and thirty years they had lived in the land of Goshen, much of the time as slaves who were beaten and whipped. Now at last the time had come for them to leave the land of oppression in search of the land of promise.

All the work of preparation must be finished when darkness fell, for it was then that God had said the angel of death would stalk through the land. But the Israelites could be safe if they followed carefully the instructions God had given them through Moses.

"I am going to bring one more plague upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt," God had said. "And this time they will not only be willing to let you go; they will send you out of the land."

What good news this was, yet almost unbelievable, for so often the king had hardened his proud heart and refused to let them go, even after he promised again and again that he would. Now the children of Israel listened closely as Moses told them what the last plague would be. "About midnight," Moses explained, "God is going to walk through the land, and slay all the firstborn, among people and among animals."

The people shuddered. Surely this was by far the most terrible of all the plagues.

"You will be safe," Moses told them, "if you follow carefully the instructions God has given. Here is what you must do. The head of each household must go to his flock and select the most perfect year-old lamb he can find. The lamb must not have any flaws or blemishes. The lamb is to be slain in the evening, and its blood sprinkled on the sides and across the top of the doorway. Then when God passes through the land at midnight, He will see the blood and will pass over you. The firstborn will be safe wherever the blood is sprinkled on the doorframe."

The Israelites did as God commanded them, even though they could not understand the reason for everything. They could not know that the slain lamb and the blood on the doorframe was a symbol and a foreshadowing of Jesus coming to earth many years later and shedding his blood on the cross.

As darkness came over the land of Goshen, a great silence fell. No one dared go outside lest they be slain with the firstborn. At every house the family was eating the lamb exactly as God had told them to. Every detail was followed. The lamb was roasted over a fire. Everyone was fully dressed, ready to leave, with shoes on their feet and staffs in their hands. They ate the lamb hurriedly, and whatever was left over that was not eaten up, they burned in the fire.

Midnight came. The Egyptians had gone to bed as usual. Suddenly a great cry rang out in the night. From every house there arose a terrible wail of sorrow and weeping. The oldest son in every family lay dead. No one was spared, no matter how important or how lowly. The firstborn was slain from the prince on the throne to the prisoner in the dungeon.

Pharaoh rose up in the night and found his oldest son dead. In every house it was the same. There was not one house in Egypt where the weeping was not heard.

In great distress Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron. "Rise up and leave us," he told them. "Both you and all the people of Israel. You can take your flocks and herds if you wish— only go!"

All the Egyptians felt the same as Pharaoh. They wanted the Israelites to leave at once— the sooner the better. They urged them to go with haste. "Leave us," they begged. "Leave us, or we are all going to be dead."

The Israelites were ready. This was the moment they had awaited for several hundred years. But first Moses told them, "Go to the Egyptians and ask for some things to take with you, clothes and money."

Since the Israelites had been kept in constant slavery, they had little, if any, money. And they had a long journey ahead of them. The Egyptians were only too glad to give them what they needed. They pulled off their jewels and golden rings and gave them to the Israelites, begging only that they leave as soon as possible.

It was a great company of people that moved slowly with the dawn; there were six hundred thousand men, besides women and children. Also they were taking with them their herds of sheep and cattle.

They had left in such a hurry that they did not have time to put leaven into their bread, so they had only loaves of unleavened bread to eat. But it did not matter. There was a great sound of rejoicing as the large company of people and animals moved slowly away from the land of Goshen toward the Red Sea.

God spoke to Moses, saying, "In the years to come, every year at this time you shall keep a feast in memory of the night when I delivered you from the hand of the Egyptians. You are to kill a lamb and sprinkle its blood on the doorframe in memory of this first Passover night. And when your children ask why you are doing this, you are to explain to them how I led you out of the strong hand of King Pharaoh."

As the company moved onward, they took with them a large box. It was the coffin which contained the bones of Joseph. They felt thankful as they remembered that many years before Joseph had by faith foreseen this very day when they would leave the land of Egypt.

No wonder it was a time of gladness. God had made a great promise many years before, and at last the time had come for him to do as he had said he surely would. He was leading his chosen people to the land he had promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. — E.S.

HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

1. For how many years had the Israelites been in the land of Egypt?
2. What time of the night did God say the death angel would come through the land?
3. Where were the Israelites to sprinkle the blood of the passover lamb?
4. What were the Israelites to do with what was left uneaten of the lamb?
5. Did the death angel only go to the Egyptians' houses, or did he also go to the Israelites'?
6. When Pharaoh saw that his oldest son was dead, was he then ready to let the Israelites leave?
7. Where did the Israelites get money and gold for their journey?
8. What kind of bread did the Israelites take with them?
9. How often did God say the Israelites should keep the Passover feast in memory of the night they left Egypt?
10. Whose bones did the Israelites carry with them?

ANSWERS: 1. 430 years 2. Midnight 3. On their doorframes 4. Burn it in the fire 5. He went to all the Egyptian and Israelite homes, but passed over the ones with blood sprinkled on the doorframe. 6. Yes 7. The Egyptians gladly gave them anything they asked for 8. Unleavened bread 9. Every year 10. Joseph's

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

A Mother's Love

We found our mother weeping
  When we came in from play;
She sat there with her sewing
  And she looked so sad that way.

We stood up close and watched her face;
  I said, "Why do you cry?"
She smiled through tears and softly said,
  "I love you so, that's why."

"But why?" I asked. "We love you too;"
  Her work slipped from her hand;
She touched our cheeks and quietly said,
  "Some day you'll understand."

And now tho' many years have passed
  Those words I oft recall;
Our children now are like we were
  Before we'd sinned at all.

They're born with hearts and minds so clean,
  No shame nor evil know,
And often as I work, I weep,
  Because I love them so.

E.B.

* * *

Thanks to the young Amish mother who sent in the nice poem above.

When sending in recipes, poems, etc. always have your name and address signed somewhere on the paper. There have been instances where the names have been lost. Then we cannot give due credit to the donor.

* * *

A friend wrote that her sister from Missouri takes empty tin Karo cans and cuts the rim from the top and the bottom. Then she cuts it open from top to bottom, rolls the can up tight enough to slip inside the oil stove chimney It will then spread out again to the size of the chimney. This does wonders to save the chimneys. As hard as it is to get stove parts this sure is a welcome idea.

* * *

The following few lines were written by a young girl. I'm sure many mothers are interested in knowing what the hired girl thinks. Quote: "The thing that rates about No. one in making a job enjoyable if I can feel as if I was a part of something, a family, a team— sharing the same goals and interests and being treated like a friend, and not just someone who will get some work out of the way.

Another thing that rates high is if I can feel as if I was appreciated. Merely being told so is hardly enough. If people don't show it some other way I find it hard to believe. Then of course, a cheerful disposition will always go a long way toward making things pleasant for a maid. For who likes to work with an ill-tempered, fretful, or complaining woman who has a poor sense of humor?"

* * *

DIE GENSZ UND DER HUND

Auf den nein und zwanzig January hat ein sach g'happened we ich nett gratt vergessa zehl. Ich habe gedenkt für some freund und bekannte einladen für ein stück mit uns essen sellar ovet. Aber es hat nett aus kalta wie es g'planned war, und es ist gut für der mensch wann es nett immer tut. Ich habe mein supper gestört katt, und habe alles im blatz haben vella bis die eingeladene komma, aber wie ist es bestellt mit uns arme menschen wann unsere herz net im blatz ist.

Meine chores wara noch net fertig so hab ich mich ready g'macht und bin naus ganga für mein Mann zu helfa. Uf am weg naus zu die scheuer sind die gensz mir nach gestört. Uf a mol hab ich g'senna ess sie am komma sinn und ich habe gestört zu springa. Am end von da walk war an hund g'legen. Ich habe nimmer mehr stoppa kenna, und bin mit händ und füsz über der Fido naus g'flohen. Ich wes net wer es menscht ferschrocken war, ich oder der hund.

Ich bin mol uf g'stanna und bin ganga für's millig haus. Dann hab ich mol my knee examined und ich habe mol schnell mei Mann g'rufa. Er hat es geguckt und hat gesaat, "Du muszt zum ein Doktor geh."

Vel— ich bin zu der Doktor gange. Die freunde sinn komma, wann ich net grad dahäme war. Mir hen doch viel katt für dankbar sei, wann net alles im blatz war und ready fa da b'such.

Es hat sieben stich g'nomma für der wound zu machen, ein shot in ein jeglicher arm, ein bottle mit pilla und ein prescription. Der Doktor hat g'saat ich kann my hand und maul usa, aber net my knee.

Unser zwei kinder, die Carrie und der Arlis, brüder und schwestern und nachbarn hen mitleides katt und henn uns gut g'holfen. My knee ist noch some steif und die gensz kenna noch greisha.

— Mrs. Herman E. Miller, Kalona

* * *

SHORT CAKE

Make crumbs from:
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1/3 cup shortening

Add 2/3 cup milk and 1 beaten egg to crumbs and pour into small cake pan. Make the topping below and spread on top of batter and bake at 350. Serve with fresh fruit and milk.

Topping:
  1/2 cup sugar
  1/2 cup flour
  3 tablespoon butter or oleo

DOUBLE TREAT PEACH PIE

I cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch or tapioca
1/2 cup water
1 tablespoon butter
6 large peaches
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Mix together sugar and cornstarch; add water and butter and bring to a boil. Dice 3 of the peaches and add to syrup; simmer 5 minutes or until thick. Cool. Slice remaining peaches into pie shell and pour the cool peach and syrup mixture over it. Top with whipped cream.

* * *

SEVEN DAY SWEET PICKLES

Take 7 pounds cucumbers. Enough boiling water to cover them. Let stand 24 hours. Drain. Repeat each day for 4 days, using fresh boiling water each time.

On 5th day combine: 1 quart vinegar(if vinegar is strong use half water). 8 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, and 2 tablespoons mixed pickling spice. Bring to a boil. While mixture is heating, cut cucumbers into rings. When mixture boils pour it over the cut cucumbers. Let stand 24 hours. Drain syrup from pickles. Heat to boiling and pour over pickles again. Let stand 24 hours once more, then drain off syrup and bring to a boil. Add pickles and bring to boiling point again. Pack in hot jars and seal.

— M. T., Ohio

* * *

TOMATO SAUCE FOR PIZZA PIE

1 peck tomatoes
3 onions
3 red peppers

Cook together until soft. Drain well. Put through a colander. Add:

2 tablespoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup vinegar
2 teaspoons dried celery leaves
1/4 teaspoon red pepper, if desired

Put in pint jars and seal. Boil 30 minutes.

* * *

I know some of you mothers who have families don't always get to see the "Windowsill" right away when Family Life comes. But I believe we all agree that it would be more interesting to have the comments printed in the issue following the one in which the problem appeared. This can be made possible if you send in your opinion soon after you have received Family Life.

Comments that arrive several months late often go unprinted, unless they voice a solution or opinion that had not been stressed before.

The following letter arrived late (not the fault of the author) so I will quote part of it. The writer brings out thoughts about "Children in Church" that were not expressed in other letters.

"There are a few 9 to 11 year olds in our church whom I'm thankful for. They always want my baby and I gladly give it to them. They take very good care. This enables me to go to the table and eat with my other children and relax with the knowledge that baby is well taken care of.

As to the conduct of the children after church. I can easily understand why these women want to visit, and let the children go. This little visit after church may well be about all the visiting they get done. A woman with half a dozen small children just has no place at quiltings, sewings, etc. It would just be the same noisy story. So she stays home. And a shopping trip to town is out. Doctor visits and church are almost the limit to some large family mothers.

Another thing, children are very different in nature. I have seven of them, the oldest being seven. I find some of my children are cured with one good spanking while others I spank time and again with slight results. In my opinion the place for spankings is not in front of anyone, but when we get home from church. Unless they're too young to remember what they have done to deserve the spanking. Then I think they should be taken outside.

We enjoy every bit of Family Life— the parts we don't agree with as well as the parts we agree with. It just shows that it takes all kinds of people to make this world. Even if I feel that some of the young mothers and children in church were unjustly spoken of, you may know that henceforth I shall try harder to keep my youngsters off benches.

— Mrs. L. H. Y., Garnett, Kansas

* * *

VISITING MOTHER AND THE NEW BABY

I agree 100% with the writer from Ill. about going to a place where there is a new baby for a meal. This is not practiced very much in our community and I feel it should not be. Brothers, sisters, etc. would be different. But then why not take some of the dinner along?

Several years ago we were visiting out of state and against my wishes were taken to such a place for Sunday supper. The mother had let her maid go home Saturday evening and then had 5 or 6 families for dinner and again

(Continued on page 19.)

Some Mothers Write

One day my aunt was out in the garden then she told her three-year-old to stay out of the peas. A little later he was walking around where his mother was hoeing. Suddenly he said, "Mama, am I walking on your noodles?" I guess he was used to eating peas and noodles cooked together.

— A niece, Kalona, Iowa

Hope you won't discontinue the corner "Some Mothers Write." I would miss it. If some mothers would rather send in good hints, they can. I'd enjoy both.

-Mrs. A. C. Miller, Butler, Ohio

Please continue to put the column"Some Mothers Write" in Family Life. That's one of the first columns I read. I've a family of eight children so I enjoy very much to hear of other mothers' experiences.

-Mrs. Emma S. Hochstetler, Ohio

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

The sick world
denies the only
thing that can
cure its
ills—
godliness.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Commit Heart and Soul

— Monroe Hochstetler

Come, child, lift they downcast eyes a bit,
Let your weary soul be encouraged today,
You are very much a part of God's plan,
Commit heart and soul to Him, I pray.

Though you cannot walk and do your work,
Though you cannot leave your little corner today
Yet you're not the least of God's little ones
So commit heart and soul to Him, I pray.

Though you have much pain to bear at times
And the dark cloud of self pity hovers near,
Let this thought comfort and cheer you now, —
In the sight of God you are very dear.

Though your testings may seem harder than others,
Though your trials are almost too hard to bear;
Know this, dear child, faith is made stronger
By passing through testings— victorious through prayer.

Though your friends must care for you today,
Bathe you, feed you, or push your wheel chair,
Learn to cheerfully submit your will,
Trusting all to God's loving care.

• • •

Roman was a boy like any other boy at the age of twenty-two. He worked as a mason which he enjoyed. Little did he know what his near future would hold. At that time (1952) a polio epidemic was spreading over the country.

It was on the morning of July 10th that Roman was not feeling well. He had a severe headache and a fever, and so decided to see a doctor. The doctor said, "You have polio." Roman was sent home to bed. Others who were suffering from the same disease were sent to the hospital immediately.

The medication didn't help. We didn't know anything about polio and so didn't know what to do to help him. Roman was sick at home for two and a half days and became partly paralyzed. On the third day the doctor sent him to the Akron Children's Hospital. There he was placed in an iron lung. His breathing muscles were paralyzed as well as his legs and arms. He spent the first seven weeks in the iron lung. The lung had small doors which had to be completely closed to be effective.

One day one of the nurses was taking care of Roman. When she walked away she left one of the little doors open. He could not breathe unless the iron lung was air tight. And with this open he could not even make a loud sound to get her attention. As a last resort he decided to spit. When the nurse saw him spitting she came to his rescue, and closed the door.

Roman was on the fifth floor of the hospital. Here in this large room were twelve iron lungs. Little boys and girls and babies were there. Roman shed tears as he said, "For myself I don't mind this at all, but Ipity the innocent children."

In the same room was a two-year-old Amish boy in an iron lung. The nurses would push him beside Roman so Roman could talk to him in Pennsylvania German.

After some improvement Roman was able to be on a rocking bed for several hours in a day. A rocking bed works like an automatic seesaw. The head goes down and the feet rise, then the feet lower and the head rises. This works the diaphragm muscles, making breathing easier.

On October 28th Roman with his bed was transferred to the Union Hospital at Dover, Ohio. This was closer home so we spent much time at the hospital. We helped care for him (he had to be fed) and read his mail to him.

We decided we could care for him at home so on February 14, 1953 we took him home again. His bed went with him. We gave him hot bath treatments and exercises every day and took him to a chiropractor several times a week. He showed some improvement so that he could be on the wheelchair most of the day. But he needed the rocking bed to sleep.

At no time did we hear Roman complain, nor did he seem to be discouraged. He always looked on the bright side of life, and took interest in the things he could do. He enjoyed the outside so often sat in front of the big windows in the living room.

He also liked to read. With the aid of a screen clamped to his bed, reading material was placed at an angle for him to read. At the end of each page we would hear, "Come, and turn the page." Many times he would tell us things he read about. Together we would rejoice in discovering new truths in the Word of God. During this time of affliciton we, as well as Roman, were thirsting after God— wanting to know more about Him....the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. John 17:3

In January of 1956 Roman went to a rehabilitation center at Magnetic Springs, Ohio. They fitted him with braces and slings. His leg and back muscles never did improve enough for him to walk, or even to stand up. His breathing improved though and he could move his right arm and hand a little. Leather slings were made for his arms and with these he could swing his arms around to chase a fly or to scratches.

This exercise strengthened his right arm enough so he could turn the pages of his reading material with his fingers. Also he learned to work the typewriter with the touch of a rubber tipped finger.

He also had a spoon with a round handle so he could

(Continued on page 23)

The artist for this month's full page feature is Florence Stauffer of Ephrata, Pennsylvania. She is a sister to Mrs. Paul Stauffer of Maryland who has written a number of articles and poems for Family Life.

The July cover was a painting by Mrs. Sam (Ruby) Miller of Wolcottville, Indiana. Ruby has done quite a few pieces of art work for Pathway in the past.

The Way That Seemeth Right

There is a way that seemeth right
unto many a man;
'Tis a way that is oft traveled
by the world's caravan.
It has a smooth worn pavement—
smoothly worn by men because
'Tis a way that is inviting—
a way that has no cross.

The glib tongued speaker travels it
with a toss of his head;
He is so sure of every step,
he has no fear nor dread.
He talks of great salvation,
of sin's cure and its cause
But God's light he can't discern —
on the way without a cross.

The light hearted gladly go this way —
life to them is a song,
"O, why should anyone sober be
and think of all that's wrong?
Are we not walking the selfsame road
in peace with ne'er a loss?"
Oh, but all their thoughts are vain
on the way without a cross.

The proud in heart will choose this way;
"Our heart is right," they cry,
"What matters if the worldly style
has caught our wandering eye?
We go to church. We sing God's praise."
But where comes all this dross
That keeps the light from shining
on the way without a cross?

At the end of this way destruction lies;
there many a tear is shed,
And many a cry of "Too late! Too late!"
comes forth with fear and dread.
"Why not warn them now?" some say,
but warnings are cast aside
For the crossless way looks better far
than the way of the crucified.
— Sarah M. Weaver

To see thousands of these little fireflies blinking their lights on a midsummer night is a sight not soon to be forgotten. It looks so easy, yet these little creatures are very unusual insects. Actually, they are not flies at all, but beetles.

Sometimes they are called "lightening bugs", and they thrive only in warm climates. In the United States there are fifty varieties, found mostly in the southern and eastern states. The glow worm of the eastern United States is also a member of this family. In some species the male has wings while the female does not.

The larvae live underground or in rotted wood or rubbish. They feed on worms and snails. The adult may feed on pollen during the daytime and at night they fly around blinking their lights. The flashing usually starts when the beetles start their up and down flights.

Scientists have not yet discovered the secret of the light which the fireflies make. It is different from any other form of light because it does not produce heat. Much effort has been spent in trying to learn how this "cold light" is produced in the hopes that the formula can be used by man.

Neither is it known what purpose these flashes of light serve. Some people believe it is a mating signal, but in some species the larvae as well as the eggs glow.

Since no clear explanation can be given as to the purpose of this light, it must be concluded that it was designed for the pleasure of mankind. Indeed a meadow full of these blinking lights is a beautiful sight.

In some countries this light is put to use. In the tropics the people gather up these little beetles and put them into bottles to make light. Although they flash at intervals, when many are in a bottle, they produce a surprising amount of light.

In tropical countries, more and brighter varieties are found. Perhaps the most spectacular of these is the "railway beetle" of Paraguay. It is about three inches long and sends out a strong red light from both ends of its body. But from its middle portions it gives out a green light. Since this resembles a railroad signal, it is called the "railroad beetle."

People who travel through tropical forests at night sometimes fasten fireflies to their boots to help light the way before them. The women in Cuba use a species with a strong green light called "click beetles" as a decoration on necklaces. ■■

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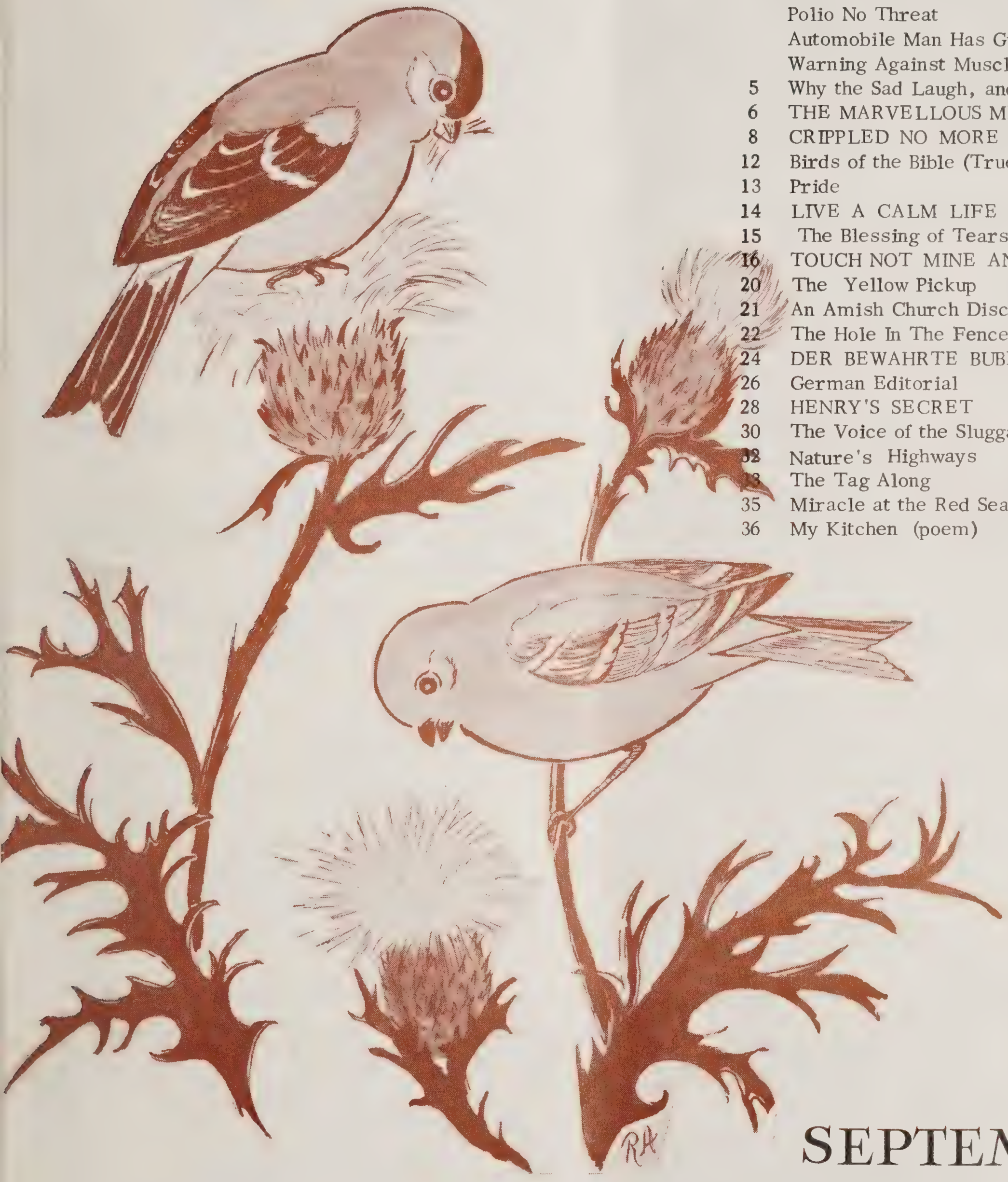

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SEPTEMBER
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letters to the editors

I BROKE IT

I really appreciated "The Blame Dodging Game" (July issue). I think we all are too guilty of this practice. When I was nineteen, I was sweeping and an object crashed to the floor. "The picture fell from the wall and broke." I told the person I was working for.

"You mean you bumped it and it fell," he corrected me.

It was very humbling for me for then I realized that I was trying to place the blame on the object rather than taking it on my own shoulders.

I once heard the expression, "When we are young we say 'It broke,' but when we are grown up we say, 'I broke it.' "

-T. L., Ontario

TREK ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

I just finished reading "A Trek Across The Mountains" (July issue), and it was very interesting to me. The Sol Schlabachs where they went to church that first Sunday was my uncle, his wife was my father's sister, Mary Ann. She is 91 and living near Arthur, Illinois now.

-Mrs. Daniel J. Beachy, Burton, Ohio

100 YEAR OLD GERMAN

We don't get Family Life until it is two months old. So my comments are a little behind schedule. In the May issue, the German articles by Peter Yoder were read by one of the local Mennonites. It was very interesting to him. The first article in proper German was readable to him but was in the style of a century earlier.

The other article in Pennsylvania dutch was of special interest to him. He said now he knows why it is so difficult to understand our German when we talk among ourselves.

I wish there would have been such reading available like Pathway prints, when I was young. Some points on certain subjects are explained more in detail and I feel it might have been a help to me to solve some problems sooner.

-Samuel Hertzler, Paraguay, South America

SMALL ITEMS OF LUXURY

Yes, years ago we had no napkins on the table (July issue). We were married in 1931 and it was not until 1946 that we bought bathroom stationery (toilet tissue). We could not afford it and of course we had the little house at the end of the path and the Sears, Roebuck catalog.

About the husband being away from home all day (special Goose section), here in Pinecraft most of the women go away to work and the men sit around and visit or "bale hay."

-Mose B. Miller, Sarasota, Florida

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GO

"Tricked By A Bird" in the June issue was very interesting to us because we had a nest of four killdeer eggs in our cornfield. My husband found it when he was getting ready to plant corn. So, of course, we kept a close watch on it. We were afraid we would miss it when they hatch because of the short time they stay in the nest.

Then one day I was working in the field and I saw two little ones about the nest. Until the next round I saw all four baby killdeer, much to my surprise. My husband was not at home at the time but I did tell our two little boys about it. Forty-five minutes later when my husband came home only one of the little killdeer was there anymore.

-Mrs. Melvin Horst, Myerstown, Pennsylvania

HONEY FOR BURNS

Regarding the "Scalded" story in July issue, there seems to be quite a few things that help relieve burns. The main thing is to put something on that is not irritating to keep the air and dirt out.

The best remedy we have ever found is pure honey. We have healed 3rd degree burns without scars and with very little suffering. But it must be applied at once and kept on until healed. It will keep infection out as germs can not grow in honey. We keep some on hand at all times.

-Enos Yoder, Butler, Ohio

PLEASE, MORE STORIES!

Why don't you put in more stories. The last time you had in only one long story. You used to have at least three or four.

You also used to have two children's stories besides Along Natures Paths, Grandfather's Reading Lesson, and This Month's Bible Story.

I don't care if you put ten more pages in F. L. because if you use up everything for articles you should have at least ten more for stories.

And please keep the Pathway Pen Points.

-J. S., Maryland

ANSWER- Some people like stories, others like articles. We hope, too, we can keep up the Pen Points, but we must depend on our readers for these. Right now we are scraping the bottom of the barrel. ■■

It's Not Easy

To apologize.
To begin over.
To be unselfish.
To take advice.
To be considerate.
To endure success.
To keep trying.
To forgive and forget.
To shoulder a deserved blame.
To recognize the silver lining.
...But this is faith in action.

-Selected by Mabel Burkholder

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
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In U. S. A.— Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.
Printed in Canada

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN

I was doing some carpentry work on some greenhouses, three greenhouses beside each other. I was thinking about a problem which was on my mind when suddenly little David came running. He stood in front of me sobbing and the tears were running down his cheeks.

"My kite— did you— did you see my kite?"

"Your kite?" I asked. "Where is your kite?"

"My kite is caught and I can't get it loose."

"Let's see if we can get it loose."

I found the kite had gotten away and had flown over the three greenhouses. I climbed up the first greenhouse and loosened the string there. It was slippery and a misstep would have resulted in broken glass. Then I tried to throw the string over the second greenhouse and it caught again. I climbed to the peak and loosened it again. Then I threw the string over the third greenhouse and wound it up and handed it to the little boy. By this time a wide smile replaced his tears and he was laughing again.

Now that little David's problem was solved, my mind went back again to the problem that was bothering me. If only I had a faith in God like the little boy had in me. I could say, "Please, God, do you see my problem?"

-O. E., Ohio

IN WHOM IS OUR TRUST?

What is happening to our church or maybe I should say to the parents? That is what I have to wonder as I think of the conversation I heard at church one day.

A group of women were discussing what happens on evenings when their husbands have to be away from home for some reason or other. All of them were scared to be alone.

The first one said, "I can pretty well depend on our dog to let me know if someone is outside."

The next one said, "I put out my light and go to bed as soon as I can."

Another one spoke up, "One evening my husband was gone longer than he had planned and I almost panicked with fear."

Can you imagine any of these women having the full faith in God? Surely they don't know what peace of mind they could have if they'd just trust in the almighty God. He will take care of us if only we will trust and obey His Word.

-Wisconsin

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

POLIO NO THREAT

Polio, which two decades ago was of epidemic proportions, is no longer considered a major disease. According to figures just recently released there were only 19 cases in the U. S. during 1969. There were no deaths from the disease. By contrast, in 1952, just before the Salk vaccine became available, there were 21,269 cases and 3,145 deaths.

AUTOMOBILE MAN HAS GUILTY CONSCIENCE

The president of the world fifth largest auto producer admitted recently that he has a guilty conscience. Shotaro Kamiya, 71-year-old president of Japan's Toyota Motor Sales Company, said, "The daily news of tragic motor accidents is almost too much for all of us who have dedicated our lives to the automobile. When I think of the mental anguish of the traffic victim's families, my conscience cannot rest."

Shotaro Kamiya is so deeply troubled by the worldwide slaughter of 175,000 lives each year in traffic fatalities, that he recently officiated at the dedication of a Buddhist temple which was built especially for offering prayers for the souls of those killed in auto accidents.

The temple, built on the slopes of the Tateshina Mountains, is blood-red in color and cost $444,000. In the center of the temple is a statue of Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy. Kamiya prayed at the dedication that "the infinite compassion of Kwannon will protect the automobile from disasters."

WARNING AGAINST MUSCLE BUILDING

Nationally advertised programs of weight lifting and muscle-flexing exercises may be dangerous for some people. The American Medical Association at first endorsed this method but recently pointed out that changing the tone of muscles without changing their length may put an undue strain on the heart and lungs. The doctors now say that old fashioned exercise (like making hay or such things as swimming or jogging) are perferable for the average person. ■■

Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flow'rs with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.
W. Robinson

Across The Editor's Desk

We were saddened to learn of the death of a close personal friend, Minister Roy J. Schlabach of R.2, Fredericksburg, Ohio. Besides his duties as a minister, Roy was active in community affairs and a frequent contributor to Family Life.

He was very much concerned for the welfare of the church and especially the young people. A friend of ours wrote the following: "The last words I heard him speak were at church services in his own home. After regular services were over, the bishop admonished the church on different subjects. One was of the dangers of dope usage which seems to be creeping into some of our plain churches.

"When it was Roy's time to speak, he said with a voice filled with feeling, 'Beloved, I think the danger of being caught in Satan's snare of dope usage is not so great if we never touch that first tobacco cigarette. We all know dope starts with smoking and then turns into something bigger.' He went on to say that such things should not once be named among Christian people."

It was reported that more than 1,400 people attended the funeral. May the zeal of the departed brother urge us on to renewed efforts in the task that lies before us.

One of the most worthwhile types of stories in Family Life is the experience where people have overcome handicaps, sickness, or death in the family. In the past we have had such articles as "Teased Too Much," "Our PKU Children," "Our Time of Testing," and of course the two unforgettable "Two Were Different" and "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby." In this issue we are printing another one, entitled "Crippled No More."

It is hard to understand just what it is that makes these articles so interesting. Especially in view of the fact that for every one we print, we get perhaps 8 or 10 that we can not use.

Accidents, sickness, and death are common happenings in any community. It does not affect a person much unless it comes close to home. When it does strike in the family, it affects us very much and we are apt to write about it and send it in for publication. This is good, provided we can write items of general interest, which will be worthwhile reading for those not closely related.

We have said it before and would like to say it again that only the bare facts are not of much interest. Exactly how many days he was sick, which floor in the hospital he was on, or whether the doctor had a blue car or a black one, makes very little difference. But if you can write the thoughts, feelings, and little details of general interest which took place, especially if they show how someone overcame their problem, then nearly anyone will be interested in that.

Historical articles are considered to be dry, and many of them are, especially on church history. It's only when we can make some connection with the present that they get interesting, and then they can be very interesting and worthwhile. Such an article is the Ordnungsbrief of 1779, reprinted in this issue under "Yesterdays and Years." Although it was written nearly 200 years ago, it shows that at that time, they had many of the same problems we do today. Fashionable clothing, styles of haircut, shaving the beard, and using tobacco were all included in the list. It was necessary to admonish the ministers to be diligent in keeping order in the House of God the reminder was given that if a bishop is unable to keep order in his congregation, he must call on other nearby ministers for help.

But what struck me the most was that these groups of Amish in the regions of Alsace- Lorraine and Switzerland, were at that time using practically the same forms of worship as we are using today. Where else but in our plain churches do we find ministers going into the "Abrath" in preparation for delivering the sermon? Where else do we find a minister making the opening "einleitung," another one reading the Scripture, and then a third one delivering the main sermon of the day?

Where else do we find it the business of the congregation that each member conduct himself uprightly even in dealings, and to see to it that no one gets involved in questionable occupations? Apparently the church concerned itself with such secular points as hiring workers as well as in strictly personal things such as marriage. They were mindful to constantly emphasize the importance of Christian avoidance (meidung) in spite of the fact that today this is a very unpopular subject in the majority of churches.

History bears out the fact that the Amish today are singing the hymns written by the Anabaptist prisoners in the castle at Passau more than 400 years ago, and with the same type of tunes.

There are other similartities that might be mentioned but as we look over the various regulations which they advocated (Ordnungsbriefe) it is plain to see that our churches have lost out in some points. This is a sobering thought especially when we consider what has happened to the Amish churches in Europe. (See the August issue of Family Life.) The question is, how far can we go and how many of the landmarks can we leave behind until we, too, will suffer the same fate?

Sometimes we don't use an article because there is another one on the same subject in that issue. At other times we use two articles on the same subject in the same issue. This is the case this month and the subject of the two articles is laughing and weeping. The reason for this is that although they are on the same subject, yet they are given from a different point of view.

Most topics are so wide that no one article can cover them fully. ■■

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE

It is to be feared there are many pillars of salt in the churches today. Those who put their hand to the plow but look back, having a form of Godliness but denying the living power of holy faith. Looking back at the comfort and pleasures of the world, they become fence crowding "play church" Christians but don't have the faith worth dying for.

"Watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation."

-P.F.B., Liverpool, Pennsylvania

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Why The Sad Laugh, And The Happy Weep

I could hear his loud laugh from where I stood fifty feet away. It was impossible not to hear it. His laugh was the kind that made heads turn and people stare.

I felt sorry for the person who had laughed so loudly. He was a stranger in our community, and I figured he was probably nervous and had forgotten himself so that his laugh was much louder than he intended. I could imagine how embarrassed he felt about it.

I soon learned how mistaken my first impression was. Only a few minutes passed until I heard another distractingly noisy laugh. And then another — and a fourth. All afternoon the loud laughs continued.

By evening there was only one conclusion I could come to. The man's noisy laugh was not a slip in an unguarded moment. It was the habit of a lifetime.

The man has been in our community a number of times since that first visit. I no longer feel embarrassed for him when people turn to stare at his laugh, but I still feel sorry for him. Perhaps his intentions are good and he merely means to be cheerful. Some might even call him a happy person, and it is true that he laughs a lot. He always appears lighthearted and carefree. He is constantly joking about something and trying to get others to laugh with him. But his laughter has a hollow sound and his gaiety an empty ring. He tries so hard to be funny that very quickly his jokes and foolishness become disgusting.

Several years ago I heard of a story that usually comes back to my mind whenever I meet a person who laughs too loudly and too much. As I remember the story, a middle-aged man had an appointment one day to see a psychiatrist. The man was deeply troubled and he said to the psychiatrist, "Doctor, I'm not happy. I sure hope you can help me. I'm so unhappy and depressed all the time I don't know what to do."

The psychiatrist did his best to find out what was wrong with the man. "Do you have a job?"

"Yes," said the troubled man. "I have a job with a good salary."

"Yes, and my wife and I get along well. She is very good to me."

"Where do you live?" the psychiatrist asked, thinking maybe the man's neighbors were causing his problems.

"I have three homes," the man answered, "and all of them are in very lovely neighborhoods. My neighbors are extremely friendly to me."

For several hours the psychiatrist questioned the man. At last he said, "You have everything you could wish for. There is only one thing I know to recommend in your case. For the rest of this week there is a clown in town who is entertaining the people each evening at the city hall. He is the funniest man I ever saw. I was there last night and I was almost sick from laughing so much. I don't think anyone could be around this clown and feel depressed. Buy a ticket, and go see him tonight. I know you will feel better."

As the psychiatrist spoke, a strange, haunted look came into the troubled man's eyes. With an effort he faltered, "But — but you don't — don't understand. I — I — I can't go."

The psychiatrist could not understand why his words had caused his patient such deep distress. "Why can't you go?"

"Because I am that clown," came the reply in a voice of despair.

The psychiatrist made the mistake of thinking that laughter and happiness were the same thing. They are far from it. It is very possible that the person who laughs too much and too loudly may be trying to forget (or cover up) the emptiness in his life — the loneliness and the frustration of his inner self.

And yet, surely laughter is not always a sign of unhappiness. Is it not meant to be an expression of joy — of pleasant feelings and emotions? Is all laughing wrong?

Almost five years ago my brother and I were visiting in a home in western Canada. We did not know the man very well, but we were not in his home very long until in the conversation we laughed a little. I don't even remember what we laughed about, but we hadn't laughed loudly or much. It was a very normal chuckling about something which seemed humorous to us. Just the same, the man noticed and immediately he admonished us that it is not right for Christians to laugh. Very earnestly he explained that we cannot read that Jesus ever laughed, and it is not fitting that his followers laugh, either. We sensed that the man had thought about the matter a great deal and was thoroughly convinced he had come to the right decision. He was a kind man, he was our host, and he was fifty years older than we were, so we didn't try to dispute with him. We merely said we would think about it, and for the rest of our visit tried to remember not to laugh.

However much I respect the old man in his convictions, I wonder if he did not go to the opposite extreme from those who laugh loudly and frequently. Moderate laughter seems to be a very normal expression of pleasure. It is as natural and right to laugh when amused as it is to weep when pained. Mothers watch eagerly for the first time when they can get their baby to laugh. How much gloomier this world would be if we could never hear children laugh. For adults, laughter can be a healthy release from tension that brings the frustrations of daily tasks into their proper focus.

I think it is easy for us to see that the person who frowns on all laughing, at all places and circumstances, has taken a questionable position. I think it is also easy to see that the person who makes a clown out of himself, either professionally or otherwise, is just as far out of line. But like many other things, it is easier to recognize the two extremes, than it is to find and live the correct balance between.

Many of the petty cares and troubles of daily life seem less vexing if we are able to laugh sometimes when we make a stupid blunder. According to Solomon, laughter may even make us healthier, for he says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." (Prov. 17:22). Also many people who are quick to be hurt and take offence at the slightest insult, would be better off if they could learn to laugh a little and forget it. And all of us should strive to remain childlike enough to laugh at the many things God put here for us to enjoy — the capers of a colt, a puppy teasing a boot, or a sparrow trying to get a eight-inch piece of straw into a four inch hole.

We are to be cheerful and rejoice in our Christian lives. The Bible says so many times. The prophet Isaiah said he would "greatly rejoice in the Lord" (Isa. 61:10). The apostle Peter wrote of the believers rejoicing "with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Pet. 1:8), and in 1 Thessalonians 5:16 we are commanded to "Rejoice evermore." A Christian has a thousand more reasons to be happy than has anyone else and quiet laughter can at suitable times and circumstances be a fitting expression of that joy and happiness (Psalms 126:2).

It can be seen, then, that laughter is right in its place, yet it would seem in our day to be almost more necessary to emphasize the other side. Many people today are giddy with fun, and to them life is nothing but a great big laugh.

The Bible commands us to be joyful; it also warns us to be sober and watchful, to be earnest and prayerful. "Be sober, be vigilant ..." (1 Pet. 5:8). Jesus said, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always ..." (Luke 21:36). We live in dangerous times — in troubled and turbulent days. Never has the Christian had more cause for weeping than he has today. The world has gone wild in running after crazy fashions and perverted sex. Churches are being torn apart by disunity and young people find themselves confused and perplexed by the religious ferment around them. And always, in the personal lives of each of us, there is constant cause for tears of repentance — for sighing and weeping because of our daily failings.

Jesus wept over Jerusalem and the apostle Paul said he had "great heaviness and continual sorrow" in his heart because of his concern for his Jewish kinsmen. John R. W. Stott, in an article, "When Should the Christian Weep," says, "...I believe that we should laugh less and cry more, that if we were more Christian we should certainly be more sorrowful. We must reject that form of Christian life as all smiles and no tears. ...The eyes that do not weep are blind eyes — eyes closed to the facts of sin and of suffering in ourselves and in the rest of humanity."

In conclusion, let us not forget that we have great reason to rejoice, for God by his great grace has given us the two most priceless possessions — peace of mind and hope of heaven. We should rejoice daily, but be watchful lest we mistake a distasteful, noisy mirth for Christian joy. At the same time we should weep with tears of repentance for our own sins and with tears of compassion for the sins of others. We have reached that proper balance between the two extremes when we can say with Paul that we are "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" (2 Cor. 6:10). ■■

DID YOU KNOW ?

The only woman in the Bible whose exact age at death is mentioned is Sarah, the wife of Abraham. In contrast, the ages of men at death is frequently mentioned. Some have thought that Sarah's age is given as a punishment because she laughed at the promise of Isaac being born, but the Scriptural account does not necessarily support this conjecture.

— No actual names are used

THE MARVELLOUS MEASURING ROD

Edith Smucker was one of the brightest, most enthusiastic and well-liked young women in the church. Married only a year, she was always present at any kind of activity or gathering in the neighborhood. Whatever she undertook was nearly always a success for she was never at a loss as to what to do or say. There was, however, one thing for which Edith did not show such charming enthusiasm. What that one thing was you will see before you finish this story.

One bright morning in June, Edith put on a new lavender dress which she had finished only the evening before and went to church. The minister read the third chapter of the second epistle of Peter and spent some time stressing the last verse. "Grow in grace," the minister said, but just at that time Edith's mind was on the new dress she was wearing and she decided the cuffs were too narrow and she really ought to change them next week.

Then she noticed Kate Graber, and she thought, "What a big ugly cap she has, and how sober she looks."

"Growing unto the stature of a perfect man, "the minister was saying and Edith wondered what that could mean. But not for long for soon her mind was on Lillian Lichty, the gay young girl who was sitting on a bench at the back of the room whispering to her companion. Edith had always envied Lillian a little for her happy carefree way of living.

It so happened that there was a stranger in church that day from Iowa, a tall young man. On the way home from church Edith told her husband, "Did you see that tall young man. I think he would have been tall enough and strong enough for King Frederick's army."

Edith had once read the story of how King Frederick of Prussia had the hobby of gathering the tallest men of Europe for his guards. He rejected every applicant for that position who did not measure well over six feet.

When Edith went to bed that night the minister's sermon and the story of King Frederick's guards mixed themselves up in a most curious way as a dream, the strangest she had ever had. And here is that dream just as she told it the next day to her husband.

"I dreamed I was on my way over to Helmuths where there was to be a canning for relief. Suddenly I saw a crowd of people gathered on the lawn. People were hurrying to and fro and when I asked what all this commotion was about a girl said to me, 'Why, don't you know? It's measuring day and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since the last Measuring Day.' "

" 'Measuring Day?' I exclaimed, 'Measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing.' I began to ask questions. But the girl hurried on and after awhile I went along with the crowd on the lawn.

"There in the center, on a kind of throne under the great elm tree, was the most glorious being I ever saw. He looked just like the great angel in the Bible story book. He had white wings, his clothes were a queer kind of white and he had the kindest, yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall rod fastened upright and it was made of gold. It had curious marks at regular intervals from top to bottom. Over it, on a golden scroll were the words, 'The Measure of the Stature of the Perfect Man.'"

"The angel held in his hand a large book in which he wrote the measurements as the people came upon the calling of their names. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimension—his spiritual dimension, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul growth which was shown in this mysterious way. We could see with our own eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

"The first few who were measured I did not know but soon the name of Elizabeth Frey was called. Elizabeth was the main one in charge of the committee to gather up clothing for the tornado victims and she had also been on a lot of other committes to help people. I thought, 'Surely Elizabeth's measure will be very high indeed.'

Now she stood at the rod and the instant she touched it she seemed to shrink shorter and shorter and the angel's face grew very serious and he said, 'This would be a soul of high stature indeed if only the zeal for outside works had not checked the lovely secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These things are needed for perfect soul growth.'

"I pitied Elizabeth as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make place for the next. It was poor thin little Betsy Mast who makes her living by sewing for other people. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately she increased in height until her mark was higher than any I had seen before. Her face shone so that I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I really envied little Betsy. Nearly everyone had kind of looked down on Betsy before. As the angel wrote in the book he said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' Then Betsy passed on and our minister took his place under the rod.

"I knew he would measure well, and he did. The angel said, 'How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth tidings of good, that publisheth salvation. They that turn many unto righteousness shall shine like the stars forever.'

"Then I began to tremble myself for I knew that I had been a poor example to others and that I had not turned anyone unto righteousness. After I had joined church I had somehow lost my interest in spiritual things, but I thought that if I kept on going to church regularly, and said my prayers every day and read the Bible when I could find time, then I would be doing all that was necessary for a young Christian. I had never concerned myself about growing in grace so I began to tremble, lest my name should be called next.

But just then Harry Troyer's name was called and I thought surely his mark would be almost as low as mine for I had never heard him speak up for Christ or to point anyone in the way of righteousness. He was always a quiet kind of fellow. But I was in for another surprise for he measured nearly as high as Betsy and the angel said with a sweetness that thrilled me through and through, 'And no man shall despise thy youth; be thou an example to the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity. Such the Lord loveth and they shall grow speedily toward the stature of a perfect man.'

"Then I realized that Harry had really been more concerned about serving God than I knew and I longed to get away before my turn should come but it seemed I was held fast.

"The next name to be called was Lillian Lichty, the girl who dresses so beautifully that I had often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low, so low that Lillian turned as pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glistening robes beside her.

"Then the angel said in a solemn but gentle voice, 'Oh, my friend, why take thought for raiment. Let your adorning not be that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' "

The next name to be called was poor old Jerry Whetstone, who takes care of his orchard over on the other side of the ridge. Poor, clumsy, lame, old Jerry, as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light and he smiled and led him to the rod. Lo, and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others, even higher than our minister's. The angel's voice rang out clear and loud so that we could all hear it, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Who ever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.' "

"And then, at last my name was called and I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arms around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it, I felt myself growing shorter and shorter. Although I stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark— Lillian's! the lowest of all, and here I had been a member of church for three years already."

"I grew crimson for shame and whispered to the angel, 'Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to grow and I will gladly do all I can, only do not mark me down so low.' "

"The angel shook his head sadly. 'The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher next time. This rule will help thee: Whatsoever thou doeth, do it heartily as to the Lord in singleness of heart, as unto Christ. This one thing do, press toward the mark. The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee to grow in grace.' "

"With that I burst into tears and I woke up and suddenly found myself crying. But I will never forget that dream, I was so ashamed of my mark."

-Selected and adapted

"Let everyone sweep in front of his own door, and the whole world will be clean." - Goethe

CRIPPLED NO MORE

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY WHEN OUR TWINS WERE BORN AND THE DOCTOR SAID THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. HOW GOOD IT WAS THAT THE FUTURE WAS HIDDEN FROM US.

By Mrs. Eli H. Miller

LARRY AND LAURA

How well I remember the beautiful spring morning of May 10, 1949. I was lying in my bed, trying to convince myself that it was really true; we had twins. The doctor's words still rung in my ears. "They are tiny and will need special care for a few weeks, but if nothing turns up they will have just as much of a chance as any normal baby. There is nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about." It was good to hear those words, for our earlier experiences had left us keenly aware that sometimes things were not all well. Four times before this time we had looked forward with eagerness for another baby in the family, but twice God had called them back to His fold before the first day had passed. Even though the disappointment and grief was hard to bear, it was a comforting thought that half of our little family was in Heaven.

But now things had changed so suddenly. Instead of two children to clothe and feed and care for, now there were twice as many. But they were ours and with God's help we would find a way. I couldn't help but think about the future. In my imagination I saw a little boy and girl playing in the sandbox. Would they look alike? Would they both have brown hair like their older brother and sister? These happy thoughts crowded back any concern and misgivings and I snuggled down to rest. After all, the doctor had said there was nothing to worry about.

We decided to name our twins Larry and Laura. From the very beginning Larry was the stronger of the two. But even so, he weighed only five pounds, which was twelve ounces more than his tiny sister. They seemed weak and giving them their bottles was a tiring task that took much patience. At first they took only half an ounce of milk and how we rejoiced when the bottles were finally empty and they could be returned to their little beds once more. But as the weeks passed, we saw a gradual change take place. They began to have better appetites and it was easy to coax a sweet smile onto their little faces. There was one thing that bothered us more than we cared to admit. Laura always had her hands in a fist with the thumb sticking out between her two middle fingers. Also, she seemed tense. Larry, on the other hand, was a relaxed and happy baby. We tried to still our doubts by saying that since Larry was very healthy, we noticed Laura's sickliness more. Maybe if Laura were alone we would not even think it unusual to be as she was. After all, many babies had slight defects which they outgrew with time. Surely, our Laura would outgrow hers, too. With this hope to console us we faced the future without serious worries. After all, we were too busy and happy to spend time thinking about an unpleasant future.

Our happiness was short lived. About two months after the twins were born things took a sudden change. This time Larry was the cause of our concern. His milk no longer agreed with him and he had a bad cough. We took him to the doctor, but he couldn't find any serious ailment. He reassured us and sent us home. We once more tried to tell ourselves that we were alarmed too soon, but Larry did not get better. About a week later he took a sudden turn for the worse and we took him to the doctor again. The doctor diagnosed it as a cold on the chest and gave him a penicillin shot. The next day he seemed to be better and our hearts were more at ease again. But as the sun was sinking in the west, I took him out of his bed for a feeding, only to find him limp and with a deathly look on his face. Only a mother with the experience knows how much it hurts when you know you are holding your child for the last time. How I clung to him, pressing his little form to my heart, but there was no response to my love. The Lord called another one of our children tenderly to His fold.

SHE "MIGHT" OUTGROW IT

With Larry gone the days seemed lonely. Many times when we gathered with our three children around the table my mind went to the three little mounds in the graveyard. But I did not let my mind dwell on that for long; I pushed it away with the thought of three little angels in Heaven. Our grief over the loss of Larry was lightened when we saw Laura grow stronger and she seemed like a normal child. She was a little slow in learning to sit up and walk, but wasn't she a small, weak baby? It took time for her to catch up with other children in the neighborhood.

When Laura was fourteen months old she began to walk. We were overjoyed. There were times when she lost her balance and fell, but so had our other babies. Once more we fought to convince ourselves that Laura was a normal child. But when she was eighteen months old we had to face reality. Instead of gaining as we thought she would, Laura was losing out. Instead of falling less often, it was the other way. Another thing that gripped our hearts with cold fear was the fact that she was unable to feed herself like other children.

Once more we sought the consultation of our family doctor. "Laura has some co-ordination trouble in her muscles," the doctor said. "Many children have some trouble. Most of them outgrow it in time. I wouldn't worry about it yet."

There it was again — that thin ray of hope. It kept us from resigning to the fact that we had an abnormal child in in our home and we clung to the hope that she would outgrow her abnormality. We knew one thing. If there was anything we could do her for her to help her outgrow it, we would not leave any stones unturned. We wanted her to be normal and we were going to do everything we could to help her reach that goal.

After Laura was two years old, we took her back to the doctor again. This time he said she shows some spasms of the muslces, but it was very, very slight. With treatment she might outgrow it yet. We couldn't help but notice the concern in his face this time and the word "might" stood out in his sentence. From there on we took her for regular treatments, which at the time seemed like the answer to our prayers. Laura made improvements and her spasms did not develop to the point where they were noticeable.

More children came to bless our home. There were three girls in a row after the twins. They were all normal, healthy babies. Except for our regular visits to Wooster for treatments, our life was no different than that of any busy young family. The oldest children started to school and as often happens, brought home various children's diseases. When Laura was almost six years old, the chicken pox took a round in our family. Instead of passing through them like many children do, Laura took them very hard and they left her with a serious defect of the eyes. After this her eyes always looked very red as if they were inflamed. Also, there was something under her skin that we first thought were chicken pox that had not broken out yet. But they never went away. The doctor was puzzled about her condition and sent us to an eye specialist. He could not do anything about the redness of her eyes but he did fit her with a pair of glasses that helped her a lot.

When she was seven she started to school. By now it was very evident that her balance was getting worse and her hands were more and more unsteady. How it tugged at our hearts to see her start out with her older brother and sister. Up until now we had protected her as much as we could from the fact that she was different. But now she was leaving home to go to school. How would she find life there? How soon would she be aware of the fact that she could not keep up with other children her age?

For two years she walked to a small country school about a mile from our home. Her older brother and sister knew nothing else but to be considerate of their handicapped sister, and often they would lead her by both hands as they started on their mile walk to school.

When Laura was eight years old we had fairly well accepted the fact that she would never be a normal child. Our family doctor told us in plain words that there was no use to spend money doctoring for her. "You might as well throw the money into the ditch," he said. But we found it hard to stand by and do nothing. As long as Laura had her treatments she was relieved from her spasms for a time. We started giving her exercises at home. It became part of our routine.

ANOTHER SORROW

After four girls in a row, our family greatly rejoiced when a little brother came to stay with us. We named him Wesley and it was not long until his sweet disposition had won the hearts of all of us, especially our oldest boy. He probably appreciated his little brother even more than the girls did. I can still see him coming home from school and immediately giving attention to Wesley before changing his clothes.

Wesley was a healthy baby, but for some reason had much trouble with teething. When he was fourteen months old he developed a cold and I was alarmed at once. Something about the way he breathed told me it was serious. Or was it void fears again? I tried to stay calm as I cared for him. The next morning he was no better and we called the doctor. He did not have any fever and the doctor assured us that his lungs were clear. We thought perhaps it was not as serious as we had feared, but that evening as I sat rocking him, I couldn't help but see that he was a sick baby. He was falling asleep and I hoped by the time he woke up he would be better. Suddenly he stopped breathing. His father and I tried to awaken him. We shook him and talked to him, but the look on his face was enough to tell me he would not wake up. I had seen that look too often not to recognize it now.

Wesley's sudden death affected our whole family very much. Before, when death came it had come to babies in early infancy. But this time it was different. It had taken our little boy — the one we had played with, cared for, and loved for fourteen months. It was a long time before the wound healed this time.

With death coming as often as it did in our family, we found ourselves talking often of the wonderful place God had prepared for little children and people who lived for Him. We like to think that this was God's way of preparing us for the trials that lay in our path. How glad we are that He shielded the future from us, for had we known what was before us, we might have lost our courage.

A RARE DISEASE

After Laura was through the second grade we saw that it was both useless and unwise to keep sending her to school. Her muscular control of her hands was so bad that she could barely write and her balance was so that she could no longer follow the other children around. By now her speech was affected and it was hard for her teachers to understand her when she talked. These were trying times for both her and us. Often when the neighboring children came to play, they would all play something on the floor so Laura could help. She enjoyed this very much. But as normal healthy girls, the others soon tired of quiet games and they ran out to play. Then Laura would cry. I usually left what I was doing and sat down with a book to look at pictures or read to her. This seemed to be our escape when the world looked gloomy and Laura developed a deep love for books and stories.

After a few years Laura had accepted the fact that she could not keep up with other girls her age and after that she seemed a much happier girl. She possessed much will power and always did what she could. Each time she came to the point where she had to give up something she had been able to do, it was hard for her.

When Laura was twelve years old we started taking her to Columbus to the Osteopathic Cerebral Palsy Center, for by now the local doctors had diagnosed her illness as being Spastic Paralysis, a disease that would stay with her for life. But why was she losing out so fast? This was unusual for this type of disease. As soon as we took her to Columbus we saw definite improvements in some areas, but as a whole she was slipping. Perhaps not very fast, but when another year had passed and we thought of the things she had been able to do a year ago, we couldn't help but see how rapidly she was losing out.

In 1964 we came into contact with a Doctor Cross from the John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. One day he came out to our home, for he had learned of Laura's case through the doctors in Columbus. He was gathering information for a medical research. After examining Laura and asking some questions, he became very interested in her illness, for he recognized it as being an unusual case. He made several trips to our home and sometimes brought other doctors along. In the fall of that year they asked us if we wouldn't want to arrange to make a trip to their hospital in Baltimore.

We were somewhat leery at first. How much would they be able to help Laura? Was it just that they wanted to study the case rather than help us? But they reassured us they would do what they could. We decided to go. After all, it was another ray of hope and hadn't we daily asked God to direct and lead us if there was help to be found?

FAR FROM HOME

On November 2, Laura and I said "Good by" to our family and left home. The next morning we found ourselves in a strange hospital 800 miles from home, surrounded by strange doctors. How different it was from what we were used to! At home in the local hospital the doctor was usually too busy to pay much attention to his patients. Here there were from two to five doctors in the room at one time and asking questions without end. It was hard on both of us.

This was only the beginning of the examinations and tests Laura was to go through. On Wednesday evening I was asked to leave the room, for they were going to tap her spine for fluid. I disapproved of this very much, but there was nothing I could do. She had been taken into the hospital at their expense and they were doing what they thought was best. All I could do was encourage Laura to be a good girl and then I left the room.

When I finally got back to her, I was told to leave her flat on her back for awhile. I couldn't help but notice the sad, tired look in her eyes and her cheeks were too red. As I felt her forehead, I was sure she had a temperature. New fear gripped me. What if she got very sick? The trip down here was hard on her and now all these tests. Only a month ago she had pneumonia and she was often bothered with pleurisy. All the hopes I had had in reaching help here were dashed to the floor. Why had we ever come?

I talked to a nurse, who checked Laura. Immediately we were rushed to the emergency room. My fears were not void. Laura had pneumonia. She was restless and kept saying, "Oh, Mother. Dad will have to come. Please, can't Dad come, too?" I had been thinking the same thing, but I knew the 800 miles between us made it impossible. I tried to hide my own feelings and got a book to read to Laura. But for once, this failed to interest her. I knew she wasn't listening and big tears kept stealing down her thin cheeks. I tried to hide my own tears with the book, but finally laid it down. What was the use? We were tired, lonely, and homesick. When I could gather myself together I assured her that God will hear our prayers, even if we are far from home. Laura seemed to relax and we both felt much better.

The doctor came with medicine. All night the nurses and doctors were in and out of the room. They were very kind and did all they could for us. By the next morning she seemed better and plans were made to continue with the tests. I opposed this, begging the doctors to let her rest for a day or so and then she would be more cooperative again. We were told kindly but firmly that they had her scheduled with different doctors each half day and it was hard to break the schedule. By noon Laura was so sick again, and I sought Dr. Cross, the man who had arranged for us to come. When he saw the condition she was in, he immediately cancelled her appointments for that afternoon and the next forenoon. How peacefully she rested that afternoon and night and by the next day I could see that friendly little spark in Laura's eyes. She stood the rest of the tests much better, but even then, we were very happy when the week was over and we were on our way home to the rest of the family again.

DR. CROSS' REPORT

We went home and waited. What would the tests at Baltimore show? Laura was her usual self, and even though she lost out physically, there was something that grew very strong within her — her faith. Even though we considered her a cripple (she was on the wheelchair by now and unable to stand by herself) I often had to wonder if we who were healthy and strong were not worse off than she was.

About three months after our ordeal in Baltimore a car stopped in front of our house. It was Doctor Cross. My heart beat rapidly as I met him at the door. I searched his face for a sign of hope. There was none. He looked serious and sad. He told us that Laura had a rare disease called ataxia-telangiectasia. It was so rare that there were only 130 such cases on record in medical history. Of the 130 patients, none of them lived to be over thirty years old. He explained that the spots that showed under her skin were a symptom of that disease which happened to show up at the time she had the chicken pox. And not only did she have these spots on the outside, she had them internally as well. These spots on her lungs were what caused her to have pneumonia so often. He also told us that Laura's disease was of the progressive type.

I was stunned. I did not ask any questions, for even though I knew there was no cure for her illness, I did not want to hear the doctor say it. Nor did it matter what caused it. Nothing mattered except . . . but no, I couldn't make myself ask that question either. I did not want to be told that our daughter would have to suffer great pain before her end came.

Now the truth was clear. We fought to accept it. We did what we could to keep Laura as well as possible. Each spring as I planted the garden I wondered if Laura would be with us next year at this time. But I pushed those thoughts away. Thirty years, the doctor had said. Laura was not yet 20. And maybe, maybe Laura would be an exception. But we couldn't help but remember her disease was called "progressive." And any observations showed it was progressing rapidly — more rapidly than we cared to admit, even to ourselves.

WILL I BE A CRIPPLE IN HEAVEN?

Even though Laura was sick a lot and had many long days, she did have her happy times. One great pastime for her was making pot holders with a loom. Often she would be bent over her work, struggling so hard to keep her hands steady. She needed her left hand to steady the right hand. Over and under, over and under she would work her hook, and then pull the loops through. Many times when she tried to hook the loop over the frame, she would have one of her spasms and the hook would jerk, loosening two or three of the loops she had formerly fastened. At such times, I had to leave the room, for it would have been so easy for me to do it for her, but I knew she wanted to do it herself. Besides that, her hands needed the exercise weaving pot holders gave her.

It was at one such time when she had worked so hard and long and showed little progress in her work that she turned to me and said, "Mother, will I be a cripple in Heaven?"

I hurriedly assured her that she would not be and left the room. For the first time Laura had given us an indication that she realized her stay with us was limited. I prayed earnestly for strength to not show my sorrow in her presence. Many times after this she would say things that nearly choked me. Often when the family was gathered together she would make a remark that startled us with the truth. Yes, Laura knew, but she faced it with full confidence that Jesus would be with her.

"YA, ICH GLAUB..."

When Laura was 19 years old, she expressed her desire to be baptized. In some ways we had reason to believe that Laura's mind was not as fully developed as other young people's minds are at that age. But then in other ways we were amazed. We knew Laura had a strong faith in God, but we had taken it to be a child-like faith. However, when we saw the sincerity she had when she asked to be baptized, we could not discourage her. How much she would get out of her instruction we did not know, but one thing we did know; spiritually our daughter was not crippled.

With eager anticipation she looked forward to her first Sunday. She was in a class of nine young people. Even though Laura was sick often and missed church many times before, she did manage to go every Sunday the summer she was instructed for baptism. In the morning I would push her wheel chair to the house where the instructions were given and then the other girls brought her back to the barn where the services were held.

Then came the day of her baptism. We were concerned about how it would be done, for with nine in the class, it would mean kneeling for quite a long time. But Laura faced it with full confidence that she would be able to do it. There was no room for her wheel chair, so I helped her move to the folding chair that had been set in her place. When the time came I helped her out of the chair and onto her knees. As I stood so she could lean against me, I felt her body jerk and tremble as it did so often the last while. But when I asked her if she wanted to sit down until her turn came, she shook her head. With what earnestness she said, "Ja, ich glaub das Jesus Christus Gottes Sohn ist." Later she told us that at first her legs hurt very much and she was tired from kneeling, but she had prayed and "Gott hut mir kolfa." She said her legs did not hurt so much after she prayed.

After her baptism, Laura talked more and more about her home in Heaven. She possessed a happiness even greater and deeper than before. There were new joys in her life besides this one. There were many friends who remembered her on her birthday and at Christmas. She appreciated mail very much and always looked forward to special events. By this time her older brother and sister were married and Laura had nieces and nephews. She enjoyed them greatly and she had two nieces named after her.

THE HIDDEN SORROW

As time went on we saw that Laura was slipping rapidly. She took more and more care. We exercised her tight muscles daily and then carried her outside into the sunshine. Although Laura was almost five feet tall, she never weighed over sixty pounds. When she sat on the wheel chair she was hunched over and her body was drawn together. This was caused by the tenseness of her muscles.

In the spring of 1969, Laura's health failed rapidly. Again and again she had a bout with her lung trouble, and each time it seemed to be worse and last longer. And it seemed she was never able to quite recover to the point she had been before. But even then, she was able to go away at times. One event she looked forward to very much was the annual get-together for handicapped people. "Do you think I can go there yet?" she asked several times.

I tried to tell her to wait until the time came, but she still talked about it. A week before the gathering she coughed more than usual and also started with a fever. How sad she looked when she told me that her side hurt when she coughed or took a deep breath. We had to call the doctor, for her fever rose to 104 degrees. We did all we could, but she did not recover as fast as she usually did. On the morning of the event when I came in from choring, I found her sitting up and partly dressed. She was determined to go to the handicapped gathering. I agreed to take her, but we waited until almost noon so the day would not be so long for her.

It was plain to see that Laura was not well, but she tried so hard to hide it. She enjoyed the day very much, for she had learned to know many of the handicaps throughout the years, and they were her special friends. At lunch time she had a second helping of noodles, which was very unusual. Her appetite lately had been lagging. Usually when Laura ate better I rejoiced and ate better myself. But not this time. There seemed to be a brick in my stomach, for something seemed to tell me this was the last time I would go away with Laura. I tried to push the feeling away, for Laura had been very sick before and she had recovered. I tried to wear a smile to match Laura's. No one was to know the hidden sorrow that insisted on staying with me.

MANY HEARTS WERE TOUCHED

Laura was very tired when we got home that afternoon and went right to bed. From then on, she was in bed part of every day. There were times when I sat at her bedside, staring at her wheelchair which was empty so many times. I found myself wondering if she would ever need it again. How we had dreaded to see the time come when she needed a wheelchair. Now it was almost like a part of Laura, and we dreaded the thought of her no longer needing it. There were times when she showed improvement. It always brought us renewed hope that she would recover and be with us for a time at least. But always before she was really well, she would start running a temperature and going backwards again.

On the night of July 4th, one of the worst floods in the history of Holmes County swept through our area. Much of the land surrounding us was under water. Many people were concerned about the great loss of crops, but to us, it did not mean much. We were more concerned about the physical condition of our crippled daughter. She was by this time gravely ill.

On the morning of July 7th, she took a sudden turn for the worse and we thought her end was near. But later we had to admit that we were not really aware of the condition our bodies can get into before death comes. Since she had much difficulty breathing, the doctor suggested the aid of oxygen. This meant hospitalization, and Laura dreaded the thought of going to the hospital. The doctor cooperated and brought an oxygen tank to our home, and oxygen was given to her through a mask whenever she needed it. Time lost its meaning as we sat from morning till evening and from evening till morning at the bedside. Neighbors came to help us, and it was hard to keep track of who had been here when. Many others made brief stops to inquire about her health, and to assure us that they did care. Young people, both boys and girls, would tiptoe into the room for a glimpse of the suffering form on the bed. Many hearts were touched, for Laura's helpless condition and her friendly disposition had won a spot in the hearts of many people in the church and community.

Laura was conscious much of the time and always glad to see her friends. There were times when she seemed to be her normal self, but more often there was a tired wistful look on her face, as if she were disappointed to wake up again. One afternoon while I was alone with her she opened her eyes and said, "Mother, do the people in Heaven wear white clothes?"

"Why, yes, I think they do, " I told her, wondering what she was going to say next.

"Would it be all right if I wore a white dress after I die?" she asked.

I groped for words. What could I tell her. Four times before we had dressed our children in white to bury them. "Yes, I think it would be all right, if that is what you want, " I assured her. She seemed relieved, but mentioned it several times after that. The material was bought, and one afternoon when she seemed extra wide awake, I tried in vain to get a happy look onto her face. Should I tell her, I wondered. I didn't know if I could control myself, but finally I asked her if she would like to see the material we had bought for her dress. Immediately I saw what I wanted to see — that spark of enthusiasm in Laura's eyes. Tenderly she reached out and touched the material, then closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Laura never showed any fear of death, but there was something that caused a great fear in her. A few days before her death she became blind. This was very hard on her, and she pleaded for us to open her eyes so she could see. I gathered her thin form into my arms to comfort her. I was glad she could not see my face at the time, for it was streaming with tears. Why, why did our Laura have to go through this yet? Oh, that she could die and be freed

TRUE Or FALSE

Birds of the Bible

– By Elmo Stoll

Birds are very much a part of today's outside world. We enjoy their color and are cheered by their songs. It is interesting to think that Bible characters many years ago also had their lives brightened by the presence of birds. Try the following quiz to see how familiar you are with the birds the Scriptures mention. Answers and scoring scale on page 18

1. More than two thirds of the books in the Bible make some mention of birds.
2. The Bible tells of a man whose fingernails grew like birds' claws.
3. Jesus once said that in some ways even the birds have it nicer than he does.
4. Owls are never mentioned in the Bible.
5. It is not surprising that God chose ravens to bring bread to the prophet Elijah, since ravens are by nature kind and generous birds.
6. Sometimes when someone has found out a secret, he will say, "Oh, a little birdie told me." There is nothing in the Bible to support such an explanation of how the secret was learned.
7. God sent so many quail to the Israelites when they complained in the wilderness that even those who caught the least had seventy-five bushels when they finished.
8. Although eagles are mentioned in the Bible as strong birds, nowhere are they said to be swift.
9. Under Moses' law, the Israelites were forbidden to kill a bird sitting on a nest.
10. Although not mentioned in the New Testament, robins are mentioned four times in the Old.
11. Jesus referred to doves as birds that are not apt to hurt anyone.
12. We have reason to believe that Solomon enjoyed having peacocks around.
13. The eagle is the largest bird mentioned in the Bible.
14. God once used a rooster to remind a man of his sin.
15. Twenty-five is nearer to the number of different kinds of birds mentioned in the Bible than is fifty.
16. Since there were no guns in Bible times, sparrows were difficult to catch, and therefore very expensive to buy.
17. At Jesus' baptism, the Holy Spirit came down upon his head in the shape of a dove.
18. The Bible says that people who mock their parents are in danger of getting their eyes picked out by ravens.
19. The Bible says it is wrong for people to wish for wings like a bird.
20. Fowlers were men in the Old Testament who were much like game wardens are today; their job was to see that birds were protected during nesting season.

from this suffering. But daily we had placed her into the hands of God, and we knew He had a special purpose in prolonging her life. I assured her that even though we could not understand why she had to be blind, it would not be for long. Jesus would restore her sight. This calmed her fears and by the next morning when she woke up, she could see again. God had answered our prayers.

With her sight restored, Laura was more at ease. But there were times when she was in great misery and often she asked, "Why can't I die?" At other times she spoke of her love for Jesus and her longing to be with Him. On the morning of July 15th, her wish was granted. Slowly her body went limp and her face that had been twisted with pain the last days wore a trace of a smile.

At first this death was not as shocking as the deaths of our babies had been. It seemed the sun was shining extra brightly that morning, and it was almost a relief to see Laura resting so peacefully. But planning the funeral had its usual heartaches and as time went on, the reality struck us forcefully. We sat back with folded hands; there was no more we could do for her. She needed no more care or reassurance. We would no longer sit and read to her to help her pass the time. How would we spend the hours from now on? The future loomed before us with a vast emptiness.

When Laura's body was brought back from the funeral home we were surprised to find it completely relaxed and straight. The tension that had held the features of her body had fled with life. Even though we knew that it had only been her earthly home we found comfort in seeing that her body was no longer crippled.

Three days later we made another sad journey over the hills to the graveyard. Our thoughts went back to the four other times when we had come here to bury children. Especially clear in our memory was the July day twenty years before when we had come here to bury the body of Laura's twin brother. At the time we had found it hard to understand why the strongest and healthiest of the two had been taken. But today we think we understand. For all through the twenty years of anxiety we found ourselves turning again and again to God for strength and guidance. Now suddenly the twenty years seemed so short and the trials were easily forgotten. We can't help but admit that our lives have been enriched by caring for a cripple in our home. Especially do we cherish these memories since we have the assurance that our cripple is crippled no more. ■■

PRIDE

J. Weaver

And now abideth pride, extravagance, fashion; these three, but the greatest of these is pride. Simply because it is the root of the whole matter. Destroy the root and the tree will die. It is hardly worthwhile to waste ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root of the tree is alive. Most people say that it does not matter how people dress, pride is in the heart. Very true; but straws show which way the wind blows. A plain exterior may cover a proud heart; but depend on it, a fashionable exterior seldom if ever covers a humble heart. Some rules work two ways, but some will not. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments, without being proud. He replied, "When you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole you may be sure the fox is within."

Jewelry and costly, fashionable clothing may be innocent things in themselves, but when hung upon a human form, they give conclusive evidence of a proud heart.

Is it possible that a man can be found at this age who dares to write or speak against pride and all its consequences? The pulpits have nearly shut down on that kind of preaching. Our fathers and mothers were far behind the times. They were good enough in their day but they would not do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain houses, and sang old-fashioned hymns. They talked and acted like some old pilgrims who were looking for a better country, and when they left the world they stuck to it to the very last that they were going to a city where there is no night. It is my opinion that the majority of them went just where they thought they were going.

But now the people have a different route. Christians can do as they like. They can have fine churches, cushioned seats, a fashionable preacher and they can have their singing done to order. Why, in some modern churches those who sing in the choir are not even members of the church. The music rolls over the heads of the congregation like the sounds of many waters, not a word can be heard. Sometimes one sings alone for a little while, then two, and pretty soon the whole house is filled with music.

I know it is risky to speak out against pride in this day for many who occupy the pulpits are like dumb dogs, they don't even bark at it, they just let it go. As pride gains in a church, the spiritual life dies out. They can not dwell together, for they are eternal opposites. It is a sin for men and women to spend money the way they do to gratify a proud heart when there is so much need everywhere.

There are many evils in the land but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride. It has stolen into the church by degrees and now rules with an iron rod. Churches that were once noted for plainness are practically powerless on the subject. It seems that nearly the whole world is kept busy in furnishing fashions to satisfy the cravings of the depraved heart. An old Scotch preacher is reported to have said, "Ye people of Aberdeen, get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from Paris, and Paris from the devil." Now maybe fashions don't all come by that route but they originate at the same headquarters.

The religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one Spirit into one body. They mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God with all they have and are. They are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or earth as a proud Christian. There never was and never will be. Pride is of the devil for it originated from him and he is managing it most successfully in destroying souls.

But who is to blame for this state of things in the church? Esau sold his birthright for a dinner of greens. That was a costly morsel for him. But now people sell out "cheap for cash or produce."

Churches that were once plain and pure are now lost in forms and fashions. We may shut our eyes and wink and whine and cry "old fogey" or "grandfather" or "Moses and Aaron" but the facts are before us, pride and fashion and extravagance are eating the very life out of the congregations. The world is running crazy, the rich lead the way because they can, while the poor strain every nerve to follow. And the devil laughs to see them rushing on.

Pride thrust Nebuchadnezzar out of his kingdom, Adam out of Paradise, and Lucifer out of heaven. It will shut many out of heaven who are prominent in the church. Neither death nor the grave can change the character of anyone. The same spirit that controlled in life will cling to the soul in death and enter with it into eternity. Even the Angels of God would shrink from being with a fashionable Christian of this day. A few such souls in heaven would ruin everything. Among the first things they would propose would be a change in fashions. They would not care for those pure white robes that the saints wear in heaven any more than they cared for them on earth.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."

--adapted.

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

LIVE A CALM LIFE

There are but few things in life less popular than back-ache. For several months now I have been plagued with one, a nagging pain in my lower back. Sometimes the ache is pretty well gone and I gather hope. But then a fresh attack comes, and all my hope scatters.

Last week the latest round began. We were about to start construction of a chicken house for our Leghorns when my back once more went on strike. With so much work waiting, I admit I got rather frustrated. At the same time I began to get a little worried what really might be wrong with my spine. Perhaps there was a slipped disk. Perhaps...

We happen to have a new doctor at the town clinic in Guaimaca. Dr. Romero is a young man and this is his first practice. The government has asked him to serve here at least a year. The doctor's wife is from Sweden, and looks quite blond beside her husband. They met while attending a university in Madrid, Spain. Both Dr. and Mrs. Romero, we have discoveredare very nice people.

Why not let Dr. Romero have a look at my back? He would be driving past the farm over the weekend, and it would not be much bother for him to stop a minute. He might have some good advice.

The doctor came. As he examined my back, he asked a number of questions. When his few words of English and my rather poor Spanish didn't make connections, Mrs. Romero quickly came to our aid as interperter. She knows English in a fair way, yet far from perfect.

Dr. Romero suggested I have my back X-rayed by a specialist in the city. Meanwhile, it might be a good idea to take it easy and lift nothing heavy. "Reposa..." reposa..." said the doctor in Spanish, and then he struggled with his crippled English to make his meaning clear. His wife came to his rescue. "You must live calmly," she said. "You know, live a calm life."

After the doctor and his wife had left, I got to thinking about the quaint way in which Mrs. Romero had warned me to be careful. "Live a calm life," she had said. The more I thought about her words, the more I realized their wisdom— wisdom that went far beyond hard work and an aching back.

"Live a Calm Life"

I think we are all aware that our generation is probably the most "uncalm" generation in history. Never has there been so much hurrying and worrying, so much fretting and fussing. We live in an age of impaitent people, —tense, nervous, wound up as tight as the watches whose slaves they are. In the strain to remain sane, they gulp thousands of tranquilizer pills, or make weekly trips to the psychiatrist.

There are many victims. There are many people who can't stand the rush-rush and the anxiety. Therefore, we have alcoholics. We have nervous breakdowns. We have suicides. We have miserable people.

This is a sad situation, all the more sad because it is so unnecessary. How so? Is there an escape, a way to live a calm life as the doctor's wife suggested? I think there is indeed.

What is the answer? Is it a quiet life on the farm, away from the noise and the stress of the city? This may well be part of the solution, though it is not complete in itself. We can certainly be thankful that the farm homes of most of our plain people are still refuges in a troubled and noisy world.

Farm people are fortunate. When there is a beautiful rainbow, we can stop our work for as long as we wish and admire the pretty colors, and no one will shout at us to get busy. Daily we can pause to worship the great God who created all the wonders of the earth, and makes our seeds to grow. We have ringside seats at the greatest show on earth. Farmers are favored people.

And we old-fashioned farmers are especially favored. Our homes and fields are quieter and calmer than those of our modern neighbors. Our horsepower is not derived from loud motors that spit their poisonous exhausts into the air. Our kitchens are not disturbed by the whirring of modern appliances. Our living rooms are not filled with the blabbering of television. Nor are our prayers interrupted by the jangling of the telephone.

By comparison with the lives of our fellow twentieth-century citizens, our lives are pretty peaceful and calm. But wait a minute. Are our lives really as calm and unruffled as they should be? It seems to me we aren't quite free of today's hurrying spirit. Perhaps we have more of the disease than we realize.

How about our hard-working farmers who rush at their work all day with never a moment to relax? How about the young fellows that slave away deep into the evening hours so they can somehow get out from under that burdensome debt? And yes, how about the housewives that are constantly on the run from alarm clock time in the morning until nine or ten in the evening?

It is a good thing to work hard, to be thrifty, to make good use of our time. It is likewise a good thing, when we have guests, to prepare a meal for them. That is why Martha was so disturbed when her sister merely sat down at Jesus' feet and listened to His words. Jesus rebuked Martha and said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful. And Mary has chosen that good part."

It may be a good thing to be a hard worker and a diligent businessman. The Bible says so. But even good things can be overdone. When our work crouds out our "quiet time", and we have no opportunity to relax, to to meditate, to think about the things of God— then our living the quiet and peaceable life the Bible requires of Christians. (See 1 Timothy 2:2)

Solomon, the wise man of old, spoke a great truth when he said, "Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

No Time For God?

Once upon a time, I am told, a young lad begged his father to take him to an amusement park where there were roller coasters and ferris wheels and all kinds of ten-cent rides. The boy had saved up a fat fistful of pennies and nickles and dimes. He was anxious to convert his money into pleasure.

The father waited impatiently while his son tried out the different rides. The boy especially liked the marry-go-round, and he giggled with glee as the painted horse "galloped" around and around and around. Again and again he paid a dime for another ride.

But at last his savings were all gone. Not a penny remained. The boy climbed off his horse and came over to his father. He slipped his fingers into his daddy's big hand, and the two started home.

"Well, Jakie," said the father, "You've spent all your money traveling, but where did you go?"

Jakie hadn't made very wise use of his money, had he? But you know what, the way he rode the merry-go-round is a pretty good symbol of the way so many people live their lives— day after day of going around in circles. apparently having a good time but never getting anywhere at all.

There is no satisfaction in traveling around a circle. Young Jakie may have thought so at the time, but he probably came to his senses the next day when he shook the piggy-bank.

In the long run, the quest for earthly things is not satisfying. Pleasure, fame, money in the pocket— they are all empty and vain. Those who fill their lives with them have no more to show for their living than young Jakie had to show for his merry-go-round rides.

Yet people keep right on serving the gods of fun, of fashion. Clutching these balloons, they are sucked into the mad merry-go-round that makes up today's uncalm society.

And that is why our day is the Age of the Aspirin.

The trouble is, we Christians who know better sometimes get caught too. We know that our real riches are in heaven, yet we have a weakness to want a nice bank account here on earth, also. We know we should get more pleasure from reading the Bible than from reading worldly literature, yet, this is sometimes not the case. We know our bodies are frail perishable dust, yet we like to show off this "dust" in the nicest clothes. We know that time is a gift of God, yet we catch ourselves crowding both ends of the day (and the middle) in serving our own selfish interests.

Sometimes we need a break in our daily pattern of living, so we take time to think a little and to see where our lives are taking us to. Is that perhaps why I have been "blessed" with a backache?

The young Honduran doctor and his wife had some pretty good advice when they said, "Live a calm life." But I have saved the best part for last. Doctor Romero with his few halting English words, unknowingly offered the secret of how to live a calm life.

All he really wanted to say was that I should sleep on my back. But his words meant much more than that. He said, "Keep your face to the sky."

-Guaimaca, Honduras

THE BLESSING OF TEARS

-by Edwin Martin

The human body is wonderfully made, each member doing its duty, some of greater, some of lesser importance. The tear glands, although they seem unimportant in themselves, play an important part in cleansing a delicate member of the body, the eye. Were the tear glands to fail, it would be very irritating to the eyes.

If tear glands could speak, they would have much to tell. Since they are an expression of feelings, they have witnessed many a scene. Hearts torn with enxiety, broken with sorrow, or filled with joy, have found relief by shedding tears.

In the Bible we find many references to tears and weeping. The most needful reason for tears are those shed in sorrow because of knowledge and repentance of sin. When Jesus ate with Simon the Pharisee, a woman which was a sinner came and washed His feet with her tears. Simon considered it a disrespectful act but Jesus, the sinner's friend, told her "Thy sins are forgiven." Because of her tears she could hear the most wonderful words ever uttered.

Tears are needful, not only to those who are coming to Christ, but also for those who have already found peace. Holy men of God have fallen into sin and no one can say, "I have not sinned." To fall in sin is a disgrace and grieves the Spirit of God. But there is hope through tears. Two examples are outstanding in the Bible, King David and the Apostle Peter. David yielded to the lust of the flesh and Peter was ashamed to be identified with Christ. Their sins were different but their endings were the same— they both found forgiveness in flowing tears. Sorrow expressed by tears is almost sure to be genuine.

Seeing sin in others may also cause us to shed tears. Jeremiah is known as the weeping prophet because of his tearful concern for an erring and disobedient people. He complained with these words," Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

Joy, too, is often expressed by tears. The sinner redeemed by the mercy of God can not help but praise God with tears. The same applies when a dear one returns from a life of sin to obedience in Christ.

When the foundation of the temple was laid in the time of Ezra, the people wept and shouted aloud for joy.

The most sad part about tears is concerning those who reject the saving grace of Christ and shed no tears in this life. All tears on earth come to an end, even if we die with tears in our eyes they will be wiped away. But if we have never wept in the time of grace, we may always have to weep in the torments of eternal punishment.

Oh, blessed tears, what is more comforting than confessing our sin in tears? Tears are the window washers of the soul, they cleanse our minds and affections. The ability to refrain from weeping is not a sign of manhood. The book of John contains the shortest verse in the Bible. But great is the depths of its meaning. Jesus the Saviour of mankind expressed himself in a way that tongue could not—JESUS WEPT.

-Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED

-The Author Wishes
To Remain Anonymous

THE MAN TURNED HIS thin form in bed and pulled up the covers around his shoulders. His eyes seemed to be fixed upon the various colored leaves that softly floated to the ground outside the window. Occasionally a wisp of breeze would bring one against the pane. But the man was looking beyond the leaves. He was looking into the future—the future his children would have to face without a father.

What heritage would he leave behind for his children? Did he say something or do something whereby one of them would go astray? Anxiety showed in his face. He groaned as he thought of his many failures. It was the groan of deep pain—deeper than the pain which was ravaging his body.

He would be willing to depart from life if only he could have hope that he and his family could be together sometime again. But his thoughts went into the past. There had been church trouble. Two ministers could not agree. Naturally, each member supported the one which he thought was scriptural. This eventually brought a division. Each one knew he was right— and the other party wrong. Hate brewed. Tongues were busy. Bitterness prevailed.

The sick man groaned again as he thought of the part he had played in this. He had spoken against one of the ministers. He had spoken against the brethern that were on the minister's side. He had wondered how they could be so blind to their failures. So stubborn. At that time he didn't realize that he was just as blind— and just as stubborn.

And now his sin loomed large before him. He could not die with this burden upon his heart. He groaned again. His lips moved in prayer. Would God forgive at the eleventh hour? A peace stole over his face. The pain in his body didn't seem so severe anymore.

Another groan escaped his lips. He must do something. He did not want his children to make the same failure. "Mother!" His voice came in a whisper.

The woman sitting beside his bed rose to her feet. Lines of grief were written on her face. She peered down into the pale features of her husband. "What do you want, Father?" she asked softly.

"T-tell the children not to speak against the ministers." His voice choked. "They fail, as other men do. but we should never speak against them." He wet his feverish lips with his tongue, and then closed his eyes.

In his eleventh hour this man realized that he had "touched God's anointed" with the lash of his tongue. When death's door stood open before him, he feared to step across with this burden of sin lying upon him unconfessed. But God in His mercy granted him forgiveness.

Paul wrote to the Hebrews (chapter 13, verse 17) "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account."

To the Philippian Church he wrote they should hold such (the ministers) in reputation. German version: Habt solch Leute im ehren (Philippians 2:29).

Paul wrote to Timothy that the office of a bishop is "ein köstlich" work. "Köstlich" means something precious. The bishop's office sets him above the church somewhat like a father is set over his family. The other ministers and deacons are appointed as his helpers. They are supposed to work with the bishop and give him support as Hur and Aaron gave Moses support when the Israelites fought against the Amalekites.

When the battle had begun Moses with his two men sat on a hill watching. He lifted his arms toward heaven. While his arms were lifted the Israelites gained the victory over the enemy. When his arms were lowered the Amalekites were winning. After Moses became tired Hur and Aaron stood by his side and supported his arms (Exodus 17).

Had Hur and Aaron not supported Moses' arms the Israelites could not have gained the victory over the enemy. So it is when the ministers support the bishop, and the church supports the ministers, then they can be strong to overcome. When they do not work together, the church is soon overcome with slandering, backbiting, tale bearing,and many other sins.

The bishop's "family" need not be large until trouble can brew. It only takes two to make a Cain and an Abel. All through history Satan has been busy trying to bring trouble into the churches. He sets the congregation against the ministers, ministers against the congregation, brethren against brethren, and ministers against ministers. When men lack the grace of God a root of bitterness soon springs up, which defiles the hearts. It is at such times that the ministers do not receive the double honor that is due them (1 Timothy 5:17).

The Bible says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." How can children honor Christian parents more than by obeying them? So it is with the members of a Christian congregation. How can they give double honor to God-fearing ministers without obeying them? Our preachers stand before God and man with fear and trembling. They have a duty to preform and it is not always a pleasant duty. But it is with them as it was with the Apostle Paul, who said, "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!"

Because the Lord commanded that we should not "touch his anointed, and do his prophets no harm," (1Chron. 16:22) does not infer that they are blameless, and without fault at times. They have struggles and temptations like the rest of us, and many times even greater because of the work they have. This may be especially true of the temptation to be a respecter of persons or to covet honor. It has been said, "When a minister has finished preaching, even before he has taken his seat, Satan can be there, saying, 'You have given a good sermon.'"

It is possible for ministers to fall away from the true faith, and they must then be dealt with by the church. It is not in an individual's place to decide that a certain minister is not scriptural and not worthy of support.

King Saul proved to be an unfaithful leader. He tried to take David's life,yet David said, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." David realized how important this command of God was, and he was extremely careful not to harm the king in any way.

Once while the king and his soldiers were sleeping David went within their camp. He cut off part of the king's garment. Afterwards David was very sorry that he had done this. He became conscience smitten and lamented, "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed" (1Samuel 24:6).

When we speak against the ministers, we are doing much more than David did when he cut off the king's garment. We may justify ourselves by thinking it is necessary that someone speaks out. The Apostle Paul advised Timothy, the young minister, not to rebuke an elder. (German: Einen Alten shilt nicht.) If an elder of the church sinned, Timothy was supposed to speak to him about his sin, as he would to his own father (1Timothy 5:1). Timothy was not supposed to go to others and criticise the elder. Neither was he supposed to become angry and use harsh words but to admonish the elder in meekness.

Paul knew that it is no light matter to stand before God and man. Even when the ones he preached to were friendly, it still was no easy task. As he said, he came not with excellency of speech but in weakness with fear and with trembling.

If it is a weighty matter to stand before friendly faces, how much more difficult it is for the ministers to preach before a hostile group. And if it is a hostile group looking for fault, they surely will find it.

But it is not always the hostile group that do not support the ministers as they should. Criticism can be brought upon the ministers even by those who mean no harm. Even if we do not criticize them directly, we can be the cause that they must bear unjust judgement by others.

Like the young man and his wife who went into a store to buy linoleum. They had an old home with rough floors. They didn't have the money to spend on new flooring so they decided some cheap linoleum would beallright. They were faithful church members so wanted a design that would be suitable for a plain home.

When the clerk showed them some brightly colored pieces the young man shook his head."You're not allowed to have them?" asked the storekeeper.

"No, the preachers don't allow it," the man answered, unthinkingly.

Of course they didn't allow it, but answers like this make the ministers look like dictators. This may cause the church to be blasphemed by outsiders. Outsiders cannot understand the rules of the church. How could they? They have not been taught nonconformity. Our things look queer to them.

How much better it would have been had the couple said, "We don't want that kind of linoleum," and leave the ministers out of it. But the sad part is, too many people want the things they're not supposed to have, and so could not say this truthfully.

It is the same way with many other things, including television. Should someone ask, "Would you have T.V. if the ministers would allow it?", could we honestly say, "No" because our fear of God is greater than our desire for this worldly entertainment?

Because of these members' worldly desires and coveting after modernism, concerned ministers meet with much criticism. Often when ministers want to show a member of the church where he has failed in this, the member holds the minister in disdain. The member does not consider how deeply the minister is concerned about his spiritual welfare.

We can at times be like spoiled children who do not want to give up a toy. Our desire for the "forbidden things" can become much greater than our desire for peace in the church. When we are admonished we may become rebellious, and soon we may feel it is all the ministers' fault. We may think they are too strict or unfair.

But no matter what circumstances arise, how dark the future looks, the minister must continue in the office in which he was ordained. He must continue even if he may at times become discouraged and like Elijah feel that everyone has turned to Baal.

Another problem the ministers have to cope with is like that of Jacob Miller. We cannot say that Jacob's parents had not been good church members. They tried to live a righteous life. But things seemed different when their son Jacob was old enough to be with the youngfolks. Because he worked well, his father gave him a good allowance. Not long after that he began to bring home things he ought not have. At first he met strong resistance, but gradually it wore off. The common comment was, "Boys can have such things, and besides, he does not belong to church yet."

When his sister Sadie was grown, the parents had weakened to the extent that she could have many things without much opposition, because she, too, "didn't belong to the church yet."

There were several years of loose living, then Jacob decided to join church. It was very hard for him to completely leave his carnal nature behind. This brought much grief to the ministers.

If worldly things and worldly activities are wrong for our children when they belong to the church, then they are also wrong before they join. Sin should be treated as sin and not overlooked, even if the boy or girl does not belong to the church. If they are permitted to have worldly things before they are members, they are very apt not to consider such things wrong after they are baptized. In later years they will find it hard to obey and may rebel against the church and the ministers.

People who rebel against the ministers make it seem at times as if we are reliving the days of Jeremiah (chapter 6). There it tells how the people, even the aged, had strayed from God. At that time the Lord said, "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

But the people answered, "We will not walk therein." The watchmen who were set over the people commanded, "Hearken to the sound of the trumpet."

But they said, "We will not hearken."

It is from people who will not hearken that the ministers receive their criticism. Without realizing it these members may be "touching the anointed of the Lord." When the ministers speak to them, asking them to change their ways, the rebellious one may not realize that this is a work of love. True love will not let a sinner go on in his evil ways without trying to warn him of destruction. It is this love that causes ministers to lose sleep and cry and pray into the night. Many of them could say with the Psalmist, "Ich gehe krumm und sehr gebückt," (Psalms 38:7) — bent with sorrow because of the sins of the people— their burden might be much lighter if we would all take heed to the command "TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED AND DO MY PROPHETS NO HARM!"

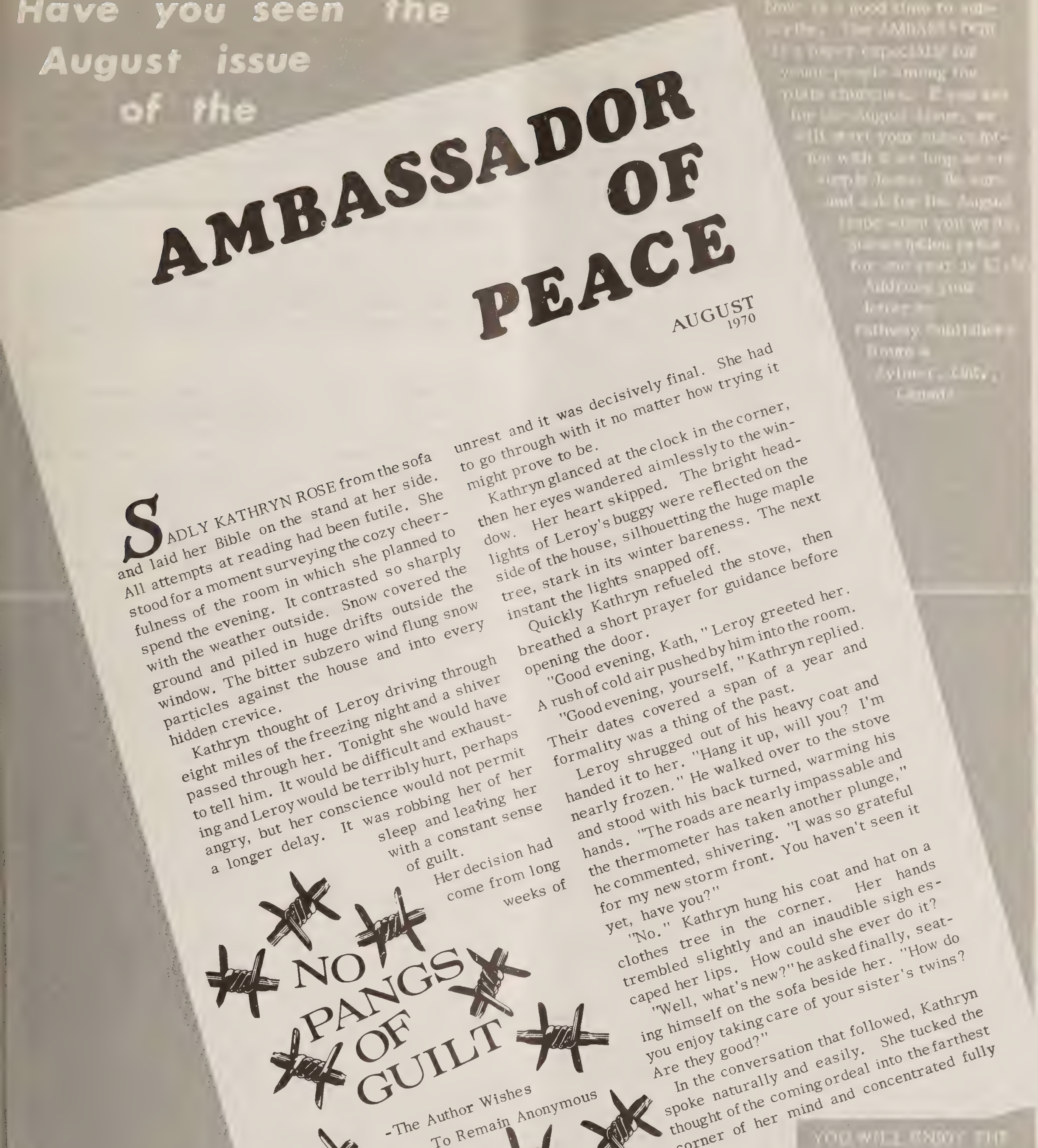
ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. 45 out of the 66 books of the Bible make some mention of birds.
2. True. When God caused the proud king, Nebuchadnezzar, to lose his mind for seven years and live with the beasts, his "hair grew like eagles feathers and his nails like birds' claws"(Dan.4:33).
3. True. Jesus said that birds have nests, but that the Son of man, did not have anywhere to lay his head (Matt. 8:20).
4. False. Owls are mentioned 16 times in the Bible, all in the Old Testament.
5. False. Ravens would best be described as greedy and quarrelsome by nature. The fact that the ravens did not gulp down the bread themselves instead of bringing it to Elijah only made the miracle more wonderful.
6. False. In order to show how swiftly secrets spread, the Bible does speak as though even the birds flew about telling tales—"...for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter" (Eccl. 10:20).
7. True. The Bible says the Israelites gathered quails for two days and a night until even those who had gathered the least had ten homers, which would be seventy-five bushels (Numbers 11:32).
8. False. A number of Scriptures use the eagle as an example of swiftness—" ...his horses are swifter than eagles" (Jer. 4:13, and also Lam. 4:19, Hab. 1:8).
9. True. The Israelites were allowed by Moses' law to take the eggs or the young from a bird nest, but they were not permitted to kill the mother (Deut. 22:6).
10. False. Robins are not mentioned in the Bible, either in the Old or New Testament.
11. True. Jesus referred to doves as "harmless" (Matt. 10:16), when he told his followers, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."
12. True. The Bible says that Solomon imported peacocks from foreign countries (1 Kings 10:22).
13. False. Ostriches are the largest birds, much larger than eagels, and they are mentioned twice in Scriptures (Lam. 4:3, Job 39:13).
14. True. It was at the crowing of the cock that Peter felt remorse for having denied his Master (Luke 22:60-62).
15. False. About fifty different kinds of birds are mentioned in the Bible.
16. False. Sparrows were not expensive in Bible times, but of very little value, as indicated by Jesus saying, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing," which would be about the same as saying today, "Two for a nickle." We do not know for certain how sparrows could be attained so cheaply, but the most probable guess is that snares were used (Prov. 7:23, Eccl. 9:12).
17. True. When Jesus was baptized, John saw "the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him" (Matt. 3: 16).
18. True. Although it is likely meant in a figurative way, the Bible does say mockers will have their eyes picked out by ravens (Prov. 30:17).
19. False. David wished for wings like a dove so that he could fly away from his foes and be at rest, and nowhere do the Scriptures express disapproval of his wish (Psalms 55:6).
20. False. Fowlers were not game wardens, but bird catchers. They used snares, traps, and birdlime (a sticky substance smeared on twigs to catch small birds) and caught their prey by trickery. Hence fowler is also sometimes used to describe the wicked who lure others to ruin (Ps. 91:3, 124:7, Hos. 9:8).

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct ...	Excellent
17-18 correct ...	Good
15-16 correct ...	Average

Have you seen the August issue of the



AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

AUGUST 1970

NO PANGS OF GUILT

-The Author Wishes To Remain Anonymous

SADLY KATHRYN ROSE from the sofa and laid her Bible on the stand at her side. All attempts at reading had been futile. She stood for a moment surveying the cozy cheerfulness of the room in which she planned to spend the evening. It contrasted so sharply with the weather outside. Snow covered the ground and piled in huge drifts outside the window. The bitter subzero wind flung snow particles against the house and into every hidden crevice.

Kathryn thought of Leroy driving through eight miles of the freezing night and a shiver passed through her. Tonight she would have to tell him. It would be difficult and exhausting and Leroy would be terribly hurt, perhaps angry, but her conscience would not permit a longer delay. It was robbing her of her sleep and leaving her with a constant sense of guilt.

Her decision had come from long weeks of unrest and it was decisively final. She had to go through with it no matter how trying it might prove to be.

Kathryn glanced at the clock in the corner, then her eyes wandered aimlessly to the window. Her heart skipped. The bright headlights of Leroy's buggy were reflected on the side of the house, silhouetting the huge maple tree, stark in its winter bareness. The next instant the lights snapped off.

Quickly Kathryn refueled the stove, then breathed a short prayer for guidance before opening the door.

"Good evening, Kath," Leroy greeted her. A rush of cold air pushed by him into the room.

"Good evening, yourself," Kathryn replied. Their dates covered a span of a year and formality was a thing of the past.

Leroy shrugged out of his heavy coat and handed it to her. "Hang it up, will you? I'm nearly frozen." He walked over to the stove and stood with his back turned, warming his hands. "The roads are nearly impassable and the thermometer has taken another plunge," he commented, shivering. "I was so grateful for my new storm front. You haven't seen it yet, have you?"

"No." Kathryn hung his coat and hat on a clothes tree in the corner. Her hands trembled slightly and an inaudible sigh escaped her lips. How could she ever do it?

"Well, what's new?" he asked finally, seating himself on the sofa beside her. "How do you enjoy taking care of your sister's twins? Are they good?"

In the conversation that followed, Kathryn spoke naturally and easily. She tucked the thought of the coming ordeal into the farthest corner of her mind and concentrated fully

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The Yellow Pickup

It was a summer day, the sun was shining brightly. Anna, a young girl with a rosy-cheeked complexion had just finished the dinner dishes when a man in a bright yellow pickup truck drove in. Anna was alone in the house so she quickly put up the hook on the screen door just as a precaution for she did not know the stranger.

Soon the man came up the steps onto the cement porch and knocked at the kitchen door. The inside door was open so Anna talked to the man through the screen.

"Is your father at home?" he asked.

"No, he is helping the neighbors today."

"And your mother, would she be at home?"

"No, she went to the doctor and probably won't be back until this evening." Anna answered.

"Oh, you are the housewife today! How old are you?"

"Eleven."

"Do you have any brothers and sisters?"

"I have two brothers but no sisters."

"How old are your brothers?"

"Sam is thirteen and Jonas is nine."

"And are they away too?"

By this time Anna began to have an uneasy feeling. She was glad she had put up the hook on the screen door. "No, they are out feeding and watering the hogs."

"And where is the hoghouse?"

"It's— it's back behind the woods, but they should be coming any minute now. They've been gone quite awhile."

Anna began wishing very much that her brothers would come. But sometimes they stopped to play in the woods.

The man kept on asking questions about the farm, how many acres they had and how many cattle.

Soon Anna saw her brothers coming towards the house and she felt very much relieved. She hoped they would stop and talk to the man. But to her dismay they merely said "Hello" and walked on towards the barn.

Finally the man said, "Well, I must be going. I'll come back some other time when your father is at home. Now, could you tell me where Dan Ginrichs live?"

Anna was glad that he was going and tried to tell him which way to go. But he could not understand for there were some T-roads at which he was supposed to turn. Finally she got a piece of paper and a pencil and drew a sketch of the roads, but he still pretended that he could not understand through the screen door.

"These roads are all strange to me," he said, "maybe if you would step outside on the porch I could understand the drawing better."

Without thinking she did what she had not intended to do. She reached up and unhooked the door hoping he had not noticed that it had been hooked.

She opened the door halfways and continued explaining the paper while pointing towards the neighbors place. Before Anna knew what was happening he was holding her tight and was kissing her. How terrible she felt. Quickly he let her go and went to his pickup. Soon he was driving out of the lane waving as he went.

Anna went into the house, hooked the door and thoroughly washed out her mouth. She was so shocked that she just stood there not knowing what to do. For the rest of the afternoon she was in a daze.

When her mother came home she asked, "Was anyone here today?"

"Oh, just a man who wanted to see Dad," Anna answered. "He didn't say what he wanted."

She did not tell her parents for a long time what had happened. Although it was nothing real serious, yet it easily could have been. Of course we should ask God to be with us every day and keep us from harm, yet we ought to take precautions to prevent such things from happening. -A mother, Ohio

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(WINDOWSILL, cont. from page 37)

subject and say about going on fishing and hunting trips and staying over Sunday. In this way maybe miss out on going to church.

I would rather think this is a worldly way of living.

-By A Brother

I was glad to see the question on playing games on Sunday. This has been a question mark in my mind, too. We have very few games at our house. We both love to read. The children like to be read to. We take short walks. Our Sundays pass all too quickly.

Recently there was a small group of young folks here and we played a simple game. I wondered afterwards, is this really an example for the young folks?

— One who has wondered, too

To my way of thinking, I would not want to play checkers on Sunday nor would I want my children to, nor even outdoor games. I feel it best to play Bible games such as Trav-E-Log or Bible Lotto and such. I would rather have them play games where there isn't much running or loud noises. Guessing games can also be played.

— Someone who wants to be concerned

I do not know that it would be a great difference to me whether a person plays on Sunday or on a weekday. I have my doubts whether it is proper for grownups, that are members of the church, to play together, although it is done a lot in some Amish communities. For parents and grownup brothers and sisters to play with little children is duty.

Ever since my conversion I have had convictions against grownups playing games together, although at first I didn't realize there was a scripture passage on playing. Later I came across 1 Cor. 10, where Paul wrote about the fathers' journey through the wilderness.

Verse 5 says: "But with many of them God was not well pleased: for they were overthrown in the wilderness." Why? When people sin they are overthrown.

The 6th and 7th verses say, "Now these things were our examples, to the intent that we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted. Neither be ye idolaters, as were some of them: as it is written, The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play."

This 7th verse refers to Exodus 32 where Moses was on the mount with God. God told Moses to go down, for the people have corrupted themselves. Let us notice that these people rose early in the morning and offered offerings, which could be referred to as morning devotions. Yet when they sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play, God was not pleased. They were called idolaters. (See what Webster's Dictionary says about idols and idolaters.)

It seems to me there would be more edifying things to do than playing games. -E.Y., Ohio

Tomorrow

"Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow
The good we think to do,
The hearts we'll rob of sorrow,
The roses we shall strew.
And while we wait and contemplate
Our brood of golden plans,
The swift day dies, and darkened skies
Reprove our idle hands.

Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow!
Oh, friend, be wise, I pray.
This world, so full of sorrow.
Needs all your lips can say
Of comforts sweet and actions meet
To help it on its way.
Oh, speak before a fast-closed door
Shall mock you. Act today!"

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

-by Hanss Naffziger
(Translated from the German)

An Amish Church Discipline of 1779

The author of this eighteenth century Amish Church Discipline was Hanss Naffziger who was ordained into the ministry in 1731. His congregation was in Essingen in the Palatinate region of southern Germany, where he served as bishop until his death. Because various congregational difficulties had arisen (esp. in the congregations in the Netherlands) Bishop Naffziger wrote a directive for the regulation of congregational life. His writing was accepted by ministers in nearly all the Amish congregations of Europe of the eighteenth century and used as sort of a minister's manual.

BELOVED in the Lord, our old forefather Hans Guengerich of the Weisenburger congregation, who was ordained as a young unmarried man and served the church for more than fifty years, and died at the age of ninety; Hans von Rothenhof of the Landauer congregation who also served the church a long time and lived to a ripe age; **Christe** Yoder of Richert or Rosenthal in the Muenster congregation who in my lifetime led the church and lived to an age of more than seventy— these men, as far as we know, kept up these standards (Ordnung) and instructed us in them.

I myself have for nearly fifty years in great weakness and unworthiness served as a minister of the Gospel, and am now over 73 years old. I too have sought to keep up these practices and standards, with the Lord's help and grace. (In writing and reading I have never needed a magnifying glass, praise and thanks be to the Lord.)

I would like to briefly mention the Lord's Supper. It is held twice a year, namely at Easter and St. Michale's Day (Sept. 29th), Shortly before the Lord's Supper, Ordnungs-Gemeinde services are held, where Matthew 18 and 1 Cor. 5 are read, and the people are admonished in the Lord's ordinances, etc. ... A week or two before Communion, a day of fasting and prayer is observed with each person examining his conscience.

On the day when the Lord's Supper is to be observed, when the ministers have returned from their counseling (Abrath), the people are admonished on preparation, how Israel needed to prepare herself (for the Passover), that no person who was unclean or uncircumcised was to eat of the Passover lamb. Also, how the lamb was to be prepared. Paul says, "Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord..."

Then a counsel is taken of all the brothers and sisters, and if no objections are raised, a short beginning of the services is made— this is kept very brief. When the bishop has given the greeting and led in prayer, another preacher stands up and tells of the patriarchs up to the point where Moses says, "Thy Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet... like unto me." Then he reads from from the 22nd. chapter of Luke, up to the verse, "...and when thou art converted, strengthen they brethren."

Another reads 1Cor. 10 as far as, "..Let no man seek his own, but every man another's..." Then the bishop stands up and reviews what is written in the Old Testament of Adam's sin... of the Law of Moses... of the prophicies concerning Christ's coming—chapters 7, 8, 11 and 64 of the prophet Isaiah... "Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down..." Of the coming to earth of Jesus, His teaching, His choosing the Apostles and sending them out, His miracles...

He reads 1Corinthians 11, the part that speaks of the Lord's Supper, and John 6, "Verily, verily, I say unto you..." At this time the bread is prepared and the wine poured. Then it is explained how the bread is a symbol of Christ's body, and the wine of His blood— and that all who eat of this bread are of one body. He who eats and drinks unworthily, eats and drinks to his own judgement.

When it has been made clear what is expected of those who are partakers, the speaker says, "..the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it." And then he takes the bread in his hand and says, "Our Lord Jesus thanked the heavenly Father, so we should also do the same, and this with an earnest prayer." The congregation stands and prays in silence.

After the prayer, he says, "I have in mind to make a beginning in this, to eat of this bread in hope and faith that Christ our Lord was a perfect sacrifice for the sin of Adam, also in hope and faith that through this sacrifice for the sin of Adam, also in hope and faith that through this sacrifice we are redeemed and freed from the condemnation and fall of Adam, if we follow and obey His commandments. Also in hope and faith that for this,

—His great love, grace, and mercy— we and our descendants may praise Him forever. Also in hope and faith He will raise us from the dead on that last Day, and acknowledge us as His children and lead us into His eternal kingdom. And those who stand in this same hope with me may come forward and eat of this bread, in memory of our Lord's bitter suffering and death."

And with these words, he takes a piece of bread in his hand, and eats it, then gives some to the brethern, and then the sisters. Each receives the bread into his own hand and eats it.

Thereafter he takes the cup of wine in his hand, and after a prayer, he speaks again the above words of hope and thanks, whereupon he makes a beginning in the partaking of the wine. He then passes the cup of wine to another minister, a preacher of the Book (Diener zum Buch) or to a bishop, and says, "You may give it to the others."

There is then a prayer of thanks by the bishop, followed by the reading of John, Chapter 13, of the washing of feet. ...The sermon is brought to a close... Then each member washes another's feet, and lets his own be washed.

This I have written briefly, in my simpleness (Einfald) and weakness. Have patience. Written at Essingen the 30th. of the Winter Month, in the year 1779.

Article 1: Concerning the Christian Articles of Faith which our fore father in the Martyrs' Book or Bloody Theater (Martyrs' Mirror) in the first book the last Confession of 33 articles, we confess and hold the same together with God's Word and the Christian Discipline (Ordnung). Each person should meditate upon it and live up to it.

Article 2: Regarding the Incarnation of Christ, one should remain by the Holy Scriptures as Paul testifies: a Son of God after the Spirit and a Son of David after the flesh; and as Peter confesses: a Son of the Living God. One should as much as possible avoid and refrain from unnecessary disputing, as Peter admonishes us to give an account of our Faith to whoever asks the ground of the Hope which is in us; this is sufficient for the Christian.

Article 3: If one or more of the brethren in words or deeds rebels against the ministers and bishops, such shall be disciplined according to the Gospel way; their slander and criticism shall not be accepted by any brother or sister. When, however, there is a reason for complaint, they shall first bring the matter before the ministry of their own congregation according to Christian love and order. But if the matter cannot be brought to rest and peace, it can be brought before the ministry of the nearest congregation. If agreement cannot still be reached, each party should be allowed to select ministers of our Faith in whom they have confidence and to abide by their unbiased decision.

Article 4: When a congregation loses its ministers through death or other reasons and has no more ministers, the ministry of the nearest congregation should serve and provide for it. This should be done until other arrangements can be made so that no one in the congregation is neglected.

THE HOLE IN THE FENCE

-E. D. Nelson

1 A little lamb strayed
From the fold one day
Through a hole in the fence,
And wandered away.

2 His freedom, at first,
Seemed to fill him with glee;
Away from the sheepfold—
Forever free!

3 He munched the green grass
And the flowers so rare,
And gamboled on hillsides
Where life seemed so fair.

4 Alas! Night drew on,
And the darkness grew dense;
His fun turned to fear—
He was lost—what suspense!

5 Now, weary and helpless,
His steps seemed to lag;
He fell down the cliff,
But was caught on a crag.

6 "Twas then the Good Shepherd,
Who'd searched far and near,
Heard the cries of the lamb
That He loved so dear.

7 With never a thought
Of the risk He would face,
He rescued the lamb
From that dangerous place.

8 "A wonderful story,"
Cried a wee little lad,
In response to the story
Just told by his dad;

9 "But just one thing, Father,"
And his voice was tense,
"What did they do—
'Bout the hole in the fence?"

Article 5: Bishops should travel throughout the congregations, attending to any defects, seeking to improve things through the Word of the Lord, and ordaining bishops where necessary. Young or newly ordained ministers or bishops should travel with the bishops so that they might be instructed in the housekeeping of the congregations of the Lord.

Article 6: The ministers and bishops should serve in their calling of the Lord and his Church not in arrogance or pride but rather in lowliness and humility with seriousness and great heedfullness loyally serving the Holy Gospel way, and bringing in nothing new or unaccustomed so that they are not displaced from the simplicity in Christ.

Article 7: No brother should engage in buying, building, or other large businesses or unnecessary usury without the counsel, knowledge, and consent of the brethren and bishops.

Article 8: When a brother or sister wishes to marry, it shall take place with the fore knowledge and consent of the ministry and where it is reasonable the parents should be informed. The marriage should take place in the Lord and not in the world.

Article 9: Avoidance (Meidung) should be used on all who forsake the Gospel truth the brotherhood so that the name of God and the brotherhood may not have any disgrace added to it. For this reason we desire that all fallen away members be avoided within limits and moderation according to the practice (Grund) of the apostles.

Article 10: Each brother (or sister) shall greet each other with the kiss of the Lord. But those who are not yet received as a brother or sister should not be greeted with the kiss of the Lord, rather with the words: "The Lord come to your help."

Article 11: We desire also that the poor and widows and orphans be remembered and provided for, and that in the raising of orphans no discrimination be shown, but rather in moderation after the Christian way. And they should be raised with fatherly love so that each may rejoice over the fatherly joy and Christian love.

Article 12: All abuses such as tobacco smoking and snuff-taking and such-like should cease.

Article 13: All young men who remove their beards with a razor or similar means shall be warned and admonished. If they do not cease they shall be disciplined with the bann; also the cutting of the hair on the head for pride should be completely stopped.

Article 14: In clothing no pride should be used, rather lowliness and humility, as already treated in the Articles of 1752. We particularly forbid today the three-cornered neckerchiefs, silken or gauze caps (coverings), flowered or print clothing, bright blue or red colored, pointed or high-heeled shoes or such-like made after the style of the world.

Article 15: All the ministers and bishops should be better awakened in teaching and admonishing, in baptisim and communion, in Christian order (Ordung) and discipline without any respect of persons, according to the Holy Gospel to have better supervision. When a minister cannot control his congregation, he should call in others to help from our other congregations, for such help is promised.

Article 16: Hired hands and maids who are brothers and sisters in the church should be hired before others, and they should not hire themselves out to people of other faiths.

These 16 Articles here written may and should be read by a minister before the congregation at the time each year of the Breaking of Bread or the Lords Supper.

The names of the ministers and bishops of the congregations who agreed to the 16 Articles and ascribed their names to it:

Mümpelgarter Gemein
Hanss Richer
Hanss Roth

Münster Gemein
Peter Klopfystein
Michael Miller

Munnicher Gemein
Peter Kauffman

Colmar Gemein
Nickolas Blank
Hanss Rupp
Bensz Stucky

Markircher Gemein
Jacob Bachman
Heinrich Goldschmit

Solmer Gemein
Hanss Ruby
Jacob Kupferschmit

Lotringer Gemein
Nickolaus Shungrig
Joseph Gascho

Hochbarger Gemein
Jacob Miller

Strassburger Gemein
Christian Rupp

Stutter Gemein
Christian Naffziger
Nickolaus Schertz

Zweyruger Gemein
Jacob Tedweiler
Andreas Bamberger
Jacob Bachman

Frumspberger Gemein
Michael Schantz
Isaac Hochstettler
Christian Yoder

Essinger Gemein
Hass Naffziger
Christian Erismann
Jacob Ullman
Christian Naffziger

Hoffstetter Gemein
Andreas Imhoff
Christian Schantz

Munsterer Gemein
Christian Yoder
Christian Gingerich

Darmstatter Gemein
Christian Naffziger
Peter Naffziger

Weisenburger Gemein
Peter Schantz
Hanss Naffziger

Durlacher Gemein
Jacob Eckle

Waltecker Gemein
Christian Gingrig
Johanes Schwartzendruber

Lemberger Gemein
Joseph Mündlein
Christian Albrecht
Christian Suder
Johan Maurer

Littauer Gemein
Christian Graber
Christian Stucky
Johanes Flickinger

Dubnower Gemein
Joseph Schrag
Hans Albrecht

■■

Der Bewahrte Bube

Der John Miller und ſeine drei Buben blieben an die Hanshof-Fens als ſie ein alter Flivver ſahen die Lane neu komme. „Ich wunder wär des iſt?“ ſagt der Vater als er ſeine Toothpick aus dem Maul nimmt und ins Gras ſchmeißt. Nun ſagt er weiter: „Ich hoffe, wer es iſt, er bleibt nicht lang, wir haben unſere zweite cutting Heu weg zu tun.“

„Sie ſind zu ſpot für's Mittag,“ ſpricht der Sammy.

„Ah, es iſt nicht B'ſuch,“ antwortete der Amos, ungeduldig für an die Arbeit gehen. „Es iſt an dem ein Peddler. Ich krieg die Gäul am Wage,“ und läuft gege die Scheuer. Der Andy und der Sammy bleiben bei ihrem Vater ſtehen. Sie waren wunderig, wär es iſt.

Da Flivver fahrt vorne aus kleine Hof-Tor. „Wie gehts!“ grüßt der fremde Mann als er aus die Kärr kommt. Er war groß und ſchwer. Er hatte ein kleiner Bube bei ſich, bald ſo groß wie der Sammy.

„Wie gehts!“ antwortete der Vater freundlich. „Nun ſehn ich wer es iſt.“

„Dann haſt mich noch gekennt?“ Der fremde Mann ſcheint froh ſein daß da John Miller ihn noch nicht vergeſſen hat.

„Du biſt da Mann wo letzt Jahr Minnies gefangen hat an unſere Creek.“

„Ja, ich bin da Mann. Wirſt du mich laſſen mehr Minnies fangen?“

„Ja, du magſt das tun.“

Der Mann ſitzt wieder in die Kärr, und fahrt gegen die Creek. Der Sammy und der Andy folgen ihrem Vater nach, als er gegen die Scheuer geht. „Vater,“ fragt der Sammy, als er die Kärr ſieht an die Creek fahren, „iſt des der Mann wo dir Kandy gebe hat letzt Jahr?“

Der Vater nickt ſein Kopf. „Ja, es iſt.“

„O, bin ich froh,“ ſpricht der Sammy als er herum hüpft.

„Vielleicht gibt er uns wieder,“ lacht der Andy mit ſein Bruder.

„Buben, wünſchet nicht das, dann ſind ihr nicht betrogen wenn ihr keins kriegt,“ ermahnte der John Miller ſeine Söhne. Er ſieht der Amos kommen mit die Gäul. „Andy, du gehſt mit dem Amos in's Feld. Der Sammy kann mir helfen uf da Heu-Stall.“

„Ich bin froh wann der Andy aus Dan Hoftetlers geht ſa ihm helfen, nun kann ich fahre für der Amos. Das iſt noch beſſer denn auf der Heu-Stall ſein.“

„Ich weiß daß du nicht gern im Heu-Stall arbeiteſt, aber wir müſſen alle Arbeit tun ob es uns gefällt oder nicht.“

„Der Andy lacht gegen Sammy da er ſpringt für der Wagen. Der Sammy ſieht ihn ſauer an da er mit ſeinem Vater gegen die Scheuer geht.

Wo der Mann fertig war Minnies ſuchen fährt er an der Scheuer und toot ſein Kärr-Horn. Der John Miller geht naus zu ſehen was der Mann will. Der Sammy ſchmeißt Heu herum mit ſeiner Gabel. Da ſein Vater naus geht guckt er durch ein Riß in die Scheuer. Wo der Vater nahe zu die Kärr kommt ſieht der Sammy daß der Mann ihm ein Pack langen will. „Gut! Gut!“ lacht der junge Knabe und ſchlägt ſeine Hände zuſammen. Sein Mut aber fällt ein wenig da er ſieht daß ſein Vater es nicht gern nimmt.

Der Sammy hört der Mann nicht ſagen: „Jo, nimm dies. Ich bin froh es zu geben, denn ich will fiſchen gehn am Samstag, dann brauch ich die Minnies.“

Der Sammy haltet an gucken, wiewohl er ihre Worte nicht verſtehen konnte.

„Iſt dein Sohn auch ein Fiſcher?“ fragt der John als er der kleine Bube anſchaut.

„Ja, aber er wird als bald müd davon. Er wollte lieber auf eine Bauerei ſein denn mit geh fiſchen. Du weißt, wir wohnen in die Stadt.“

„Du kannſt mol heraus kommen und ein Tag bei uns ſein,“ bietet der John Miller dem Knabe an. Er hat Mitleidens mit ſolche Kinder wo nicht die Freude haben von eine Bauerei.

„Ich will kommen am Samstag,“ ſagt der Knabe zum John,Dann ſieht er ſein Vater an und bettelte: „Draf ich Vater? Ich will hier kommen wenn du fiſchen gehſt.“

Der John wünſchte ſchon er hätte nichts geſagt, aber er antwortete: „Du kannſt da ſein, aber meine Knaben müſſen ſchaffen. Wir ſind am Heu machen.“

„Ich will auch helfen Heu machen,“ ſagt der fremde Bube.

Sein Vater lachte: „Du helfen Heu machen? Du wäreſt nur in ihrem Weg.“

„Nein, nein, ich will da bleiben.“ Der Sohn ſieht ſein Vater an, und ward bald unmuts weil ſein Vater meint er wäre nur im Weg. „Ich kann aber helfen,“ zankte er.

„Du brauchſt nicht helfen,“ ſagt der John Miller. Er hoffte der Bube darf nicht kommen.

„Wir ſehen mol,“ ſpricht der Mann als er der alte Flivver zurück bringt herum zu drehen.

„O, ich bin froh wann der Bube kommt auf Samstag.“ Der Sammy ſchmeißt ſein Strohhut auf der Boden in ein Eck von die Küche.

„Sammy,“ ermahnte der Vater, als er die Tür hinein kommt: „Iſt das wo dein Hut hört?“

Er kriegt ſein Hut wieder und hängt ihn auf dem Haken neben dem Vater ſein Hut. „Was wollen wir alles tun?“ fragt der Andy auf dem Bank ſitzend am Tiſch. Die Abend Arbeit war getan und ſie waren müd.

„Wir wollen an die Creek gehn,“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Ja, wolle und Pony reiten, Ballen ſpielen.“ Er guckt ſtarr dem Fenſter naus als er hart denkt was ſie noch tun wolle.

„Ich weiß was,“ ſagt der Andy in große Freud: „Wir wollen in da Buſch gehn.“

„Ja, ja. Das wollen wir tun,“ antwortete der Sammy. Er läuft an der Tiſch und lehnt ſich über gegen ſein Bruder.

Der Vater war ſich am wäſchen und hört zu was die Knaben ſagen. Er bückt ſich und ſchwenkt ſein Geſicht. Dann ſieht er zurück als er langt für Rollhandtuch. Das Waſſer tropft auf dem Boden. „Buben,“ ſagt er: „Ihr müſſet dran denken daß ihr auch ſchaffen müſſet. Das iſt eine Zeit wo wir viel Arbeit haben. Und der Andy muß vielleicht dem Dan Hoſtetler helfen am Samstag.“

Nun waren ſie nimmer ſo fröhlich. Sie ſahen einander an. „Darfen wir gar nichts ſpielen?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Jo, aber nicht allezeit. Und wir wiſſen nicht, vielleicht kommt der Bube nicht.“

„Ich hoffe er tut,“ antwortete der Sammy, denn er war immer froh für Beſuch, und Kinder zu ſpielen damit.

„Zu Zeiten wünſche ich er würde nicht kommen,“ ſagte der Vater.

„Warum, Dat?“ wunderten die beide Buben.

Der Vater ſitzt auf ſein Stuhl und fängt an ſeine Schuhe ausziehen. „Ich war am denken, wir kennen die Leute nicht. Wenn etwas geben würde mit ihrem Knabe, ſo könnten ſie uns anklagen vor dem Gericht (ſue). Die Mutter war an die Nähmaſchine geſitzt in die Küche. „Ich habe das nämliche gedenkt,“ ſagt ſie.

„Was meint das,“ fragte der Sammy.

„Es gibt Leute wo alles nehmen was ein Menſch hat, wenn ſie können,“ antwortete der Vater. „Wenn ſie aber in eine Gemeinde gehn iſt nicht ſo große Gefahr.“

„Wie können ſie alles nehmen?“ wunderte der Sammy. „Und warum wollen ſie es nehmen?“ fragt der Andy bald an die nämliche Zeit.

Wenn jemand ſich weh tut in unſere Heimat und ſie ſind nicht freundlich geſinnt, dann können ſie vor dem Gericht gehen und uns machen viel bezahlen, und alles nehmen das wir haben.“

Der Sammy war erſchrocken. Er kommt und ſteht nahe bei ſeinem Vater. „Dat“ fragt er ernſtlich, „iſt er ſolch ein Mann?“

Der Vater ſtellt ſeine Schuhe neben ſein Stuhl. „Ich hoffe nicht. Aber wie ich geſagt habe: „Wir kennen ſie nicht gut.“ Wir wiſſen nicht ſo viel als dem Bube ſein Namen.“

Nachdem hat der Sammy nicht ſo vor geguckt für ſein Beſuch. „Sammy,“ fragt die Mäm, als ſie ſeine Füße beſieht: „Haſt du deine Füße gewaſchen?“

„Nein,“ antwortete er, und mit einem trockenen Mut geht er naus auf das Gras, rollt ſeine Hoſenbeinen auf und fing an ſeine Füße zu wäſchen. Der Shep lag neben auf das Gras. „Shep“, ſpricht der Sammy: „Sheppy, wenn wir alles verlieren werden, müßteſt du auch gehn?“ Wo dieſe Gedanken gekommen ſind, ſind auch bald Tränen in ſeine Augen kommen. Das übrige vom Abend denkte er an die Kühe, die Gäul, die Lämmer und alles was ſie hatten. „Ich muß acht haben daß der Bube ſich nicht weh macht. Er darf nicht.“ So denkt er bis er einſchläft.

Der Sammy war ſehr bekümmert bis der Samstag kommen war. Er war aber doch froh wo er eine Kärr ſieht die Lane nei fahren. Wo ſie ans Haus gefahren war krattelt der kleine Bube heraus, und kommt gegen der Sammy. „Hi!“ ſagte er freundlich.

„Hi!“ antwortete der Sammy, ſein Trubel ein wenig vergeſſen.

Der Bube war nicht ganz ſo groß wie der Sammy, kein Hut auf ſein Kopf. „Mein Name iſt Karl. Was iſt dein?“. fragte er.

„Sam--er, Sammy, heißen ſie mich.“

„Mußt du ſchaffen heut?“

„Ja, wann das Heu trocken iſt, wir können ſpielen bis dann.“

„Das iſt gut. Wo iſt dein Bruder?“

„Er iſt zu die Nachbarn gangen helfen Heu fahren.“

„Was wollen wir erſt tun?“ Er trettet herum wie ein unruhiger Gaul.

„Wollen wir Balle ſpielen? Ich krieg der Balle.“

Sie haben nicht lang geſpielt, dann ſagt der Karl: „Ich hab a Balle daheim; welle etwas ſonſt tun.“

„Welle geh die Piglen ſehen,“ ſagt der Sammy, und ſpringt gegen dem Säu-Stall. Da ſie einkommen ſagt der Sammy: „Die Mutter-Sau iſt draus und die Piglen ſind am ſchlafen.“

„Die Piglen ſind recht ſchön,“ ſagt der Karl. Und ob der Sammy es wußte war er über die Mauer und hat eins gefangen. Es brüllt mit aller Ernſt und die andern ſpringen herum.

„Nein! Nein! du darfſt das nicht tun.“ Er hatte angſt der Karl könnte weh gemacht werden. „Komm geſchwind, die Los wird bös,“ ſagt der Sammy. „Woof! Woof! hörte er ſie am kommen. Das ſchwingende Tor ging auf und eine große Los kommt hinein.

Wo der Karl ſie geſehen hat läßt er das Pigle fallen und geht für die Mauer. Dem Sammy ſein Herz war hart am klopfen. „Ich wünſche der Andy wär da,“ denkt er.

Da ſie vom Säu-Stall weg gingen, ſah der Karl das Pony. „Wir wollen es reiten, Cowboys und Indians ſpielen.“

Der Sammy denkt dran daß der Karl vielleicht ſchnell fahren wollte, und ſagte: „Wir darfen das Pony nicht viel ſpringen machen wenn das Wetter warm iſt.“

„Langſam gehen iſt kein Spaß. Welle an die Creek gehn.“

„Ja, wir wollen.“ Der Sammy war froh für das.

„Sammy!“ ruft der Vater vom Scheuer-Tor. „Wo geht ihr.“

„An die Creek,“ ruft der Sohn zurück.

„Wir wollen Heu auftun ob Mittag, bleibt nicht lang.“

„Ringet die Bell wenn ihr ready ſind.“

„All recht, aber komm du gerade wann du es höreſt.“

„Ja, Vater, wir wollen.“

„O, darf ich helfen Heu laden?“ fragt der Karl.

„Wir müſſen der Vater fragen,“ ſagt der Sammy.

Sie baden in die Creek und ſuchten für ſchöne Steine und Klams und probierten Minnies fangen.„Wir wollen ein tief Loch ſuchen und ſchwimmen gehn,“ ſagt der Karl.

Der Sammy wußte wo ein tief Loch war aber er fürchtete der Bube könnte verſaufen.

„Ich kann ſchwimmen,“ ſpricht der Karl, eifrig zu gehen.

„Ich kann auch ſchwimmen, aber wir darfen doch nicht gehen ohne daß der Amos mit wäre,“ ſagt der Sammy mit Ernſt.

„Ach, ich bin nicht ſolch ein Buble.“

Dies ärgert der Sammy. „Ich bin auch kein Buble, aber wir ſollen dem Vater gehorſam ſein. Es waren ſchon Buben wo nicht gehorſam waren und ſind verſoffen.“

„Ja, aber das war nicht uns, welle geh,“ und er bad weiter die Creek hinunter. Der Sammy guckte nach, er wünſchte die Bell tät ringen. Er ruft zum Karl: „Wollen wir nicht heim gehn und Heu machen?“

„Nein, die Bell hat noch nicht gerungen.“ Er ging um das Eck herum und der Sammy ſah ihn nicht mehr.

„Oooow! Oooooow!“ So kommt dem Karl ſeine Stimm die Creek nunter.

„Was iſt letz?“ ruft der Sammy ernſtlich und ſpringt dem Karl entgegen. Er war am weinen. „Haſt du dich weh gemacht,“ fragt der Sammy ſehr erſchrocken.

„Ja, ja, es tut weh. Es blutet,“ weinte der Karl.

Der Sammy ſieht ein rother Strömen Blut dem Karl ſein Bein herunter laufen. „Was iſt letz, biſt du gefallen?“

„Nein! Nein! Ich weiß nicht was letz iſt.“ Er haltet an weinen.

„Es iſt nicht ſo ſchlimm,“ bemerkte der Sammy. „Hebe dich ſtill.“ Ich kann es beſſer machen.“ Er nimmt ein Blatt Kräuter und butzt es ab. „Nun iſt es beſſer.“ Er ſucht der Karl zu tröſten.

„Wir wollen heim gehen und es zubinden,“ ſchnupfet der Karl.

Dies dünkt der Sammy fremd ein klein Weh wie des zubinden, aber er war froh für der Karl heim kriegen.

Wo ſie nahe heim kommen ſind ſahen ſie daß der Vater und der Amos ein Lod Heu gefahren hatten. „Warum habt ihr die Bell nicht gerungen?“ fragte der Sammy ſein Vater.

„Ich hab gedenkt, ihr möget ſpielen bis Mittag, dann mußt du helfen.“ Nun iſt es bald Mittag Zeit.“

„Kann der Karl auch helfen?“ fragt der Sammy.

Der Vater denkt ein wenig. „Nicht helfen, aber er darf auf dem leeren Wagen fahren wann er ſich ſitzt daß er nicht ab fallt.“

„Ich ſitz unnter,“ antwortete der Karl.

Am Mittag-Tiſch hat der Karl ſtille gehalten zum Gebet. Der Sammy wunderte ob ſie beten daheim.

Nach Mittag ſpringen die Buben und der Shep fröhlich zum Wagen. Der Karl ging ungern ab vom Wagen wo ſie ins Feld kommen ſind. „Ich wünſche ich könnte fahren wie du,“ ruft er zum Sammy wo der Wagen bald voll war.

„Das iſt Spaß und es iſt nicht hart. Die Gäul ſind zaum,“ ſagt der Sammy. Er kreiſcht über die Gäul und ſchlappt ſie ein wenig mit die Leine.

„Tu net ab-ſchoen,“ zankt der Amos als er Heu hinter dem Sammy ſein Buckel ſchmeißt mit die Gabel.

Wo der Wagen geladen war gibt der Sammy die Leinen zum Amos und liegt ſich auf dem Heu.

„Darf ich auch mit auf dem Wagen kommen?“ bettelte der Karl.

Der Amos wußte nicht was zu ſagen. Er wollte nicht die Schuld ſein daß ein fremd Kind weh getan wird. „Ich denk wenn du ſitzend bleibſt.“

„Ja, ich tu,“ verſpricht der Karl.

„Da vorne iſt ein Graben,“ ſagte der Sammy.

„Ja, ich weiß,“ ſagt der Amos, und hebt zurück an die Leinen. „Eaſy. Eaſy,“ ſagt er als der Wagen wackelt.

„Der Wagen ſtürzt um,“ ruft der Sammy: ſehr erſchrocken.

„Was iſt letz?“ wunderte der Amos. „Wir ſind nicht am fallen.“

Die Buben waren froh wo ſie fertig waren Heu fahren. Der Vater ſagte: „Ihr könnt ein wenig ſpielen, ob wir die Chores tun.“

„Wir gehen in dem Baumgarten und ſehen die Schafe,“ ſagt der Sammy. Sie waren aber nicht lange dort bis der Sammy wünſchte ſie wären noch am Heu fahren. Der Karl wollte die Bäumen hinauf ſteigen. „Dort iſt ein ſchöner Apfel, er iſt zeitig,“ ſagt er. „Ich will ihn haben.“

Es war ein alter Baum, und der Sammy fürchtete die Aeſte wären faul, und der Karl möchte fallen und ſich weh machen. Er ſuchte ein Stecken und probierte der Apfel unter ſchlagen, aber er kannte nicht.

„Ich kann ihn kriegen,“ ſagt der Karl, und geht für der Baum aufſteigen.

„Nein, Karl, ich krieg der Apfel,“ und er zieht der fremde Bube weg vom Baum. Er ſtieg der Baum hinauf, aber er fürchtete ſich, denn die Aeſte waren klein und er hatte angſt ſie möchten abbrechen. Da er langte für der Apfel brach das Aſt unter ſeine Füße. „Mein Bein! Mein Bein!“ jammerte und weinte der Sammy laut, wo er der Boden getroffen hat. „Es tut ſo weh.“ Der Karl ſteht nahe mit große Augen, erſchrocken.

Der Vater und der Amos kommen zu ſpringen als ſie ihn hören. „Was iſt letz?“ fragt der Dat, als er ſich hin kniete zum Buh.

„Ich hab mein Bein zerbrochen,“ weinte er in große Schmerzen.

„Ich hoff aber nicht,“ ſpricht der Vater. „Probier mol aufſtehen.“ Er hebt der Sammy auf ſeine Füße. „Ich kann nicht, es tut zu weh. Der Vater hebt ihn auf und trägt ihn nach dem Hauſe zu.

Da die Mutter ihn hörte weinen kam ſie und die kleine Anna heraus ihnen entgegen. „Was iſt letz?“ fragt die Mutter.

„Er ſagt er hat ſein Bein zerbrochen,“ antwortete der Amos.

„Doch nicht! Doch nicht!“ ſpricht die Mutter laut.

Der Vater trägt ihn hinein und liegt ihn auf dem Couch. „Es iſt vielleicht nur verrenkt. Wenn es nicht beſſer iſt bis wir die Chores fertig haben nehmen wir ihn zum Docktor.“

Ueber eine Weile war ein Beep! Beep! kommen von die Lane. „Das iſt mein Vater. Ich muß gehn,“ ſagt der Karl. „G'bye, Sammy.“

„G'bye, Karl,“ antwortete der Sammy.

Da der fremde Bube fort war, fragt der John Miller ſeine Frau: „Wollen wir ihn zum Docktor nehmen?“

„Ich meine, wir ſollten,“ ſpricht die Mutter.

„Er hat mol gelernt nicht auf alte Bäumen zu kratteln.“ ſagt der Amos,

„Ich hab's gewußt,“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Warum biſt du dann?“ antwortet der Vater.

„Der Karl wäre, wenn ich nicht wäre. Und wenn er ſein Bein zerbrochen hätte, dann hätten ſie alles genommen was wir haben.“

„Iſt das was letz iſt?“ anwortete der Vater.

„Du hätteſt nichts ſagen ſollen von Sue-en,“ bemerkte die Mutter zu ihrem Mann.

Der Vater antwortete: „Ich habe nicht gedenkt daß es zu etwas wie dies kommt. Viel Leute tun Sachen zum Gericht nehmen und machen ſich nichts draus andere Leute zu berauben von ihre Sachen. Wir möchten ja angſt haben, aber wir müſſen unſer Vertrauen auch zu Gott ſtellen und hoffen er wird uns bewahren.“

Der Sammy ermahnt ſein Vater: „Du haſt geſagt wir wiſſen nicht was für Leute des ſind.

„Ja, ich hätte vielleicht nicht ſo ſagen ſollen. Er iſt ein Prediger.“ antwortet der Vater.

„Ein Prediger!“ Wenn ich das gewußt hätten wir vielmehr Spaß gehabt.“ ■■

In ſtiller Mitternacht

In ſtiller Mitternacht erſchollt
Der heil'gen Engel Sang,
Der aus der Höhe wundervoll
Auf Judas Fluren drang.
Gott in der Höh' ſei Ehr.
Und auf der Erde Fried'!
So brachte einſt der Engel Heer
Der Welt ihr Weihnachtslied.

Editorielles —

Sünden bekennen, Reu tragen und Buße tun

Obige drei Sachen gehen Hand in Hand. Wenn ein Menſch ſeine Sünden nach rechter Art bekennt, dann hat er auch wahrlich ſchon Reu und Leid getragen, und da iſt auch wahre Buß dabei.

„Selig ſind, die da Leid tragen; denn ſie ſollen getröſtet werden." Ja, der Menſch muß aber etwas ſonſt haben, ehe er Leid tragen kann. Er muß geiſtliche Armut haben, das iſt ſeinen ſündlichen Zuſtand erkenntlich werden. Er muß begreifen und verſtehen, daß ſeine Sünden ihn zum Tode verdammen. Dann und erſt dann kann er von Herzen ausrufen zu Gott um Hilfe, Gnade und Vergebung.

Wenn ein Menſch nie ſagen kann, „Es reuet mich," Wenn er nie Reu und Leid trägt über ſeine getan und begangene Sünden, wie kann Gott ihm vergeben und Gnade ſchenken? Wie kann er denn ein Kind Gottes ſein?

O wie notwendig iſt es, daß wir unſere Sünden bekennen und bereuen in dieſer Gnadenzeit, dieweil es noch Heute heißt. Es iſt immer noch Gnade und Vergebung für der reumütige Sünder. In einem Lied erſcheinen folgende Worte:

„Komm Sünder, komme, müd und beladen,
Jeſus erwarb dir Fried' und Freud'!
Fliehe zu Ihm, dem Herrn voller Gnaden,
Schmeck' der Vergebung, Seligkeit."

Ja wie oft haben wir ſchon Sachen geſagt wo beſſer nicht geſagt wäre. Oftmals nicht in einem rechten Wege, oder vielleicht nicht am rechten Platz. Faſt alle Tage müſſen wir Reu und Leid tragen wo wir ſehnen daß wir etwas hätten können beſſer machen.

Es iſt ein Troſt für uns wenn wir unſere Sünden, Fehler und Schuld ſehen können. Nicht daß wir uns rühmen darüber, denn es iſt uns Leid daß wir es nicht beſſer machen können.

Jeſus ſprach einſt zu einem der blind geboren war und nun ſehend geworden: „Glaubeſt du an den Sohn Gottes?" Er antwortete und ſprach: „Herr, welcher iſt? auf daß ich an ihn glaube." Jeſus ſprach zu ihm: „Du haſt ihn geſehen, und der mit dir redet, der iſt's." Er aber ſprach: „Herr, ich glaube, und betete ihn an." Und Jeſus ſprach: „Ich bin zum Gerichte auf dieſe Welt kommen, auf daß, die da nicht ſehen ſehend werden, und die da ſehen, blind werden." Und ſolches höreten etliche der Phariſäer, die bei ihm waren, und ſprachen zu ihm: „Sind wir denn auch blind?" Jeſus ſprach zu ihnen: „Wäret ihr blind, ſo hättet ihr keine Sünde, nun ihr aber ſprecht: Wir ſind ſehend, bleibet eure Sünde." Joh. 9, 35—41.

Die Phariſäer vermeinten an Gott zu glauben, aber nicht an Jeſus. In dieſem Zuſtand konnten ſie nicht Reu und Leid tragen, denn ſie konnten ihren Irrtum nicht ſehen.

Der Heiland ſuchte die Phariſäer ihren ſündlichen Zuſtand zu beweiſen, ſo daß ſie könnten Reu und Leid tragen und Buße tun. So lange der Menſch ſein Irrtum aber nicht ſehen kann, wie kann er rechte Reu und Leid tragen.

Wenn wir ſehen daß wir ſelbſt fehlbare ſündhafte Kreaturen und Geſchöpfe ſind, dann können wir Reu und Leid tragen und rechte wahre Buße tun. Nun ſind wir bereit andere zu helfen und wollen ihnen ſchenken und vergeben.

„Hütet euch! So dein Bruder an dir ſündiget, ſo ſtrafe ihn, und ſo es ihn reuet, vergieb ihm. Und wenn er ſiebenmal des Tages an dir ſündigen würde und ſiebenmal des Tages wiederkäme zu dir und ſpräche: Es reuet mich, ſo ſollſt du ihm vergeben." Lukas 17, 3. 4.

Wenn wir verlangen andere Leute ſchlechte Sachen nach zu ſagen, wenn es aber am Tage kommt nicht willig ſind ein Verhör zu halten, nachſuchen wo es bei kommt und wie es ſich verhält, dann können wir leicht im Heuchler ſeine Schuhe ſtehen, zu welchem der Heiland ſpricht: „Du Heuchler, ziehe am erſten den Balken aus deinem Auge, darnach beſiehe, wie du den Splitter aus deines Bruders Auge zieheſt."

Zu Zeiten hören wir ſagen: „Ja, ich hab ſchon oft probiert, aber ich kann nichts ausrichten mit ſo und ſo." Solche können wir noch weiter ermahnen, wie Petrus der Heiland fragte: „Wie oft muß ich denn meinem Bruder, der an mir ſündiget, vergeben? Iſt's genug ſiebenmal?" Jeſus ſprach zu ihm: „Ich ſage dir, nicht ſiebenmal, ſondern ſiebenzigmal ſiebenmal." Hier iſt keine Zeit für uns der Mut verlieren, oder ein ſchlecht Gefühl laſſen aufſteigen. Nein, wir müſſen immer neuer Mut faſſen, vielleicht können wir doch noch eine Seel gewinnen für Chriſti Reich.

„Siebenzigmal ſiebenmal." Im vollen Sinn von dieſem Text will der Heiland uns ſagen: So oft der Sünder kommt und ſpricht: „Es reutet mich," ſollen wir ihm vergeben. Hier iſt keine Zeit für aufzuhören, eine Seele iſt zu teuer um ſie zu verlieren. Wir ſind teuer erkaufte Seelen durch das Blut Chriſti. Gott der Herr will uns alle haben ſein Reich zu erfüllen, niemand ausgenommen. Wer will, der komme, und nehme das Waſſer des Lebens umſonſt.

Wir haben der Schrifttext vorgetragen: „Selig ſind, die da Leid tragen, denn ſie ſollen getröſtet werden." Wenn der Menſch aber gar kein Leid trägt in ſeinem Herzen, und nie ſagen will: Es reuet mich, dann iſt keine Seligkeit darauf verheißen. Er hat dann nichts für ſich zu tröſten damit. O welch ein bedauerlicher Zuſtand, ohne Troſt und Hoffnung durch dieſe Welt zu gehen und einſtmal vor einem gerechten Richter erſcheinen.

Da Johannes der Täufer am Jordan war ſind viele Leute von Jeruſalem, von dem ganzen Jüdiſchen Lande und alle Länder am Jordan zu ihm kommen. Da heißt es: „Und ließen ſich taufen von ihm im Jordan, und bekannten ihre Sünden."

O wie notwendig iſt es doch, ein Sündenbekenntes, Reu und Leid tragen und rechte wahre Buße tun. Ohne dieſe drei Sachen iſt die Taufe von keinem Wert. „Tut Buße, und laſſe ſich ein jeglicher taufen auf den Namen Jeſu Chriſti zur Vergebung der Sünden, ſo werdet ihr empfangen die Gabe des heiligen Geiſtes." Apg. 2, 38.

P. Y.

Noch heut erſcheint der Engel Schar
Am hehren Lichtgezelt,
Und ihr Geſang bringt hell und klar
Hinaus in alle Welt.
Noch über ihrem Leid und Weh
Schwebt jener heil'ge Chor,
Und aus dem Himmel lichter Höh
Bringt's an der Menſchen Ohr.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HENRY HILTY JUST HAD TO MAKE BECKY BRANDENBERGER STOP LAUGHING AT HIS SQUEAKY VOICE. BUT NOTHING THAT HE TRIED SEEMED TO WORK.

henry's secret

-By Elmo Stoll

HENRY HILTY GRABBED HIS lunch pail and ran out the door. If he didn't hurry, he was going to be late for school. And, oh, yes, this week was his turn to pick out a song each morning and lead it.

Henry's forehead wrinkled as he thought about singing. Not that he didn't like to sing. He had always enjoyed it. Maybe he wasn't the best singer in the world, but neither was he the worst. At least he hadn't been. But lately something seemed to be happening to his voice. He couldn't figure it out. It worried him.

He slowed in his run and walked at the side of the road to let a car pass. Then he broke into a steady trot again, his lunch pail swinging. He could hear the jar of chocolate milk swish-swishing inside.

The road was empty. It looked as if all the pupils had already gone. He hated to be late. He ran a little faster. When at last he slowed to a walk again, his breath was coming in short gasps and his side hurt.

The schoolhouse was in sight now. With relief Henry saw that some of the pupils were still playing in the yard. He would make it yet. But it wouldn't do to run more. He couldn't sing for sure if he was all out of breath.

Chris Schwartz met him at the schoolhouse door. Chris was also in the eighth grade, and he and Henry were together a lot.

"Hurry, Henry," Chris said. "I think the teacher is about ready to ring the bell."

"I was hurrying," Henry said. He was almost startled by the sound of his own voice. It didn't sound like himself speaking. His voice was cracked and squeaky.

If Chris noticed, he didn't say anything.

The bell rang. As Henry hurried to his seat, he smiled at Dan Wickey, their teacher. He smiled back.

Henry quickly got out his songbook and hunted for a song he knew well enough to lead. He decided on "Gott Ist Der Liebe." It shouldn't be too hard to lead, as Henry knew it well. He even sang it once in awhile at home while he was doing the chores.

"Let's see," the teacher said. "Whose turn is it this week to find the songs?"

Chris Schwartz flung his hand up.

"Yes, Chris."

"It's Henry's turn."

"That's right. Becky took her turn last week, and Henry is next in line."

Henry announced the page number. He suddenly felt nervous. What if his voice came out squeaky? But, no, why would it? He cleared his throat. He glanced up to see if the others were ready. The teacher nodded.

"Gott — ist — die — "

Henry felt his face grow hot. His voice was worse than it had ever been before. But he had to go on.

"... Liebe —" The others were helping now. They would drown out the sound of his voice somewhat.

They sang. Then the first verse was almost finished, and it was time to start the second. Henry took a deep breath. He cleared his throat desperately. "Er ... sandte — Je —"

It was terrible. He was sure he heard Becky Brandenberger laugh. His neck felt hot with embarrassment and he wished he could slip out of sight. That was just like Becky. Why couldn't she sit at the other side of the room instead of right behind him where she could hear him so well?

Henry wished the song were shorter. He wished he had never tried to sing. He wished he had stayed at home. He wished a lot of things, but nothing helped. It was time to start the third verse. He had to go on. It would be even more embarrassing if he gave up half way through. Stubbornly he sang, "Er — liesz — mich — la —"

The words came out in a high-pitched squeak. This time he was sure he heard Becky giggle.

Henry was wet with sweat when the song finally ended. He just sat looking at the top of his desk. He was sure everyone was watching him. To his relief the teacher went right ahead with classes as if nothing had been unusual.

At noon hour Henry's voice seemed normal again. But just after the last recess, the teacher asked if anyone had seen the yardstick. It was missing from its place at the front of the room.

Henry raised his hand. 'I saw it at the back of the room at the —" His voice cracked. He tried to clear his throat, but it didn't help. "I saw it at the bookcase," Henry squeaked.

As the teacher walked to the back of the room, Henry felt something jab into his side. It was Becky poking him with her ruler. "Can't you get that cricket out of your throat?" she whispered jokingly.

Henry felt anger along with his embarrassment.

Henry had partly forgotten his anger by the time school was dismissed. He had his lunch pail and was hurrying to find Chris to chat a few moments before he headed on home. As he rounded the east corner of the school in search of Chris, there stood the three eighth grade girls in a tight huddle. They were whispering and laughing. "Hi, Mr. Cricket, " called out Becky in a squeaky voice. "Did you lose something?"

Mary Eicher and Esther Zehr, the other two girls, giggled.

Henry walked on and pretended he hadn't heard.

"Maybe he lost his squeak, " Esther suggested.

"Henry wouldn't be that lucky, " Becky replied.

Inside, Henry felt a fierce anger growing. The girls could just laugh. He would think up some way to get even with them, and then they would be sorry. He'd make them stop laughing at his voice.

The next morning singing went some better. Henry's voice was still squeaky, but not as bad as it had been.

But Becky didn't forget easily. At noon Henry noticed she had a picture and was showing it to the other girls. Whatever it was, it was sure funny.

"Wonder what picture Becky has, " Chris said.

"Hard telling, " Henry said grumpily. "Probably something silly. She never draws anything sensible. "

"What did she do to you now?" Chris asked. "How comes you're so down on her?"

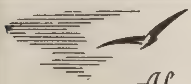
"She calls me Cricket, because my voice gets so squeaky at times. "

"Aw, she's just teasing, " Chris said. "I wouldn't let her bother me if I were you. "

"That's easy enough to say when you're not being bothered. "

When Henry pulled out his arithmetic book after lunch, he discovered what the girls had been laughing about. The picture was stuck inside his book, and he unfolded it and looked at it before he realized what it was. Becky had drawn a picture of a large cricket sitting in a school desk. The cricket had his mouth wide open, and he was holding an open song book with his front legs. Music notes floating from its mouth showed plainly that the cricket was supposed to be singing.

Angrily Henry wadded the picture and shoved it inside his desk. A titter behind him suddenly made him realize that the three girls had been watching him to see his face when he unfolded the picture.



Alone At Evening

On quiet evenings when the towering trees
Are silhouetted on the summer sky,
I sit alone upon a lovely hill
To watch the birds as they go sailing by;
Quietly I sit and watch until
These winged creatures vanish in the west,
Leaving with me a deep content,
Assurance that the night will offer rest,
For with the birds has come this soothing thought,
That God, the Maker of us all,
Stands by to guide each step I take
And answer every call.
— By Ollie James Robertson

A smile is such a little thing,
As is a word of praise
But each of them can warm a heart
And bring us happy days.

A helping hand, but a friendly wave,
A kind and merciful deed
Can lighten someone's burden,
Can fill anothers' need.

These are all just little things
As we go along our way,
But little things are big things
If they brighten someone's day.
-By Myrtle E. Shafer

Pretty soon it wasn't just Becky who was calling him Mr. Cricket. The name caught on, especially among the girls. But no matter who called him that, Henry always felt a surge of anger toward Becky, for she was the one who had started it and kept it going.

Perhaps the name would have been forgotten sooner if Henry could have kept his voice from sounding like a cricket. But his trouble continued. Not only when he tried to sing, but even when he talked, at times his voice would become high-pitched and squeaky.

It was several weeks later that Henry noticed something unusual about Becky's face. Her whole face was covered with pimples. She had had a few pimples before, but suddenly she had a lot. He didn't think much of it until the next time she called him Mr. Cricket. Suddenly he looked at her face and shot back, "Why, hello, Miss Pimples. Your face looks about as pretty as my voice sounds. I never saw so many pimples. "

"I like pimples, " Becky said. She tried to act as if she meant it, but Henry had seen the hurt look in her eyes that she couldn't hide.

"Now maybe she knows better than to tease me, " Henry muttered to himself. "I bet she won't cause me any more trouble. "

But Henry was in for a surprise. The next morning he was late getting to school and the bell had already rung. At the first recess the three eighth grade girls came up to him. Becky said, "Henry, what made you late this morning? Couldn't you find the oil?"

"Oil?" Henry said, puzzled. "What oil? I don't know what you're talking about. "

"Oh, we just thought maybe you were going to start oiling your voice every morning before you came to school. " Giggling and laughing, the three girls turned and skipped away.

"I'll make her stop that, " Henry fumed, "and she won't think it's so funny then. "

About a week later the weather turned cold and wet. It was raining during noon hour and a cold wind was blowing from the northwest.

It was too wet to go outside to play. "Find something quiet to do indoors, " the teacher suggested. "I have some apers to check, or I would help you."

"Let's play, 'Who Am I?' " someone said.

"I'll describe someone first, " Chris Schwartz offered. 'Let's see how soon you can guess who I am."

"Okay, but it has to be someone we all know, " Becky eminded him.

"Yes, I'll be someone you all know. I am tall, and have rown eyes. I drive a black horse."

"Your brother Emanuel, " someone guessed.

"No, " Chris said. "I have a beard about this long, and 'm married and have three children.

"Peter Steury."

"Yes."

"Okay, now I want to be somebody, " Mary Eicher said.

The game went on, each of the children getting a turn, nd the rest trying to guess who they were describing.

It was almost time for the bell to ring and Henry was the nly one left who hadn't taken a turn.

"Hurry, quick, Henry, " Chris urged. "Think of some-ne to be."

Suddenly Henry had an idea. "Okay, " he said. "I know ho I'll be. Is everyone ready to guess?"

"Yes, hurry."

"I'm a girl around 14 years old. I have blue eyes and - and —"

Henry hesitated. Did he dare say it? Why not, it wasn't ore cruel than she had often been to him, and somehow e had to get her to stop making fun of his squeaky voice. e had to stop her, and surely this would do it.

"And what else, Henry? We can't guess with just that. ell us more —"

". . . And, " Henry said slowly, "I have pimples all over my ace."

"Becky Brandenberger, " someone shouted immediately.

"Right, " Henry declared.

The bell rang and the children ran for their seats. enry noticed with satisfaction that many of them were still grinning for a long time as they remembered the joke he had gotten on Becky Brandenberger.

"I'm sure she won't make fun of me again, " Henry said to himself.

The next morning Henry wasn't suspecting anything as he took his pencil box out of his desk to begin studying his spelling words. When he opened the box — hop — a shiny black cricket leaped out and landed on his shoulder. It perched there for only a second, then it sprang into the air and came down on Chris Schwartz's desk. Chris grabbed for it, but the cricket was too nimble. It hopped again and this time it landed on the floor.

The girls were giggling. Henry was angry and felt like telling the teacher about it. But on second thought he decided not to. He didn't care to have the whole school know that he had found a cricket in his pencil box. He'd really get teased then.

One of the first grade girls spotted the cricket and held up her hand. When the teacher asked what she wanted, she said, "There's a cricket in here."

The teacher tried to catch it, but it hopped away and no one saw where it landed. Finally the teacher gave up. "It must have slipped into a crack somewhere, " he said. "Or maybe it went out the same way it got in."

"I doubt that, " Henry thought angrily. "I know well enough who put it in my pencil box — Becky Brandenberger. I'm sure I don't know what to do next to get her to stop giving me trouble. Maybe I should tell the teacher."

Chris hadn't seen where the cricket came from, but he suspected there was something funny about it. At the first recess he asked Henry about it. "Hey, " he said. "Where did that cricket come from? I thought the girls looked pretty guilty."

"I can believe they did, " Henry said. "The cricket was

The Voice of the Sluggard

'Tis the voice of the sluggard— I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber."
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier;
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher.
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had taken more care for improving his mind.
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
That man's but a picture of what I might be—
But thanks to my parents for their guiding care,
Who taught me to love both hard work and true prayer."

in my pencil box and it hopped out when I opened it. Some of Becky's doings again. I'm about ready to give up getting her to stop. Doesn't matter what I do to her, she just keeps on doing things back."

Henry told Chris how he thought for sure she wouldn't bother him anymore after he had embarrassed her in front of the others about her pimples. "I wish you'd give me some ideas what to get on her next," Henry finished.

Chris thought a while. "I'm sure I don't know what to say," he said, "but I can believe you are hard up to get her to stop."

Henry was silent. Chris was his good friend, but even Chris didn't realize how hard up he was — how much he dreaded coming to school since his voice had started acting so funny. He was almost afraid to say anything in class, lest his voice go squeaky and embarrass him. It wouldn't be half so bad if Becky wasn't always calling everyone's attention to it.

All the way home that evening Henry tried to think up some trick to get back on Becky — some trick mean enough to make her stop bothering him about his squeaky voice.

Henry noticed a buggy at the hitching post when he got home and he wondered whose it was. He went into the house and put his lunch pail on the table. He heard his mother talking with someone in the living room. Then he recognized Catherine Brandenberger's voice. Becky's mother! Henry felt worried. What if she had come to talk about — but, no, it wasn't likely. She probably just came for something else.

"Henry," his mother called, "is that you?"

"Yes, Mom, what do you want?" He stood at the living room door. Catherine smiled at him in a friendly way.

"Catherine came to get the bag of potatoes we got for her in town the other day. It's just inside the basement door. Would you put it on her buggy?"

"Sure, Mom."

Henry was just outside the living room window ready to go down to the basement, when he heard his mother saying to Catherine, "Yes, Henry is growing fast. He's just at that age."

"Sounds like he's changing his voice," Henry heard Catherine saying pleasantly. "I guess that's just the stage all boys have to go through. But it isn't just boys that have growing-up problems. Girls have them, too. My, our Becky is having a terrible time with pimples. She thinks it's such a disgrace and doesn't enjoy going to school or anything."

"Why, she shouldn't feel like that," Henry's mother said.

"I tried to tell her," Catherine said, "that it's just a part of growing up, and that it would get better when she's older, but she thinks it's so bad."

Henry didn't dare listen any longer. He hurried down the basement steps and grabbed the bag of potatoes and carried them to the buggy.

New Children's Book

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stoll

- For ages 10 and up
- 232 pages
- illustrated
- clothbound **$3.25**

All evening Henry kept thinking about the conversation he had overheard. Part of it made him feel good and parts made him feel bad.

So he was changing his voice, and that was what made his voice act so funny. Then there was nothing strange about it. Henry felt good knowing it. He wouldn't be so ashamed anymore. He almost felt pleased about it. His squeaky voice was just a sign that he was growing up.

But the part of the conversation that made him feel bad was about Becky and her pimples. And to think that her pimples were really much the same as his squeaky voice — just something that went with her growing up.

Henry was still thinking about it when he reached school the next day. Chris Schwartz met him outside the school. "I've got some news you'll be glad to hear," he said.

Henry listened. "Some of the younger boys are planning to play a good trick on Becky," Chris said. "They have a rubber spider that looks just like a real one. Everybody knows how scared Becky is of spiders, and how she screams. At the first recess they are going to put this rubber spider in her lunch pail when she is outside. Then this noon it's going to be pretty exciting."

Henry was silent for a moment. His thoughts were in confusion.

"That's just what Becky deserves, isn't it?" Chris said.

Henry didn't know what to say. He didn't understand himself. For some reason he didn't like the idea, but it was hard to explain why.

"What's wrong, Henry?" Chris laughed. "Are you mad because the boys aren't putting a real spider in her lunch pail? That would be nearer what she deserves."

"Yes, I guess so," Henry grinned weakly. But his heart wasn't in his words and Chris noticed. But before Chris could ask more questions, the bell rang and the boys raced to get inside.

Henry had a hard time doing his lessons. He kept thinking about Becky, her pimples, and the rubber spider. It was true, she had been mean to him, and made fun of his voice. He had tried to make her stop teasing him by being mean to her, but it hadn't worked. Every time he got something on her, it just made her more determined to get something back on him.

"I bet she would sure be surprised if I did something good to her instead of something mean," Henry mused to himself while he should have been studying his spelling. "I've got half a notion to try it."

By recess time, Henry had his mind made up. But he didn't dare tell Becky about the trick. Somebody would see him and guess that he told her. He watched his chance, and when he saw that Mary Eicher was alone at the book case, he walked over to her and said, "Mary, would you tell Becky something for me?"

Mary looked up, suspiciously. Was this another trick?

"I mean it," Henry said earnestly. "Tell her some of the boys are planning to make her scream this noon. They put a rubber spider in her lunch pail.

"Okay, I'll tell her," Mary said.

That noon the boys who expected to get a good laugh out of hearing Becky scream were disappointed. She opened her lunch pail as usual. But she didn't scream. Instead, she reached in, calmly took the rubber spider and put it in her pocket. Then she went ahead and ate as if nothing had happened.

It was almost two weeks later when suddenly one day at noon Henry thought of something. He couldn't understand why he hadn't noticed it sooner.

"Hey, you know what," he said to Chris, who was eating lunch beside him. "You know what? It's been quite a while now since Becky has made fun of my squeaky voice."

"I didn't think of it, but I guess it's true," Chris said. "What did you do to make her stop?"

Henry chuckled to himself. "It's a secret," he said. "It's a real good secret."

And that was all the explanation he would ever give. ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

NATURE'S HIGHWAYS

-David Luthy

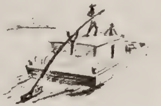
WHAT IS THE LONGEST HIGHWAY in the United States? If you look at a road map you will probably guess Interstate 80 which connects New York City on the East Coast and San Francisco, California on the West Coast—a total of 2,900 miles of paved road. Your guess is correct if you are only looking at man made highways. But what about the ones God created—nature's highways—our rivers?

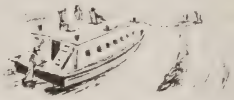
The rivers of the continent were the United States' first highway system. Hundreds of rivers both large and small crisscross the nation, linking thousands of cities into a water transportation system. The early American settlers realized the importance of rivers for transportation and built their settlements near them. Jamestown, the first permanent settlement in the United States, was constructed on the banks of the James River, named after the king of England—James II. And William Penn's original settlement in Pennsylvania was located on the Delaware River. One after another cities sprang up, and generally they were built close to a river.

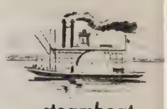
The transportation of the early settlers on the rivers was canoes or other types of hand-powered boats such as the pole-raft. This type of boat floated along on the river's current and was steered by a long pole. Soon pole-rafts developed into flatboats which could carry a whole family and livestock.

But before the white man had ever set foot on the continent of North America, rivers were transporting people. They were carrying the Indians in their birch-bark and dugout canoes. When explorers from Europe came to America, they, too, used canoes on much of their trips of exploration and discovery. No one knows which explorer traveled the most miles on America's rivers, for there were many men who traveled this way much of their lives.

As America's population increased, settlers pushed farther west in search of cheaper land. Rivers carried them much of their way. But one difficulty always arose, some rivers did not connect. The settlers would have to walk overland part of the way, often carrying their small boats on their shoulders. To solve this problem, man made canals were dug to make the necessary connection. The most famous of these was the Erie Canal which went from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Albany on the Hudson River — a total of 363 miles. Since this water highway was not natural, it had no current to carry the boats along. Boats needed power of their own, but the motor had not yet been invented. The solution was to hitch a team of mules to a long rope and have them pull the canalboats. A special mule path was constructed on each side of the canal. The canalboats traveled at the speed of about a mile and a half an hour. Passengers paid a cent and a half a mile. On the trip west the canalboats were generally loaded with passengers; but on the trip back east they carried mainly cargo, such as furs and grain. Canals formed an important link in the chain of the nation's river system.


flatboat

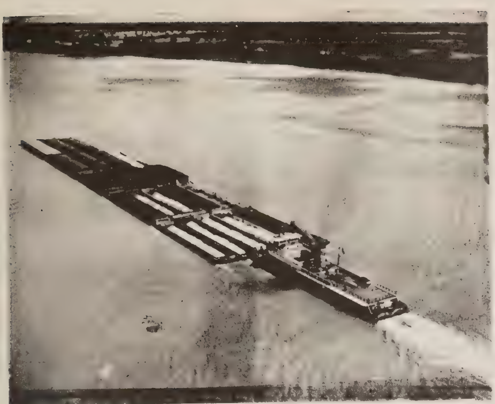

canalboat


steamboat

If a map of the United States' rivers were drawn, some of them would be shown with a thin line like the gravel roads marked on a road map. The larger rivers would be drawn with a bolder line like the blacktop highways. Are there any superhighways among the rivers like Interstate 80? The pioneers were soon to discover that there were some superhighways among the rivers. Halfway across the continent lay the "Mighty Mississippi"—the Interstate 80 of the nation's river system. It begins in Minnesota and flows south all the way to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico— a distance of 2,345 miles. And its sister, the Missouri River, is almost a twin in length, 2,315 miles long. But it was the Mississippi, not her twin sister, which became famous. The Mississippi lay more north and south while the Missouri angled off to the mountainous regions of the West. The land which lay alongside the Mississippi was rich farming land, excellent for corn, soybeans, and hay. Also, the Mississippi connected with the Ohio River, which was the most important river coming in from the East, forming the southern border of three important pioneer states: Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Many states have one or more of their borders determined by a river. But no river forms as many states' borders as does the "Mighty Mississippi." It determines the borders of ten mid-American states. East of the river are Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. West of the river lie Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

Needless to say, a river touching so many states is going to be a major water highway for both passenger and cargo transportation. In past years simple flatboats served the purpose, but were quickly outdated when the steam engine was invented. Steamboats, whose engines turned huge paddlewheels which propelled the boats. were a daily sight for many years on the Mississippi River. But the days of paddlewheels and steam engines were limited. Trains and then trucks were invented and took much of the Mississippi's traffic away. But yet today, one can find boats carrying cargo up and down the mighty river. The superhighway is still busy. Barges use it as well as the Missouri, Illinois, and Ohio rivers to transport heavy cargoes — gravel, coal, sand, shelled corn, and iron ore.

Most cargoes which are carried today on the rivers are carried in barges. But there is yet one cargo which

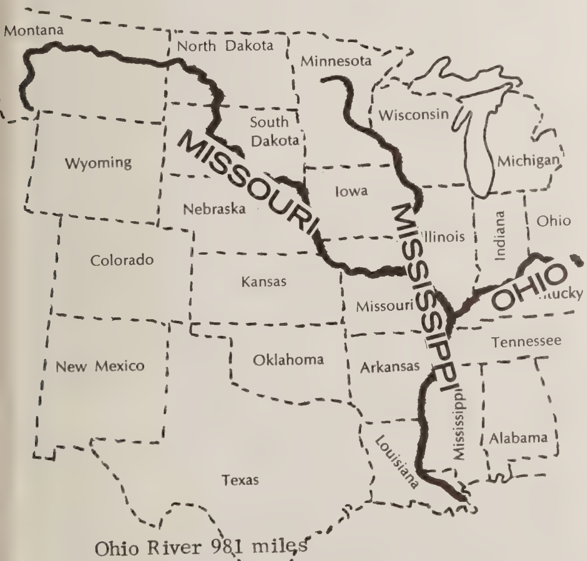


A modern river barge pushing a heavy load.

uses no boat at all; it uses the surface of the river to float on and the river's current to carry it along. Thousands of logs are floated on the river with a rope barrier encircling the whole mass. Like an enormous raft, the logs float down the river to the mills where they are processed into paper.

So far when we have spoken of nature's highways we have mentioned the activities of people on these wonderful waterways. But there are others who use them for transportation. These are the fish and swimming animals. Perhaps the most famous is the Pacific salmon which enters from the Pacific Ocean each spring into the Columbia River and travels up stream to its birthplace among the cool pools of the river's headwaters to give birth to its young.

Whether it is in South America where the natives bathe and wash their clothing in the rivers, or in Arizona where giant dams hold back the rivers and use their water power to generate electricity, or in India where the natives use the Ganges River for religious ceremonies, rivers are very important to man. Yet, perhaps their greatest service has been to provide an avenue of transportation for Indians, explorers, pioneers, passengers, cargoes, animals, and fish. They are, indeed, nature's highways. ■■



Ohio River 981 miles
Missouri River 2,315 miles
Mississippi River 2,350 miles
Missouri— Mississippi River 3,710 miles
(stretches from Montana to Louisiana)

The Tag Along

by Aunt Amy

It was Saturday morning. Mrs. Kauffman finished kneading the bread dough to a satiny smoothness. She gave it a final pat and put the lid on the dough tray. Wilma had just finished cleaning the living room and went to the porch to hang up the mop to dry. "Why here comes Susan," she exclaimed.

"Hello," greeted Susan. "Do you have any special plans for today?"

"No, we don't," answered Mrs. Kauffman. "Why?"

"Oh," said Susan, "everyone at our house went away except me. Mom said I could spend the day with you, if I won't be in the way."

Susan continued. "Rachel works for Dans since their baby came. The rest all went to the frolic at Uncle Dave's. The men want to help put a new roof on the tool shed, and Aunt Ruth has a quilt for the women to work on. I can't quilt very nice yet, and I was afraid there wouldn't be any girls there my age. It's way east of town, you know, about fourteen miles." Susan paused, then said, "Mom said if I come over here I was to help Wilma work and not keep her from it with my chatter."

Mrs. Kauffman laughed. "'Two girls are half a girl' may be true sometimes, but I often have seen you work together as two girls, too."

"I'm glad you came over," said Wilma. "Now you can help me weed the carrots while Mother finishes baking. It got dark last evening before we got all the weeds pulled."

As the girls walked to the garden, Ruthie came running. "I want to help, too," she said.

"I'm afraid you won't know which are carrots and which are weeds," answered Wilma.

"You can tell me," said Ruthie. "Is this a weed?"

"No, that's a carrot. Here, this is a weed," said Wilma.

"But they look almost alike. How do you know which is which? I don't," said Ruthie.

"Because you are only four years old, and I am much older," answered Wilma. "I am twelve, and I have pulled weeds lots of times."

"Aren't the carrots rather small for this time of year?" asked Susan.

"We have plenty to use now," answered Wilma. "But Mother always sows a long row the middle of June. We try to get them thinned to stand at least an inch apart. Just before Halloween we pull them and cut off the tops. Then we wash and dry them and store them in covered crocks in the cellar. We usually have nice, big, crisp carrots until late spring."

Ruthie was soon tired of helping and went to play in the sandbox. Though the other girls talked, they stayed on their job, and in an hour they had finished.

When Wilma and Susan had returned to the house to wash their hands, Mother was taking a delicious smelling blueberry pie out of the oven. "Are you done already?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Wilma. "It was just fun with Susan helping. What can we do now?"

"Let's see," thought Mother. "Why don't you go to the truck patch and see if you can find roasting ears for dinner. Try the rows of sweet corn we planted late. You can also bring along several muskmelons if there are any nice ones there."

The girls each took a drink of fresh water at the pump. Then they walked toward the barn. At the milkhouse they stopped for a pail.

"Where are we going?" asked Susan.

"We have the truck patch in a corner of the corn field beyond the grove of catalpa trees this year," explained Wilma. "Dad thought things would grow better again in our regular patch, if it was in hay several years. So he sowed alfalfa or clover in it. I've forgotten which. Our things grow nicely in the corn field, but it's a bit unhandy to have it so far off."

As they started down the lane a little voice called, "Wait for me, Wilma." And Ruthie came running around the barn, followed by the family's big collie dog, Sport.

"Why does she always have to tag along?" grumbled Wilma.

"She's probably lonesome," said Susan. "I know what it's like to be the youngest in the family."

"I like to have her along sometimes, but she wouldn't always have to come," said Wilma. But she managed a weak smile as Ruthie caught up.

The three girls walked through the grove of trees where the cows were lying in the shade, chewing their cud. They rounded a bend in the path and walked past the paw-paw bushes to the gate of the corn field.

The late sweet corn was nice, and the girls soon had enough picked for dinner. Then they went to the end of the patch where the muskmelons were.

"How can you tell if the melons are ripe or not?" asked Susan.

"If they are loose or about loose from the vine, they are ready," answered Wilma. "Here is one I'm almost sure is ripe."

"Is this one ripe?" called Ruthie from halfway down the patch, starting to lift a melon.

"Wait till I see," said Wilma. She went to where Ruthie was standing and examined the melon. The melon was loose and bigger than the one they had. "We'll take this one, too," she said.

"Let me carry it, Wilma, please," begged Ruthie.

"You may if you hold it tight and don't drop it. And if it gets heavy, give it to me," answered Wilma.

The girls walked slowly out of the patch. Wilma and Susan were chatting and didn't think to close the gate.

"Wilma," said Susan, "You know lots more than I do about how to do things, when things are ripe, and everything."

"If I do, it's because I'm the oldest girl in the family. I have to learn fast sometimes," answered Wilma. "Come on Ruthie," she called over her shoulder.

Ruthie ran to catch up, but she couldn't run fast because of the melon she was carrying. "Where's Sport? He should come, too," said Ruthie.

"He's probably chasing a rabbit," said Wilma. "He knows his way home."

Susan was carrying the second melon and changed it from one arm to the other. "Last week I took care of my sister Mary's two children," she said. "Mary and Levi went to the city for new glasses. When they came back, they gave me a scrapbook."

"What was in it?" asked Wilma. "Was it the loose leaf type?"

"Wilma," called Ruthie from where she had fallen behind in walking. "Wilma, Mollie wanted to eat sweet corn and Pansy —"

"No, it wasn't loose leaf," answered Susan. "And there wasn't anything in it. It's for me to fill."

"What are you going to put in it?" asked Wilma.

Ruthie called again. "Mollie wanted to eat sweet corn and —"

"Oh, nice poems, maybe a few songs, just this and that," answered Susan. "I guess Mary knew my desk drawer was cluttered with clippings and thought I should organize it a little."

"That will be interesting," said Wilma. "I want to see it sometime then."

"Wilma," said Ruthie insistently, "you didn't hear what I said."

Wilma stopped till Ruthie caught up. "What did you say?"

"I said Mollie wanted to eat sweet corn and Pansy bossed her away."

"Mollie? When? Where?" exclaimed Wilma.

"Back there just now," said Ruthie.

"Oh, no," Wilma groaned. She plopped her pail of sweet corn on the ground beside a big tree. "Look here, Ruthie," she said. "You stand tight against this tree so the cows won't knock you down. Susan, hurry. We'll have to get them out of there."

"But why?" cried Ruthie. "They like —" But the girls had disappeared around a bend in the path. When they reached the patch, they found four Holsteins greedily tearing leaves off the sweet corn. One was eating a head of cabbage, and a fifth was just pushing in at the gate which the girls had opened wide enough to enter but each cow had pushed a little farther open.

"Quick, Susan," called Wilma. "chase the rest away from the gate so they won't get in, too. Here Sport, here Sport," she called but the dog was not in sight. After much effort Wilma and Susan had herded the cows toward the gate. One after another four cows went out. But Pansy wasn't ready to give up. With her tail in the air she galloped toward the far end of the patch.

"Here, Sport," Wilma called again. "Here, come here."

The dog came bounding just in time to see Pansy before she disappeared into the tall rows of corn.

"Pansy, go get Pansy," commanded Wilma.

Like a bullet Sport was off. Wilma could hear him barking and the corn stalks creaking as cow and dog streaked across the field. Suddenly Pansy was out of the corn, headed straight for the gate, and ran out. Sport trotted up to Wilma, panting and wearing a big dog smile. She patted his sleek head. "You're a good dog. You helped a lot."

Susan ran to check on the waiting Ruthie and the pail of sweet corn while Wilma closed the gate, carefully fastening it this time. The truck patch didn't look too bad, she thought, but what if Ruthie hadn't seen them and they had stayed in all afternoon. Wilma shuddered to think of the damage they would have done. She could just hear her brother Paul say, "Girls talk too much and are careless." Wilma hurried to join Susan and Ruthie.

"Wilma," said Susan, "I do believe 'two girls were half a girl' that time. If you had been alone, you probably wouldn't have forgotten the gate."

"And if it had just been the two of us," said Wilma, "I'd hate to think what the patch would have looked like by this evening when I would have gone to bring the cows home to milk. "Ruthie," she said, "I'm so glad you came along."

"So am I," sighed Ruthie happily. "We had fun."

- Indiana
Family Life,

This Month's Bible Story

Miracle At The Red Sea

A messenger came hurrying to Pharoah. "The Israelites have gone — they have all gone," he gasped.

Pharaoh was not surprised. He had given them permission to leave. In the darkness of the Passover night, when in every home the firstborn lay dead, he had been truly frightened. He had been only too glad to give permission for them to go.

But now, as Pharaoh listened to the messenger saying how the Israelites had fled, he suddenly felt angry. He called his servants to him, and said, "Why did we ever do it? Why did we let those Israelites get away from working for us?"

The very thought made Pharaoh angry. His proud heart became as stubborn and rebellious as before. He made up his mind that it might still not be too late to do something about it. He would take his army and go after the Israelites and force them to return to Egypt. He could not afford to lose so many hard workers.

Quickly Pharaoh gave orders to have his chariot made ready. He commanded his whole army to get ready, too.

Slowly the Israelites moved away from the land of Egypt. They felt happier than they had for many years. What a change it was not to have to toil and slave all day long making bricks for the harsh Egyptian taskmasters. Best of all was the wonderful way God was leading them. Moses did not need to study a map or worry about getting lost in the wilderness. All day long God caused a special cloud to move in front of them to lead them in the right direction. At night the cloud turned into fire and made light for them to see with.

The Israelites stopped and camped close to the Red Sea. Someone happened to look back, and suddenly in one moment the sound of rejoicing died out. There in the distance were hundreds and hundreds of chariots and horses and soldiers.

A fearful cry rang out over the camp.

Even the children could guess what the sight meant. It could mean only one thing. Pharaoh and his army were about to overtake them. He would kill them or take them back into slavery.

People ran in panic, but there was nowhere to escape to. There was nowhere to hide. In front of them was the Red Sea. On each side were mountains. Behind them was Pharaoh with his army. They were hopelessly trapped.

In great distress the Israelites cried aloud to God. But they did not really believe God would help them. They did not even give him time to rescue them. Instead they ran angrily to Moses. "Weren't there any graves in Egypt that you had to bring us out here in the wilderness to die?" they shouted. "It would have been a lot better for us to have stayed and worked for the Egyptians than to come out here and be killed by them."

Moses felt sad when he saw how easily the people gave up. Already they were wishing they were slaves again. Quietly Moses said to them, "Don't be so easily frightened. Wait a little and see how God is going to save us. Don't worry about all those Egyptians — you'll never see them again — never. The Lord will fight for you if you only give him a chance."

Then God said to Moses, "Lift up your rod and stretch out your hand over the sea. The sea will divide and the children of Israel will be able to go right through the middle of it on dry land. And listen to this," God said, "I will make the hearts of the Egyptians even harder so that they will be too stubborn to give up. They will find out that I am the Lord."

At the last moment, just as it seemed that the Egyptians would catch up with them, the Israelites saw the cloud which had always been in front of them start moving behind them. It kept on moving until it was right between them and the Egyptians. The cloud was black and dark on the side of the Egyptians. It shut out all the light so that Pharaoh and his soldiers couldn't see anything. They could do nothing all night except wait for the morning light.

But the Israelites were not left in darkness. The side of the cloud which was turned toward the Israelites was a fire and gave them light to see.

God had commanded Moses to lift up his rod over the sea, so now Moses obeyed. He took his rod and stood at the edge of the sea. He stretched out his hand over the water, and God caused a strong east wind to spring up and blow all night. By the next morning, the wind had dried a path right through the middle of the sea. Now the Israelites could walk through the Red Sea on dry land.

Quickly they moved forward, thankful for a way to escape from the anger of Pharaoh and his army. What a great miracle of deliverance God had performed. On each side of them the water stood in a huge wall, but their feet were dry.

As the Israelites moved through the sea, the cloud lifted. The Egyptians saw the wide path of dry land. If it were a path for the Israelites, why could it not also be a path for them?

"We will follow them," Pharaoh cried. At his word, the great host of chariots, horses, and soldiers rushed after the Israelites.

God waited until the Egyptians were all about half way through, right in the middle of the sea. Then he started troubling them. He made the wheels start coming off the chariots. All at once it seemed to the Egyptians that everything was going wrong. Before they could get one thing fixed, something else broke.

The Egyptians realized that something unusual was going on, and all at once they grew afraid. "Let's turn around and go back," they cried. "The Lord is fighting for the Israelites against us."

But it was too late.

By now the Israelites were all safely on the other side. God said to Moses, "Stretch out your hand over the sea so that the water will come together again."

Moses obeyed. With a great swirling rush the walls of water washed down upon Pharaoh and his frightened soldiers. The chariots were covered with foaming water. The proud king and all his men were drowned.

The Israelites were standing on the other side and they saw everything that happened. It made them afraid just to see the punishment with which God punished their enemies. It made them want to believe and obey the God who could do such great miracles, and they wanted to listen to everything Moses told them to do, for they now realized as never before that he was God's servant.

All the Israelites were so happy to be at last forever delivered from the cruelty of Pharaoh that they made up a song of praise and sang it together. There on the edge of the wilderness on the shore of the Red Sea they leaped and sprang in joyful song. It was a happy time — a time of praise and thanksgiving for the children of Israel. - E. S.

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

My Kitchen

God bless my little kitchen,
  I love its every nook
And bless me as I do my work,
  Wash pots and pans and cook.

And the meals that I prepare
  Be seasoned from above,
With Thy blessing and Thy grace,
  But most of all Thy love.

As we partake of earthly food
  The table for us spread.
We'll not forget to thank Thee, Lord,
  Who gives us daily bread.

So bless my little kitchen, God,
  And those who enter in,
May they find nought but joy and peace
  And happiness therein.
— Unknown

* * *

Now is "vegetable soup" time. This soup is good, and there is a great variety in making them. Young married couples who are canning vegetable soup for the first time may know no bounds when bringing in all varieties of vegetables for this. A little bit of this and a little bit of that can add up to a great amount.

I know one couple, who in their first year of married life, ended up mixing their vegetable soup in a ten-gallon milk can. Needless to say, they still laugh when they think of how they ate vegetable soup— and more vegetable soup.

All kinds of vegetable soups seem good to me, but one of my favorites does not have tomatoes nor cabbage in it. (Tomato juice can be added later). Many other vegetables are added though- potatoes, onions, parsley peas, celery, carrots (sliced round), peppers- a few of these adds to the flavor (need not be pre-cooked), string beans, other beans, corn, and finely cut up chicken. Most of the vegetables are cooked separately. This can then be served as a mixed vegetable dish, or added to broth or tomato juice for soup.

* * *

Elizabeth N. Miller made a discovery lately when she wondered how she would clean a narrow-necked milk bottle minus a brush. She filled it up with water and decided to let it soak. Then she added a few drops of ammonia. Within a few minutes the milk curds were loosened and the bottle became sparkling clean. This also works for those hard-to-clean meat jars. Now it isn't necessary anymore for the little dishwashers to hide them under the sink.

* * *

DUTCH APPLE PIE

3 cups sliced apples
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoon flour
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 beaten egg
1 cup light cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 tablespoon butter
1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell

Place apples in pastry shell. Mix flour, sugar, and cinnamon. Combine egg, cream, and vanilla. Add sugar mixture and mix well. Pour over apples. Sprinkle with nuts and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven (350) 45 to 50 minutes or till apples are tender.

Mary Hochstetler, Millersburg, O.

* * *

TOSSED SALAD DRESSING

1 can condensed tomato soup
1 cup Wesson or Mazola Oil
1/2 cup granulated sugar
3/4 cup vinegar
1 teaspoon of each of the following:
paprika, salt, pepper, onion salt, garlic salt, dry mustard, horseradish.

Put all in jar and shake well.
Refrigerate.

Esther Mast (14), Wilmot, O.

* * *

CHICKEN SOUP

4 chickens
1 gallon noodles (cooked)
1/2 gallon of each of the following:
celery, carrots, and potatoes (all chopped). Cook each separately until nearly done. Cold pack 2 hours.

Mrs. T., Orrville, O.

* * *

CARROT SALAD

3 cups grated carrots
1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
3 eggs chopped
1 small onion
1 tablespoon sugar
salt and pepper to taste
1 cup mayonaise or as desired
Mix and serve.

M.E.M., Wellsboro, Pa.

* * *

HOT HAM AND CHEESE BUNS

Cut a 1/2 pound slice ham and 1/2 pound of sharp cheese into 1/4 inch cubes. Combine with 1/3 cup sliced onions, 2 hard boiled eggs sliced, and 1/2 cup sliced pepper or stuffed olives. Top with 3 tablespoons salad dressing blended with 1/2 cup chili sauce. Mix well and spread mixture in 10 split wiener buns. Wrap each in foil. Twist ends securely. Bake for 10 minutes in 400 degree oven, or until buns are hot.

— K.M., Millersburg, O.

OFF TO SCHOOL

From September on till spring vacation
We have the greatest action-ation
With sending five little ones to school—
I cannot keep my head too cool.

First in the morning it's peace and quiet
Then they wake up, it sounds like a riot;
It's "Where're my garters? My tablet? My books?
My shoestrings? My socks? My dress on the hook?"

They want to know, "Can we have a dime?
We haven't had any in such a long time."
Now a dime's not much but even then
It adds up to fifty— (five times ten).

When at last I shoo them out the door
I feel like dropping on the floor;
So I turn around to view the mess
But it's really not worse than yesterday, I guess.

The children go to school to get a little brighter
While mama stays home and her hair gets whiter.
Mrs. Emma A. Byler, Middlefield, O.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T LIKE IT

The story in the March issue about the big meals which are served by many of the plain people made me think back to my childhood. We always had to take of each dish that was on the table whether we liked it or not. If we tried to leave something lay we were told, "If you do not eat that, you will get nothing else."

When I think of some vegetables that I once thought would almost choke me and which I now enjoy, I have to wonder if I would like them now if I had not eaten them when (I thought) I didn't like them. I know of some mothers who would let certain kinds of fruit spoil, or give it away, because the children don't like it, and then buy enough of other kinds to can several hundred quarts.

I once worked for a couple whose son went to 1W service in a large hospital. He got his meals there and the greater part of what was served were things he would not have eaten at home.

If the children are hard to please at the table is it all their fault? I wonder what methods some parents use to teach their children to like everything? -- M.B., Pa.

???

ANSWERS— Playing games on Sunday

I've seen where families were so wrapped up with playing games that the reading and studying of the Bible was neglected. The pleasures had first place in their heart. Bible games are educational, but they can be misused by joking and laughing. It is much more difficult to teach children to live a quiet and sober life when their hands are full of entertainment, so parents can be careful in this. -Seen too much playing

We read where opinions were asked for playing active games on Sundays. To our way of thinking and convictions, Christians should not indulge in them. I would rather take it as it says in 1 Cor. 13:11. "When I was a child, I understood as a child I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

We might go on a little farther while we are on this

(continued on page 20)

Some Mothers Write

The 18-year-old boy said, "We just can't do like some boys, cut our hair short and wear clothes out of ordnung. Our dad is too kind to us." Can we parents remember this? — Mrs. A.M., Ohio

I am one who would rather try and help each other by sending in a helpful idea, than quote what a child has said. Here is a hint on soiled diapers. Wash out each diaper thoroughly to remove particles. Spread out on the green grass for several days or until the stains disappear. This works best during summer months before the leaves start to fall fast. This is one of the cheapest and best methods I've used so far. Diapers are then clean and ready to put in the washing machine.
-Mrs. S. M., Milford, Indiana

Our three and four year old children had a habit of saying, "Ich kann net," when urged to do something. So we tried to drill into them the meaning and saying of "Can't never did, and Can't never will."

One day four year old Sister was trying to get a dolly's dress off, but didn't succeed so she asked Mother to help her. Three year old Brother decided he can do it, but Sister didn't want him to try it. So I asked her, "Can you take it off?"(If she answered "No" Brother would have a chance at it.) So Brother piped up, "Can't never did, and Can't never will. Hast du sell gehaert? (Did you hear that?)" — Mrs. E. T., Ohio

SOME FATHERS WRITE, TOO

Our four year old grandson was visiting here and saw our large flock of mourning doves. He asked his mother what they were, and was told. A little later another flock flew in and started feeding. "O mother, look at all those good mornings!" he cried.

Another time we were visiting them and I asked him if he wanted to go for a walk. We followed a cow path quite a ways back to a corn field, and I sat down to enjoy the nice summer evening. Then I got up and started back to the house. "Granddad," he said anxiously, "aren't you going to get a walk?' I don't even see one?"
— U. B., Ohio

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Some people are like my rocking chair; they have plenty of action but they get little accomplished.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

The following is part of a letter and poem sent in by our friend, Joe C. Bontrager of Route 1, Wilton, Wisconsin. Joe was hurt several months ago when he fell from a tree, At the time he lived in Canada he visited Pathway on various occasions. Little did we realize then that he would soon be joining the shutin ranks (for a short period of time, we hope). Joe wrote:

"To think back I must say six weeks wasn't long. I feel everything was measured. If I would have fallen just six inches to the left or to the right it could have been instant death. I just feel God's guardian angel was there and spared my life."

Here in the hospital I sit and lie;
It seems the days drag slowly by.
I've been in bed now for six weeks
Which changed the color of my cheeks.
As many know, I fell from a tree—
The day was June third, nineteen-seventy.

"Six weeks on your back you must lie," it was said,
Then I thought of long nights at home in bed;
When I think of others who were bedfast for years
It puts me to shame; my eyes fill with tears.

But I can see God has spared my life
That I struggle longer in this journey of strife.
So I'm still here for some reason or other
And I hope with God's help to honor dear father and mother.
With promise this is the first commandment
For us to take heed in the Old Testament;
In the Bible we read who his father leaves
And in so doing his dar mother grieves,
For them it is a very great shame
And God will curse him for the same;
How can he ever truly repent
Lest he grieves and weeps o'er time that is spent?

By then the best part of his life may be gone
He must earnestly pray or he'll just drift on
Until it's forever and ever too late;
With the foolish young virgins he'll knock at the gate,
Then be punished in hell throughout eternity;
O, children, take warning; a long time that'll be!
If you want to grow up spiritually healthy and strong
You must earnestly strive to shun the wrong,
For children, the further and longer you roam
The harder the road is to come back home.

Never miss an opportunity to make others happy—even if you have to leave them alone to do it.

* * *

Gideon and Barbara Fisher of Gordonville, Pennsylvania wrote in about their little son, Abner, who is home again and is a happy, normal boy. The child had fallen down the side of the basement steps, about five feet, unto the concrete floor. The fall had caused concussion of the brain. He was in the hospital a little over a month.

Five weeks later he was in the hospital again. An abscess had formed on the brain. Two and one third ounces of pus was removed from his head.

The parents went on to write, "The doctors gave us very little hopes for his recovery. If he did pull through there was great danger of mental effect. Abner was two years old last week so his brain is far from fully developed. The doctor explained to us that there is a large part of the brain that is never used. We are just hoping and praying that it was in this part that the abscess was."

The Fishers also wrote of the kindness of their many friends who had given food and money...and sent letters, and wish to thank all for their thoughtfulness.

* * *

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough. Look for the places that are smooth and clear and speak of those, to rest the weary ear of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain of human discontent and pain.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without your utter ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, say so; if not, push back upon the shelf of silence all your thoughts, 'til faith shall come — no one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health. The dreary, never-changing talk of fatal maladies is worn and stale. You cannot charm, nor interest, nor please by harping on that minor chord, disease. Say you are well, or, all is well with you, and God shall hear your words and make them true.

— Selected

* * *

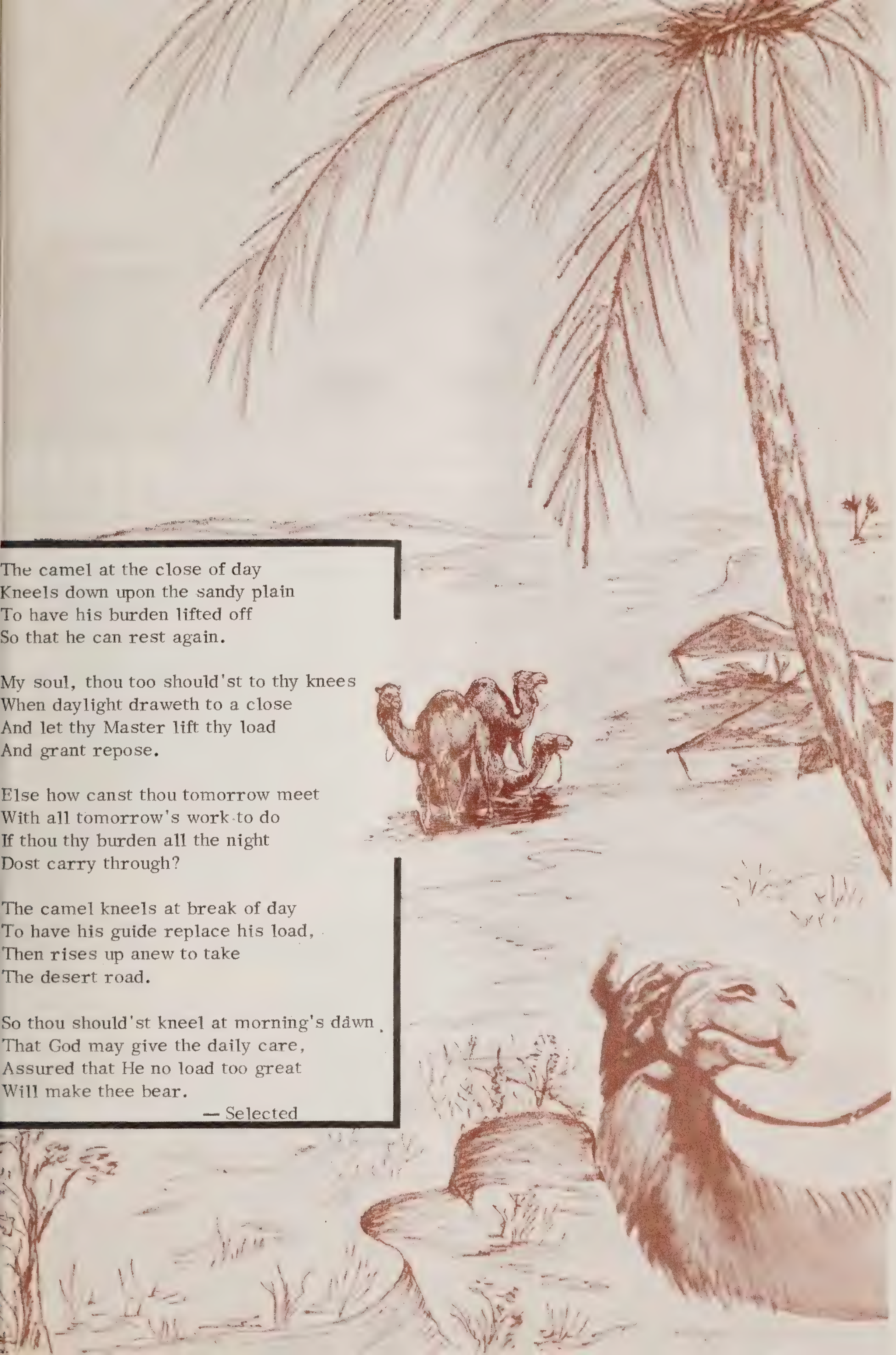
HOME REMEDIES- and suggestions

From Ben E. Byler of Selingsgrove, Pennsylvania comes the following recipe. It will be printed too late for the spring dandelion, but in some areas dandelions also bloom in the fall. This recipe is recommended for colds. One tablespoon should be taken at bedtime, or as needed.

Boil 1 gallon dandelion flowers and 1 gallon hot water for 5 minutes. Let stand for 3 days. (It is best kept in a crock jug.) Strain. Then boil the peelings of 2 lemons and 1 orange with the dandelion water for 15 minutes. Let stand until lukewarm. Slice in the 2 lemons and the orange. Add 2 teaspoons yeast and 3 pounds of sugar and let stand for 6 days. Bottle. (The Bylers like it best with less sugar.)

* * *

Do any of the Family Life readers have a good remedy for sinus trouble?
-M. Horning, Pennsylvania



The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
So that he can rest again.

My soul, thou too should'st to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close
And let thy Master lift thy load
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou tomorrow meet
With all tomorrow's work to do
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou should'st kneel at morning's dawn
That God may give the daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

— Selected

AS BLACK AS COAL

The coal stove is a common sight in the houses of many of the plain people today. We take for granted that it has always been so, but of course, this is not true.

If we go to the Bible we learn that coal was practically unknown at that time. The Luther translation does not make any mention of coal at all. The King James version uses the word a number of times but in most places it refers to embers or charcoal. Only in one instance, (Lam.4:8) does it mean coal and this is probably due to the fact that by the time this translation was made, coal was a common item in England.

There is some evidence that the Chinese used coal several centuries before Christ, but probably not as fuel. In England coal was discovered in the thirteenth century, but its use as fuel was discouraged. Coal does not burn well in an open fireplace, and at that time no stove had been invented that would burn coal satisfactorily. It was a commonly accepted opinion that coal produced fumes that would kill people.

In 1306 the King of England passed a law declaring the death penalty for anyone found guilty of using coal as fuel. At least one man was executed for this crime.

It was not until about 400 years later that coal was used commercially in England. With the coming of the industrial revolution and the use of steam power it soon came into common use.

Soft coal was discovered in Pennsylvania and mining was begun there around 1750. In 1791 hard coal, (anthracite) was discovered in northeastern Pennsylvania. Because it was hard to ignite, hard coal was considered worthless and it was considered to be a serious offense to sell this coal. Later it was discovered that hard coal was really a much better grade than soft coal.

When the Amish settled in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, they found veins of coal coming out of the hillsides. Consequently, wagon loads were dug every winter for heating the homes. Later when some of these settlers moved to Holmes County, Ohio, they found the same conditions. What they did not know was that there is a large coal field, the richest in the nation, centered over West Virginia. Somerset County is on the eastern edge of this field, while Holmes County is on the Western edge.

Another large coal field is found under Illinois and western Indiana. The third great field lies in Iowa and western Missouri.

Coal is an efficient and economical fuel. One pound of coal will produce about 3/5 as much heat as a pound of fuel oil or kerosene. A pound of coal will produce twice as much heat as a pound of dry firewood.

Where does coal come from? There is reason to believe that coal was not found in the earth at the time it was created. Scientists say that coal was formed from deep layers of peat which was covered and compressed before it decayed. There are several areas which have peat beds similar to what might have formed coal, such as the Everglads in Flordia and the Dismal Swamps of Virginia.

Evolutionists believe that over periods of millions of years these beds of peat were covered with sand and shale to form coal. But we, who believe the Bible, know there must be some other explanation.

The Bible says that when the earth was created there were waters over the heavens. This may mean that mists surrounded the earth which would have made a warm climate over the entire earth, very favorable for the growth of vegetation. We know that when the floods came, these waters came down upon the earth and covered it. During this time, many parts of the earth may have been turned upside down. This could explain how these beds of peat were covered to form coal and oil. ■■

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"Master, where shall I work today?"
(My love flowed warm and free.)
He pointed out a tiny plot,
And said: "Tend that for me."
I answered quickly, "Oh, no, not there;
Not any one could see,
No matter how well my task was done
Not that little place for me."
His voice when he spoke— it was not stern
He answered me tenderly.
"Little one, search that heart of thine,
Are you working for them or Me?
Nazareth was just a little place
And so was Galilee."
-Alice Barbour Bennett

FAMILY LIFE

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1970
OCTOBER

Volume 3
Number 10

letters to the editors

FOLLOWING THEIR FOOTSTEPS

The article, "Warum Keine Amishe In Europa" (August issue) should cause us to do some serious thinking. How close are we following their footsteps? Deuteronomy 31: 20 and Rev. 3:17-19 may fit us better than we like to admit. It has been said the church loses more members in times of peace and plenty than in times of persecution and trials. Do we think of God as someone to be remembered only when we need help? -B., Iowa

• • •

FANCY FIREFLIES

Thanks for the article about fireflies (August issue). I find these nature articles very interesting.

Several weeks ago one night I was reading in bed and fell asleep. After I had awakened and blown the light out a movement caught my eye from outside, moving closer to the window. I saw the sky was full of white translucent light, not as yellow like fireflies usually are.

I watched fascinated as some of them seemed to shoot through the sky almost like shooting stars, with their lights a solid white while others were blinking theirs. One with a big bright flash about as big as a softball caught my eye; no other was that bright.

Since that I have watched them at night and they have always looked normal. But this summer there are hundreds of them, more than other summers. I was just wondering if it was the atmosphere that gave them the unreal glow that one night, or did they have something special going on, or was it all in my head? Whatever it was, it surely delighted me. It made me think of the poem, "All things bright and beautiful, All things great and small, The Lord God in Heaven, Made them one and all."

That night there was a mild tepid breeze blowing from the south and full of softness. Did anybody ever feel air like that? So soft you want to hold it?

-M. K., Pennsylvania

ANSWER: I would guess most of the difference was in your head. Sometimes we appreciate and notice the sights of nature around us more than at other times.

• • •

PENN CENTRAL'S PLIGHT

Your recent article on the Penn-Central fiasco seems to be biased and based on misconception and devoid of the real reason why the company has gone into bankruptcy.

First of all there are no figures to prove the huge passenger losses which you attribute to the downfall of the railroad. In fact there are figures available which seem to disprove the claims of hugh passenger losses. The Interstate Commerce Commission says the losses are greatly exaggerated.

The railroads have always been able to compete with other modes of transportation. But they were complacent to sit back and take the "cream" of the transport dollars and let other modes find ways of taking what was left. It wasn't taken away from them, they lost it themselves because they would not find cheaper and more efficient means of transportation.

It is claimed that wages were instrumental in bankrupting the Penn-Central. But today railroad men have hourly wages much lower than many unskilled craftsmen in this country. The judges in the Penn-Central case did not reduce the wages but they did reduce the wages and pensions of the top officials.

I am a railroad employee with 22 years service on the railroad. Since reading your article, I took the trouble to write to the Committee on Interstate and foreign Commerce, Washington, D. C. and this is the information I got so I think I am in fairly good position to help you out in this matter. -Oliver Zehr, Lebanon, Oregon

• • •

MORE ADVICE FOR "JECKIE"

This article has been pretty well covered but I read with interest how each one felt about it. If we are honest with ourselves, we know there are people whose council is disregarded, and they take the back seat, the Bible says, lowest esteemed. But there is good news for the "Jeckies," if we can take our lot in life the right way, never complain because we are not so highly esteemed or looked up to. We find many blessings in the Scriptures for the poor, the humble, the lowly and even our Saviour and Master, the Son of God made himself of no reputation. He became a servant and left us a nice example to follow.

We must bravely take our lot and be faithful in the capacity which the Lord has called us. We must not be hurt because we are looked down upon as inferior and not forget that the highest in Heaven knows all about it.

One more point we should never feel sorry for ourselves. This is a bad disease and it can effect our whole bodies. Remember that over in Glory Land we will all be equal even as the angels, so cheer up and be a good soldier of the cross. -Ira Headings, South Carolina

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UNFULFILLED AND UNEXPLAINED

Concerning the article on the millennium in the August issue, I was wondering how anyone can say that the thousand years in Rev. 20:4 "is actually forever" when the very next verse says that "the thousand years were finished?" Also in the preceeding verse it tells us that "the thousand years should be fulfilled," and again in verse 7 "when the thousand years are expired."

-Caleb Zimmerman, R. 1, New Holland, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: We have always said that no view of the millennium will explain all the verses to everyone's satisfaction.

• • •

STANDARDS ARE FALLING

I was interested in the Amish church discipline of 1779, (September issue) I feel we are living in a time when many of the Christian standards are falling. I see our people mixing too much with the worldly people in everyday life. This makes the children to not be bashful and when they are grown to easily fit into the world.

-J. H. Heinrich, Iowa

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FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada and R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates: $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler. Assistant Editors: David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, and Elizabeth Miller. Contributing Editor: Joseph Stoll.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people, with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U. S. A. — Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada— Second-class mail registration number 00761.

Printed in Canada

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

FRESH WATER FOR AUSTRALIA—

Scientists who have long been trying to devise a way to desalt ocean water to use in Australia have now hit upon what they think is a better plan. They believe they can pull an iceberg from the antartic, a slab of ice about 400 feet thick and 1 1/2 miles square to Australia for around a million dollars. Such a slab would contain about 200 billion gallons of water which if it could be melted and used would cost about a dollar for 200,000 gallons of water. This is many times cheaper than ocean water could be desalted.

This method could also be used to supply water for dry regions of South America and Africa as well.

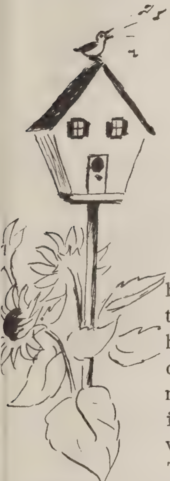
SOUTHERN BLIGHT MOVES NORTH

Southern corn leaf blight, a deadly fungus disease from the southern states has been inflicting severe damage in the corn states of Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana this summer. Predictions of a 50% crop in many areas caused a rush on the corn market at the Chicago Board of Trade, and prices jumped 24¢ a bushel to $1.63 for May delivery.

The disease, which kills the leaves and turns the ear into blackened rot, thrives on high humidity. This summer has been unusually moist in these areas which may have created the conditions favorable to the disease. Sprays are available but spraying after every rain is so costly that it is not practical for field corn.

Everyone will feel the effects of the outbreak. Many cash crop farmers, who borrowed heavily to put in their crops will face financial ruin. Livestock feeders who depend on corn for feed will find their costs will be much higher. Housewives will have to pay more for corn syrup and corn starch, and within a few months prices of meat will also rise due to increased costs. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS



How A Wren Taught Me A Lesson

It was a cool, wet summer. We were blessed with an abundance of garden vegetables and many lovely flowers, but I was not happy. I started with a cold in the beginning of June and no matter what I did, I just could not shake it off. Each time I thought, "Now it's getting better," a fresh dose would start with headache, coughing, and sore throat. To make it worse, the highway crew was tearing our farm to bits. Right below the house there was a drilling and blasting crew at work, plus dump trucks and caterpillars. The big earth movers were removing the hill in back of us. Such noise and confusion didn't make my headache any better.

We have a wren house in the flower bed beside the drive which every summer has a happy little occupant. One morning my husband said, "What is wrong with that wren? I believe he has lost his tail!" Sure enough, there he sat on his little house singing with all his might, minus his tail. Many times after that I saw that tailless little fellow going happily about his business of raising a family, singing all the time. The sparrows were forever trying to get into his home. The trees the highway crew cut away were as much his as they were ours. He had lost his tail and the noise and confusion were closer to him than to us, but still he went on singing.

The morning the big earth movers came right up to the house to take the topsoil off, my little daughter started to cry and say, "Make them stop, Mom; make them stop!" I found myself telling her about that little wren. "Look. He is even closer than we are and he goes right on singing." She forced a smile through her tears and watched in silence. I turned my back to clear the breakfast table. Through a few tears of my own because of my selfishness, I said Good-by to self-pity, (and I now declare the cold went away with it).

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing." The wren was doing just that whereas I had been busy indulging in self-pity. -A. Stauffer, Pennsylvania

Comforted By A Dog

One morning before dawn, I went out to meditate and pray because of a burdened heart. Who should come to comfort me but our dog, who licked my cheek, and our kitty, who licked my feet. My heart was touched as many times I had pushed them out of my way and had spoken unkindly to them. Seldom did I take time to pet them, yet they held no grudges, but had compassion on me, their master.

I have often been made to wonder why dogs were so dispised by the Jewish people in Christ's time. We read where the dogs came and licked the sores of Lazarus. I can imagine how the people mocked Lazarus and didn't pity him, while the dogs with God-given natures, had compassion on Lazarus and licked his sores.

Can we not learn valuable lessons from these creatures who are completely in subjection to their Creator? But we as human beings rebel and seek revenge when there are those who push us around and speak unkindly to us or against us. Our prayer should be that God would give us a loving and forgiving heart so that we could be in complete subjection to Him, as these creatures of His are.

-Mrs. S. H., South Carolina

A sobering thought for every youth to ponder is that some day he will know as little as his father does now.

Across The Editor's Desk

In this issue we are printing two articles which cover a century. One of them takes a peak into the future while the other one looks at a Sears Roebuck catalog of 1902. When we see the changes that have come about during the past 68 years, it makes us wonder, what may happen if the world stands for another quarter of a century.

The plain people are occasionally blamed for being 50 years behind the times, quite often rightfully so. In many ways we ought to be more than 50 years behind.

In looking through the catalog, the thought comes that 68 years ago the difference between the plain people and the world, in looks and in ways of living, was not as great as it is today. Some people would take this as an indication that we ought to loosen up a little and follow more closely on the heels of the world. But I wonder if this is really the lesson we ought to get?

When we stop to take a close look we will see that the world had made a tremendous change during the past 50 years. In some ways, the changes have been greater in this period than through all the centuries since the creation of the world. Never before in the civilized world has there been such a breakdown of morals, and a craze after money and pleasures as we are witnessing today. (Perhaps the closest approach was the Roman Empire just before its fall.) When we see how the churches are following after the world, it makes us wonder, where will it all end?

It is not possible to follow after the world and to remain in the will of God. We might just as well face it, the Christian today is getting to be more and more in the way. The difference between the church and the world is becoming greater all the time.

The reprint of the 1902 Sears Roebuck catalog is available to Family Life readers from Pathway Bookstore, R. 4, LaGrange, Indiana. The price is **3.95** each.

A rather unusual story in this issue is entitled "Eleven Scenes From West Dale." Although it is not a true story in the usual sense of the word, yet unfortunately, similar episodes have happened all too often. The author tried to choose a verse which to his knowledge never was the center of a dispute so the readers would not think he was pointing his finger to any particular happening. But there are numerous verses in the Bible which have been disputed over with just as warped reasoning and as tragic results as the one in this story. ■■

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. David and Jonathan's friendship is a noble example of unselfishness and loyalty. David said that Jonathan's love for him "was wonderful, passing the love of women" (2 Sam. 1:26).

2. True. Jesus taught that when part of a family is willing to follow him and the rest is unwilling, it can cause disunity so severe that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. 10:36).

3. False. Jesus did not call Judas "enemy" when he betrayed him, but "friend" (Matt. 26:50). The words, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy" were spoken by King Ahab when Elijah appeared before him in the vineyard of Naboth (1 Kings 21: 20).

4. False. Esau did become angry with Jacob, but they did not remain enemies. They later became reconciled to each other (Gen. 33:1-15).

5. False. Haman and Mordecai were not friends, but enemies. Haman hated the sight of Mordecai, and wished to kill him (Esther 3:5,6).

6. False. If friends really love each other they will not hesitate to help one another to see their own faults and weaknesses. Solomon says, "Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful" (Prov. 27:5,6).

7. True. Herod and Pilate agreed that Jesus had done nothing worthy of death, and upon this common ground they became friends after having been enemies (Luke 23: 12).

8. False. All friendship is not praiseworthy. The Bible teaches that the wrong kind of friends can be very harmful and that friendship with the world is enmity with God (James 4:4).

9. False. The verse quoted about heaping coals of fire upon the enemy's head by doing good to him is from Proverbs 25:22.

10. False. The Bible refers to death as an enemy (1Cor. 15:26). A Christian, knowing that God is able to raise him up, can face death calmly, but it is still an enemy to be overcome.

11. False. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were friends. The Queen of Sheba traveled a great distance to see and hear Solomon's great wisdom (1 Kings 10).

12. True. Jesus was blamed for being a friend of sinners. He did not deny the charge, but replied that the sick need the doctor's care, not those who are well (Matt. 11:19, Mark 2:16-17).

13. True. Job's three friends came to comfort him, but when they saw how great his grief was, they didn't speak to him for seven days (Job 2:12, 13).

14. False. Proverbs says "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," apparently referring to the presence of God (Prov. 18:24).

15. True. Hiram, king of Tyre, was a good friend of Solomon and supplied him with cedar timbers for the building of the temple (1 Kings 5).

16. False. The Bible teaches that a person must be friendly if he wants to have friends (Prov. 18:24).

17. True. Paul and Silas were good friends and traveled together preaching the Gospel (Acts 15:40-41).

18. True. Proverbs 14:20 says, "The poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends," although it is doubtful how desirable the rich man's friends are if they are attracted by his money.

19. False. As far as we know John the Baptist and Stephen were never acquainted with each other, so it would be incorrect to say they were friends.

20. True. Jesus said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John 15:14).

Scoring Scale
19-20 correct ... Excellent
17-18 correct ... Good
15-16 correct ... Average

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Greatest Challenge

Bennie sat at his desk reading. The story fascinated him. His mind traveled back into the past until it seemed that he was far away from the schoolroom— he was out on a wooden sailing ship which was being pitched about by foamy waves. It's timbers creaked and groaned. A fierce gale was tearing at the ship's sails. The sky was dark— frighteningly dark. Sailors were clinging to posts on the deck, trying to tighten ropes with one hand while they hung on with the other. The constant spray of cold salt water numbed their fingers and stung their eyes. Their clothes dripped with water as an extra large wave washed over the top and nearly flung them out to the sea.

Bennie was standing at the ship's helm, straining to see beyond the horizon— beyond the raging storm. Suddenly there was a lull. Everything grew strangely quiet. The storm seemed to have stopped for a second to get its breath.

Bennie looked around. He saw two of the sailors whispering together. They glanced over at him, and their faces were dark and angry. He saw them start across the slippery deck, coming toward him. When they stood in front of him, he saw that their eyes were desperate with fear.

"We've got to turn back," they said grimly. "We refuse to go farther."

Bennie had been expecting this. He knew it was coming sooner or later. He had his answer ready. "No," he said firmly.

The men scowled threateningly. More sailors were gathering behind the first two. "It's suicide to go on," one of them said. "We're going to sail off the edge of the earth if we go farther."

"Nonsense," Bennie said. He drew himself up to full height. He wasn't going to be afraid. "We're going to sail on," he said. "Get back to your jobs."

"Christopher Columbus," one of the sailors shouted at Bennie, "you're a mad man. You're taking us all to our deaths. There are sea monsters out here big enough to swallow our ship."

"There aren't any sea monsters," Bennie shouted back. "And how often do I have to tell you that we won't sail off the edge of the earth. The earth isn't flat like a table top. It's round. Understand? It's round like a ball. Now get back to your jobs and don't let me hear— "

With a deafening howl the storm was back. It swept the words beyond hearing. Lunging and stumbling on the slippery deck, the sailors made their way back to their posts. If only they could talk Columbus out of his crazy ideas...

Suddenly Bennie sat up. He was back in the classroom. The teacher was standing at his desk asking him for his spelling sentences. Sheepishly Bennie reached for his spelling notebook.

"What were you daydreaming about?" the teacher asked. "Let's see what book you have? Hummm, The Man Who Discovered A New World by Dr. Lazenby. Well, Bennie, you'd better stop dreaming about Columbus and get your work finished."

The teacher took the spelling notebook and walked down the aisle.

But Bennie was not so easily persuaded to keep his mind off Columbus. "That would really have been something to have made the discovery he made," Bennie thought. "I wish I could have gone with him. I wouldn't have been afraid of the sea monsters or of falling off the edge of the earth like his men were. I would..."

It was not the first time Bennie had spent time daydreaming, imagining he was something he wasn't. In his dreams, he had been all sorts of people. Only a few weeks before he had been a Quaker living in Ohio in 1845 and helping Negro slaves escape from the South. He had spent hours thinking up new ways to smuggle slaves safe along the "underground railroad." And how rewarding it was when he succeeded in helping a family safely on its way toward Canada and freedom. Many of the slaves were so grateful to Bennie that they thanked him with tears in their eyes for his unselfish courage and bravery.

Before that, Bennie had been Edmund Hillary, and had climbed to the top of Mount Everest. It hadn't been easy, but he was determined to be the first man to conquer the world's highest mountain. He had done enough mountain climbing to know what hardships and dangers to expect, but even so the last thousand feet up Mount Everest seemed impossible. His oxygen supply was nearly gone. He was tired and exhausted. Steep, treacherous crevasses blocked his path. He had to cut steps out of ice cliffs and inch his way upward in places where one slip would hurl him to a certain death thousands of feet below. But he kept doggedly on, and at last he had reached the summit. He, Edmund Hillary, had been the first man to climb the world's highest mountain.

Bennie often sighed as he sat at his school desk day after day. He couldn't stay in his dream world all the time. At times he had to face the truth. In spite of his imagination, he wasn't Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World. He wasn't a gallant Quaker helping hundreds of oppressed slaves. He wasn't Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of the world's highest mountain. He was Bennie— just plain Bennie.

"I was born too late," Bennie often thought with regret. He felt depressed that most of the difficult things in life had already been accomplished. What was there for him to discover that hadn't already been discovered? What was there for him to conquer that hadn't already been conquered? What was there for him to invent that hadn't already been invented? All the difficult, exciting, and dangerous challenges had been met. Most of the world's work was done.

When he grew older, Bennie discovered how mistaken he had been as a school boy. He learned that no matter when a person is born, he faces a task more difficult than conquering Mount Everest's 29,028 foot summit. He is confronted with a challenge more awesome than discovering a new continent. He has an opportunity that can prove more rewarding than aiding fugitive slaves.

That task is to conquer himself.

Nothing is more difficult. Some of America's most famous and praised men failed in this, the greatest challenge. They won fame for some accomplishment, but in their personal lives were pitiful failures. Stephen Collins Foster is a good example. A talented singer and song writer, he composed more than 200 songs and wrote the words as well as the music to most of them. Some of his best-known songs are "Old Folks At Home" (also known as Swanee River), "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home." Yet he could not overcome his desire for strong drink. He was a slave to his appetite, and he died at 38 — sick and penniless, an alcoholic.

To conquer oneself is indeed a difficult challenge, more difficult than the accomplishments of the great men Bennie used to dream about. Bennie learned that right within his breast emotions could rage so violently as to equal the force of the wildest storms Columbus ever sailed through. Bennie discovered that his self-will was a mountain that was harder to conquer than the frozen peaks of Everest. The wrong desires and impulses that haunted him were harder to escape from than were the slave hunters of "underground railroad" days.

Bennie no longer regrets that there are no more difficult things for him to do. He realizes now that the greatest of all challenges lies within himself, and that the task of conquering oneself never ends. Bennie made a discovery one day that was even more important than discovering a new continent. He discovered that no matter how hard he tried-- alone he would never succeed in conquering himself. He was too weak. The harder he tried to escape impure thoughts, the more they followed him. The harder he tried to control his temper, the more frustrated, irritable, and short-tempered he became. If he was ever to succeed in life's greatest challenge, he saw that he would have to have help.

And when he remembered Columbus, Hillary, and the underground railroaders, he was surprised that he hadn't thought of that sooner. None of them succeeded in their tasks alone. Columbus would never have reached America without sailors to help him. Hillary had a large team of people to help carry his supplies and food so that he would be rested for the last struggle to the summit. The underground railroad was made up of a whole network of people who worked together and helped each other. One working alone would have accomplished nothing.

Once Bennie realized he needed help in the task of conquering himself, he wondered where he could find it. Other people all had the same problem he did. They were too weak to help themselves; how could they help him?

That was when Bennie made the greatest discovery of all— the power of God in Christ Jesus. He found that even with God's help, overcoming self was still a difficult challenge, but it was no longer hopeless as it had been before. A great change came into his life and he wondered what it was until one day he read some words that seemed to explain the puzzle, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature..."

Bennie no longer wishes he were Christopher Columbus. To discover a new continent would be thrilling, but to become a new creature is worth much more. ■■

DON'T BE A CUCUMBER

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber was so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day, I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green cucumber that was still on the vine, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder how any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles, boys."

THE CURIOUS EMPLOYER

-by Sarah M. Weaver

Nancy Fisher gave a toss of her head as she ascended the short flight of steps. The plate above the door read 1034. Surely, this was the right number. Without hesitating she rang the doorbell. She waited a moment then she rang again. Almost at once the door opened.

"Good morning!" greeted the elderly woman who appeared in the doorway. Nancy noticed at once that the woman's dress was of expensive brocade. Jewelry hung from her ears and neck.

"Good morning!" answered Nancy. "Are you the folks who had an ad in yesterday's paper?"

"Yes, we are." A look of disappointment crossed the elderly woman's face. Then she continued, "I'm sorry, but I asked for an Amish girl."

Nancy brought forth a quick smile. "But I am Amish," she replied.

With a glance the woman took in the appearance of the girl. A thin, short, checkered dress with a leather belt. Sleeveless. Red sandals on the feet. No stockings. Painted fingernails and toenails. Hair cut around the front and in ringlets. No covering.

"But-but I thought the Amish wear plain clothes and bonnets." Unbelief showed in the woman's voice.

"O, yes," Nancy answered quickly, "some of them do, but those don't let their girls work in town."

"Oh," There was an understanding nod. "Won't you come in and we can talk about it in the study."

The woman led the way through a wide hall with thick plush carpeting. Indirect lighting brightened up the murals on the wall. A servant shuttled from one doorway into another. A spiral stairway wound up before them. Everything spoke of luxury. Ah, thought Nancy, I'll love to work here.

They entered a large room with glass panalled walls showing trees and a patio on the outside. Shelves of books lined the other walls. The woman sank down into a soft cushioned swivel chair behind a deeply carved mahogany desk. She motioned Nancy into a chair in front of the desk.

"I'm Mrs. Dawson," she introduced herself. "What is your name?"

"Nancy Fisher."

"And you have done house work before?"

Nancy noticed the well modulated voice and the refined ways of the woman. "O, yes, I started working out when I was sixteen."

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-four."

"Have you worked in town before?"

"I always worked in town except one job and that lasted only six weeks."

The woman tapped the top of the desk with a pen. "And your church and parents don't care if you work in town?"

"O, no. Most everybody does."

There was silence as the woman studied Nancy's face.

"When I moved into this town, I knew I would be moving within twenty miles of the Amish. My hopes were to have Amish girls work for me. I read in the newspaper clipping that they are good workers, and reliable... but-but I had in mind they looked very different from us."

Nancy smiled. "My mother said we are allowed many things they didn't have when she was young."

"Then the church is changing?" There was a tone of regret in the woman's voice.

"Yes, it is. Of course, there is a very small group that still wants to cling to the old ways. They are rather—" Nancy hesitated, not knowing whether she should finish her sentence.

"— rather queer?" finished Mrs. Dawson.

"Yes, that's right."

"What old ways do they cling to?" asked the elderly woman in her friendly, yet curious way.

"They just think the old way is always best. Their houses look so simple and dull. They still have church in their homes and sing the slow tunes."

"And you don't like those?"

"No. Most of the songs tell stories of people who died for the faith. It isn't necessary to give our life for our faith anymore, so I can't see why we should sing such sad, doleful songs."

"I think in the artical I read about the Amish it says they use the Gregorian chants, and sing in unison."

"O, we used to do that too in our church, but it is much nicer the way we sing now."

"How do you sing now?"

"We harmonize. I sing alto and at times soprano."

"And you have no music?"

"Not in the church. Only in the home." Nancy was wondering why the woman was asking so many questions. She usually didn't have to answer questions about her belief when she sought employment.

Mrs. Dawson noticed the questioning look on Nancy's face. "You may think I'm very curious, and really I am. You see I very recently moved here from California, and was looking forward to meeting someone of the Amish faith. The article in the paper was extremely interesting to me. Did you come to town on the bus?" Then she quickly added, "Or don't you ride on buses?"

"O, yes, we ride on buses but I came with my brother. He wanted to come to town anyway so I came along."

"I was rather surprised to get an answer so soon to my ad, being yesterday was Saturday."

"O, but I don't work on Sunday though. Coming here isn't worse than going shopping or to a ball game on Sunday, I don't think," Nancy justified herself.

"You don't go shopping on Sunday though?"

"A few of our people shop, too, on Sundays when they happen to pass through town. It saves them a trip later."

"Our large town used to be a quiet place on Sundays— but not anymore. It has become our busiest day. The world seems to be changing so fast. I admired the Amish so much for not changing with the world. The article said they have no divorces. That is remarkable!"

Nancy shifted herself on her chair. "We have a few divorces in our church." I might as well tell her, thought Nancy, she will find it out anyway when I work for her.

"O, you do!" Mrs. Dawson exclaimed.

"Yes, my brother was divorced. He would bring me to work here in the mornings. He and his children stay in our home, and then he also works in town here."

"O, I'm sorry," Mrs. Dawson sounded as if she wished she wouldn't have mentioned that subject.

"We are sorry, too. Mother thinks if his wife would not have worked away it would not have happened. Mother is old fashioned. She doesn't realize how much money it takes for young people these days. She thinks we should put our trust more in God."

"Then your brother must have a car if he intends to bring you to work?"

"O, yes. There are only a few that have horse and buggies anymore, and most of those are older people."

"But the article said there were thousands of the Amish faith. Large settlements in Pennsylvania, various parts of Ohio and in Indiana. It said the church is not diminishing despite the pressure from the world. And now you say there are not many left. I can't understand."

Of course she couldn't understand, thought Nancy. Why did I tell her as much as I did? Maybe I shouldn't tell her how very few are left anymore. After all, it isn't any of her business. "But what can be the reason?" asked Mrs. Dawson further.

Nancy pondered awhile. Should she tell? She only knew what the older folks had said. "Der hoffart geht vor der Fall." ..."Der Mench wird Fleisch. Sie lassen sich nicht mehr strafen." ... "Sie haben die Welt mehr lieb als frieden in die Gemeinde." ...There were so many things said. Surely Mrs. Dawson wouldn't understand. "People give different reasons, but I don't know," she answered lamely."

"Well, it is too bad. We certainly need more salt of the earth." Nancy was surprised. So Mrs. Dawson knows something about the Bible too—" salt of the earth." she mused.

"I'm sorry the article was wrong about this," the elder woman continued. "I thought it so wonderful that there are a people that could do without the modern conveniences. It said they have large families and since they have large families and since they do their work the old fashioned way, there is plenty of work for everyone. It seemed to me it would take strong faith and will power to do without electric, the radio and modern appliances. The reporter wrote that they wear only dark shades of clothes and long dresses."

"I guess that reporter was not well acquainted with our people, or maybe he only visited one of those small conservative groups."

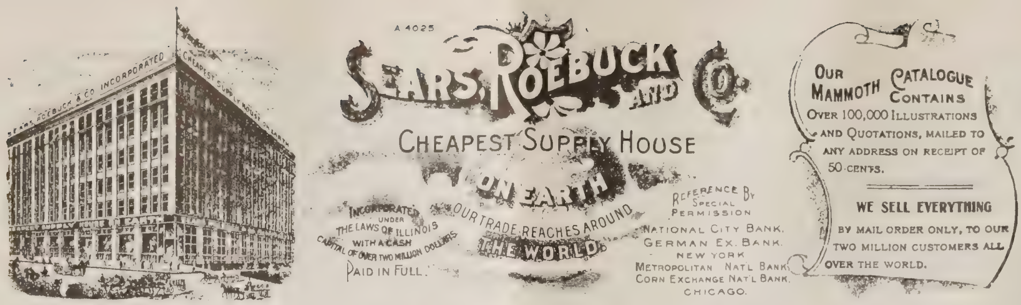
Mrs. Dawson pulled open a desk drawer. "I think I have the clipping in here. It was such a long article it almost covered a complete page of the newspaper. Now let me see—" She pushed aside a handful of envelopes. "O, here it is!" She drew out a large faded brown paper and handed it to Nancy.

Nancy's eyes scanned the top of the clipping. "Oh, no wonder!" she exclaimed. "Look, this article was written twenty-five years ago— back in 1970." ■■

"Examine Us, O Lord"

Is there anyone I cannot forgive? How do I treat those who are unkind and unreasonable to me? Am I given to fault-finding? Am I afraid of doing more than necessary in duties, in love, in service, in going the second mile? Do I love to be alone with God? How much time do I spend daily in Bible study, in prayer? Do I have a bridled tongue? Do I deny myself daily? Is there anything in my life which I would be unwilling to give up?

-Selected



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Cheapest Suppy House on Earth

By David Wagler

In 1886 the young railroad agent at Redwood Falls, Minnesota had a problem on his hands. A shipment of watches for a local jeweler was refused and the agent did not know what to do with them. He decided to take over the watches himself and sell them by mail. The venture was so successful that he became interested in the mail order merchandising business. His first catalog listed about two dozen items.

The young railroad agent's name was Richard Warren Sears. Later he went into partnership with a man by the name of Alvah Roebuck and with an investment of about $2,500 they started a mail-order business in Chicago. The business grew and by the turn of the century the catalog contained more than 1,000 pages. By the time Sears retired in 1909 the company was doing a business of four million dollars a year.

The Sears, Roebuck and Company catalog had been in our homes for as far back as we can remember. Just recently a reprint was made of the 1902 edition of the catalog. It furnishes a glimpse of conditions as they were 68 years ago. It also provides a clue as to why the company had been able to survive and expand over the years while similar undertakings have failed.

Richard Sears was the founder and the driving force behind the company. He proved to be an excellent salesman and supervisor. He wrote most of the copy for the catalog himself and mixed in a tremendous amount of information along with the advertising. His catalogs were interesting, informative and very effective in selling his merchandise. He counted his customers as personal friends and endeavored to furnish them with the best merchandise available at the lowest possible prices. On numerous articles throughout the catalog he repeated the statement that the price is only the actual cost of production plus a small percentage of profit.

The slogan used on the 1902 edition of the catalog was "Cheapest Supply House On Earth." Later this was changed to the familiar saying, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or your Money Refunded."

Sears was intensely devoted to the company, yet he was personally very modest. The name of Richard W. Sears does not appear anywhere in the catalog. All statements of policy are simply signed "Sears, Roebuck and Company." The statement of policy begins with the greeting of "Kind Friend."

The first several pages of the catalog contain ordering information. All customers were urged to have their goods delivered by rail, either freight or express. Five whole pages are taken up with freight and express rates.

The freight rate for sending a barrel of salt fish from Chicago to Canton, Ohio was listed as 15¢ per cwt. The cost for sending fencing from Chicago to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania was 27¢ per hundred. Lightweight or more fragile articles took a higher rate. A shipment of lamps to Canton would have cost 41¢ per cwt. The minimum charge for any type of freight would be the first class rate which to Canton was 41¢ per cwt. This would be an added inducement to build up the order to take advantage of the minimum freight charge.

Parcel post shipments were discouraged. At that time the rate for parcel post shipments was 1¢ per ounce for any distance and the weight limit was four pounds. Books and printed matter were sent for half price.

Several pages of groceries were listed with a notice that for 15¢ a 32 page price list of groceries would be sent every two months for a year.

Pure New Hampshire Maple Syrup was listed at 92¢ per gallon in 50 gallon barrels.

Choice of oyster, butter, or soda crackers were 99¢ for a 20-lb.box.

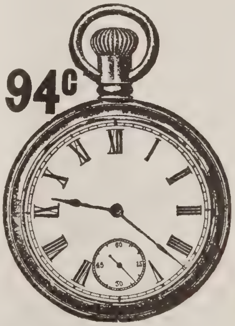
Several dozen different kinds of candy were listed at 52¢ for a 5-lb. box.

Cocoa apparently was a scarce item at the time and was 80¢ for a one lb. tin.

Highest grade house paint, ready mixed, guaranteed to be equal in quality to any paint on the market was offered in 40 different colors at 97¢ per gallon or 85¢ per gallon in 50-gallon drums.

Time Keeping Department

Five entire pages were devoted to explaining how watches are made and described the different types of movements and the terms used in the business. Thirty pages were taken up in showing the various watches and cases available of all types and descriptions. All watches were guaranteed for five years and the cases for 20 years.



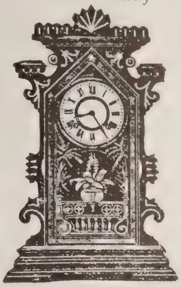
A 7-jewel movement with an Alaska silver case sold for $2.40. a 17-jewel movement cost around $11.00 depending on the type of case. Ladies' imported Chatelaine watches with 7-jewel movements cost $4.50. Wrist watches were unknown at that time.

Seven pages were devoted to vest and neck chains and fobs.

A complete watch repairman's kit with all necessary tools and instruction book was offered for $10.00.

In another section of the book were listed 6 pages of clocks. A New Haven bell-top alarm clock with calendar sold for 92¢. For the price of $1.40 an alarm clock could be bought that would ring every half minute for 15 minutes.

A deluxe alarm with hand-engraved copper case and an alarm that will ring for 30 minutes sold for $2.50 and was advertised as the "clock longed for by thousands."



But the biggest eye-opener if it were available today was probably the hand carved cabinet clock, 23 1/2 inches high, made of oak, with 8 day movement, and 6 inch dial selling for $2.50. A somewhat similar clock showing the day of the month, the temperature and the barometric pressure sold for $ 3.15.

But a really deluxe model with a perpetual calendar showing the year and the day of the month regulated so that it would not need resetting for years sold for $6.40.

EYE GLASSES, BOOKS AND BUGGIES

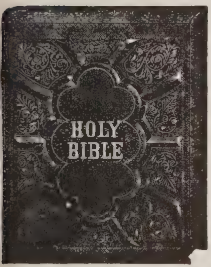
In the eyeglass department under the heading of "practically everybody needs eyeglasses after the age of forty," gold filled spectacles were offered for $1.90 a pair. Bifocals were 50¢ extra. Charts and instructions for testing the eyes were also offered.

A complete optician's outfit for making eyeglasses with all the necessary tools and instructions was offered for $27.85.

Telescopes were also included in the catalog. A five section, 40-power Paris-made telescope with achromatic lens was offered for $7.50.

In the book department the number of pages in a book was not listed. However, the weight was given. Thus, one book weighing 9-lbs. sold for $2.35.

The Universal Encyclopedia set consisting of twelve large volumes with more than 25,000 columns and weighing 46 lbs. sold for $9.98 for the set. In leatherbound, it cost $14.50. And added feature was that the details of the Spanish-American War, which had occurred only a few years before, were included in the encyclopedia.



A large Family Bible, gold stamped with imitation leather sold for the low price of $1.10. In genuine leather it was $1.75.

Typewriters were just being invented at that time, and Sears offered a "Visible Writing Machine" for $22.50.

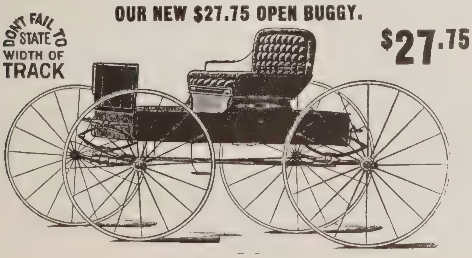
Shotguns were relatively high priced. An L. C. Smith double barrelled shotgun with automatic shell ejector cost $37.50, and the same gun made of Damascus steel cost $77.62.

Cheaper shotguns could be bought for as little as $3.98 and an automatic revolver cost $2.95.

Rifle cartridges in 22 long cost 14¢ for 50.

A 12 x 12 camper tent with ropes and poles was listed at $7.65.

Sixteen pages of the catalog were devoted to buggies and spring wagons of various styles. An open buggy with leather trimmings cost $30.00 and a two-seated surry was $46.90. A heavy 3-seated spring wagon was listed at $59.60.


OUR NEW $27.75 OPEN BUGGY.
DON'T FAIL TO STATE WIDTH OF TRACK
$27.75

A heavy duty farm wagon with wooden wheels and grain bed cost $39.70.

In the department of cutters a Portland sleigh was priced at $16.95.

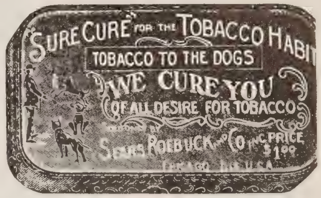
An Ashley Single Harness with collar and hames cost $8.97, (which is less than the price of the collar today).

A Morgan saddle with 3 inch wooden stirrups was only $1.85.

MEDICINES GALORE

At this time the Federal Food and drugs Act was not yet passed so it was a common practice to make rather extravagent claims for various remedies.

A sure cure for the tobacco habit is offered for 40¢.



German Liquor Cure which was guaranteed to "take away the desire from any kind of intoxicating drink" sold for 42¢.

Dr. Rose Obesity Cure was guaranteed to take off fat in an agreeable manner and perfectly harmless, 50¢ per box.

Dr. Wordens Female Pills were guaranteed to cure all kinds of female diseases and weaknesses. 35¢ per box.

Other remedies include blood pills, Nerve and Brain pills, Arsenic complexion wafers, Herb laxative tea, Blackberry balsam, worm cakes, electric liniment, Egyptian Pile Cure, and 20-minute cold cure.

Princess Hair Restorer sold for 60¢ a bottle.

White Lilly Face Wash was guaranteed to cure pimples, blackheads, and completely remove tan, freckles, blotches and sallowness. 40¢ a bottle.

TOOLS AND HARDWARE

An 18-inch hand saw, said to be "the best saw made" and "strictly guaranteed" was priced at 90¢.

A Disston D-8 saw cost $1.00.

A 60-lb. grindstone, complete with double treadly stand cost $3.60.

A axe made of razor blade steel was priced at 57¢.

A ball-bearing ratchet brace with set of 8 bits from 1/2 to 1 inch size in wooden box cost $2.25. One bit would cost that much now.

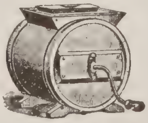
A 40-lb. dinner bell, 15 inch diameter was 83¢. (Would probably bring $50.00 now.)

A 100-lb. fireproof safe was $6.25.

A latest style washing machine, the Chicago-American (a hand-operated machine, of course) was priced at $2.75. The wringer cost 2.24 extra.

The old fashioned apple parer, corer and slicer which today might bring $15.00 as an antique sold for 39 ¢.

The Shepher Lightning Ice cream freezer sold for $2.-92 for an 8-quart.



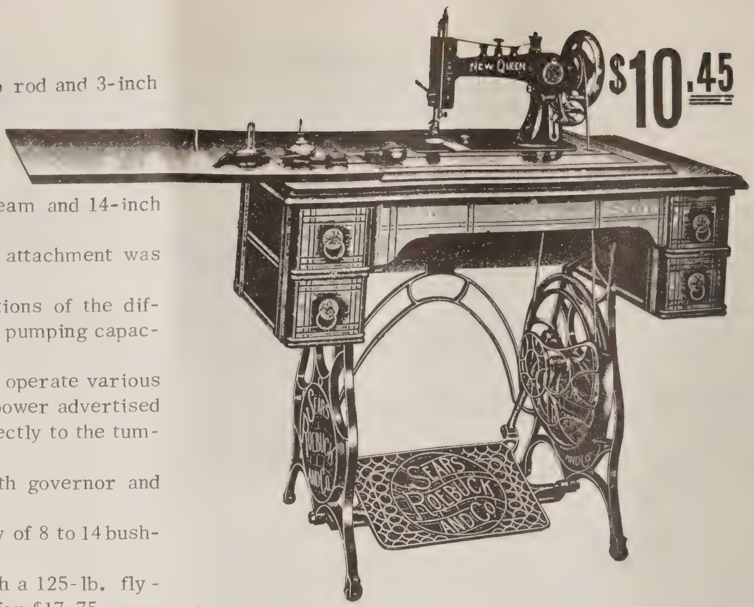
Wisconsin Pattern heavy duty 10-gallon milk cans sold for $1.60.

A two-gallon capacity wooden butter churn was priced at $1.50.

An 80-lb. bench vise with 5 1/2 inch jaws was $7.45. 100-lb. blacksmiths anvil, $7.25.

A complete horseshoers outfit (all the tools you need to go into the business) including horseshoes was listed at $2.65.

A well pump including standard, pump rod and 3-inch cylinder was $4.70.



HORSEPOWER MACHINERY AND HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS.

The latest walking plow with steel beam and 14-inch moldboard cost $9.89.

A 2-row corn planter with fertilizer attachment was $33.00.

Five pages are taken up with descriptions of the different windmills with charts showing the pumping capacities under various wind velocities.

In those days horsepower was used to operate various types of machinery. A 2-horse sweep power advertised as "every ounce of power is applied directly to the tumbling rod" was listed at $19.25.

A treadmill for horses complete with governor and brakes sold for $62.50.

A windmill feed grinder with a capacity of 8 to 14 bushels per hour cost $13.25.

A saw frame for cutting firewood, with a 125-lb. fly-wheel mounted on a separate shaft sold for $17.75.

The Sears Company claimed to be sewing machine headquarters for the nation. The New Queen Sewing machine with all the latest attachments and with fine finish, 5-drawer drop head cabinet sold for $10.95. All their sewing machines were guaranteed for 20 years. If for any reason the purchaser was not satisfied within 3 years from date of purchase, the machine could be returned at the company's expense and the full purchase price would be refunded. Today a guarantee like this is not made on any item by any company.

Solid wooden chairs with gold oak finish were 63¢ each. Rocking chairs cost from $2.25 to $5.00 each. A solid oak 5-legged table which could be opened to 10 feet was priced at $9.70. The old fashioned kitchen cabinet cost $7.45.

A solid oak, roll-top desk with quarter sawed sycamore pigeon-hole cases, which might today bring $200 as an antique, sold for $12.75.

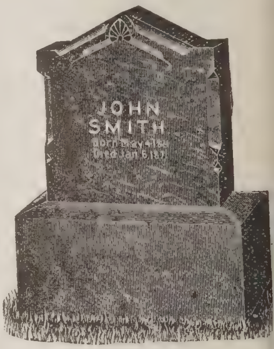
A Waverly 100-pc. dinner set, including cakestand, tall fruit bowl and 1/2 gallon water pitcher was priced at $1.90.

One-gallon stoneware jugs sold for 12¢ each.

The Acme Regal Kitchen range with warming closet sold for $18.75.

An Acme 30-inch diameter heating stove guaranteed to burn anything that will burn sold for $4.29.

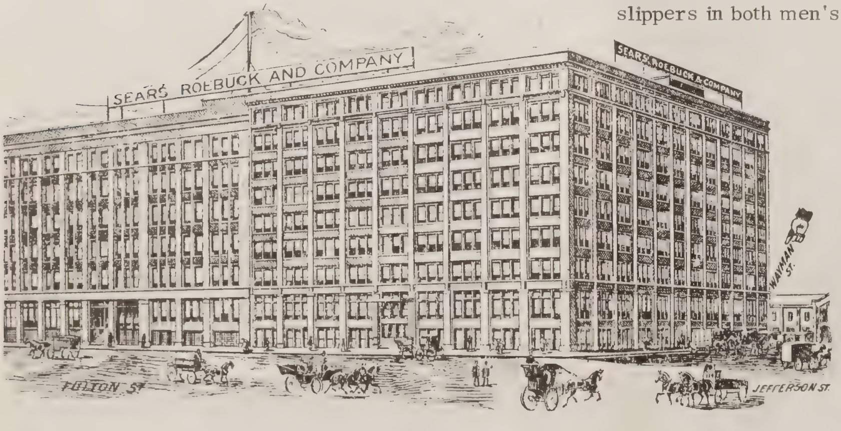
A 25-gallon iron kettle cost $2.75 while a copper kettle the same size was $8.00.



There was practically no need in its customer's lives which the company did not try to fill. It is, therefore not surprising to find that as a final gesture to its faithful customers, tomstones were also offered. The markers and memorials were made of finest Vermont Blue marble. A 2-pc. memorial 18 inches high cost only $5.10.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

The last 68 years have seen many changes. Prices have gone up many times and quality has come down. Although the company (or any other company) can not offer such merchandise at such prices or the kind of guarantees that were given at that time, yet the company has continued to grow. This old edition of their catalog makes a historical contribution by enabling us to look into the lives and the homes of that time. It also helps to realize the changes that have occured over the years. No radios or television sets are advertised in the 1902 catalog and the pages of women's stockings list only black ones. Twice as many pages are devoted to high shoes than to slippers in both men's and women's shoes.



The catalog does contain many items useful in the plain homes today which are no longer available. With their inherited ingenuity common among many of our people, almost anyone should be able to pick up a few ideas just from looking through the book. Among other things, are included a contrivance to tie corn shocks, a home cheese making outfit and a post drill for making coal.

Such a catalog would be a shoppers paradise for the plain people if the merchandise were available today, even if the prices were ten times as high! ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

LIFE IS A SHORT SUMMER

The station platform was crowded with travelers waiting for the morning express. Soon from behind the hill came the familiar toot of the steam whistle. Men and women ran for their baggage. The train would not stop long in Centerville.

Among the travelers was a nervous little old lady whom we will call Mrs. Fidget. This was to be her first train ride. For years she had dreamed of going to visit her sister fifty miles down the track. She had long wanted to get out and see the world, but always the journey had waited for tomorrow.

Mrs. Fidget picked up her purse and her small suitcase. Her coat rested in the crook of her arm, and in one hand she clutched a tall cracked vase that held a bouquet. She had gathered flowers for her sister.

The train rounded the bend and drew closer. Mrs. Fidget stepped back, frightened. How huge the locomotive was when a body got close to it. From the farm it looked hardly half so big. And such a hissing of steam!

The morning express squeaked to a stop and people began to pour from the cars. Then suddenly the flow changed directions and the outbound passengers pushed into the coaches.

"This way, madam," shouted the conductor to Mrs. Fidget. "Get aboard if you're going along." He reached for her bags, and took them.

The old lady lifted her skirts a little so she would not trip on the high steps, and cautiously pulled herself up by the handbar. She entered the coach, and admired the long rows of seats as she walked down the aisle. A trainman brought her bags and showed her where to sit. Mrs. Fidget sat down, and exclaimed, "Oh, this is exciting. And how nice it will be to watch the scenery from these windows."

She glanced out at the platform and saw that it was beginning to move. "Oh," she murmured, "We're going."

The steamer coughed faster and faster, and soon the countryside was spinning past the window. But Mrs. Fidget did not yet have time to look. She was carefully placing her bags at her feet and arranging them to her satisfaction. This was difficult, for she held the bouquet in one hand. She tried for a moment to set the vase on the window ledge, but a bump sent it teetering and she barely caught it.

"Would you like me to hold that for you, madam?" asked a gentleman across the aisle.

Mrs. Fidget studied his face and decided he was honest and had no evil intentions. She handed the flowers to him, and smiled. Then she told the kind man all about her trip, her garden, her sister, and the flowers. She told him about the beautiful scenery along the way which she had never seen before.

Suddenly she thought about her toothbrush. Had she remembered to put it in her bag after she had brushed her teeth? Whatever would she do for two weeks without a toothbrush? Quickly she opened the suitcase and looked all through it. Not there. She looked through her handbag. There in the corner she found it, but then she wondered about her comb. She certainly hadn't seen anything of it while she was looking for the toothbrush. Once more she passed through her baggage. Where was that comb? Perhaps the trainman had stolen it while he had her bags.

Mrs. Fidget got rather excited, and she checked her bags again for some other items. After a half hour she had calmed down a good bit, and her thoughts returned to the nice scenery she was going to see. But her seat really wasn't arranged just right. The man in front of her had changed the position of his back-rest several times, so she asked him how it was done. He offered to help her, and at last she leaned back in just the right position to look out the window without straining her neck.

But the sun shone into her eyes. Mrs. Fidget fidgeted with the shades until she had them just the way she wanted them. Once more she smoothed out her skirts and sat down. "Now," she sighed, "I can look at the scenery."

But strangely, the scenery was no longer beautiful hills and rivers and valleys. As she looked out the window, Mrs. Fidget saw rows and rows of houses. Moreover, the train was slowing down. The conductor came swinging down the aisle, calling out, "Greentown! Greentown! Next stop, Greentown. Two minutes. This way please."

"Oh, no," cried out Mrs. Fidget. "If I had only known we would be here so soon, I would not have wasted my time in fussing."

Poor Mrs. Fidget had made a great mistake, hadn't she? She had let the little cares and worries of traveling spoil the journey. Somehow she had lost sight of what was really important, and had wasted her time fussing about things that didn't amount to much. She had wanted to see the scenery and enjoy the train ride, but by the time she was ready the opportunity was past.

But Mrs. Fidget still had something to look forward to. If she had learned her lesson, she could enjoy the ride home two weeks later when her visit had been completed. She still had half of her ticket. Her journey had been only half-wasted.

Not everyone is blessed with another chance when they make a mistake like Mrs. Fidget's. A lot of people go through life the way Mrs. Fidget took a train ride—fretting about every little thing, and forgetting where they are going. Suddenly a good part of life is gone, and they are near their destination. Death comes and they have wasted their time in fussing.

Edgar Guest has written a poem telling about a young man who meant well, but kept putting off his good ideas until he could better afford them. His experience was much like Mrs. Fidgets. The first verse reads,

When I am rich," he used to say,
"A thousand joys I'll give away;
I'll walk among the poor I find
And unto one and all be kind.
I'll place a wreath of roses red
Upon the bier of all my dead;
I'll help the struggling youth to climb;
In doing good I'll spend my time;
To all in need I'll friendly be
The day that fortune smiles on me."

With such far-off dreams in his mind, the young man selfishly slaved away at his work, day after day, gathering more and more money but ignoring the poor until he would be able to really help them. He had good intentions, he thought, but they turned out to be worth nothing. The poem closes with this verse,

"His fortune came, but, oh, too late;
The poor about him could not wait.
They never guessed and never knew
The things that he had meant to do.
Few knew how much he'd planned to give
If only God had let him live.
And when at last his form was cold,
All that he'd left on earth was gold.
A kindly name is something which
A man must earn before he's rich."

How Old is Middle-Aged?

It seems to me that time and age are mysterious subjects, and the human mind has a hard time understanding them. We talk about minutes and hours and days and months and years, but these are not time—they are just the measurements of time. And whether a man of forty is old or young or middle-aged depends pretty much on whom you ask.

I well remember the time when twenty seemed like an old age to be, but the years changed that. I guess as one grows older the view changes. As one nears a certain age, it seems less old, and after it is passed it actually can be labeled as young.

A man of eighty-three was heard to say, "Why, Henry's still a young man. He can't be more than seventy-five." And yet this same man when he was sixty-five probably thought that seventy-five was quite an old age to become.

The danger lies in not realizing how fast we grow older. We keep shifting our ideas of what old and young mean. Some day, like Mrs. Fidget and the well-meaning rich man, we may realize we've come farther and faster than we imagined. The wasted time, the lost opportunities, the uncorrectable mistakes— these are likely to leave more lasting regrets than merely not having seen the scenery.

The Bible sets a norm for the human life— three score tears and ten. But as we all know, not everyone lives till seventy and not everyone dies at seventy.

It so happens that during this year of 1970 my thirty-fifth birthday anniversary is due to fall. Thirty-five is half of seventy, so that would make me middle-aged if arithmetic is the judge. But wait, I thought I was still a young man. Up to now it hadn't occurred to me that I might indeed be middle-aged.

Forty-five, now—that sounds more like it. Let me do a little figuring. There, I feel better. A man becomes an adult at twenty, and half-way between twenty and seventy is forty-five, sure enough. So forty-five must be middle-aged and not thirty-five at all. I am back to being a young man.

But wait! Along comes another theory to spoil it all. And the more I think about it, the more convinced I become that this last theory is the truest one. And even though it makes of me an old, old man, I want to be brave enough to give it a fair hearing.

You see, this is how it is. We all know that the older a person gets, the faster the time goes. The old rhyme is quite true:

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time crept;
When as a youth I dreamed and talked,
Time walked;
When I became a full-grown man,
Time ran;
When older still I daily grew,
Time flew;
Soon shall I find in traveling on,
Time gone.

Three score years and ten seems like a long time to a teen-ager, and well it may. His experience has been that a week is a long, long while, and a year is something almost too long to think of all at once. Seventy such years seem endless.

But the latter years aren't long like the childhood years were. A year at seventy is no longer than a month at seventeen, or two weeks at seven.

The Bible, of course, is right when it says that human life is short. The days pass hurriedly, as Job says, ".. swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Life is truly a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away, a handbreadth that is as nothing before God.

By looking into the wrong end of a telescope, everything is made to look far off in the distance. In such a way young people are made to believe that old age and death are far removed. But if they take into consideration how much faster time flies as one grows older, they may realize that childhood is half of the journey. In fact, the poet Robert Southey wrote many years ago, "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life."

Yes, life is too short and time too precious to waste any of it in unimportant "fussing." The journey for Mrs. Fidget was past before she was aware she had come so far, and the same may happen to us on life's pilgrim way. The ambitious young man who hoped to do wonderful things as soon as he was rich, waited too long to change his program. Life at its longest is but brief.

"Catch, then, oh catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!"

-Guaimaca, Honduras

A collection of 120 short stories dealing with strong drink.

THE BROKEN BOTTLE

Clothbound

256 pages

PRICE $4.00

SORROW IS A WOUND

-Name Withheld

IN A DAZE I stood and stared into the depths of the grave in front of me. My throbbing heart beat even faster as the coffin was placed over the grave, then slowly lowered. Muffled sobs escaped the lips of those about me, then there was silence. In the back of the group of people some men started the hymn:

Gute Nacht, ihr meine Lieben,
Gute Nacht, ihr Hertzenfreund;
Gute Nacht, die sich betrüben,
Und aus Lieb für mich jetzt weint.
Scheid ich gleich-wohl von euch ob,
Und ihr legt mein'n Leib ins Grab,
Wird er wieder auferstehn
Und ich werd euch ewig sehen.

As the pallbearers stepped up to fill the grave, I was only dimly aware of the world about me—the warm sunshine, the rustling of the leaves in the nearby tree, the steady stream of traffic on the highway a short distance away—even people who stood with us at the grave side. The only fact I was conscious of was that the day I had dreaded since early childhood had come; death had broken our family circle.

I vividly remember my first real introduction to death. Up until that time I knew that animals died. Dogs, kittens, cows, horses—I couldn't live on the farm without learning this. But one day I learned a new fact, and it was a startling one. Not only did animals die, but so did people. I don't remember very much of the old neighbor woman while she was living, but I do remember very well how I clung to my mother's hand and how afraid I was when we filed past the coffin on the day of her funeral. That evening my curiosity got the best of me and I asked questions as only four-year-olds can. It was then I learned that everyone who lived would someday die and be buried as our neighbor had been buried that day.

I brought up the subject several times, for I wanted my parents to tell me it wouldn't happen in our family, at least not for a long, long time. But I did not get the answer I wanted. Instead I was told of Heaven, of the great God who makes no mistakes, and when He thinks it is time for people to die, they die, but He takes good care of them. My mind couldn't grasp what my parents were trying to tell me and death in the family became a horrifying thought.

Years passed. More people I knew died, and the fear of it happening in our family did not lessen. I heard of people dying in their sleep and each evening when I went to bed I prayed in childish faith that God would keep the whole family alive until the next morning. When someone in the family went away and stayed longer than I thought they should, I imagined all kinds of accidents. One evening my baby brother was quite sick and I was sure he would die before morning. Several times during the night I crept to his cribside to assure myself that he was still breathing.

As I grew older I learned to understand more about death. Part of my secret fear left me, but I thought about it often. Death came frequently to our community—to the homes of neighbors, to distant relatives, to a former classmate, to my grandfather. It came to other families, but not to ours. We stayed alive and well and healthy. I pushed the thought of death as far away as I could.

Then the day came when this suddenly changed. In the morning we went about our work as usual. By evening we sat huddled together trying to comfort each other over the sudden departure of one of our number. This time we did not go to help others; others came to help us. Instead of groping for words of comfort to speak to others, it was us who felt firm handshakes that told messages of unspoken sympathy. It was us who gave way to tears when we thought of the future. Yes, this time it was our hearts that had been crushed by sorrow.

The two days that followed that unforgettable evening are dim in my memory. People had come and gone. Some had visited and asked about small details. Others told of their own experiences. Still others spoke short messages of sympathy. The one I remember best came from an old man who had known many sorrows in his life. "Sorrow is a wound," he said, "but it is one that will heal if you let it."

In the days and weeks and months that followed I found myself turning again and again to this short statement for comfort, and now I am ready to agree. Sorrow is a wound, and one that will heal—if we let it.

All wounds are painful. Most of us have experienced the throbbing pain of a finger which has been pinched in a door and the stinging pain of a cut. We have gritted our teeth and tried not to let the pain show on our faces, but whether we showed it or not, it still hurt. Sometimes the most severe pain comes not at the time of the accident but later on.

Sorrow, the wound of the heart, is often like that. Grief, if it is intense enough, numbs the heart and the pain is not felt at the moment as it will be felt later on. This is especially true if death comes suddenly and unexpectedly. If the departed person had been ill for a long time and chances for his recovery were slight, then the other members of the family had time to prepare themselves for the sorrowful event. But whether the death is expected or unexpected really doesn't make much difference. In either case the pain of separation is a rending pain that will wear away at our hearts unless we come to grips with the situation and try to care for the wound the best we know how.

Self-Pity And Remorse

Any bodily wound, if not kept clean, will fester and bring greater pain than the original wound caused. The same is true of the wounded heart. Very few of us can experience sorrow without adding to the original pain by fostering self-pity and remorse. The original wound is inflicted by God; it was his plan to let it come over us. Self-pity and remorse, however, are self-inflicted wounds that add unnecessary pain.

We are never more aware of bodily pain than when we sit down and think about it. The more we wish we had not hurt ourselves, the more the pain bothers us. The best way to escape this pain is to apply an ointment in which we have a lot of faith, and then get busy with something—anything that will keep our minds away from the pain. An injury of the heart is best treated the same way. By turning to the Bible, the source of all comfort, many a bereaved person has received strength and light to go on when the road seemed dark and nearly hopeless. Visiting and helping others who have also experienced sorrow or misfortune has brought joy and comfort to many lonely people.

Remorse is almost as hard to escape as self-pity. Where is a widow that cannot think of times when she could have been more patient with her husband when he was still living? Or a widower who does not remember a time when he could have made life easier for his departed wife. Many sons and daughters have wept bitter tears of remorse for the times when they had been disrespectful and brought sorrow to their parents. "If only I could talk to them just one more time," is a phrase that torments their minds at night when sleep will not come. But all the weeping, the mourning, and lementing in the world will not change the situation. There will be no opportunity for them to speak to their parents. Must they then carry the burden of this sorrow the rest of their lives? No, there is something even more wonderful than talking to the parents — seeking forgiveness at the Throne of Grace, then accepting it.

"Live Will Never be the Same."

The first step in overcoming sorrow is accepting the fact that our lives have been touched by this sad incident. "Life will never be the same," is probably the first thought that comes to the mind of a person after death has separated him from a loved one. There rarely have been statements truer than this one; life never will be the same. But even so, for those left behind, life will continue. And the sooner we are able to accept the fact that our lives will be different, the sooner the wound will start to heal.

We cannot expect the pain of sorrow to leave us in a short period of time. Our way of family living makes us too much a part of each other for this. When we think of how many times a family gathers around the table for meals, of how many hours they spend in periods of family devotions, of the countless joys and sorrows they share with each other, of the many seeding and harvest times in which they work side by side, plus all the time they have spent visiting with each other, then we can see why an interruption of this routine is painful, especially if it is known to all the members of the family that "life will never be the same."

King David was a man who took a healthful attitude toward death in the family. It is easy to imagine that his sorrow was even greater because of the fact that it was David's own sin that caused his son's death. After God had told David that his son would die, he mourned and refused to eat for seven days. But when the child had died he arose, washed and anointed himself, changed his garment, and asked for something to eat. The servants were puzzled at his attitude, and when they asked him about it, he had a ready answer. "When the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live. But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me " (II Sam. 12:22, 23). King David accepted the fact that his son was dead and that he would never come back, so he sought to prepare himself to go to him. Where can we find a better example?

A Meaningful Time

In one more respect, sorrow is like a bodily wound. After a serious injury, we are inactive— unable to go about our work as we had done before. But as the wound heals, we have to exercise the injured limbs or they will remain stiff and useless to us. Such exercises are painful, but needful. After our mourning period, we must ajust to painful changes. Going away and coming home, facing people, doing things alone that we were used doing with the departed one— all these are painful exercises that must be. The longer we wait to resume the responsibilities of life, the harder it is for us to face them.

Our time spend in mourning must be well spent. Dwelling on the past day after day, wishing for times that will be no more will not help our wound to heal. We must seek God constantly, asking Him to help us be submissive to His will. Our time of sorrow should be a meaningful and fruitful time.

More than a hundred years ago a young man was engaged to be married to the girl he had known and loved for a long time. The date of the wedding drew near, and we can imagine the couple looked forward to it with anticipation. But on the eve of their wedding the couple joined other young people at a skating party. The ice broke and the bride-to-be was plunged to an icy death. The young man was grief-stricken beyond words, but through this experience he gave to the world a well-known and beloved hymn that has comforted many Christians. The man's name was Joseph Scriven, but very few people recognize his name. The hymn, however, is better known, and there are few of us who have not sung it. The words of the first verse are:

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer;
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

Sorrow has been a part of life since the day Cain slew his brother Abel. All through the Bible we read of sorrows caused by death. Down through the ages it was repeated again and again. In present times it is happening every day. Families are parted; wives mourn for their husbands and husbands for their wives; parents weep tears of grief when a child has been called by death; children weep because death has separated them from their parents. Sorrow caused by death in the family has always been and always will be as long as life continues on earth. Whenever a union is blessed with love, then separation will be painful.

Every family needs to prepare itself for that day of parting, for if time continues, it will surely come. Living together in peacefulness, speaking kindly to one another, bearing patience with each other's weaknesses, and spending time appreciating each other while the family circle is complete is preparing for the parting day. For then when the time comes when the rest of the family stand at the open grave of the departed one, the tears they shed will be tears of sorrow; not the tears of remorse and self-pity. Then it will be easier to find a new and deeper meaning in the words of Joseph Scriven's hymn and to say with King David, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." ■■

Horrors of War

by Roy Buchanan

War is cruel! War is tragic! War can lead to the lowest depths of human degradation. More than fifty years have passed since I spent the most of two years exposed to the tragedies of war, and memories of those months still linger indelibly. If I should live to be a thousand years old, and my mind stay rational, I would never forget the events of those two years that I was away.

In early 1917 war had been raging in Europe nearly three years. The horrors of it had not reached the average American to any great extent. When America entered that conflict in the spring of 1917 there was some cause for great concern. When the conscription act was passed May 18th, 1917 the seriousness of war reached America's door. It became apparent that young men were in danger of being drafted into the army and sent over-seas to engage in that terrible conflict. On June 5th, 1917 all young men between the ages of 21 and 31, inclusive, were required to register for military service. This presented a grave problem, especially to those of us who were opposed to doing military service. As weeks passed the processing of names of all who had registered was accomplished, and I was notified that I was subject to a draft call. My name was among the first to be drawn in the conscription lottery. This was the first military conscription to come to non-resistant people since the Civil War days, so it came as a shock. When the Spanish-American War broke out and a call for volunteers was made, three able-bodied men responded for every one that was needed, so there was no need for conscription.

September 19th, 1917, sixty-eight of us young men in Woodford County, Illinois, met on the Court-House lawn in Eureka for induction into the army. This was the first contingent of any consequence to be drafted for the overseas forces. There were three Mennonite conscientious objectors in this group.

Many people throughout the county came "to see the boys off." Most of the people that came to Eureka that afternoon came out of curiosity and to demonstrate patriotism. There was cheering and flag-waving on the part of many. Relatives and friends of the boys who were going away were not so jovial; it was a solomn and sorrowful occasion for them. One incident that impressed me was that after the festivities and speech-making were over the chairman of the draft board who had come out to participate wept like a child.

It came time for us to go to the train where two passenger coaches were waiting to take us to Peoria. One mother was so grief-stricken and clung to her boy so that they had to be seperated by force. At eight o'clock that evening an entire train-load of army recruits left, Peoria for Camp Dodge, Iowa. At day-break the following morning our train was sitting on a side-track near Des Moines, Iowa where we remained until noon, then we traveled the last ten miles to Camp Dodge. We disembarked and stood in line all that afternoon. It was past supper-time when we reached our destination, in the vacinity of the 349th Infantry and the other two Mennonite boys were assigned to other companies. After a twenty-six hour fast we were served supper. The menu was one half-cooked potato and a small piece of fat pork, same style.

There was not much activity those first few days after we got settled only to stay around the barrack. This idleness afforded us an opportunity to take stock of our situation. Many of the fellows had dismal gloom and despair written on their faces. Why shouldn't they have? Leaving their homes, loved ones who were near and dear to them and their tranquil way of living. While in conversation with one young fellow he mentioned that he felt sure he had left his flocks never to see them again. Seven or eight month later I learned that this young man was killed on the battle-field in France.

I was having disturbances in my mind, too, but much different than those of the other fellows. It was not many days until most of the men in the company were aware that I was a conscientious objector, "a curious sort of fellow."

Those first few days I was sometimes approached by some one with a paper for me to sign but I always refused to sign it. I was shy of those papers with a lot of fine print and feared that I might sign something that I would later regret. One day the Captain of the company called me aside and asked, "Why are you so mulish about signing the papers that are presented to you to sign?" My reply was that I didn't want to sign anything that I didn't understand. Then the Captain advised, "You don't have to sign anything that you don't understand."

Soon winter came, early and severe. A large number of Negros were brought to Camp Dodge from the deep South. Perhaps none of them had ever seen a snow-flake. They were clad in light summer clothing, and Camp Dodge was not yet equipped with enough winter clothing for all the recruits. In early December I came down with a serious throat trouble, and was taken to the base-hospital in an ambulance. I spent one week in the hospital and while I was there the hospital was filled mostly with Negros. Many were suffering from severely frost-bitten hands and feet, and some were dying of pneumonia. Exposed to the northern climate and not sufficiently clothed, it was more than they could endure. At all times of the day and night one could hear moans and groans of pain.

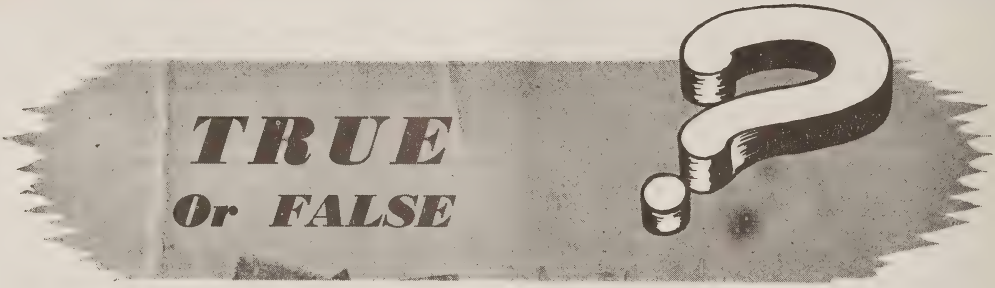
The following spring three Negro soldiers got into trouble. I think the offence was no more than a misdemeanor. However, they were arrested, tried by court-martial and given the death penalty by hanging. The day of execution was drawing near, and every man in Camp Dodge who was not duty-bound, in some way, was required to witness the execution, conscientious objectors included.

How I dreaded to attend such a morbid affair! There was a large, open field near our barrack where the execution was to take place so a scaffold was erected there. The morning of the army's "great event" arrived. Early that morning the officer in charge of the conscientious objectors came to me and advised that I wouldn't have to attend the execution, that I should watch the barrack. What a load was lifted from my mind!

After all the C Os had left the barrack I went outside where I could see the crowd gathering around the execution scaffold. I caught sight of three ropes with nooses on the lower ends dangling from a strong, horizontal timber. Soon it seemed that all had gathered. As I was viewing that great crowd of men, perhaps 35,000 or more, I saw three couples of men come out from an enclosure and start up the steps of the scaffold. One man of each couple was doomed convict and the other was a soldier escorting him to the noose.

At that moment I turned my eyes from the scene, went into the barrack, knelt down and prayed for the souls of those three men who were soon to be plunged into eternity. One of the condemned men had a brother in that great audience. He was compelled to attend the execution of his brother. He was near the group of C Os and they told me that he went into an uncontrollable hysteria. Shortly after the execution I over-heard one sergeant remark to another how delighted he was to see those men put to death. This sergeant seemed much elated over the horrible affair. How cruel and stone-hearted can some people get? It seems that there is no limit to how low the devil can drag a man.

September 1st, 1918 I left the scene of military action. After more than eleven months of turbulent living I enjoyed a seven months' respite a much needed diversion. Thanksgiving Day, 1918 found me peacefully settled at Ornans, (Doubs) France. Ornans is situated in Eastern France near the foot-hills of the Alps Mountains. I spent the winter of 1918 and '19 at this place making sections for demountable houses, to be erected in the devastated areas of France the following spring. Ornans is a village of about 2,000 souls in a deep, narrow valley with the River LaLoue flowing through it and dividing the town into two parts. I made aquaintances and friends with many villagers during my four months' sojourn there. The pop-



Friends and Foes of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

The Bible tells about warm friends and bitter foes. It seems that people were much the same then as they are now— some got along with each other and some didn't. The following twenty questions should help you make a quick check on your knowledge of Bible friends and foes. Answers and scoring scale on page 4.

1. The story of David and Jonathan is one of the most inspiring examples of friendship in the whole Bible.
2. Jesus said that the members of a man's own family can at times be his enemies.
3. "Hast thou found me, O my enemy," were the words uttered by Jesus in the garden when Judas betrayed him with a kiss.
4. When Jacob received his father's blessing, Esau became very angry and the two brother's remained bitter enemies as long as they lived.
5. Haman and Mordecai were two Old Testament men who were good friends during most of their lifetime.
6. The Bible teaches that true friends will never criticize each other, but will always have only praise for one another.
7. When Jesus was tried before Pilate and Herod, the two rulers became friends, though they had been enemies before.
8. The Bible teaches that all friendship is praiseworthy and should be encouraged.
9. The commandment, "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," is found only in the New Testament.
10. The Bible refers to death as a friend of Christians.
11. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were such bitter enemies that Solomon once said, "If I see her face again, she shall surely be put to death."
12. Jesus was accused of being a friend of sinners.
13. The Bible tells of three friends who went to comfort a sick man, but when they got there, they sat down and didn't speak a word to him for seven days.
14. Proverbs says that a brother is the closest friend one can have in this life.
15. Hiram and Solomon were on friendly terms with each other.
16. Whether or not a person is friendly has little to do with how many friends he has.
17. Paul and Silas were friends.
18. The Bible says that rich people have more friends than poor.
19. We know that John the Baptist and Stephen were warm friends.
20. Jesus said that his friends are those people who obey his commandments.

ulation of Ornans seemed to be made up chiefly of elderly persons and children: the absence of upperteen-age boys, young and middle-age men was very noticeable. I was told that eighty some men had left Ornans for military service who never returned.

Easter Sunday, 1919 found me in the devastated areas of France. On the way up there from Ornans soon after leaving Paris, I began to see destructions of cities. When I reached our field headquarters, Grange-la-Compte, I saw destruction on a wide scale-almost everything was destroyed.

A few days after coming to my place of duty, Grange-la-Compte, four of us fellows went to Verdun, a distance of fifteen miles east of our field headquarters. There we saw the ruins of a one-time flourishing city. A few miles north of Verdun is located what was known as "Dead Man's Hill." A YMCA man led a group of tourists and us four relief workers through the scenes of "Dead Man's Hill." "The Crown Prince's Tunnel" was dug under and through this hill.

When our group came to the entrance of this tunnel we paused for a few minutes while our host told us of an incident that took place there during the war, on the spot where we were standing. The German military forces were held back by a constant firing of the allied guns. As a means of overcoming this obstacle German strategy conceived the idea that they could send forces of men through this tunnel faster than the Allied armies could shoot them down. However, this attempt met with failure, for as fast as the German soldiers could emerge from this tunnel they were shot down until there was a heap of human bodies, some dead and some dying, at the entrance of the tunnel.

After the YMCA man related this incident of savagry we entered the tunnel. Not far from the entrance there was a flight of steps that took us to a lower level of the tunnel. About half way through we came to where the Crown Prince had his chamber. There were evidences that he spent his time in luxury in this temporary abode. At the back end of this tunnel there was a high flight of steps where we emerged from the tunnel, near the top of the hill. The time was noon a chilly breeze was blowing and the sky was overcast. We found refuge in a deep German trench where we ate our noon lunch from our knapsacks.

After lunch we began our trek across the war-torn ground to Varennes, twelve miles to the north-west, where several of our fellow relief workers were located. After going a few yards we came upon an area that was covered with human skeletons. These bones were so thick that one could not walk over them without stepping on one now and then. From the appearance of bits of military uniform strewn about most of them who had fallen were German; many French fell there also. The German soldiers wore boots, and wherever there was a boot one was sure to find bones of the lower part of the leg in it. It was not uncommon to see the different parts of a skeleton in several places, indicating that the man's body had been torn apart.

We soon got enough of that grusome sight. As we went on our way we came upon a box of machine-gun belts. If my memory serves me right I counted 260 cartriges in one belt. A machine gun can mow a row of men down faster than one could count them fall. We saw lots of hand grenades lying about. American, French and German grenades are all different but all are made for the same purpose, to destroy lives or wound soldiers so they are no longer able to serve.

There was another implement of war that seemed very ugly to me, and one had to be very careful while walking over devasted areas. This gadget was like a dozen horseshoe nails protuding from one center with the sharp ends pointing outward in so many directions. However it lay on the ground there was always a sharp end pointing upward.

We came to Varennes about nine o'clock that evening where we met several friends whom we had not seen since we were in an army camp in America. We could see that Varennes was another city almost completely destroyed during the war. This city is situated on the banks of the Aire River. The river at this place is a small stream, and a bridge crossed the river here.

The original bridge was destroyed in the war and a temporary bridge was built of wood timber. Much of this construction was exposed to the enemy' guns. I was told that for every piece of timber in that bridge a life was lost. "A very expensive bridge," I thought. A forest that I used to travel through several times every day was literally shredded to splinters by artillery.

One day as I was walking along a street in Aubreville I noticed a lady searching the rubble of a demolished residence building. She came upon some object that set her to weeping. This lady was wearing a mourning veil, which indicated that she had lost a loved one in the war: perhaps her husband, a son, her father, or a brother. Looking upon this incident, I wondered what she found that caused her to weep.

Then, as I went on my way, I wondered how many hundreds of thousands were sorrowing over loved ones that went away to war and never came back alive, their homes and property ruined for a life-time. On one occasion I passed close by the Romaign Cemetary where tens of thousands of American soldiers were buried. That great area of white crosses, each on representing one person who had lost his life, reminded me of the tragedy of war.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

The news spread quickly throughout the neighborhood — a new baby was born. Yes, it was a joyous occasion, how wonderful to see those small creatures of God cooing for the first time or stretching their arms for Mama. How dear they are in their innocency!

But it wasn't long until Mommy and Daddy noticed that this was different. The baby slept too much of the time and hardly nursed. Later it seemed like cruel words to hear the doctor say, "It appears as though the baby is not normal."

Many thoughts raced through the parents' minds as they realized that throughout life he would be different—rejected by unsympathetic eyes. Always the words, "He isn't right." Questions such as "Why us?" came to their minds as they tried to accept the facts.

As time went on, the baby's progress was closely watched. Maybe the doctors were wrong. Different remedies were hopfully tried.

Even if the mind were impaired, there was something that held a place in the parents' hearts. Much love and care was bestowed upon him. His sense of fear was lacking and several times only the guarding angel kept him on this side of eternity.

Usually we delight when a healthy baby is born. How darling he is and what a joy to have him brighten up the home. His cute antics are admired and usually he is thought of as the only one.

As the years roll by, he may acquire many friends, and popularity seems to be the highest goal. Too often he may become involved in drinking. When his mind is thus befogged by stimulants, much laughter may be created.

Friends, young and old, let us pause a minute. If God has given us a good mind which is able to learn, how are we using it? Could we be daring God by indulging in liquor or even drugs, to keep us from thinking straight? God could take away the gift of a sound mind in the twinkling of an eye. (Many cases are on record where people have lost their right minds through the use of drugs.)

Money can not buy it, friends cannot give us theirs. The mind is of great value. Thankfulness for what we have should fill our hearts and we should have a strong desire to do God's will. We should want to fulfil the plan that He has for our lives. He is expecting our best. We have it for a purpose.

"For if there be first a willing mind, it is acceptable to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not. 2 Cor. 8: 12.

-Kansas

(GOLD, continued from back cover.)

than half a ton and is worth $600,000.

The biggest chunk of gold in the world today is believed to be the coffin of King Tutankhamen of Egypt. In a museum can be seen this coffin which is 74 inches long and weighs 2450 lbs.

For centuries men thought that gold could be made from other common metals but no one seemed to know how. Bearded alchemists labored in hot laboratories all their lives trying to discover the secret.

Today scientists are able to make gold by nuclear fission but the process is so expensive that a few ounces of the metal would cost as much as a ton of nature's gold.

Geologists believe there is still much gold left in the earth but they doubt whether there will ever again be such a gold rush as the ones in California or Alaska. It is regrettable that nature's most precious metal has been misused and caused so much grief in the world in view of the fact that in itself it is one of the most beautiful sights.■■

Eleven Scenes From West Dale

(All names and characters in this story are fictitious.)

- by Elmo Stoll

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Scene 1:

Moses Coblentz rose from the supper table. "Well, Sam," he said, "we men might as well sit in the living room while the women do the dishes."

Moses had told his wife to invite Sam Hershbergers over for supper. There was something he wanted to discuss with Sam, and now as they sat down in the living room, Moses got out his Bible. He opened it to the 13th chapter of St. John. "Here," he said, handing the open Bible to Sam, "read verses 4-12."

Sam took the Bible and silently read how Jesus washed the disciples' feet at the Last Supper.

"I've thought about the commandment of feet washing a lot," Moses said. "And somehow it seems that our church isn't quite Scriptural the way we practice it. What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Sam, immediately interested. "What do you mean?"

"I just mean what the Bible says," said Moses very simply. "What did you read? What does it say? Does it say that Peter washed John's feet and then John washed Peter's? Does it say that Andrew washed Philip's and Philip washed Andrew's?"

"No," said Sam slowly, "I guess it doesn't."

"But isn't that the way we practice it?" Moses asked. "I wash your feet and you wash mine?"

"Yes," objected Sam, "but Jesus isn't here in person, so we can't do it the way they did it and let him wash our feet. Can we?"

"That's not the point," Moses said. "Jesus was their leader, and he said that we should follow his example. Wouldn't that mean that our ministers should wash the members' feet instead of the members wash each others'?"

Sam didn't know what to say right at the moment, so he said nothing. But that evening as he left, he said, "Well, I'll think more about it, Moses — you know — what we talked about."

"Oh, yes," said Moses. "Please do. I would be glad if someone would show me where I understand it wrongly if I am mistaken."

Scene 2:

The auctioneer's voice rose and fell in a singsong chant. Moses Coblentz looked around at the milling throng of people who had gathered at the farm sale. At the edge of the crowd he noticed the upturned face of Sam Hershberger.

Moses pushed his way through the tightly packed crowd. Soon he was at Sam's side. They chatted for a while about the sale, but soon the subject changed to what they had been discussing a week earlier.

"I really wonder if you don't have a point," Sam said. "If feet washing is to be a sign of humility, then it would be most fitting if the ministers would wash the members' feet. It isn't really humble for the ministers to wash each other's feet."

"Say," said Sam, "here is Ezra Chupp. I wonder what his opinion would be about it."

"About what?" said Ezra as he walked up just in time to overhear the last words.

"Oh, I guess it's sort of a funny place to be talking about it here at the sale," Sam said. "But Moses and I were just wondering if the way we practice feet washing here in our church is Scriptural."

Ezra listened while the two men explained their thinking on the subject. "Well, that does make sense," Ezra said. "It's a very interesting thought, but, of course, it's like a lot of other things, I suppose. Some do it one way, and some just a little different, and it isn't really too important."

"I don't think I would want to say that," Moses said seriously, shaking his head. "Who are we to decide that our way is better than the example Jesus left?"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have said it wasn't important," Ezra said quickly, backing down a little. "I meant that, of course, it wasn't anything big enough that I would want to make trouble in church about it."

"Oh, no," said Sam quickly — perhaps too quickly. "We sure wouldn't want to do that."

"No, no, of course not," agreed Moses. As Ezra turned and disappeared into the crowd, Moses was still shaking his head, very slowly, and very, very solemnly.

Scene 3:

The steel wheels of the empty wagon rattled on the gravel as Moses Coblentz drove into the lane at Jake Swartzentrubers. Jake had a lot of grain to thresh, so Moses had come early with the team and wagon. He noticed with satisfaction that only one other team was ahead of him, already out in the oats field.

Jake Swartzentruber was standing at the granary door. "Good morning," he said. "You can go back to the field, too. Sam Hershberger is back there already."

The pitchers hadn't come yet, so Moses tied his team at the corner post and helped Sam load his wagon first. Soon the conversation turned to the feet washing problem.

"I'm completely agreed with you," Sam said. "I believe it may be a more important point than most people are apt to think. Even if something is small, it's pretty serious to just ignore it."

"I know," said Moses. "God expects us to obey him in little things as well as in big ones."

"Did you ever talk with Atlee Raber about it?" Sam asked.

Moses looked up. "No," he said. He shook his head slightly back and forth. "I would feel almost too unworthy to go talk with our bishop."

"I know," Sam said. "I feel that way, too, but maybe he could show us where we are wrong."

"Yes, I thought of that, too," Moses said.

"I'll go with you if you want to go over some evening to talk with Atlee," Sam offered.

"When does it suit you?"

"How about tomorrow night?"

"As far as I know that would be as good as any time. I'll pick you up around eight."

"I sure hope we can explain it so that Atlee — ah, er, I mean, it sure would be nice if Atlee could help us to see where we are wrong."

"Yes it would be," Moses said. For some reason it seemed to him that Sam's face was red.

Scene 4:

Atlee Raber, bishop of the West Dale congregation, was resting in his rocking chair when his wife called to him, "There's a buggy turning in our lane."

Atlee was tired from the day's work. He ran his hand through his silvery hair. "Who is it?"

"I'm not sure, but it looks like Moses Coblentz's horse. It is, too. It's Moses and Sam Hershberger. I sure wonder what they want."

Wearily Atlee got to his feet and went to the door to invite the two men inside. Moses and Sam entered at the bishop's invitation and found chairs in the living room. After about fifteen minutes of small talk, Moses cleared his throat. "Sam and I, uh, er, we just, uh — thought — well — there're a few verses we thought maybe you could explain so we would understand them better."

"Oh, I don't know," Atlee said. "There are some verses I don't understand myself, but if I can help you in anything, I'll be glad to."

"It's about feet washing," Sam said bluntly. "We can't understand why we don't follow Jesus' example."

Atlee looked surprised. "But we do practice feet washing, don't we?"

"We feel it would be nearer the way the Bible says if the ministers would wash the members' feet," Moses said. "Jesus washed the disciples' feet, and said that if he, their Lord and Master, did that, we should do the same way."

Atlee was about to say something, then he decided not to. Instead he went to the bookcase and took down a large Bible. He opened it to John 13 and read in silence. Then he spoke slowly, "It seems to me that the 14th verse would make it sound like the way we practice it is right. It says, 'Ye also ought to wash one another's feet.' Jesus said that —"

"Yes," Sam interrupted, "but the next verse says that he gave us an example. What was his example?"

Atlee didn't answer.

Sam only waited a few seconds, then he answered his own question. "His example wasn't that John washed Peter's feet and Peter washed John's feet. That's the way we do it, but it isn't according to Jesus' example."

"It may seem like a small point," Moses said seriously, "but maybe it is more serious than we think. If Jesus gave us one example, and told us to follow that example, I would be afraid to say that another way is just as good."

"I feel we should recognize that this might be understood slightly different by different people," Atlee said quietly. "If you stressed verse 14 as much as you are stressing 15, you would see that there is also reason to believe it is Scriptural to 'wash one another's feet.'"

"You wouldn't consider changing our custom, then?" Sam asked.

"I would want to be sure that the change would make it better than it is," Atlee said.

"But surely it would be better if we followed Jesus' example instead of just our custom," Sam said.

Atlee decided silence was the best answer.

There was a tense wait in which no one spoke.

"We might as well go home," said Sam a little impatiently. He got up to leave.

"Yes, it's getting late," Moses said. He followed Sam outside.

Atlee's wife stood at the window until she heard the buggy leave. Then she turned to her husband. "I thought they said when they came they wanted you to explain some verses for them. It sure didn't sound like it. It sounded like they were more interested in telling you than in being told."

Atlee didn't answer. And strangely enough, as he settled back into his chair, his wife thought she heard him sigh.

Scene 5:

Moses Coblentz put his horse in the barn and pushed the buggy into the shed. He could see that his wife still hadn't gone to bed. She had waited up for him.

"How did your visit go?" she asked as soon as he was inside the house.

Moses shook his head sadly. "Not very good."

"Well, what did Atlee say?"

"It's very sad," Moses said. "He just didn't really know what to say. More than once he just sat there silent."

"If he doesn't know what to say now, what will he do at the judgment day?" Mrs. Coblentz asked sharply.

"That's what bothers me," Moses said. "I think he saw that we were right, but he holds tradition so high that he said he wouldn't consider changing."

"I don't see how God can bless that kind of attitude," Mrs. Coblentz said. "No wonder things go like they do in our church."

Moses Coblentz shook his head in his slow and solemn way. "It just makes me wonder how much longer God can have patience with us."

Scene 6:

The little children ran about the yard playing happily. A dozen or so of the men from the West Dale congregation sat under the cool shade of a large maple. It was too good an opportunity for Moses Coblentz to miss getting into his favorite discussion. Moses turned to William Gingerich, a middle-aged man with a family of 12 children. "William," Moses began, "how important do you think it is that we follow Jesus' example?"

William was chewing on a blade of grass. He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Why, it's very important, I would say."

"But did you ever stop to think that we don't really follow his example in feet washing?" Moses said.

William had never learned the patience that the bishop, Atlee Raber, had. "Did you ever stop to think that you are making a lot of trouble in the church about something that couldn't matter less?" William shot back.

Sam Hershberger had his ears perked up, and even if he hadn't had, he would have heard. "I'm afraid it isn't Moses who is causing the trouble," Sam said rather heatedly. "Those who refuse to follow the example of Jesus are the ones who cause trouble."

The tension could be felt in the air.

"Jesus condemned the Pharisees for holding their tradition higher than the Word of God," Moses said. "I wonder what he would say if he were here today."

Most of the men stood in silence, but one of them, David Schlabach, spoke quietly, "I think all of us should examine ourselves."

His calmness was lost in the squabble that followed. Three men sided with Moses and Sam. The five of them felt convinced that the rest of the congregation was deliberately and willfully fighting against the clear Word of God.

"I can't go along with such disobedience any longer," Sam stated. "The Bible warns us against being partakers of other men's sins. I want to be true to the Word of God regardless of what it costs."

"It's a terrible thing to willingly disobey even one of the least of God's commandments," Moses said. He shuddered.

"If God is for us, nothing else matters, but if God be against us, nothing else helps," Sam said loudly. His tone sounded as if there could be no possible doubt but that God was on their side against the others.

"I would rather stand alone than have part in something that is unscriptural," Moses declared.

William had been watching for a chance to get a word in edgewise. "You mean you'd rather stand alone than submit yourself to authority."

David Schlabach, with an expression of pain on his face, pulled William to one side and whispered, "Don't, William. Arguing with them only makes it worse. Time will do more to show who is wrong than anything you can say."

Slowly David turned to walk away lest he say something he shouldn't. Ringing in his ears were the words Moses had spoken so boldly, "... I would rather stand alone ..."

Did the words have a prophetic meaning? David could not help wondering.

Scene 7: (Two years later. Moses Coblentz and five other families have split off from the West Dale congregation to start their own church. Moses Coblentz has been ordained their minister.)

Moses Coblentz emptied the milk pail in the strainer. He had one more cow to milk and then they would be ready to go. They were invited to Sam Hershbergers for supper. Sam said there was something he wanted to discuss with Moses. Moses wondered what it was.

Later that evening he found out. Sam got his Bible and turned to the 13th chapter of St. John. "There is a word here that bothers me," Sam said. "Maybe our way of feet washing still isn't quite the way the Bible commands."

"What is it?" Moses asked.

"Well, notice that all the way through it talks about washing feet. It doesn't say rinse our feet, but that's what we do."

Moses seemed almost startled. "But — but isn't that sort of little, and unimport — "

Sam stopped him. "You know nothing is unimportant when God's Word says it. I've heard you say that countless times."

"That's true," Moses admitted. "What do you think we should change so that we would actually be washing feet and not just rinsing them?"

"Well, what do you do when you wash your hands? Just splash a little water on them? Of course not. You use soap and you scrub."

Moses didn't know what to say, and although it still seemed rather small and picky, he didn't have the nerve to say so. Thus it came about that at communion times Moses Coblentz used soap and scrubbed each of the men's feet, while his wife carefully did the women's in the exact same way.

Scene 8: (Five months later.)

The evening sun was just setting as Moses Coblentz stood at the door of his home enjoying the pleasantness of the spring evening. He looked up as he heard the sound of a horse and buggy coming in the lane. It was Sam Hershberger.

The two men talked for a while about various things, and then Sam said, "You know, we have tried hard to have a Scriptural church, and I'm thankful for what we have, but the Bible says that we should continually grow in grace and increase in our knowledge. There is still one point where I don't think we are quite following the example of Jesus."

"And what is that?"

Sam looked up sharply. He almost thought he had detected a note of impatience in Moses' voice, but then he decided he had imagined it.

"Well, it's just that Jesus washed the disciples' feet, and did you ever stop to think what time of the day it was? Wasn't it at the end of the day — in the evening?"

"Yes, I suppose it was," Moses admitted, "because we know that when they went out afterwards, the Bible says it was dark."

"I thought of that, too," Sam said. "I think we should have our feet washing as nearly the same as the example Jesus left as possible. Don't you think so, too?"

"Well, yes," Moses said slowly, "if it's something that matters one way or the other. But I wonder if this point isn't —"

"Jesus said we are to follow his example," Sam pointed out firmly. "He didn't say sometimes, or in some things, or when it suits us, or when it seems important. He just said we should follow his example, and I feel that is what we should do if we expect God to bless our church. We shouldn't put human reasoning before the Word of God."

"I would like to have more time to think about it," Moses said finally.

Meanwhile Sam was busy talking with the other members about what new enlightenment he had gotten. When he had them all convinced that he was right, Moses Coblentz didn't have any choice. Feet washing time in Moses Coblentz's church was changed to the evening just as it became dark.

Scene 9: (A year later.)

Mrs. Atlee Raber thought she heard a knock on the door, but she wasn't sure. She listened and she heard it again, this time louder.

A quick peep out the window showed a buggy at the hitching rack. She hurried to the door. She recognized the man immediately, even though it was nearly dark. It was Ezra Chupp. She hadn't seen him often since the church split three years earlier when Ezra had sided with Moses and Sam Hershberger.

"Is Atlee at home?" Ezra asked.

He isn't, but I'm expecting him any time. He just went to the blacksmith to get a set of horseshoes. Come on in and sit down. He should be here soon." She thought he looked tired and worn out.

"Yes, I believe I will wait for him," Ezra said.

Five minutes later Atlee came home. Ezra didn't waste any time, but came immediately to the purpose of his visit. "I would like to come back to the church," Ezra said sorrowfully. "I can see my mistake so plainly now that I can't understand why I couldn't see it before."

As the bishop listened in silence, Ezra talked on and on. Atlee was glad that Ezra didn't seem bitter — only sad. "Everything went fine for about six months," Ezra said, "but then we started having problems. I finally saw that there was just going to be no end to it. We kept changing things, but still not everyone was satisfied. We split away from this church because we didn't have any tolerance for other people's opinions, so, of course, in time we didn't have any tolerance for each other's either. Our unity was just based on one point — feet washing — and life is a lot broader than that. If we could have realized it, we were 95% agreed here, but we kept emphasizing the 5% we weren't agreed on until we thought that was all that mattered. And now we've ended up with nothing."

Atlee had not spoken until now, but at this, he raised his eyebrows questioningly. "Nothing, you say?"

"Nothing," Ezra repeated. "But maybe you haven't heard. Moses Coblentz stands alone. He has no one that is agreed with him. And the rest of the families are here and there — I'm not sure where they will end up yet."

"What happened?" Atlee asked.

"We've been traveling in that direction for a long time," Ezra said. "But the thing that finally brought it to a head was when Sam Hershberger began to feel that with all the changes we had made, we still didn't practice feet washing right. He decided it wasn't Scriptural after all for just the minister to wash the members' feet, since the Bible does say we should 'wash one another's feet.' Yet he didn't want to do it the way we were brought up to do it. So he decided it meant that each member should wash every other member's feet. Moses just refused to go along with that, and Sam refused to give up, and in the end the rest got scattered, too."

Atlee sat deep in thought, then he said, "At the time this trouble first started, Moses and Sam came over one evening to talk with me. They thought it just had to be that I would agree to immediately change to the way they felt feet washing should be done. It was a small matter, and I might have considered changing if the rest of the church would have felt that way, and if I would have had any hopes that it would solve anything. I didn't want to judge, but it seemed to me at the time that they were just finding fault, and that if we went along with them on that point, it would soon be something else. There are two kinds of criticism — one is given to help better a church, and the other is given to tear down. If we could only discern which is which, we could save ourselves a lot of trouble sometimes."

"I know I could have saved myself a lot of heartaches," Ezra said sadly.

Scene 10:

The freshly scrubbed walls in the David Schlabach home gleamed with cleanliness. The floors were mopped and waxed. Rows and rows of backless benches were neatly arranged in the kitchen and living room, and in the sun porch. Everything was ready when the people gathered to remember once again the suffering and death of Jesus, to partake of the sacred emblems, and to wash each other's feet in love and humility. It seemed to the members of the West Dale congregation that Atlee Raber spoke with unusual warmth and feeling as he told the story of Jesus' agony in the garden, his arrest, his trial, his suffering, and his lingering death on the Roman cross. As the people listened, petty differences that had at times strained relationships between brethren, seemed suddenly smaller. Their hearts were drawn together in a bond of love and spiritual unity as they meditated upon their great redemption.

Each partook of the same loaf; each drank of the same cup. The children sat in reverent silence, awed by something greater than their understanding. And then, singing together, men stopped in voluntary submission and humbly washed their brethren's feet.

Ezra Chupp, who sat at one side of the room, his back against the wall, felt a great longing rise within himself as he watched the solemn service. He resolved that by the grace of God, by fall, he too, would be among those who partook within the bonds of the brotherhood.

Scene 11:

With a steady clip-clop, clip-clop, Ezra Chupp drove home from communion services. He had fifteen miles to drive. He hoped that by the next Sunday his wife would be over the flu and would be able to come with him.

It was nearly dark as he passed the farm where Moses Coblentz lived. Painful memories crowded in upon him. Ezra felt a strange weight within himself as he glanced at the white frame house. There in the gathering dusk on the open porch he saw a stooped figure bending over a basin on the floor. There was something lonely, almost pathetic about the sight. Ezra Chupp drew a sharp breath. It was Moses Coblentz, and he was alone. Alone — washing his feet. ■■

(Windowsill, continued from page 37)

throwing a temper. If he's too small for that and only cries because of disappointment then, of course, he shouldn't be punished. — Illinois

Problems as usual go with raising children. With the Lord's help we hope to get the most important problems straightened out while the children are still young.

I don't know if this is the best way to solve this problem but is what we try to do and it works pretty well (in an early age). Tell the child in a nice way to give the toy back the very minute he takes it. If the child throws it, then punish him and make him give it back nicely. Tell him to go play with a toy which nobody else has.

We also try to warn the children never to slap each other, but to come and tell us about their trouble. Although the older ones are allowed to slap, with our permission, (if necessary), when helping the younger ones while we are busy doing some other work.

Stomping is a bad habit. It may be a small temper starting in the child. So it might be a good idea to punish it out of them when it starts. So we believe both children should be punished to a certain extent.

For awhile one of our children always giggled instead of cried when being punished, and when he started to cry it always came out with a giggle. Some would say the punishment wasn't enough then. But through experience we felt he would outgrow it, which he soon did.

All families look at things differently, so we are anxious to see what opinions others have.

— Mrs. E. S., Pennsylvania

This indeed is a problem. The children should be taught not to grab or take away by force. Of course, the other one should be taught to share or take turns. Mother can watch the children at play and find the reason for the trouble, then explain to both. It is surprising how well the children can understand. Then they must learn to abide by this decision. This would save much trouble later life. — a grandmother, Maryland

This is a problem I've often wondered how to handle. But I feel by just putting the toy away so none can play with it, is worth trying. Then spank the one for grabbing the toy away, and the other for throwing a fit. Then take them together and explain how bad it really is for what they did and that the Lord doesn't like when people are bad. This gets them to thinking what they really did do wrong instead of doing it again just for attention, or to get even. -- A mother of two, Indiana

"Whose" Children

At times when I talk with other mothers I wonder, what is this world coming to. They talk about "my"children, or "I" have so and so many children. "My and I", "I and my" it goes. Wouldn't it be more fitting or considerate to say, "We" have so and so many children, or talk about "our" children.

Somewhere we are losing out on something. Either the wife does not have the respect for her husband like she should have, or maybe with some husbands working away from home every day the mother finally feels like she is running the show alone. — a mother of "our" children

More Solutions to Visiting Mother and Baby----

In our community we usually have the hired girl make part of Sunday's meal on Saturday, like pies, cakes, puddings, jello salad, or what have you. Then she can go home to spend Sunday. If any guests come on Sunday, then tell them what to make for the main part and just let them take your kitchen over. The meal doesn't have to be anything elaborate. I usually don't worry about it too much. Seeing that the hired girl's gone home to a well earned rest, who's going to expect you to get up and make a meal for them? Besides, if no one came to see the new baby wouldn't we feel bad about that, too? —Ohio

In regards to cooking suppers the day one has church and when one has a new arrival. I'm sure there wouldn't be much trouble in avoiding both if you don't go yourself at these times.

Why don't people talk out and tell their friends and relatives they don't like company at those times? So many only talk around the back, lest they hurt someone's feelings. We don't go either time, and none except brothers and sisters come for a meal on these occasions. I'm not so nervous and the baby's more content, too. Of course we're talked about but that's still cheaper then having a doctor bill the following week.

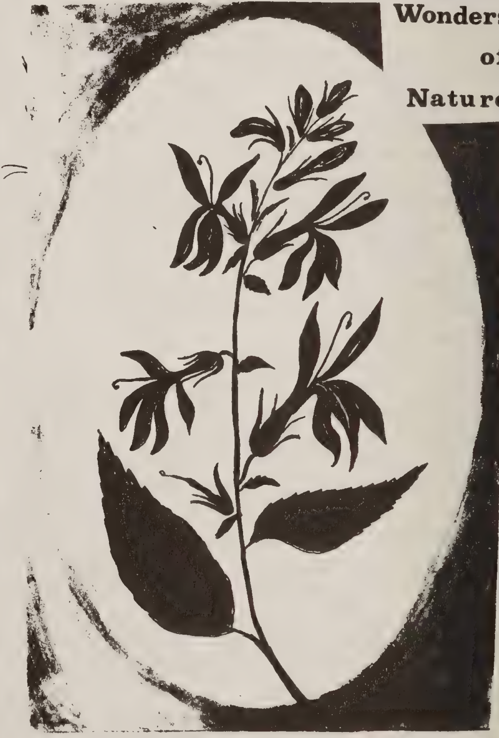
-A mother of nine from Indiana

We have made it a point not to stay over one hour at a baby place. This gives a nice visit.

-a grandmother, Pennsylvania

* * *

Wonders of Nature



Cardinal Flower

This is a beautiful brilliant red flower and should not be picked for it is becoming rather rare.

It grows in the rich moist eastern woodlands and brooksides.

Der Hans und da Muſhrooms

„Haſt du der Hans ſchon g'funna?“ fragt die Mäm. Sie war bekümmert übbe ihr neun Jahr alte Buh.

„Neh,“ ſagt der Jecky, „Ich kann gar net denke wo er ſei könnt, mir hen ſchon baut en halb Stund g'ſucht fa ihn.“

„Well, wer hat ihn letzt g'ſehne?“

„Ich hab ihn net g'ſehne ſitta vier Uhr, und ſell war en halb Stund nach es er heimkomme war von die Schul.“

„Ich hab juſt now an eppes gedenkt,“ ſagt die Schweſter Miriam. „Wo mir heimg'loffe ſind von die Schul hat der Johny Keim g'ſaat wie ſie ſo viel Muſhrooms g'funna hen ins Andy Coblentz Zuckerbuſch. Der Hans war ſo intereſt, er hat gefragt wie ſie gucke und wie ſie taſte.“

„Well, vielleicht hat er a notion grickt fa geh ſam ſuche,“ ſagt die Mäm, a wenig unruhig.

„Sell is juſt bout wo er iſt,“ ſagt der Jecky. „Er hat welle gucke fa ſam grad, wo die Schuler des verzählt hen. Ich hab ihm g'ſaat mir daufe net, die Mäm ſagt als mir ſolle net rum poka uf am heim Weg von die Schul.“

„O,“ ſagt die Mäm: „now kommt der Dat die Lane rei. Ich bin froh fa ihn ſehne heim komma von Fens fixa.“

Der Jecky ſpringt gegen ihm und ruft: „Dat! Dat! Mir kenna da Hans net finna.“

„Well,“ ſagt er: „Hat ſelle Hans mol wieder eins abgezoge. Mir müſſe ihn alle dappa ſucha. Es iſt trüb und wat früh dunkel Heut-abend.“

Der Dat hat mol g'ſchwind der Jim und die Hack weck gedu. Glei kommt er aus die Scheuer und fangt an zu rufen fa der Hans. „Ich hoff net es er in unſer Neuland ganga is,“ ſagt die kleine Miriam. „

„Der Raber Daudy hat mol eine große ſchwatze Schlang g'ſehne dat.“

„Wo hen dir g'ſucht?“ fragt der Dat.

„Mir hen überalich g'ſucht,“ antwortete der Jecky.

„Well, mir gucke mol im Säu-Stall. Der Hans is ſo ſchlimm fa die klenna Pigglen gucka.“

No ſind ſie mol alle im Säu-Stall ganga, aber es war gar kein ſign von dem kleine Knab zu ſehna. Uf eh mol ſagt die Mäm: „Ich habe vergeſſen wega my Supp, bald is my Rivvele-Supp am übbekocha.“ Sie geht mol doppa nach am Haus.

„Well, ich denk ich geh mol nibba ans Andy Yoders, vielleicht is er dat nibba g'ſchniegt,“ ſagt der Dat.

Der Jecky und die Miriam ſind mit ganga, aber hen ſchier net noch könna. Juſt wo ſie ans Rudy's Lane komma ſin, hören ſie die Mäm rufen: „Dat! Kommet heim, ich hab der Hans g'funna.“

Nun ſind ſie doppa rum gedreht und ſind heim g'ſprunga. „Wo war er,“ fragt der Jecky.

Die Mutter antwortete: „Wo ich ins Haus komma bin und hab my Supp verſeigt, no uf eh mol ſeh ich biſſel eppes move hinnich am Offa. Dat war der Hans uf die Holz-Kiſt an ſeine Auga reiba.“

„Well Hans,“ ſagt die Miriam wo ſie ihn g'ſehna hat, „Mir wara am worrya wo du biſt. Wie komms haſt du a Napp g'nomma jetz?“

„Well,“ antwortete der kleine Knab: „Ich hab der Eclipſe ſo lang g'watcht am halba Zwee, und es machte meine Augen ſo müd es ich mich anna liega hab müſſa.“

„Ja,“ ſagt der Dat, „Ich hab g'ſaat ihr ſollet net zu lang gucka durch ſell g'ſmokt Glas. Ihr könnet eure Augen faderba.“

„Mir wella geh Muſhrooms ſucha,“ ſagt der Hans.

„Es iſt zu ſpot. Vielleicht könna ma Morgeabend geh,“ ſagt der Vater.

Der nächſte Abend ſind die Schuler ſchnell heim komme von die Schul. „Now wella mir geh,“ ſagt der Hans.

„Allrecht,“ antwortete der Vater. „Kommet.“

„Now wartet mol,“ ruft die Mäm. „Die Schuler müſſa zuerſt kleider changa. Ich weß wie ſie gucka wenn ſie heim komma. Voll Buva-Lice und Gletta.“

Sie gehn g'ſchwind und tun andere Kleider an. Dann geht der Vater, der Jecky, der Hans und die Miriam fröhlich nach am Buſch. Sie gingen eine alte Riegel-Fens nach bald zwanzig Ruda dann ſagt der Hans: „Do iſt eine. Ich hab die erſt g'funna.“

No gehn ſie alle doppa fa gucka. „Ho! Ho!“ lacht der Jecky, „Sell is juſt a fauler Appel, mir ſin net am Äppel ſucha.“

Dann gehn ſie um der Dreh rum zu ſam Eicha Bäum und gucka dat rum. „Die Eicha Bäum hen alsamol ſam unna ſich,“ ſagt der Vater, aber ſie hen könne g'funna dat.

„Wella mol nibba geh an ſeller Graba noch. Vielleicht ſind ſam dat,“ ſagt die kleine Miriam.“ Die Kinder ſpringa zum Graba, abba ſie hen kenne g'funna dat.

Uf eh mol ſagt der Hans zum Jecky: „In die Gma hat der Prediger g'ſaat: Der wo ſucht, der Findt, und ich glaub ſell bald net.“

„Mir hen vielleicht net g'nung g'ſucht noch,“ antwortete der Jecky.

„Well, ich bin es juſt bout ledig,“ ſpricht der Hans.

Dann komma ſie zurück zum Vater. Sie laufa a wenig weiter. „Was is ſell?“ ſagt die Miriam und pickt eppes uf vom Boda.

„Sell iſt eina,“ ſagt der Vater. „Du haſt der erſt g'funna.“

„O, ſell iſt juſt a kleiner ding,“ ſagt der Hans.

Sie ſucha aber finna juſt a paar kleine meh. „Mir beſſa machen uns uf da heim Weg,“ ſagt der Vater.

No gehn ſie mol der bottom obba naus nächſt fabei des Dody's ruſcha Bäum und gucka dat rum. No langt eins mol nenner und pickt an große uf. „Do is noch einer,“ ſagt der Jecky. „Dat ſind zwei,“ ruft der Hans naus.

Do hen ſie Muſhrooms uf pickt übberall. Ihre Papier-Säck waren glei voll. No hen ſie noch dem Jecky ſein Hut voll g'macht. „Do war ein Bunch,“ ſagt die Miriam.

„Ja, ich denk mir beſſa gehn now heim,“ ſpricht der Vater. No nemma ſie die Muſhrooms heim zu die Mäm, und ſie verſtaunt ſich mol. „Der Prediger hat g'ſaat wer ſucht der findt. Now glaub ich ſell doch,“ ſagt der Hans.

„Hans,“ ſagt der Vater, „Hätteſt du es net geglaubt wenn du kenna g'funna hättſt?“

„Ich hab's bald net geglaubt wo mir ſo lang geſucht hen und doch kenne dat wara.“

„Ja, abba Hans,“ ſagt der Vater ernſtlich: „Sell meint net ſo natürliche Sachen wie Muſhrooms. Sell meint die geiſtliche Sachen. Wann wir ſuchen für Jeſus und ſeine

Gerechtigkeit dann werden wir es finna."

Der Hans verſtaunt ſich. „Iſt das was dies meint?" „Ja." Aber wir hen die Muſhrooms g'ſucht und hen ſie ah g'funna."

Dann geht der Hans hinna am Offa fa ſich witta hinlege. „So," ſagt der Vater, „Es iſt zeit fa die Chores tun. Du kannſt witta ſchlofa wann die Arbeit fertig iſt."

J. C. Miller- Millersburg, Ohio.

Editorielles —

Pflicht der Eltern.

Ihr Eltern, groß iſt eure Pflicht,
Verzärtelt eure Kinder nicht;
Gewöhnet ſie in früher Zeit
Zu nützlicher Geſchäftigkeit.

Wohl euch, wenn keines es vergißt,
Was aller Weisheit Anfang iſt.
Die Furcht vor Gott, der alles ſieht,
Und ſtraft, was Böſes hier geſchieht.

Lehrt ſie, wenn ihr Verſtand erwacht,
Gott kennen, Seine Lieb und Macht;
Lehrt ſie, auf Seine Werke ſehn
Und was ſie lernen, auch verſtehn.

Erſtickt durch Unterricht und Zucht
Der Jugend Sündenkeim und Frucht,
Damit ſie Gottes Ebenbild
Früh werden, liebreich, ſanft und mild.

Erweckt des Guten ſchnell Gefühl
In ihren Herzen; euer Ziel
Sei nicht bloß Anſtand vor der Welt,
Sei Liebe deß, was Gott gefällt.

„Und ihr Väter, reizet eure Kinder nicht zum Zorn, ſondern ziehet ſie auf in der Zucht und Vermahnung zu dem Herrn." Eph. 6, 4.

Wir haben der Titel erwählt: „Pflicht der Eltern," aber wir gedenken ſelbſt, nicht ſo gar viel davon zu ſchreiben zu derer Zeit, ſondern uns nur ein wenig aufmerkſam machen und zuſprechen der folgende Artikel „Wie man ein Kind verderben kann," gut überleſen und bedenken.

Dieſen Artikel, geſchrieben von D. E. Maſt wohnhaft nahe Hutchinſon Kan. war ſchon manche Jahre zurück zum Druck gebracht durch das kleine Blatt, „Herold der Wahrheit" und ſpäter eingenommen mit viele andere von ſeine Artikeln und ein Buch herausgegeben: Betitelt, „Anweiſungen zur Seligkeit."

Der Mann war ein Diener zum Buch in der Alt Amiſchen Gemeinde und ziemlich weit herum bekannt. Einige möchten gedacht haben, der Maſt war zu Zeiten ein wenig ſtreng in ſeinem Ausdruck. Nach meinem Dünken aber, hat er ſehr klar und einfach ſich ausgeſprochen, ſo daß die Kinder es auch verſtehen konnten. Wir hörten ſagen, und haben Urſach zu glauben daß er ein großer Kinder-Freund war.

Wir ſelbſt haben keine Familie von unſere eigene Kinder auferzogen, dieweil der Herr uns nicht mit eigene Kinder beſchert hat. In ſpätere Jahren aber, hatten wir die Gelegenheit zwei Töchterlein zu uns nehmen welche wir ſuchten auferziehen in der Zucht und Vermahnung zu dem Herrn, wie wir meinten daß die Schrift uns lehrt. Nun hatten wir doch ein wenig Erfahrung wie es geht.

Da ich noch ziemlich jung am Dienſt war, und zu Zeiten ein wenig vorgebracht habe in der Lehr von die Pflicht der Eltern in die Familie, hörte ich einſt ſo ein wenig hinterum wo einige die Bemerkung gemacht haben: „Dieſer hat keine Kinder auferzogen." Dies war wohl recht, aber ich fürchte der Sinn zu welchem Zweck es geſagt war, möchte nicht ganz recht geweſen ſein.

Ich wußte wohl an der Zeit daß Eltern es nicht immer hinbringen können wo ſie es gern hätten, aber das macht die ſchuldige Pflicht der Eltern nicht weniger. Ich kann ſagen, ſeit dem ich ein wenig erfahren habe, ſehne ich die Pflicht der Eltern nicht weniger. Es kommt mir als noch wichtiger vor wie wir es ſo leicht verſäumen können, und eine Urſache ſein daß die Kinder irre gehen.

Unſer Text ſagt: „Reizet eure Kinder nicht zum Zorn." So lange wir ein gut Gefühl haben mit ihnen zu reden und zuſprechen was wir meinen das ihnen zur Seligkeit dienlich iſt, dann kann es nicht ſo leicht ein Schaden ſein.

Der Eigenwille muß gebrochen ſein, und wie länger dies verſäumt wird, wie mehr es zum Kind ſein Schaden dient. Es kann ſein daß das mütterliche Herz hie und da zu weich wird und manches mal' dem Kind ſein Weg und Eigenwille zu lang gelaſſen wird und dann ſo viel mehr Arbeit nimmt um etwas zuwege bringen.

Ihr Eltern ſteht einander bei. Wenn die Kinder ſehen daß die Eltern einig ſind, dann iſt wohl ſchon viel gewonnen.

Ohne Zweifel haben wir Eltern ſchon ein mancher Fehlſchlag getan, das Beſte nicht getroffen, aber wir wollen nicht aufhören. „Richtet wieder auf die läſſige Hände und die müde Knie, und tut gewiſſe Tritte mit eure Füße daß nicht jemand ſtrauchle wie ein Lahmer, ſondern vielmehr geſund werde."

P.Y.

Wie man ein Kind verderben kann.

(Aus Anweiſungen zur Seligkeit.)

Erwählt von Joſeph Stoll.

1. Gib dem kleinen Kind alles was es begehrt und mit Schreien überkommen will.

2. Und wann es weiter herangewachſen iſt, und in Zorn geratet, ſo ſchmeichle ihm und biete ihm allerlei Spielſachen an, und wenn es ſie nur weg ſchlägt, ſo lache nur ſo kalt darüber, als wenn es eine geringe Sache wäre, dem Selbſtwillen Raum zu geben. Schelte es ein rechter Starrkopf, und aus natürlicher fleiſchlicher Liebe laß die Rute weg; denn das würde ihm ſeinen Selbſtwillen brechen nach Spr. 13, 14. und 23, 13. 14.

3. Erzähle andern in ſeiner Gegenwart wie ſonderbar ſchmert und geſcheit es iſt. Kleide es Weltmodiſch ſo weit es die Regel der Gemeinde zuläßt.

4. Wenn du es heißeſt etwas zu tun, und es gibt kein Gehör, ſo heiße es als wieder und wieder und als noch kein Gehör. Drohe ihm Schläge wenn es nicht gehorſam

leiſtet, dann um fertig zu werden, gehe hin und tue es ſelbſt.

5. Wenn Vater und Mutter ſeinet wegen nicht übereinſtimmen, ſo verhandelt die Sache miteinander, in eurem Natureifer in ſeiner gegenwart, auf daß es erfahre daß ihr nicht gleich geſonnen ſeid, und eure Worte nur wenig gelten bei ihm.

6. Laſſe es wiſſen, daß du meineſt der Vater wäre ganz zu ſtreng, und zu bald drauf los ſchlägt, und daß es nicht ſo genau darauf ankomme.

7. Laſſe es wiſſen daß die Mutter nicht Herr im Hauſe iſt, und ihre Worten nicht viel zu gelten haben.

8. Laß es ſeine Spielkameraden ſelbſt wählen, und kümmere dich nicht, ob es mit braven oder gottloſen Kindern ſeine Geſellſchaft macht.

9. Laß es alles leſen was durch die Poſt kommt, oder durch andere in die Hände gegeben wird, und wenn es recht lächerlich Scherz und Narrenteidinge erzählt, ſo lache noch dazu, auf daß es meine es wäre ſehr ſchmert.

10. Und wenn ſie ſo wiet herangewachſen ſind, und Spielkameraden haben, die nicht in die Gemeinde gehen, ſo laſſet ſie ihr weg haben, und des Herrn Tag zubringen wie ſie wollen. Wenn ſie noch nicht ſo weit heran gewachſen ſind ſo nehmet ſie mit in der Verſammlung, und kümmert euch nicht weiter um ſie, ob ſie ſich ſtill halten, und auf die Predigt acht haben, oder ob ſie mit andern Spaß oder ſogar draußen ſind, und ihren Zeitvertreib mit andern dort haben.

11. Erlaube ihm, und helfe ihm noch dazu, ſich groß zu zählen ſo bald als möglich, auf daß der Satan jung anfangen kann, ſein verderbliches Werk in ſie pflanzen. Wie jünger er ſie reichen kann, wie ſicherer ſie ihm ſind.

12. Gebe ihm Spendegeld ſo viel er immer will, und laſſe ihm ſelbſt ſeine einkaufe machen nach ſeinem Wohlgefallen.

13. Nehme nie Zeit um ſeine Fragen mit Beſcheidenheit zu beantworten, ſonderlich wenn es ſich um die Religion bezieht. Wenn ſie fragen: „Für was dann ſo?“ Antworte: „O, für das.“

14. Laß deine Bibel mit Staub bedeckt bleiben, und lehre ſie fleißig wie Geld zu machen, und Schätze auf Erden zu ſammeln. Das andere wird ſchon ohne Sorgen hinzu getan werden.

15. Sage ihnen nichts von Jeſus als Erlöſer von Sünden, der aus Liebe gekommen iſt um die Menſchen glücklich und ſelig zu machen, ſchon in dieſem Leben in der Schwachheit, und in der Ewigkeit vollkommen. Erzähle ihnen nichts von Jeſus ſeine herrliche Geburts Geſchichte, auf daß ſie nicht gewunderlich werden und noch weiter Fragen bringen. Haltet ſie im Dunkeln ſo lange ihr nur könnt, auf daß eure Lügen ihnen deſto klarer werden. Sage ihnen auch nichts von Jeſu im Tempel als 12 jähriger Knabe unter den Lehrern mit Frage und Antwort, ſo daß auch die Lehrer ſich verwunderten ſeiner Gottesgelehrſamkeit.

16. Leſe nie Vers für Vers mit ihnen in der Bibel, auf daß ſie nicht gewunderlich werden und fragen was das, und das andere meint?

17. Mache ſie nicht bekannt mit den 18 Glaubensartikel, die doch ſchon ſo vielen zum Troſt und Hoffnung und weitere Erkenntnis gedient haben. Sondern laſſet eueren Lebenswandel viel mehr dieſen hier mitgeteilten 18 verderblichen Artikeln gleich ſein.

18. Und wenn dieſes alles dein Kind noch nicht in das Verderben bringt, ſo mache es zur Regel am Tiſch, wenn ſie alle beieinander ſind, anſtatt Gott zu danken für Gnade und Speiſe, die Schwachheiten euerer Prediger zu erzählen, auf eine lächerliche Art, allerdings nicht auf eine Gebetsvolle Art. Betet nie für eure Prediger in ihrer Gegenwart, ſondern tadelt ſie vielmehr.

Und wenn das alles ſie nicht in das Verderben bringt, ſo ſage ihnen, ſie brauchen keinen Erlöſer von Sünden, und auch keine Neu- und Wiedergeburt; denn ſie ſind bereit in die Gemeinde Gottes auf- und anzunehmen, als Glieder am Leibe Chriſti, ſie ſind rein und heilig in dieſe ſündige Welt geboren, ohne die alte Adammitiſche Sünde, und waren nicht zu verderben, und ſind brave Kinder Gottes von Natur aus, ohne elterliche Hilfe.

Kinder ſind vielfach was wir Eltern aus ihnen machen mit die Hilfe und Gnade Gottes von oben. Ein mancher klagt über die Verdorbenheit der Kinder, und weiß nicht daß er ſelbſt großenteils Schuld iſt an ihrem Verderben.

Ich fühle mich nicht ſelbſt gerechtfertigt in der Erziehung meiner großen Familie. Doch habe ich das beſte getan das ich wußte an der Zeit. Aber ich meine ich wüßte jetzt beſſer, wenn es zu ſpät iſt. Doch Gott ſei Dank, daß ich es nicht noch einmal über zu machen habe. Aber doch das will ich ſagen, daß mir die jungen Leute am Herzen liegen, und wann ich jemand dazu helfen kann, in der Erziehung ſeiner Kinder, ſo will ich mich von Gott brauchen laſſen. Dann ihn die Ehre allein. Ich weiß kaum zu unterſcheiden ob ich dieſes unterſchreiben ſoll oder nicht.

Dieweil es aber bei mir ſo ſteht, daß ein Artikel ohne Unterſchrift nicht ſo viel wert iſt, als wenn es unterſchrieben iſt, und ich der Schreiber kenne, und glauben kann, daß er probiert mit Gottes Hilfe ſo zu leben wie er lehrt.

In Schwachheit geſchrieben, und mangele ſelbſt viel. Betet für mich, und gebt Gott allein die Ehre. Prüfet alles und das Gute behaltet, und meidet allen böſen Schein. ■■

Der Schuleifer

Im Winter wenn es frieret,
Im Winter wenn es ſchneit,
Dann iſt der Weg zur Schule
Fürwahr nochmals ſo weit.

Und wenn das Veilchen blühet,
Dann iſt der Frühling da,
Dann iſt der Weg zur Schule
Fürwahr nochmals ſo nah.

Wer aber gerne lernet,
Dem iſt kein Weg zu fern,
Im Frühling wie im Winter
Geht er zur Schule gern.

Die Biene und die Taube

Ein Bienchen trank und fiel darüber in den Bach. Das ſah von oben eine Taube und brach ein Blättchen von dem Laube und warfs ihr zu. Das Bienchen ſchwamm darnach und half ſich glücklich aus dem Bach.

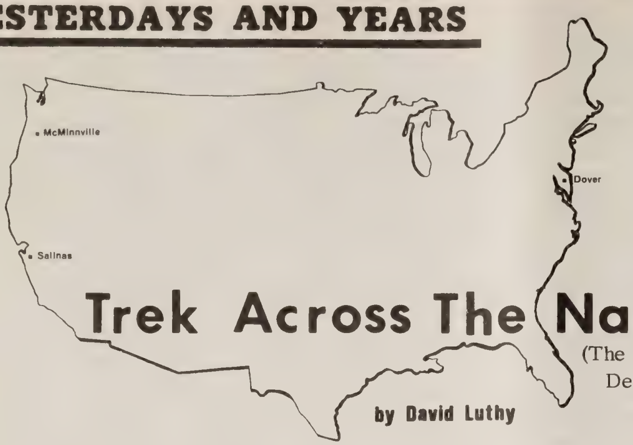
Nach kurzer Zeit ſaß unſere Taube im Frieden wieder auf der Laube. Ein Jäger hatte ſchon den Hahn auf ſie geſpannt. Mein Bienchen kam: — Pick! Stach's ihn in die Hand. Puff! Ging der ganze Schuß darneben. Die Taube flog davon. Wem dankt ſie nun für ihr Leben? ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Trek Across The Nation - 1915

(The Founding of the Delaware Amish Settlement)

by David Luthy



"Go West young man," was an expression which the newspaper editor, Horace Greeley, made famous in the middle 1800's. By West he had in mind the Indian territories of Indiana and Illinois. The westward migration of Americans which resulted from his advice included the Amish. In 1865 a settlement was established at Arthur, Illinois. Among its first settlers was a Miller family from Sugarcreek, Ohio. The family resided at Arthur until the father's death in 1876. Two years later, Jacob, one of the married children, followed Horace Greeley's famous advice to the limit. He and his wife and two small children journeyed as far west as an American could go — the West Coast. At first they resided at Needy, Oregon, then at Hubbard, and finally at McMinnville where the Amish settlement developed roots. Because of his westward move, Jacob Miller became known throughout Amish settlements as "Oregon Jake."

"Oregon Jake" did not, however, reside in Oregon all his life. By 1913 he was living with ten other families in Salinas, California. Crops did not grow there like the Amish expected, and within two years Jake was pulling up roots and moving again. This time he reversed Horace Greeley's advice. He had been as far west as possible. There was only one way left to him — Go East. And eastward he indeed did go, settling temporarily at the Amish settlement of Kempsville, Virginia. Here he rented a house for three months while he scouted further for a new location. Before long he had decided on the location — Dover, Delaware.

Whether Jake Miller realized it at the time or not, he did something which had rarely been done before (or since) by Amish settlers. He had gone from West to East to establish a new community, the opposite of the general pattern of going from East to West. And quite a move it was — 3,000 miles! But Jake and his family didn't travel the hard way of team and wagon nor by immigrant car. Rather, they sold most of their possessions and boarded a sleeper in Portland, Oregon for Chicago. On the train the Miller children had a new experience — seeing a Negro for the first time. The Negro porter came up and talked with Jake's teen-age son, Eli, who later stated:

> "I looked at him so much that he stopped to talk to me and asked if I could speak Pennsylvania Dutch. When I replied that I could, he started talking in Pennsylvania Dutch to me, the best I had heard in the West! Then he told me he had been raised in Pennsylvania by the Old Order Amish."

Not only did Jake Miller make a "first" among Amish settlers by travelling thousands of miles in the untraditional way of West to East, he made a "first" also by settling at a state capital. Dover, Delaware is the only state capital which can claim Amish as its citizens. Of course they are located on the rural routes, yet their addresses and business transactions are at Dover.*

The deed records in the Kent Co. courthouse show Jake Miller as having purchased his farm (138 acres for $16,000) on February 18, 1915 about three miles west of Dover. And by December of the same year, he had bought a second farm of 77 acres (for $7,000).

But an Amish settlement is not made permanent even if one man buys two farms. And Jake Miller knew this. He encouraged others to follow his example and settle in the Dover area. His son David Y. Miller, who had been ordained a bishop while living in Oregon, joined his father's new venture in Delaware as the second family to arrive. The fact that he was a bishop meant much to the new settlement as it gave the future of having an Amish church at Dover a bright look. But still it would take more than two families.

In the fall of 1915 the William Beachy family arrived from Wisconsin. The fourth family to arrive was the Peter W. Swartzentrubers who came in January of 1916. Two months later the fifth family came, the Jacob S. Yoders.

The small settlement had grown to five households in about a year's time. But suddenly things took a turn for the worse. The William Beachys moved to Oregon where they had been offered a farm by an uncle. The sixth family to come and the second to leave was the David H. Yoders who arrived from North Dakota and rented a farm in the Dover settlement for less than two months. But two more arrivals encouraged the settlers. One was a young man from the Alabama settlement, Menno E. Swartzentruber. The other was the Simon Miller family from Montana. Simon was one of Jake Miller's sons.

Just when things began to look hopeful for a settlement to develop permanently at Dover, the roof caved in. Simon Miller decided to return to Montana and persuaded his father "Oregon Jake" to go, too, and also his brother David, who was the Dover settlement's young bishop. Simon left in 1917, and the other two families went in the early part of 1918. This left but two families at Dover. The future of the settlement looked pretty dark.

Why had the Millers left Delaware? The year was 1918 and that contained part of the reason. The First World War was raging and the Amish did not like being located on the eastern seaboard. If Germany were to attack the United States, it would do so on the East Coast. But the fear of the war was not the only reason which prompted the Millers to leave. It was rumored that they didn't see things eye to eye with the Swartzentrubers. (Some years

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The author is indebted to Allen B. Clark's HISTORY OF THE AMISH OF DELAWARE for many of the historical facts contained in this article.

*Another "first" for the Dover settlement is that they were the first Amish to organize a private school. This occurred in 1925, far in advance of the parochial school movement of the 1950's and 60's.

later the Peter Swartzentrubers moved to Ohio where they affiliated with the Sam Yoder Amish.)

During the next three years, the struggling Delaware settlement received some new settlers but also lost some. Its future still hung in the balance. By September of 1921 a surprising thing happened. Jake Miller and his son David, the bishop, returned to Delaware. This was the turning point for the young colony. After that the Amish population near Dover climbed. By 1924 there were sixteen families.

Perhaps the greatest boost to the Delaware settlement was the arrival of a bishop, minister, and deacon from Ford Co., Kansas. They had been forced from Kansas because of the changes in farming methods from horses to tractors and from small farms to giant ones. After scouting in Delaware, Iowa, Missouri, and Pennsylvania the three men decided in favor of the young colony at Dover. Here they had found level land similar to what they had known in Kansas, and the ordnung of the church was similar to theirs. After two meetings with the Dover ministry and a communion service, the ministers from Kansas were accepted and the church was divided into two districts — East and West. The bishop from Kansas, John Hostetler, was given the East District.

By 1933 a third district was added. And seven years later yet a fourth. Of course, there were deaths, migrations, and members who drifted into progressive churches. But basically the Dover church has had a good growth rate. It now has five districts. Where did all the settlers come from? Allan B. Clark explains this on pages 31-32 of his HISTORY OF THE AMISH OF DELAWARE:

> "The Dover Budget reporter has kept a record of families moving to Delaware. Her record shows that 104 families have moved to the Delaware community from 18 different states. They are Ohio, 30 families from four different counties; Pennsylvania, 19 from five counties; Kansas, 12 from two counties; Virginia, 7 from two counties; Illinois 7, Indiana, 5; Missouri, 4; North Carolina, 3; Oregon, 3; Alabama, 2; Iowa, 2; Maryland, 2; Michigan, 2; Wisconsin, 2; and one each from Mississippi, Montana, New York, and Oklahoma. Only in North Carolina and Virginia did the Amish live near the East Coast before coming to Delaware."

It is interesting to note from this list that the people who settled in Delaware came from a variety of locations. The Dover settlement is not, as some might imagine, an offshoot of Lancaster Co., its largest neighboring Amish settlement. Actually only three Lancaster families ever settled at Dover. Today there are none. Mrs. Joe Byler is the only resident with a Lancaster background.

What prompted "Oregon Jake" in the first place to take a trek across the nation in 1915? What was so appealing to him about the Dover area? Perhaps it was that he had roving blood, as he had a history of moving from place to place. Or maybe it was that he speculated in farms, buying cheaply and selling at a profit after a few years. Both of these may be partly the reasons, but it is doubtful if they are the basic reasons. If these two things had been all that made Dover, Delaware attractive to the Amish, there would never have been a permanent settlement. But a permanent settlement did develop. What was it about the Dover area which interested the settlers?

There were a number of things about the Dover community which appealed to the Amish. First of all the land was fairly level and the growing season relatively long. The winters were not severe. Also the land was not high priced but of a developed nature. This, plus the fact that the local people were common, interested the Amish. Dover, even though it was a state capital, seemed to the Amish to be a farmer's town. Indeed it was. It even boasted of a Farmer's Market, including an active sale barn. At first the Amish did not take their own goods to the Friday sales at the Farmer's Market, because they had their own market on Governor's Avenue on Saturday. Here they would sell eggs, milk, butter, and other farm produce. Gradually there was a shift and by the 1940's all the Amish were selling their goods at the Friday sales. Having a sale barn similar to what they were used to in the Mid-western communities, appealed to the Amish settlers. Here they could buy livestock and furniture.

The Dover area was suitable for the traditional Amish way of farming — dairy and livestock farming. But it also had a cash crop industry which provided the early Amish with ready income and employment for the young people. On June 9. 1915 "Oregon Jake," the settlement's founder, wrote in the Budget:

> "Will say this is a nice level country, just rolling enough to drain good, no rocks or stones to bother farming. The land farms very nice, any chunk of a boy who can handle a team and hold a plow can plow here. There are different varieties of soil. Some is more adapted to truck and fruit farming and some to grain."

The Oakland, Maryland Budget scribe, Valentine Selder wrote in the paper Sept. 22, 1915:

> "Some people say Delaware is no good for grass or cattle. I saw good grass and good sod. I know that Delaware can raise good grass and cattle and horses and mules. It is also a great place to raise poultry as they don't have much snow and the winters are short, making it profitable to raise poultry. Close to market; plenty of railroad accommodations. Land fairly cheap but is going up. I have friends in Delaware that tell me if a person can't make a living in Delaware, it is no use trying it anywhere else."

The size of the fruit and cash crop industry amazed the early Amish settlers of Delaware. And it impressed their visitors as well. On the first farm purchased by the Amish at Dover there were fifteen acres of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums, and all kinds of berries. Another four acres contained grapes. Pears (Kiffer pears) were the leading tree fruit of the area in amount produced. But tomatoes were the most commonly grown cash crop. In 1915 when the Amish arrived, Dover alone had four large tomato canneries, and there were many in the smaller surrounding towns.

Jacob Yoder, the fifth Amishman to settle in the Dover community commented on the tomato industry:

> "The tomato hauling and marketing is certainly a great sight to see. They are loaded in what is called a tomato basket, a bucket-shaped basket holding 5/8 of a bushel, and hauled in wagons of different sizes, racked especially and arranged for tomatoes and fruit hauling, holding from 30 to 125 baskets. A light wagon called a durban* hold-

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* It is reported that when Bishop John Hostetler moved from Kansas to Dover, he wrote back to his sister asking her to guess what a "durban" was. She imagined it might be a new type of washing machine. It actually was a light wagon.

> ing 30 to 35 baskets is mostly used by the smaller tomato growers ... The tomatoes are grown from small patches up to a 40 acre field. When hauled to the station or factories, wagons of from 20 to 30 teams are often awaiting each other for unloading. A grand income is made by the raising and hauling of tomatoes ... They were selling all the way from 30¢ to 79¢ per basket this week. Peter Swartzentruber has sold over $450 worth of tomatoes from a 6 acre field and has more in the field to pick."

The tomato growing business and other fruits and cash crops were engaged in heavily by the early Amish settlers at Dover. But as more modern methods of farming developed in future years, many switched their emphasis back to the traditional livestock and pasture farming. This meant that the settlement spread away from Dover to the west where there was heavier soil suitable for pasture land.

The Smallpox Scare

Every settlement has its memorable happening. In Lagrange Co. Indiana it is the Palm Sunday Tornado of 1965. In Holmes Co. it is the Boiler Explosion of 1918. But for Dover, Delaware residents, perhaps the most memorable event was the Smallpox Scare of 1943. People awoke on the last day of the year 1942 faced with the headline in the local newspaper: — AMISH PERSONS BARRED FROM CITY BY MAYOR. Many must have been shocked but they soon realized as they read further in the newspaper that many of them had been exposed to smallpox. It had been learned by the city authorities that a visitor from Ohio who had been at Dover for a wedding had come down with smallpox once she was back home. The officials had heard, too, that this same person had visited in Lancaster Co. and that there were some cases of smallpox being reported there. Was it any wonder, then, that as the new year (1943) dawned the Amish of Dover were not welcome in the city? The dreaded disease — smallpox — was just outside the city limits, at least so it was thought.

Who was the visitor from Ohio? Bishop Andrew J. Weaver and his wife and Preacher Abe E. Miller. Since the incident centered around Mrs. Andy Weaver, we will let her tell about the experience in her own words:

"On a Wednesday morning, November 4, 1942 we started out of Orrville, Ohio on the 7 o'clock train headed east. Preacher Norman Swartzentruber and wife were on the train enroute from a visit to the West; so we took the seats across the aisle from them where an 'English' lady had been sitting before we did. Normans got off in Massillon to visit their relatives in Holmes Co. We traveled on to Dover, Delaware arriving around midnight. The next day we attended the wedding of John and Lydia (Nissley) Mast. After visiting a few days in the community, we left on Monday the 10th to spend the day at the Philadelphia zoo. From there we headed for Lancaster Co. where we attended two weddings and two funerals, and also were in church four times. Sunday evening church was at Pre. Jonas Ebersols as he had T.B. and could not go away. While there in church I started with a headache. Monday afternoon the rest went visiting widows and I stayed at Deacon David Blanks and was not feeling well. In the evening I went along to make a call at Joni Fishers.

"Saturday November 21st Abe Millers, Bishop Levi Stoltzfus and us with Moses Good as driver started for Luray C.P.S. Camp and arrived there at 1 p.m. At 3:30 we started for Boonsboro C.P.S. Camp and arrived there at 9:30. We slept in their tenant house and the following morning I had a rash on my forehead. Of course they teased me as they had found out we had had a mouse in our bed and they thought I had mice bites. I had not been feeling very well all week. Our kind friends in Lancaster had all wanted to give me something for my 'flu' to get me well again. So now at Boonsboro Camp we decided the many different medicines might be the cause of my rash.

"After some other stops in the Belleville area of Pennsylvania, we got a train at Lewistown for home and arrived at Orrville, Ohio at 6:00 in the evening. When we got home Grandpa (We lived with Andrew's folks;) thought we should still get the doctor to find out what my rash was. I then felt so well I didn't think it was necessary anymore. But the next morning we did call Dr. Mitchell from Fredericksburg. He then called my rash 'Chicken Pox.' We asked him whether we should keep the children home from school. He said since I had had chicken pox before it would not be contagious the second time. Anyway Grandpa said to the doctor, 'That's good news to me as I was afraid it might be smallpox.' The doctor then made a circle on my hand with his pen and said, 'Smallpox are that big around and people sometimes die from them.'

"Then a week or so passed and my husband and Abe Millers and also the Will Keims who were at Boonsboro camp took sick. The doctor was again called and he still said it's chicken pox. Later Grandpa and their four girls also took sick. The two oldest of our children did not get sick, but the next three children did. We then told the doctor that the two oldest had been vaccinated for smallpox when they started to school. Then is when he decided we were having smallpox after all. Beforehand he had hung a small sign at our door with 'Smallpox' written on it but had it turned with the blank side out as he was puzzled what it really was. But by now he turned it like it should have been at the beginning. So now it meant a lot of vaccinating.

"Later we found out that the lady who had had the seat on the train before I did had a rash like I did. That was when we had started on our trip. Evidently she had smallpox and didn't know it. The Health Department came out and wanted to know the different places where we had been on our trip."

So that is how the smallpox scare came to Dover, Delaware. It was called a "scare" because as it turned out no one at Dover developed the disease. This was due in a large measure to the rapid vaccination program set up by the local health department. It was said at the time that Mrs. Weaver visited with 36 families during her stay at Dover, and not one of them developed smallpox, thanks to the quick action of the health department.

The scare caused quite a panic, though, among the townspeople of Dover. Hundreds rushed to doctors' offices to be be vaccinated. One Amish boy who reported at the draft board as scheduled was promptly chased out of the office and told, "Get out of town and come back later." Even the rural mail carriers were afraid and refused to pick up mail not only from the thirty homes of quarantined Amish, but from any Amish.

On January 22nd the quarantine was lifted, two weeks after it had been imposed. The two weeks were basically not a hardship to most Dover Amish families, but the quarantine did keep them from selling their produce at the Friday market, and quite a few were sick from the vaccinations. Those first two weeks of 1942 will be remembered for a long time in the Dover settlement. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HERE IS ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE KEIM SISTERS, LYDIA AND MARY.

-by Elizabeth Miller

SECOND BEST

"I wish we were done. I'm tired and my back aches," complained Mary Keim to her sister Lydia. She sat down on the bare ground to rest for a minute.

"I'm tired, too, but we will never get done if we don't keep at it," stated Lydia. "Come on. We'll soon be at the end of the row."

Mary scowled at her sister. Lydia's grown-up ways sometimes provoked her. "What's so great about getting to the end of the row if it only means starting another one?" demanded Mary. Her voice sounded sarcastic.

"Well, as soon as we start the next two rows and Dad and Bennie each start one, there will only be four left. One for each of us."

"Only?" Mary got to her feet and brushed the dust from her dress. She was hot and dusty and sticky. She turned to look toward the other end of the field. There she saw Dad and Bennie picking up potatoes. Probably they were about the same distance from the end of their rows as she and Lydia were. But even after they had each picked another row of potatoes there would still be a row left for each of them. And the rows were so long. Mary didn't even want to think about it.

The sun was warm, so warm that Mary could see little ripples of heat rise from the brown field. The rows to the right were bare except for the few small potatoes not worth picking up. To the left the potatoes lay like big brown bubbles on top of the dusty soil.

"Come on, Mary," repeated Lydia. "Let's see who gets to the end of the row first."

For once Mary wasn't in a mood to race. But she knew she had to get back to work. She picked up her basket and carried it a few feet and set it down again. Then she tossed potato after potato into the basket. Her hands were coated with a crust of dirt that cracked when she bent her fingers. "I wonder if my hands will ever get clean again," she mumbled to herself.

For a while the two girls worked in silence. Then Mary spoke again. "Why did we ever raise a whole field of potatoes anyway?" she asked.

Lydia picked up a bag and held it out to Mary. While Mary held it, Lydia emptied first one basket and then the other into it. "You know well enough why we're raising potatoes," said Lydia. "They sell for a good price, and it makes good income."

"But we never raised potatoes before," argued Mary. "I thought corn and wheat were good crops, too. And they aren't as much work as potatoes are."

"Just wait a few weeks until we get to husking corn. Then you'll get so tired of it that you'll wish we had planted the whole field in potatoes," teased Lydia.

"I will not. I'd a hundred times rather husk corn than pick up potatoes. At least you don't break your back husking corn like you do with this job." Mary flung the potatoes into the basket disgustedly.

The girls reached the end of the rows, emptied their baskets once more, and then started the next two rows. For a while neither one had anything to say. The sun was hot, the girls were warm, and the work was tiresome. Mary tried to think of school and of her friends. She wondered what her friends Susan and Edna were doing. Did they have to work so hard, too?

"Hey, Mary, do you know what is two weeks from today?" asked Lydia suddenly.

Mary thought for a minute. "It's Saturday, and we'll probably be picking up potatoes," said Mary.

"Oh, come on, Mary. We'll be done long before that. I heard Dad say he was going to plow out the rest one afternoon and we'd pick them up after school. There are only eight rows that aren't plowed out."

"Then we'll be husking corn or doing something else. One sure thing, we'll be working," replied Mary.

"But it's a special day and I won't tell you if you're not interested." Lydia went back to work.

Immediately Mary was interested — and curious. "What is it? I don't even know what the date is," she said, trying to remember what special day came in October.

"If I tell you the date you'll guess what day it is," said Lydia. "Today is October third, and two weeks from today will be October seventeenth."

"Oh, Mother's birthday," exclaimed Mary. "I knew it was October seventeenth, but I didn't realize it was only two weeks away." She paused for a minute, then she added wistfully, "I wish we could get her something for her birthday this year. I mean buy her a real present. Something more than a home-made greeting that says 'Happy birthday, Mother.' "

"I was thinking the same thing," said Lydia. "I was trying to think of something that she needs very badly right now."

"I know what. An ironing board cover," said Mary. "The one we have is torn."

Lydia hesitated. "But I think we should get something that she wouldn't buy for herself. An ironing board cover she'll buy herself as soon as the Fuller Brush man comes again."

Mary thought buying something special for Mother was a good idea, but she couldn't think of a thing that her mother really needed that she would not buy for herself. "What do you think we should buy?" she asked Lydia.

"Well, one thing I was thinking about was a corn cutter like Aunt Lena has. You know, that thing she uses to cut the corn from the cobs. If Mother had one of those things she could cut the corn from the cobs much faster and easier than she can with a knife."

"But it would be a whole year before she could use it," objected Mary. "I wish we could think of something she could use every day."

"Now you're really making it hard," said Lydia. "Not only does it have to be useful, it has to be something she can use every day."

Mary had an idea. "I know. A memo pad like Grandmother has to write her grocery lists on. You know, that green thing she has at the side of her cabinet. It has a place to put a pencil and a clip to fasten notes."

This time it was Lydia's turn to object. "But that wouldn't be much of an improvement over what she already has. She tacks the list to the inside of the cupboard door and has a pencil tied with a string. It's pretty handy that way."

"It would be just as much of an improvement as a corn cutter is over the knife she uses to cut the corn from the cobs," insisted Mary. "You think of something, then."

"Here comes Dad," whispered Lydia. "Let's ask him. Maybe he can think of something better."

"Do you think he will agree to buy something for Mother?" asked Mary.

"I'm pretty sure he will if we can think of something she needs," said Lydia. "At least I can't see why not. With all these potatoes he shouldn't object to spending a few dollars for Mother's birthday."

"But shouldn't we decide what to buy before we tell him?" asked Mary.

"Let's ask him for advice," suggested Lydia again. "He can usually think of something better than we can."

Dad was close enough to hear the last remark. He straightened up and stretched. "What's the issue up for discussion now?" he asked. "Are you trying to think of a way to pick up potatoes without getting an aching back?"

The girls looked at each other and smiled. "No, that's not what we were talking about," said Mary. Then she stopped and waited for Lydia to go on.

"Two weeks from today is Mother's birthday," said Lydia. "And we — we thought it would be nice to give her something for her birthday this year."

"This year?" said Dad. "You make it sound like you never did before. If I remember right, you haven't missed her or my birthday ever since you are old enough to go to school."

"But this year we want to give her something special. A real present — one that is bought at the store," said Mary. "So far all the birthday presents we gave her were homemade ones."

Dad was silent for a minute. "What did you have in mind?" he asked.

The girls looked at each other. "We — er, we couldn't decide," said Lydia.

Dad chuckled. "That really must be something special, if you can't decide what to buy," he said.

"We tried to think of something that she would use every day and yet she wouldn't buy for herself," explained Mary.

"And something that she needs," added Lydia.

Dad whistled a low whistle. "You have some thinking to do," he said. "Then when you have thought of something to buy, maybe you'd better think of some more things. First of all, when are you going to buy the gift? With you in school every day except Saturday, that leaves only one possible day between now and October seventeenth that you could go to town. The second question for you to consider is, how will you get to town? The third thing to think about, gifts cost money, you know."

"But . . . but you could go to town," said Mary. "Won't you go to the grocery store before then, anyway?"

Dad looked at Mary. "That's what I thought," he said, not unkindly. "I know, I could go to town, buy a gift for Mother, and even pay for it. But who would the gift be from then?"

Both girls were silent. Dad continued, "You want to give a special gift. The only thing that makes a gift really special is when the person who gives the gift pays a special price for it. That doesn't necessarily mean paying a price in dollars and cents. It could mean spending time making the gift, or giving something that means a lot to the person who's giving it."

"But Susan gave her mother a wall motto for her birthday and Annie and Cristie gave Aunt Lena a kitchen chair. And . . ."

"And what, Mary?" asked Dad.

"Nothing," replied Mary a little shortly. What was the use of telling Dad that they had worked hard with the potatoes and it would only be fair it he gave them money to spend for Mother's birthday? She was sure Dad had no idea how much she wanted to give Mother a present — a real present, one that was bought at the store.

By now the girls and Dad and Bennie had passed each other. As soon as Dad was out of hearing distance, she said, "I thought you were so sure Dad would let us buy a gift for Mother."

Lydia was as disappointed as her sister. "I guess we might as well forget about it," she said. "We even had a hard time thinking of something to buy. There are so few things we can make that we might as well give up."

"Do you think there might be something to make in that book Miss Lehman has? I mean the one called 'Gifts to Make'," suggested Mary.

"I don't know. And if we did find something, when would we do it?" asked Lydia. "We are in school every day and Mother is home in the evening. There is no chance for us to do a thing that she won't know about."

"Couldn't we do it at school? I mean depending on what we found to make," asked Mary.

"I'm not going to make something at school," declared Lydia. "I'm tired of making things while the other girls tell of the nice gifts they buy for their mothers' birthdays."

Mary looked at her sister. "Usually I give up before you do but this time it's you. Buying a present for Mother was your idea to start with."

"It was not. You brought it up," argued Lydia.

"But you reminded me of her birthday," insisted Mary.

"Let's pick up potatoes and forget about it," said Lydia.

Mary tried to forget. For a while when they were busy talking about a gift for mother, the sun did not seem to be so hot and Mary's back did not ache so much. But now she

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felt worse than ever. Even when the sun hid behind a cloud Mary didn't feel better. She was tired, miserable, and disappointed.

Finally the last potato was in the bag and the girls helped Mother with the milking while Dad and Bennie gathered up the potato bags with the wagon.

"What are we having for supper?" asked Mary. "I'm hungry."

Mother smiled a little. "Eli and I have a surprise for you," she said. "You'll have to wait and see until we're ready to eat."

The girls looked at each other and brightened. Mother had not helped with the potatoes in the afternoon. She had stayed in to clean the house and get the clothes ready for church the next day. Somehow she must have managed to find time to make a surprise for supper. And when Mother had surprises, they were good ones.

"Are we having apple dumplings?" asked Lydia.

"Or chicken pot pie?" asked Mary.

"Wait and see," was all Mother would say.

The girls worked faster now and when Dad and Bennie came home they told them about the surprise. Everyone seemed to forget how tired they were and they hurried with the chores so they could go in to eat.

The surprise was not apple dumplings or chicken pot pie as the girls had guessed. It was even better than that — a dish of steaming scalloped potatoes with plenty of ham mixed in. Mary thought she had never tasted anything quite so delicious. And as an added surprise, there was fresh grape pie with whipped cream.

"We made the pie first," said Mother. "Then I decided as long as I had the oven going, I might as well bake potatoes, too."

"I helped pick the grapes and take them off the stems," said Eli.

"Yes, Eli helped," said Mother. "I had a busy afternoon and was very glad for Eli's help."

Eli looked pleased. "I like to work," he said.

"But I was working, too," said Bennie. "And I worked harder than Eli did."

"You all worked hard," said Mother quickly, trying to avoid an argument. "That's why I hurried with my work so that I could make a special supper for all of you."

Mary looked at Lydia and then at Dad. Neither one of them spoke, but Mary was sure she knew what the others were thinking. Just this afternoon they were talking about a special gift for Mother. And at the same time Mother was making a special supper for them. Mary sighed. How she wished it were possible to go to the store and buy a gift for her mother. But after what Dad had said, she knew it was impossible. She wished she could forget about it.

But Mary couldn't forget. That evening while she and Lydia were doing the dishes, a new thought came to her. "Oh, Lydia, I know what we could buy for Mother if . . ." She couldn't finish the sentence.

"What?" asked Lydia. She wrung the dishcloth with a twist and then shook it out and started to wipe the table.

"A canister set. This one is so old that the only one Mother uses is the one she puts flour in. The others are stained and rusty inside and not fit to store things in."

Lydia's face brightened. "That would be nice, but you know what Dad said about us having to buy it and pay for it, too."

Mary's countenance fell. "We could pay for it," she said. "But we have no way of going to the store. Do you think we could ask Grandmother or someone to buy one for us?"

I feel sorry for the summer
When winter comes and chases it away.
I think summer is much nicer,
And I wish that it could stay.
-E. Paystupper

Lydia was silent for a minute. Then she said, "Hey, I know what. Let's make a canister set."

"Make a canister set?" Mary sounded as if she couldn't believe she had heard right. "What would we make it from?"

Lydia looked around to make sure Mother was nowhere in sight. "We could use cans like this," she said, opening the cupboard door and taking out the Crisco can. "They even have tight plastic lids."

"But what could we do with them?" asked Mary. "I mean, would we just give them as they are?"

"No, we could paint them. No, I know, let's cover them with that left-over stuff we put on the table in the living room. I think it's called ply-stick."

Mary was still a little doubtful. "Do we have enough cans?" she asked.

"I'm sure there are at least five or six in the attic. We only need four, so we can pick out the four nicest ones," answered Lydia.

"Oh, let's," said Mary. "That will solve the problem of going to the store and paying for the gift, but when are we going to do it?"

"Let's hope we can find a way. Maybe we can ask Dad. He's good at thinking up ways we can't think of," said Lydia. "Maybe we can ask him tomorrow morning after Mother's gone in from milking."

"O.K. Let's," agreed Mary. She forgot how tired she was as she spun around on her toes.

The girls could hardly wait until their mother left the barn the next morning. When she finally went to get breakfast, the girls did not waste any time pouring their idea out to Dad.

Dad smiled a big smile when he heard about the girls' plan. "So you did think of something," he said. "I figured you would, as earnest as you were yesterday.

"But when can we do it and where?" asked Mary. "Mother's not supposed to know."

"Well, let me think a while," said Dad, once more turning to his milking. The long streams of milk made a musical sound as they landed in the empty pail. The sound changed tunes as the pail filled up. Mary wondered if he was still thinking about what they had said, but she had no way of knowing. As she turned away, her father called after her, "If I think of a way, I'll let you know."

For a few days the girls wondered if Dad was going to find a way at all. But they went ahead with their plans. "We're going to make the set for Mother if we have to give her the cans and then fix them up after her birthday," said Lydia one evening.

"Oh, I hope not. That would only be half as much fun," said Mary. "Did you check to see if there was enough ply-stick?"

"Yes, and there is a little bit of brown, too," answered Lydia. "I thought we could even trim them in brown."

"Hey, let's use the brown and cut out the words flour, sugar, salt, and tea on the cans," suggested Mary. "We could use Miss Lehman's lettering stencils."

"That's a good idea, if we can find time to do it," said Lydia. "Maybe we could make the letters in school, if we took the brown ply-stick along."

"Or even one evening after the others are in bed," added Mary.

On Thursday when the girls came home from school they found the rest of the potatoes plowed out. Dad and Mother and the little boys were out picking up potatoes. The girls and Bennie knew what that meant. They hurried into other clothes and went out to help.

"Just who we need," greeted Dad when they came into the field. He smiled at the girls with a twinkle in his eyes. Mary's heart leaped. She was sure she knew what the twinkle was about. Dad had a plan — a secret plan.

The girls worked with a will. It wasn't so hot now and they were going to finish tonight. And then there was the secret. They could hardly wait to hear about it.

When Mother and Dad got to the end of the row Mother went in to start the chores and get things ready for supper. As soon as Mother was out of the field Mary said, "Lydia, let's go ask him. I can't wait any longer."

"No, let's not," said Lydia. "Let's wait until we meet him. He's coming in our direction."

The girls worked even faster now. Time and again their baskets were full and had to be emptied. Mary kept glancing up, measuring the distance between herself and Dad. Her heart beat rapidly as he came closer. "Oh, I hope I won't be disappointed again," she said. "I hope, I hope, I hope."

"My, you girls are working fast tonight," said Dad. "What's the occasion?"

The girls looked at each other and smiled. "We think you thought of something, so we hurried to meet you. Did you . . . do you, I mean . . ."

Dad laughed. "Yes, I think I know what you mean. And yes, I think I have a plan. This morning I broke a piece out of the tractor crank, and I'm going to need it before Saturday to grind feed for the cows. If you hurry home from school tomorrow evening I'll send Mother to the welding shop to get the crank fixed about the time you come. Will that give you enough time?"

"What about our other chores?" asked Lydia, remembering all the work they usually did after school.

"Well, I think we can manage that. That will be Bennie's and my part of the gift — doing your work so you can make a canister set."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mary. "Lydia and I cut out the lettering today in school. I sure had to work hard with the 'g' in sugar, but I finally got it fairly well. I know our set won't be as nice as a set from the store, but it will be better than what she has now."

Dad chuckled as he watched the girls pick up potatoes. Then he whistled and went back to work.

The girls did not waste any time leaving school the next evening. Mary had the lettering safely concealed in a homemade envelope. "Let's not be so excited," cautioned Lydia. "Maybe Mother will still be at home when we get there and she will wonder what we are up to."

But Mother was not at home when the girls came home. Before long the girls were at work in the empty room upstairs. Dad watched for a while and then he and Bennie went out to do the chores.

"Here, help me," exclaimed Mary. "It just wants to get wrinkles."

Lydia dropped the scissors and came over to help Mary. Even with the two working together, it was no easy task to get the sticky plastic material on the cans. After it was on the can, it had to be folded down at the top and securely fastened. It was much harder work than the girls had imagined it would be, and when it was time to get supper they were not finished. "Let's work on them in the evenings," suggested Lydia. "The hardest part is finished and we can put the lettering on whenever we get the chance."

"Some of them are going to be tricky," said Mary. "It's hard to pull off the backing without tearing the letters."

Lydia and Mary cleaned up the room and hid the cans in the closet. By the time Mother came home supper was ready and waiting. Everyone was careful not to mention what the girls had done that evening. If Mother noticed anything unusual, she did not mention it.

By Tuesday evening the work on the canister set was finished. The girls set the four cans in a row and stood back to admire them. The lettering was not perfect, and one of the cans had a few little wrinkles, but even so the girls were pleased.

"I think they're nice," said Mary. "But I still wish we could have bought her a real pretty set like Susan's mother has."

"Well, we couldn't buy one, so we did second-best," said Lydia. "Buying a set would have been nice, but I rather enjoyed making this one, even if it was hard work."

The girls wished it was Saturday. Every morning they got up and helped with the work until it was time to go to school. After school there was always something for them to do. But they worked without complaining. They had a secret — a secret that made them happy.

Then finally it was Saturday morning. The girls had the plans all made. No one was to mention Mother's birthday until after breakfast. Then the girls would get the gift and give it to Mother while everyone was watching.

Even Father had an unusual smile when they sat down to breakfast. Bennie kept giggling behind his hand and Mary had to kick his foot and look at him sternly to quiet him. As soon as they had finished eating, Bennie pushed Lydia. "Go get it," he whispered.

Mother looked questioningly from one to the other. "What's going on?" she asked.

But before she could ask any more questions, the girls were gone. A minute later they returned, carrying the four homemade canisters. They set them on the table in front of Mother and waited for her to say something.

"Why, thank you!" she said. "So this is what all the knowing smiles have been about."

"You didn't notice, did you?" asked Mary, sounding disappointed.

"Notice? How could I help but notice how happy everyone was the last while. I figured there was a little secret somewhere, but I never expected anything like this. When — I mean, how did you do it?"

All together they told Mother the whole story from the first plans for a birthday gift that hot afternoon in the potato field up to the very minute when it was time to present the gift. They did not forget to tell how Dad and Bennie had done the chores that evening so the girls could work on the birthday present.

"We really wanted to buy you a nice set at the store," said Mary. Then she lowered her eyes. "But since we couldn't we had to give second-best — a homemade set."

"Second-best?" said Mother. "The store-bought set would have been second-best. It would never have meant as much to me as this one does. This is something special to me because I know it was made especially for me."

Mary looked at Mother. Had she heard right? Did Mother really mean it? Yes, the look on her face and the tone of her voice assured Mary. She had heard right. ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

THE LARGEST ANIMAL

-by David Luthy

It was an exciting day at Maple Grove School. The pupils were lined up outside and slowly entering a school bus. No one was silent; everyone was talking and laughing. Today was a real treat. They were on their way to the zoo in a not too distant city.

"I can hardly wait to see if they have a hippo there," said John Miller to his seventh grade classmates. "I saw one once in the Buffalo zoo when our family went to see Niagara Falls."

"Maybe they'll have a girafe, too," said Dan Lambright. Miss Yoder, the teacher, heard the pupils voicing various hopes of what animals they might see. And she thought she should caution them. "Don't set your hopes too high on seeing any particular animal, because the zoo we are going to isn't as large as some. It won't have a full line of animals."

"Just so it has the largest animal, I'll be content," whispered John Miller to Jerry Chupp, who was sitting in the bus seat beside him."

"The largest animal," questioned Jerry. "What's that, an elephant?"

"Sure," answered John.

"A giraffe is taller," added Dan Lambright who had been resting his arms on the back of the boys seat. "But I guess you are right, the elephant is the largest."

The bus ride was not long, lasting about an hour. Soon the pupils from Maple Grove were entering the gate to the city's zoo. Everyone wanted to run and see if the zoo contained his favorite animal, but Miss Yoder said, "Stay in a group, students, and we'll walk from one pen to another and see them all.

Some of the pupils had been given a dime by their parents to buy some peanuts. As they approached the different pens the children would toss peanuts to the captives. Often they were surprised at the amount of animals which seemed to enjoy the peanuts. But the ones who enjoyed them the most, and the ones the children laughed about the most, were the monkeys. They would squeek and scamper and clap their little hands and beg for peanuts. If a peanut was thrown and landed in a cluster of monkeys, all would dive for it. Since there was only one peanut, only one monkey would get it and then he would climb around the bars of the cage being chased by the others. Quickly he would eat the peanut and the chase would stop.

Finally the line of children came to the pen John Miller had been waiting for— the elephant pen. "Come, Jumbo," called John to the enormous beast. "I've saved my peanuts for you." John held out a peanut and the elephant stretched his trunk out between the bars and over the guard rail. Many of the pupils backed away in fear. John placed the peanut in the outstretched trunk and the elephant wound it back in and placed the peanut in his mouth. Instantly the trunk was extended for another and then another.

"His trunk is more like an arm than a nose," said Ruth Gingerich, one of the eighth grade girls.

John handed a peanut to Ruth. "Want to give him one?"

Ruth backed away, "No thanks, you're doing fine."

"Don't be scared of him," smiled John. "He's only the world's largest animal."

"Oh, he is?" questioned Ruth. "I think there's an animal which is twice as big as this elephant."

John suddenly lost interest in feeding peanuts to the elephant. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Do you mean some animal in a fairy tale in a library book?"

"No," laughed Ruth. "I mean a whale."

"A whale," said John in a startled voice. "Why they live in water and are some kind of huge fish."

"No, they aren't fish," insisted Ruth.

"But they live in water," said John.

"So do beavers," answered Ruth. "But we don't call them fish."

Miss Yoder moved up from where she was standing beside the smaller children. "What's the discussion?" she asked.

"Ruth says a whale is the world's largest animal, and I say it is a fish. And that the elephant is the largest animal."

Miss Yoder studied a minute. "You know, John, I believe Ruth is right. Whales are considered animals, not fish. I remember learning that when I went to school. I must have forgotten it as I, too, think of whales more as fish than animals since they live in the ocean."

"But how can they be animals?" asked John.

Miss Yoder shook her head.

Ruth also shook hers. "All I know is that I read somewhere that whales are the biggest animals."

"Why don't you both make a nature study of whales? We've got the new set of World Books at school this year.. You can probably find plenty of information in them," said Miss Yoder. "If a whale is an animal then it must be more similar to an elephant than to a fish. The reasons would be interesting to find out."

The trip to the zoo was soon over. But no one forgot the conversation between John, Ruth, and Miss Yoder in front of the elephant's pen. On the bus ride home some of the older pupils tried to figure out why a whale would be called an animal.

The next day just before the first recess, Miss Yoder told the pupils that there would be a short period on Friday when Ruth and John would make reports about whales. Ruth would tell why it is that whales are considered animals and not fish. John would give interesting facts about whales. Then time would be given to allow the pupils to ask questions. Miss Yoder said she, too, would study about whales so as to be able to help answer questions which might come up.

The weeks passed quickly at Maple Grove. Too quickly for John, for each day he grew more nervous about giving his report. Ruth was just the opposite, she was also nervous but wished the report didn't have to wait until the last day of the week as she'd like to get it over with.

Friday afternoon came and with it came some school parents who had heard that the pupils were making a study of whales and were going to give reports.

"Hello," greeted Miss Yoder. "Take the bench there beside the coat rack. We'll be having the reports in just a few minutes."

Ruth was to be first with her report on why whales are considered animals. When Miss Yoder was ready, Ruth rose from her seat, walked to the front of the room, and read her report.

"Whales are the largest animals in the world," she began reading. "There are many differences between whales and fish. Whales have tails which are horizontal, while fish have vertical tails. Whales, like other animals, bear their young alive and nurse them on milk..."

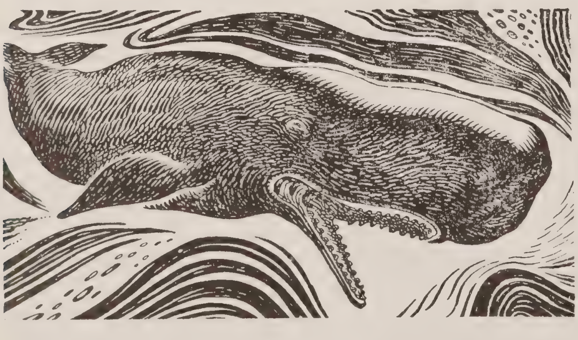
Many of the children sighed and looked puzzled. "Do whales nurse their young on milk like cows do?" many wondered.

Ruth had glanced up from her paper when she heard the sighs, but now continued reading. "The mother whale is called a "cow" and her baby is called a "calf." As other animals, whales breath through lungs and must put their heads out of the water to get air. Fish, on the other hand, breathe through gills on the side of their head and not through the mouth. Fish don't need to come to the surface for air; they obtain oxygen from air bubbles let off by sea plants. Whales, like animals and even people, are warm-blooded. Their blood stays the same temperature no matter if the water is cold or warm. But a fish is cold-blooded. The temperature of its blood changes with the temperature of the water. Thus, for these important reasons, a whale is considered part of the animal family rather than part of the fish family."

Ruth's report had been short but to the point. John now stood and took Ruth's place before the school. "The largest whale," he began," is the blue whale which may grow to be 95 feet long and weigh 150 tons..."

The pupils and parents sighed even more than they had when Ruth had read that whales nursed their young on milk.

"And," continued John, "they are equal in weight to 23 elephants. There are various kinds and sizes of whales. Some are as small as 18 feet and 2 tons, but most average 50 feet in length and weigh 45 tons. Whales are found in all parts of the oceans. Men have hunted them for thousands of years using their meat for food and their fat for oil for lamps. Years ago the oil was valuable, but now most countries use kerosene or have electric lights. The United States once had 750 whaling ships, but now has none. The government has outlawed whale products in our country because too many whales have been killed and wasted. The government feels there is no need to kill whales since for all whale products there is a substitute. The great days of whaling are over."



The sperm whale is 65 feet long and weighs 60 tons. Its head makes up one-third of its body's length. This was the type of whale most often sought by American whalers.

Interesting Facts About Whales

1. Most whales swim at a speed of 3 to 5 miles an hour. The swiftest are the blue whales which can reach a speed of 25 mph.
2. Large whales eat from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds of food a day. Their diet consists of squid, fish, and small sea plants and animals (plankton).
3. Most whales can stay under water for 5 to 10 minutes, but the sperm whale can stay under as long as an hour.
4. How deep can a whale dive? One whale was found tangled in a telegraph cable on the ocean's floor at a depth of 3,720 feet.
5. Whales live to be 20 to 30 years old.
6. A newborn baby whale can weigh more than a full-grown elephant. Twins are rare.
7. The smallest whale is the narwhal whale which is 18 feet long and weighs 2 tons. It has an 8 foot ivory tusk jutting from the side of its head.

"Thank you Ruth and John," said Miss Yoder as John took his seat. "Both reports were very interesting. Now if anyone has any questions, maybe you can answer them."

Rachel Miller held up her hand, "Wasn't killing a whale very dangerous if whales are so huge?"

Ruth answered her question. "Yes, whaling was very dangerous years ago when men went out in small ships. Often the whale would smash the ship with its giant tail, throwing the men overboard. Also when the men had speared the whale with their harpoon, the whale would dive to great depths and pull them under or swim for miles towing the small boat along. But the modern way is to use a spear with a small bomb attached which explodes when the spear is stuck to the whale. This kills the whale right away. And the boats they use today are much larger than years ago."

A fifth grade boy raised his hand. "If a whale needs to breathe air, could it live on land?"

"No," answered John, "the whale has to live in the water for its body is too heavy for its bone structure to live on land. The water gives its body needed support. If it were on land its body weight would rest on its lungs and collapse them thus killing it. Of course, a whale couldn't move about on land, either, nor could it find things to eat."

One of the parents sitting on the bench asked a question, "When we see pictures of whales, we often see a spot of water coming out of its back. What is this for?"

Both John and Ruth glanced at Miss Yoder. "I read about that in the World Book," she said. "Each whale has one or two holes in the top of its head, depending on what type of whale it is. These holes are like our nose. The whale lets air out through them. When a whale takes in air and dives below the water surface, the air in its lungs becomes hot and forms some moisture. When the whale surfaces it exhales and its hot breath condenses in the cool air and forms a column of fog called a spout. If a whale has two holes, it has two spouts. This was one way sailors could tell what type of whale they were chasing. Also some whales' spouts go straight up and some shoot more forward. The principle is like what occurs when we can see our breath on a cold day."

When Miss Yoder had finished speaking she turned and looked at the clock. "Guess the time has slipped by faster than usual. Miriam, pass the songbooks out and we will have our parting song. Maybe next week if there are any more questions, we can answer them then."

This
Month's
Bible
Story

Food From HEAVEN

The children of Israel had been so happy to escape out of Egypt, the land of slavery, that they jumped and sang in joy on the other side of the Red Sea. They thought all their troubles were over, but they soon discovered how mistaken they were. Their great happiness didn't last long.

Beyond the Red Sea lay the wilderness of Shur. It was hot, dry, barren land. All day the Israelites walked across its dusty, burning sand. By the end of the first day they were tired and thirsty, but when they looked for a drink, they could find no water. They walked the second day without coming to water. Finally at the end of the third day they found a spring. They ran eagerly forward to quench their thirst in the cool water. But with a cry of dismay they drew back, shaking their heads. The water was bitter— too bitter to drink.

How disappointed the thirsty people were. For three days they had looked for water, and now that they found some, it was too bitter to swallow. They named the place Marah, which means bitter, and then they turned with angry faces to Moses and complained, "What are we supposed to drink?"

Moses was hurt to see the people ready to blame him, and to complain against him. He cried aloud to God. God heard his prayer and showed him a tree to throw into the water. Moses cut the tree off and threw it into the water. The water became sweet and good to drink. It was no longer bitter. The people had all the water they wanted to drink, and they felt better.

Then God spoke to the people and said, "If you will be careful to always listen to the voice of the Lord thy God, and will do what is right in his sight, I will not let you get any of the sicknesses which I sent upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord and I can keep you healthy."

From Marah the people journeyed on and came to Elim, a place where there were twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees. Here they camped and rested in the cooling shade.

Soon it was time to journey on. The cloud moved slowly away, and the Israelites followed. It led them into another wilderness; this one was called the wilderness of Sin.

Now the Israelites were out of food. As the days passed they grew hungrier and hungrier. Once again they blamed Moses and Aaron. They murmured and complained. They said, "We wish you would have left us in Egypt where we had all the meat and food we wanted to eat. You just brought us out into this wilderness to starve us all to death."

Then God said to Moses, "Behold, I will rain food down from heaven for the people, and they will be able to go out and gather what they need every day. And on the sixth day, they shall gather enough for the seventh."

Moses and Aaron said to all the children of Israel. "This evening God will show you that he is the one who led you out of Egypt, and in the morning you will see yet another miracle. For God heard how you complained against him, and wished you were back in Egypt. You thought you were complaining against us, but you weren't. We are nothing. We could not have brought you out of Egypt. God brought you out of Egypt, therefore you were murmuring and complaining against God."

Moses turned to Aaron and said, "Go spread the message to all the people that they are to gather together befor the Lord, for he has heard their murmurings."

As Aaron was speaking to the Israelites, they all looked toward the wilderness and suddenly saw the glory of God appear in the cloud. While they watched in awe and fear, God spoke to Moses and said, "I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel. Tell them that this evening they shall be filled with meat, and in the morning I will give them all the food they can eat. By this they shall know that I am the Lord their God."

That evening God's word came true. A great flock of quail flew in, and the children of Israel were able to catch many of them. They had all the meat they wanted.

The next morning an even greater miracle took place. When the dew lifted, the Israelites looked out and all the ground was covered with something white which looked like a heavy frost. The people ran out to see what it was. It was small and round and when they tasted it, it tasted like wafers made with honey.

The people called the strange new food, manna. At once they started to gather what they needed to eat. Moses reminded them of what God had said, "Just gather as much as you can eat today," Moses told them, "Don't gather more than you need."

Some of the people did not listen to what Moses told them. Maybe they were afraid they would not get another chance to gather any manna. They gathered a lot, and stored some away for the next day. But the next morning when they went to eat it, they found it full of worms and stinky. It was not fit to eat. Moses was very displeased with them that they were not more careful to listen to what God had commanded.

Every morning the white manna fell with the dew and the people could go out early and gather what they needed for that day. When the sun came out, the manna melted, but the next morning a fresh supply fell.

On the sixth day Moses said to the people, "Now today you are to gather twice as much manna. Everyone must gather enough for tomorrow, for tomorrow is the Sabbath and none will fall."

But again some of the people didn't listen. Maybe they thought the manna would spoil anyhow if they kept it for the next day. So they only gathered what they needed on the sixth day. When they went out on the morning of the Sabbath to gather manna, they found none. They had to go hungry that day because they had not listened carefully to the words of Moses, when he told them what God had said. But those people who had gathered twice as much, found that their manna had kept very well over night. It had not spoiled and become full of worms as it would have any other day. In this way God taught them two lessons: that it was important to obey his commandments carefully and that they should rest on the Sabbath day and not gather food as usual. -E.S.

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

Grandmother's Auction Sale

'Twas on the 29 th of May
In nineteen-hundred seventy,
Friday morn came nice and clear
Down in Norfolk, Virginny.
So soon the folks were hustling 'round
Most every girl or male,
For don't you see this is the day
Of Grandmother's auction sale.

We'll empty out this cupboard now,
And here's a "ready" bed;
"Say, men, will you take out the couch?"
Or, "Here's a chair," instead.
And so they hustle back and forth
With books, pictures and pails,
'Cause everyone will take a part,
In Grandmother's auction sale.

Out to the lawn and in a row,
They place each treasured item,
From furniture to rusty cans
So folks can see and buy 'em.
Now here is Grandpa's roll top desk,
His hand tools and his nails;
Our memories go so oft to him
At Grandmother's aution sale.

Now where can we find Grandmother dear?
Oh, there she is but, why?
Her face looks sad and lonely and
A tear is in her eye.
But now she's smiling as she comes
Forth to her family hail
As they have all come home today
For Grandmother's auction sale.

How can it be, the yards so full,
With oh, so many pieces?
There's pots and pans and tables too,
A rat trap that releases.
Now here's a churn, a sausage stuffer,
And old trunk, and a scale,
Come right this way and find your need,
At Grandmother's auction sale.

Now there's the auctioneer, I think,
In jacket black and red,
He's talking now and rarin' to go;
A derby is on his head.
"Howdy, folks, we need you all;
I'm trusting you won't fail
To bid on anything you need
At Grandmother's auction sale."

"And now we're going to sell this desk;
We'll start with a hundred, now more;
Here's twenty and thirty, now fifty, I hear;
We're now at one-seventy-four;
Now eighty; eighty-five, lets go right on,
Just think when you write your mail,
One-ninety, Joe bought it, Grandpa's desk,
At Grandmother's auction sale.

It's getting late, crowds thinning out,
We still have a long way to go,
"Let's move along faster," the auctioneer says,
"Sold to the first bidder, let's go!"
There's eats in the shed, drinks, doughnuts, and pies,—
We promise they will not be stale;
We've all had some fun; we will not forget
Our Grandmother's auction sale.

* * *

A man that works close to the sod
Looks up to God
To send the rains, give the increase
Unto the seeds
When fall comes in—the harvest's past
Man rests at last.

Fall days are much too fast approaching. The martins have left for the south, the children are back in school, the dry beans are pulled from the stems and the plants lie in a heap, the celery has been tiled, and the onions are braided in a string.

At times a person could almost mourn for the fleeting summer days, but I know that many a hard working farmer and his wife look forward to the winter months again when the work isn't so rushing.

There is a satisfaction to face the winter with the larder full— the row upon row of well filled cans— the potatoes and apple bins running over. We certainly have much to be thankful for.

Keufels

To make dough, mix following ingredients with fork.
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup margarine or butter
1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese

Form into 24 small size balls and with fingers press and shape into small size muffin tins. (cupcake pans may also be used) Then mix the following:
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons butter (melted)
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3/4 cup chopped pecans (walnuts may be used)
Fill muffin tins. Bake at 350 degrees 20 minutes.

Mrs. John R. Esch, Lanc., Pa.

OATMEAL CAKE

Pour 1 1/4 cups boiling water over 1 cup quick cooking oatmeal. Let cool. Cream:
1/2 cup oleo or Crisco
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar

Add 2 eggs. Then add the oats and 1 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup nuts, and 1 1/2 cup teaspoon cinnamon.

Bake at 350° for about 40 minutes.

Topping:
6 teaspoon butter (melted)
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup evaporated milk or cream
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup coconut

Mix all the above ingredients together and spread on the cake as soon as it is removed from the oven.

-M., Orrville, Ohio

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Not too long ago a young couple was married who I know wanted to have a plain and Christian home. At the wedding they received many useful gifts. While looking over the gifts it seemed there were many bright and fancy gifts that just wouldn't fit into a plain house. Take the large pile of towels, for instance. We know towels are something we use every day and can therefore use many towels given as gifts but only a very few were plain ones. Most of them were very brightly decorated with different kinds of flowers or designs. It almost seemed as though the givers had tried to out-do each other by giving the fanciest ones. Very likely they didn't give it a second thought, but I wonder if our conscience wouldn't feel better if we picked out the plainest towels or gifts to give away. Wouldn't they fit better into a plain Christian home? That way the receivers wouldn't have to be ashamed to use them. -Just wondering, Ohio

???

It seems there are always some late answers to problems arriving— answers that are different from the views already printed, so I've decided to use these also. If you have any problem, sent it in to the Windowsill. There are probably hundreds of other mothers who are struggling with the same problem. If you have a question, let the readers also answer it. Or if there is something you would like to bring up for discussion, do so. All correspondence for this page should be sent to: Aunt Becky
c/o Pathway

* * *

A mother wrote in (in answer to Quarreling Children) that she tells her children when they fight, "Jesus doesn't like you when you fight." I believe I've said this to children, too, already. But after reconsidering I've wondered if it wouldn't have been better had I said, "Jesus doesn't like to see you quarreling." Jesus continues to love us even if we often make failures.

* * *

Answers to Quarreling Children---

I feel the child who grabbed the toy away from another should be punished, and also the other one if he was

(Continued on page 22)

Some Mothers Write

To brighten dull silver, rub it with a piece of potato dipped in baking powder.

When making apple sauce, a quince cut in thin slices and placed in the bottom of the kettle gives a most delicious flavor. One quince is sufficient for 6 or 8 quarts.

— P. B., Pa.

One Sunday morning the children (pre-school age) were up early and walked with Dad down to Grandmother's house. Being Sunday morning Grandmother rested a little longer than usual, just getting up as father and children came in. "My," said Grandmother, "are you up so early?" "Yes," one of them replied. "If you would take vitamins like we do, then you get up early, too."

— L. M., Ohio

Our three-year-old son is very fond of his five-year-old brother and likes to do everything he does. One afternoon big Brother wasn't feeling well and soon was fast asleep. Soon I heard little Brother crying. "Was iss letz?" I asked. He said, "Why don't you wake big Brother? I do not like when he is sleeping." I asked if he wants to lie beside him. He answered, "Yes." He looked contented and in less than five minutes he, too, was fast asleep.

-Mrs. F. E. S., Pennsylvania

* * *

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair

Mothers
are women
who pray
in the
night.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Neighbors

A neighbor came into my home
When I was sick in bed,
She gave me all her sympathy,
Then plaintively she said,
"If I can help in any way,
Don't hesitate to say;
If not, I've many things to do,
So I'll be on my way."

Another neighbor quietly came
In through the kitchen door;
She washed up all the dishes
And scrubbed and waxed the floor.
She made my bed more comfortable
And tidied up the room;
She lifted up my spirits
As she hummed a happy tune.

No thanks she sought, her only aim
To help me on my day of pain.
She clearly showed above all else
She loved her neighbor as herself.

Ruby Anders

* * *

SHUT IN WITH A SHUTIN

Since this is a page for shutins we naturally write mostly about the sick, the shutins, or those who have been shut in at one time. But let us not forget the ones who are shut in with the shutin. The ones who faithfully labor day after day, week after week, (and for some we can say "year after year") to bring comfort to the sick and the invalid. Many books could be written of these faithful people who deprive themselves of joys in life to care for the suffering. Their loving deeds can not be fully repaid by man, by any means. The world does not hold enough riches for this. Only God who sees when a cup of cold water is given in His Name, can give a just reward to the ones who sacrifice for the suffering.

Mrs. Sam D. Mast (Susan) is one of those who is shut in with a shutin. Sam, her husband, is in a helpless condition. In the morning she dresses him and puts him on the wheelchair and feeds him. Susan must tend to all his needs for his sickness has affected his mind so that he needs the care a child requires. Neither does he talk anymore. For the past fourteen years he has been confined to the house and did not leave home.

Sam's defects were very slight at the time of their marriage. Afterwards he and his brother-in-law operated a large farm. Gradually his work became less, until he was forced to quit farming.

The masts have two daughters, Fannie at home and Mary who is married to Harry Miller. Harrys live at home and do the farming now.

Susan denies herself a normal social life to care for her husband. It is very seldom that she goes anywhere. Some people may think, "It would've been better if Susan had never married."

Others can look at the situation with a wider view and think, "How well it is that Sam has found such a faithful, uncomplaining, and sympathetic wife to care for him."

People like Susan do not think of rewards. They accept it as their duty to care for the sick, and do it willingly. They do not consider the burden, nor consider the sacrifice they are making. Their love and unselfishness is genuine, and too deep for that.

We can believe the hours are at times long for Susan because she cannot converse with her husband. She can talk to him but she does not know if he understands what she says. There is very little response. Some of the bright moments of her life is when she receives company, or when someone remembers her with a card or letter.

Sam is 61 years old, and Susan will also be 61 on October 14th. I hope her friends will remember her. Address:
Mrs. Sam D. Mast R.1 Dundee, Ohio 44624

* * *

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions---

It was July when Roman contacted polio. It would be interesting to know if Roman had been eating a lot of ice cream before he got sick. One writer says, "Ice cream and polio go hand in hand." If you'd check the diet of the polio victims, I think you will find it high in sugar, fat, and white flour products. -name withheld

* * *

In the August issue there was a request for a remedy for "house maid's knee." I don't know what "housemaid's knee" is. No replies came in, so maybe the readers do not know what it is either.

* * *

What can be done for acne— a pimply face? -a reader

* * *

Mrs. Mahlon W. Stauffer of Ephrata, Pennsylvania sketched our full page for this month. Mrs. Stauffer also had made the May cover.

Ruth Auker of Ephrata made our September cover, and Florence Stauffer of the same area, sketched this month's cover. It does seem strange, but most of our art work comes from Ephrata, Pennsylvania— mostly from the Old Order Mennonite church.

AUTUMN

The tang of frost is in the air, the stately maple trees
Have taken off their coats of green and sigh with every breeze.
The pumpkin vines, all blighted by Jack Frost's frosty hand,
No longer hide their golden nuggets scattered o'er the land.
The milk weed's pods are bursting and their fluffy down so white
Reminds me that old winter's snows are just about in sight.
The misty haze along the mountains makes me sad and blue,
The days are getting shorter and my bank account is too.

The bees ain't buzzing any more, the robin's song is stilled,
The silo out behind the barn with ensilage is filled.
The smell of burning rubbish permeates the atmosphere,
And smoke curls uf from piles of weeds that's in the garden near.
The clothes line's draped with carpets from the living room and hall,
And papa beats them with a lath, he does it every fall.
Of course he doesn't like it, but his duties he won't shirk,
For mama has the sweetest way to get papa to work.

There's new mush on the bill-of-fare and sausage by the yard
There's sauer-kraut in the cellar and cans of snow white lard.
The fallen apples on the ground are gathered into piles;
The peelings from them, end to end, would reach for many miles.
With well filled dishpan on her lap, now mother calmly sits,
And cores the apples, everyone, and cuts them into snits.
It's apple butter bilin' time and pap, he nearly cries
While stirring in the kettle for the smoke gets in his eyes.

O yes, the autumn days have come, the saddest of the year,
(Beg pardon while I get my hanky out and wipe a falling tear.)
But through my tear dimmed eyes I view the promise of a spring
When flowers will bloom again anew— and birds again will sing.

— Albert G. Gibboney
Sent in by Mrs. Jesse Z. Byler, Pa.

GOLD

For many centuries gold has been associated with riches and luxury. Great sins have been committed in order to obtain it. Yet it was created and placed on the earth that man might use it for a good purpose.

In the Bible it is mentioned from the earliest times. One of the rivers that flowed out of the garden of Eden passed through a land where there was gold. Not only was there gold but the Bible tells us that like all other things created by God, it was good gold.

The second time it is mentioned in the Bible is when Joseph became a ruler in Eygpt. Pharoah put a gold chain on Joseph's neck. Apparently a misuse was being made of gold already at this time, as it was used for ornaments.

The third time it is mentioned is in Exodus 20:22, when God told the Israelites not to make gods of gold.

Solomon had much gold and he used some of it in making the temple which was covered with gold. Solomon taxed the lands which were under his control and every year he received 666 talents of gold, which today would be worth about 24 million dollars.

Not only is gold one of the rarest metals on earth, it is also one of the most beautiful and lasting. It is not affected by air or water and will not rust or tarnish. It can be said to last forever.

It is the most malleable of all metals, and can be flattened out in such thin sheets that 200,000 sheets stacked on top of each other make an inch. This is called gold leaf and is used for stamping book covers and for signs.

Gold is ductible, that is, it can be drawn out in a thread. One ounce of gold will make 35 miles of thread.

Pure gold is soft enough that it will leave a buttery mark when rubbed against stone. Copper is added to make it hard enough for practical use. Pure gold is 24-karat, but the gold that is used for finger rings or dental fillings is usually 14 karat. This means that 14 parts of gold are melted together with 10 parts of copper or some other metal.

Gold can be melted and reused over and over again. One of the ways of purifying gold is to put it through the fire (1Peter 1:7). It is very likely that some of the gold which is in use today came from Queen of Sheba.

Gold is found in caves or in mountain streams where it has been washed out. It is also found in veins in the earth. The deepest mines in the world are gold mines in South Africa, which go down into the earth as deep as 9,600 feet (nearly 2 miles).

Traces of gold are found in ocean water, in fact every ton of ocean water contains about 5 cents worth of gold. Scientists are trying to find an economical way of extracting this gold.

Archaeologists have found gold goblets in the tombs of the kings of Ur who lived at the time of Abraham.

The ancient Egyptians knew how to hammer gold into such thin sheets that it took 367,000 to make a pile an inch high.

The first money was gold coins made by the king of Lydia in Greece about 650 BC. It was about the size of a lima bean and engraved with the king's stamp and a picture of a lion. The few of these coins which have survived are now worth about $1500 each to collectors. One of these can be seen at the Smithsoninan Institute in Washington, D. C.

When Columbus discovered America he found grains of gold which he took back to Europe. In the years that followed, thousands of Spaniards poured into Central and South America and found it beyond their expectations. In Peru the Spaniards found a village where ordinary objects, tools, and furniture were made of gold. They promptly helped themselves.

Soon shipload after shipload of treasures were crossing the Atlantic Ocean towards Europe. This was such a temptation that soon pirate bands came into being which preyed on these ships and took the treasure. Many of the stories about buried treasures were actually true.

For many years the money systems of the nations of the world were based on the gold standard. The paper money which was issued could be redeemed on demand and exchanged for gold. When the great depression of 1929 came, the United States went off the gold standard. Now the dollar is worth only about 50¢ in gold.

Since that time, the law in the United States forbids individuals to own gold except for jewelery or certain needful activities such as in dentistry.

Gold is heavy, a cubic foot of the metal weighs more

(Continued on page 18.)

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FAMILY LIFE

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1970
NOVEMBER
Volume 3
Number 11

letters to the editors

MANNA WAS NO FRUIT

In reading the article, "Food From Heaven" (Oct.issue) I was reminded again of my childhood impressions of manna, which I have changed since studying the Scriptures. Perhaps there are many readers of F.L. who still think as I did, that manna was a ready prepared food, fallen from heaven and all the people had to do was gather it up and eat it.

In Exodus 16:31 it says that manna was "like coriander seed" and in Numbers 11:7 it says "as coriander seed." Although the Bible does not say so, the method used in describing it makes me think it was a kind of seed. In Numbers 11:8 it says the people ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar and baked it in pans and made cakes of it. The taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil.

In Exodus 16:31 it says the manna was white, which being ground would be like a flour. Here it says the taste was like wafers made with honey. In Exodus 16:23, it tells of seething the manna which might indicate that it was used for porridge.

From the above mentioned Scriptures, I would gather that the preparation was much the same as making bread today.

Of course these things do not have any doctrinal importrance, only that we understand the Scripture as it reads. Manna, what is it? - David Rohrer, Ontario.

• • •

KEEPING OUT OF POLITICS

"Flying Strange Banners" (July issue) was a good and timely article. When we hear too much political talk we are bound to feel we are against this or against that. We are facing troubled times and it might be better to think that our leaders are doing the best they can under the circumstances. We should be thankful for the privileges we have.

"The Marvellous Measuring Rod" was good reading material. In some ways we could think, it's just another article but to those of us who have experienced some of these things, it has more meaning.

- Marvin Rhodes, Pennsylvania

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THANKS IN THE RIGHT PLACE

We are one oft the people who receive F.L. but never felt courageous enough to write in before. The paper is just a little seed from here and a little seed from there till it adds up to a useful book.

But I think the Measuring Rod article was so wondrously put up, in such human form, but then again we must not forget to give thanks to the Lord. We can not accomplish even a good thought without the help from the Father above. But we are thankful that He has given people the gift of writing. - Mrs. H. M. M., Ontario

• • •

THE LORD'S ANOINTED

I enjoyed the article very much in September issue, "Touch Not Mine Anointed." The Lord has appointed persons to minister to the needs of the church. Although every member has a responsibility to give counsel and help build up the church, still it is the duty of the anointed to lead the flock. - Ontario.

"Touch Not Mine Anointed" was very good. It makes no sense to allow children to have worldly things then expect them to come back and make good church members. Too often they are dissatisfied to live a simple life after tasting of this world's pleasures. The Bible tells us to "Train up a child in the way he should go." Pro. 22:6. After all, to be a Christian is the only important thing in this life.

- Louella Stauffer, Maryland

Concerning the article "Touch Not Mine Anointed," I wonder how far this can be taken? How far can we follow the group (church) regardless of Scriptural evidence? Surely no one among us would say that the Anabaptists did wrong in leaving the Catholic church to live their faith. Of course if the church is sound Scripturally, then we should follow it by all means.

For myself, I find it hard to remain silent when there are Scriptures that are not being practised even if I am branded as "contentious." Of course there is the danger of speaking at the wrong time. But on the other hand, remaining silent at the wrong time can also be sin.

- Z., Pennsylvania.

ANSWER: There is a Scriptural way to bring about needed changes in the church. This does not include tearing down the church we belong to. What the writer of the article meant to say was that if we destroy the confidence of the people in the ministers, what do we have left?

• • •

NOW WE CAN READ IT

The way things are going in the world and in the churches, I agree it's necessary to have worthwhile reading material for the young folks and for their parents as well. I think it gives us new insight into the problems of raising children. Before these magazines were available we would get together and just talk about such things. But now that people can read the different stories in Family Life, Ambassador of Peace and Blackboard Bulletin, we see it in a different light. - Sam Stoltzfus, Pa.

ANSWER: We hope you will keep on talking about such things when you get together. But maybe the articles you have read will give you more things that need to be talked about.

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GRAPES THE FIRST YEAR

Thank you for the good hints in "Fruit for the Family' in September issue (1968). I took your advice and ordered grapes — Concord and others from Miller's Nurseries. I wanted a little fruit in the back yard for the family and also hoped there will be enough for the neighbors.

I planted them on April 7, they were about 18 inches

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario and R.4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates, $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler; Assistant Editor: Elmo Stoll; Historical and Children's Sections: David Luthy; Women's and Shutin Section: Sarah M. Weaver; German Editor: Peter Yoder; Contributing Editors: Joseph Stoll and Elizabeth Miller; Production: Jacob Eicher; Typesetter: Emma Coblentz; Subscriptions: Martha Helmuth.

FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U.S.A. —Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada—Second-class mailing registration number 00761.

PRINTED IN CANADA

long when they arrived. At first I let them grow on a support of wood. It became necessary to put up a wire trellis so I cemented in two posts, and stretched wire between them.

They made a wonderful growth the first summer and now, only 4 months after I planted them, have clusters of grapes. I am well pleased with the first season's results.

- John A. Hostetler, Pennsylvania.

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BOTH SIDES OF THE PROBLEM

I liked the hired girl stories and wish you would print more. I feel they fill a need in more than one way.

Recently I was talking to a friend of mine who was just ready to leave home to take on her first job as hired girl. When I saw she was a bit nervous I told her, "You'll make it all right. You read the hired girl stories in Family Life so you should know what to expect."

"I suppose so," she answered. "But I sure hope the people I am going to work for have read them, too."

- Ontario.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

LISTENED THE SECOND TIME

On a hot sultry afternoon about forty-six years ago Mother said, "Susan, would you fetch an empty lard can at Aunt Katie's to put these dried apple snitz in?"

It was a half mile across the fields to Aunt Katie's, and as I went outside I could see that a storm was approaching. I was scared but I hurried to go.

When I got there all out of breath, I said, "Mother sent me over for a ——" I couldn't remember what it was. Aunt Katie mentioned different things but no, I just didn't know what it could be so I said, "I think I'll go home. A storm is coming."

When I got home Mother said, "Where is your lard can?"

I told her I had forgotten what I wanted. So she said, "You go right back and fetch it."

By the time I got home again the thunder was rolling overhead. I knew it would have been much better if I had listened the first time. After that I always tried hard to understand before I went.

- Martindale, Pa.

PRAYING ON THE BRIDGE

Soon after our two children left for school one morning, I noticed big black clouds rising up in the west. My thoughts quickly were, "Where are the children? They can't be at school already."

Soon big drops of rain came splashing down and then the thought occurred to me, "In whom do we put our trust?"

That evening at the supper table I asked, "Where were you when the storm came up?"

"We were down by the bridge," the seven-year-old quickly answered, "so we just prayed."

"Prayed?" I asked with a puzzled look.

"Yes, it looked so stormy so we quick prayed that Jesus would take care of us. Then we started up the hill and soon the teacher came to meet us. She was wondering where we were."

Do we as parents put our trust in the Lord, like little children do, and look to him for help, strength and guidance?

- H. E. M., Iowa

WHO MAKES BREAD?

When I was growing up I thought everyone made their own bread. We did at our house so I thought everyone else did, too.

It was during the time I went to school that I first noticed that some mothers bought their bread, at least some of the children had boughten bread in their lunches. But in the back of my mind, I still believed that all Christians baked their own bread.

I was certain that all Mennonites did their own baking, for the ones I knew all did, except for a few wealthy or liberal ones who lived out of state. I didn't know any Amish at that time, but there was no doubt in my mind but what all of them baked their own bread.

Baking bread was really a routine task at home. I never gave it much thought until later years.

Imagine my surprise when someone told me a lot of people who used to bake bread had quit, and also that a lot of Amish never did bake their bread, at least on a regular basis. I refused to believe it and stubbornly clung to my belief for surely such ambitious people would do their own baking, at least under normal circumstances.

Now of later years (I'm still not very old) I know that bread baking is done by those who want to and feel a need for it. However it's still a puzzle to me what makes some people want to and others not.

For my part, I enjoy it. I like the wonderful aroma of bread in the oven. I like the feeling of helping to save money and not having to dish out 37 cents for every loaf we eat. I like the extra nutritional value especially of the brown bread but most of all I like a nice warm slice of bread with butter and honey.

I also like to see the company enjoy it and ask for a second slice and sometimes a third. When they comment on the homemade bread, I chuckle a bit and tell them that when I was little, I thought all Christians baked their own bread.

- Mrs. Dan Schrock, Wisc.

A MOTHER'S TEST

As I lay on my bed at the hospital, (we had been blessed with a healthy baby) my thoughts travelled home to the five children. Thinking of them, they suddenly grew very dear to me and my eyes filled with tears. When I thought of how often I had been impatient with them and sometimes cross, I realized my failure as a wife and mother. I thought, "Surely when I get home, I will try to be more patient and loving toward them."

The day to go home arrived and the children looked forward to seeing us and I was glad to be there. Everyone wanted to see and hold their new sister and when I finally laid her on the buggy, I was tired.

A few weeks passed and as I was up and around more the cares and responsibilities of the family pressed heavily on me. Silo filling had started and my husband was away every day until evening so the children were not able to be with him very much. The weather was cool and damp and the children were indoors most of the time. Each day had the usual amount of quarrels, teasing and mischievous pranks along with the good times. The eighteen-month-old was in the climbing stage and liked to get into things until I gradually felt my patience and good intentions vanishing.

One night as I lay in bed my failure as a mother swept over me and tears threatened to come. "Dear God," I prayed, "strengthen me and help me to be more patient." Then I fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke and before leaving my room I prayed again for strength and guidance. The day went as usual but patience was granted and I remained calm. When finally bedtime came I was sitting in the peace and quiet of my kitchen and I thanked the Lord for his presence that day. He seemed so near to me and I felt, why can't I always place my trust in Him? But Satan was still busy.

A few days later, one morning the wail of the baby greeted me at five-thirty. Still feeling groggy and tired, for I still had to get up in the middle of the night for her feedings, I dragged myself out of bed and changed her diaper. I hoped she would settle down again but it was no use so I picked her up and took her downstairs for her bottle. My husband left to do the milking and soon the hired girl went out to help. I was feeling tired so after the baby was fed I decided to lie on the couch and get a little sleep.

When I awoke it was past seven already and I had a bad headache. The three-year-old was calling that he didn't feel well so I settled him on the couch and hurried to get lunch for the school girl and get breakfast on the table. The rest of the children woke up so in between making breakfast I dressed the little ones, combed the oldest girl's hair and tried to get our five-year-old to hurry.

At times he could dress himself very quickly and at other times he would fool around and tease the girls and do anything else beside dressing. This morning he decided to try my patience. When Father came in for breakfast he had dressed except for socks and shoes so he came to the table as he was.

Before we got finished eating, the three-year-old vomited, so I told him to go lie down again leaving the five-year-old alone with his plate not empty yet.

"I want some toast and jam," he said.

"Finish your porridge first then you may have some," I said.

"But I don't like it," he insisted.

"It isn't much, so you have to eat it first," I answered and started to clear the table. As he sat there with his plate in front of him he looked at me stubbornly.

"I want some toast," he said.

"I told you you can have some when you have emptied your plate," I said.

"It's cold. I want toast," he begged. I went on with the dishes and ignored him as I knew if I would give in, I would have a harder time the next time.

When I had finished the dishes his plate was still not empty so I removed it and told him to finish dressing. But the stubborn mood which I dreaded so much had settled on him.

First he did not make any move to put on his socks, then he did not want to put on his boots, neither did he want to put on his coat. The hired girl was digging potatoes and he was supposed to help pick them up but he did not want to do that either.

So it went, my patience was being tried to the utmost and he was sitting on the floor growing more stubborn all the time. I warned him that he would get a spanking so that was the only thing left to do. I gave him one as hard as I could, so he got his coat and left the kitchen, still crying a little as he went.

I bathed and fed the baby and then decided to see how he was getting along with the potatoes. When I opened the door, there he was still sitting on the porch and as stubborn as ever. Oh, dear, I thought, will I have to give him another spanking? When he saw me, he got up and promised to go and started for the garden. I went to the house again and lay down to rest and try to get rid of my headache. I felt discouraged and a feeling of self-pity threatened to take over.

Why was I feeling so depressed when only a few days before, God had seemed so close. Then the words of a Bible verse came into my mind, "The trial of your faith worketh patience." Where had I failed? Suddenly I realized it was just like the verse said. Without trial we can not learn patience, and each day I must put my trust in Him anew. He will not fail to supply what I need. Things might still go against me but I felt again His presence beside me. As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

A mother, Ontario.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE COMING WORLD CHURCH?

Church officials have made public detailed plans for uniting nine U. S. Protestant denominations into a single church representing more than 25 million members. This will be one-third of U. S. Protestantism. The name chosen for this church is "Church of Christ Uniting." Officials said the name was chosen to emphasize that although the proposed merger is the largest in history, it is only a step toward more far-reaching Christian reunion.

The plan is the result of eight years of discussion and negotiation among officials of the United Methodist Church, Episcopal Church, United Presbyterian Church, United Church of Christ, African Methodist Episcopal Church, The Christian Church (Disciples), and Southern Presbyterian Church.

The Plan Of The Union states that the new church will neither show nor permit discrimination of any kind on on grounds of race.

Although a wide variety of forms of worship will be permitted, the entire church will observe the sacraments of baptism and holy communion. Ordained ministers of the merging denominations will become ministers of the new church automatically without reordination.

REACHING TOWARD THE SKIES

It was once believed that the age of huge skyscrapers was over because they are so costly to build. However, at present it looks like there will be more and bigger ones soon. Chicago and New York are trying to outdo each other. In 1968 the John Hancock center was completed in Chicago, with a height of 1, 127 feet, the second tallest building in the world. The Empire State building in New York city is 1, 250 feet high. Standard Oil is now putting up a building in Chicago which will be nine feet higher than the John Hancock building. The World Trade Center in New York City when completed will be 1, 350 feet high.

To top them all Sears Roebuck plans to have completed by 1974, a new headquarters building in Chicago which will take up a whole block and reach to the height of 1,450 feet (more than a quarter of a mile). Sears plans to rent out about one third of the space to other companies. Upper floors will be very expensive, and the rent will cost up to $12.00 per square foot. The company expects to gain prestige as well as profits from the building. They will finance the building themselves, the cost will be more than 100 million dollars.

AEROSOL BOMBS ARE DANGEROUS

A warning was issued recently against the use of pressurized bombs containing household products. Especially dangerous are the pressurized atomizers used by asthma sufferers. Apparently a gas called fluroalkane gas is used as a propellant in the bombs to keep up the pressure. Some of this gas escapes with the vapors and has a disastrous effect on the heart when inhaled into the lungs.

During the past ten years, there have been numerous unexpected deaths of asthma sufferers after using these contrivances.

Every time the housewife uses an aerosol bomb, some of the gas may escape, but since it is heavier than air, it usually sinks to the floor.

Editorial

THEN CAME TV

During the last 10 or 15 years the Amish have received a lot of publicity in the newspapers and magazines, and most of it has been favorable. However, we should not deceive ourselves into thinking that this could not change, even overnight. Most publishers have two things to go by in deciding what to print; they choose what they think the readers want to read, and what (in the publisher's opinion) the readers ought to read. During the past years, minority groups have been "the going thing," and much space has been devoted to extolling the virtues of these smaller groups, including the plain people.

But if they wanted to they could change it around just as easily and paint a pretty dark picture. As an example of what might be expected, TV Guide Magazine, July 18, 1970 carried an article entitled, "The Amish Hadn't Changed Much Since 1693 — And Then Came T.V." The author of that article paints a pretty grim picture of the Amish. True enough at the outset he throws in a few flowery phrases, saying they are "a gentle and peace loving sect." Then he goes on to say the women are pretty and voluptuous (delighting in sensual pleasures). While tending market, the maidens would like to flirt with the young men of the city, provided they could get out from under the eyes of their parents who are "dead set against marriage with outsiders."

According to this author the Amish "inbreed" and many of the marriage licenses are Stoltzfus-Stoltzfus. But somehow they must have kept up the vitality of the race for a few paragraphs later he says if there is not enough horsepower to pull the plow, they use the "power from their strong backs." The rank and file Amish, according to this article, think it's wrong to own a T.V. set that is "plugged into an electric socket" but think a battery operated one is perfectly all right. However the bishop is opposed even to the battery operated ones and if he finds it out the erring member is put in the bann and nobody speaks to him for "from two to three months up to a couple of years."

He goes on to say that Amish farmers have hired men in their tenant houses who do have television sets, and it is a regular occurrence for the boss to drop in to chat with the hired man at just the time "Jim Arness and the Gunsmoke bunch come on." They especially relish the shows with the half-clothed girls. The Amish are not only horse-crazy, they are "girl-crazy" as well. He then goes on to tell of his discovering a portable television set in a buggy. When he astounded himself to find something in a buggy which would be illegal in a car the owner assured him, "This is a good mare. I don't worry wunst the mare knows the way home!"

Of course anyone who is acquainted with the Amish will know how ridiculous the article is. But how about those who do not know? Many readers of TV Guide would, no doubt, be only too glad to believe such tales of inconsistency to ease their own consciences.

The impression the article leaves with the reader is that the rank and file Amishman has the same low morals as are too often found in the world today. The reason they look different than other people is because of the bishop of the church, who is a hypocrite and a tyrant, depriving the people of some good honest fun.

We can believe that there are young people among the Amish who do own radios and there is a possibility that a very few may own T.V. sets (I've never heard of it before). But we simply fail to believe it that Amish housefathers leave their families to climb into the hayloft to watch T.V., or go to the neighbors to watch the Gunsmoke gang (whatever that is).

Nowhere does the author mention the virtues and biblical principles on which the faith of the plain people is founded. Nowhere is mentioned the self-denial and suffering for their faith which every true member of the church is taught to endure.

It seems queer that the author would not have known about these things, being as he admits that he was brought up in Lancaster County. He also carries a typical family name which the Mennonite Encyclopedia lists the forerunners as having come from Europe on August 11, 1732.

But there is nothing we can do about this. We can expect that among those who will be against us will be some who are of related background.

News men will write what they want to about us, and there is little we can do about it. They can take the same facts and paint a dark picture or a bright one. But one thing we can do. Each of us can do our part so that the good things they write will be true and the bad things won't be. After all, in the end, that is the one thing that really matters.

(Note: The 1964 circulation of T.V. Guide was 9,589,259, second only to Readers' Digest.)

THE GREAT WEDDING FEAST

This booklet is an allegory similar to Pilgrim's Progress, except that it deals with problems our plain people face in the world today. Size: 56 pages. PRICE $.50

Across The Editor's Desk

The October issue of FAMILY LIFE was unusual in at least two ways. The first thing was that it was the latest ever in being mailed. Because of a combination of unforeseen delays, it was not put into the mail until October 6. I believe the latest it was ever mailed before was the third of the month. We thought perhaps no one would notice, but we found out different.

Much as we regret it, there is nothing we can do about it to guarantee that it will not happen again. This month our schedule has been disrupted again because our typesetter, Emma Coblentz has moved to her home near Hartville, Ohio to be with her widowed mother. But she will be doing her work from there and we hope to be able to get back on our usual schedule in the near future.

The other thing that was unusual about the October issue was that it passed the ten thousand mark. We had been looking forward to that figure for the last year or two and at one time we almost doubted whether we would reach it. We do get quite a few new subscriptions each month but it seems the girls in the subscription department take out about a hundred names each month (of persons who do not renew). The result was that some months there was an increase and other months there was a decrease. But the figure kept inching up slowly. When the count was taken for the September issue we found that 9, 999 copies had been sent out. A month later the total was 10, 039. So we hope we are "over the hump" now. We are not expecting any great change in the mailing list in the near future.

Again this year we are including the book catalog with the November issue. We believe it contains a better assortment than we have ever had before. We urge our readers to use it and then save it for future needs.

Our attention has been called to an item in the September issue of Family Life which sounds as if all of the men in a certain Florida community sit around all day and play games. We do not believe that it was the author's intention to say this and we are sorry such a statement ever appeared in print.

This year the grape crop failed us. Because of 30-below zero temperatures last winter (the coldest we have ever had since we are in Canada) the vines that were above the ground froze off. New vines grew out from the lower part of the trunk and made a good growth, but bore only a few bunches of grapes.

Two years ago we published an article on grapes. Elsewhere in this issue we are printing one family's experience with their grape planting. We would be interested in hearing from others (not for publication) who have planted the newer types of grapes like Schafer, Alden, Seneca, or Ontario.

Around September 15th we received a letter with some hired girl experiences. Will the person who wrote it please send us another copy of the same. Thank you.

$68 FOR A PROMISE

Bill Martin, inspector and field man for Meadowbrook Dairies, received a phone call from Eli Zook. "Come over," Eli told him, "and help me get lined up. I would like to send milk to your company."

Several days later Bill stopped in at Eli's farm and helped him draw up the blue prints, got him some supplies, and found a cooler for him.

Several weeks later Eli called again and said he was ready for inspection as he was anxious to start sending milk. Bill went and found everything in order except the lighting system.

"The New York market doesn't approve of lanterns," Bill told him, "so you will have to put in a pressure line system."

But Eli apparently did not want to spend more money on the lights so he tried to find an excuse. "But I don't think we're supposed to have lights like that," he hedged.

"Your deacon and your ministers have them," Bill said. "I can't help it, for those are the regulations."

Bill didn't hear no more from Eli Zook but some time later he talked with Eli's son who told him, "Did you know Dad is figuring on sending milk to Jim Zinger's company?"

"No, I didn't," Bill said. "He promised to send to us."

"Well, Jim Zinger said he would get his lights installed for him. That amounts to about $68.00. I hate to see him do it for I like your company better."

Bill studied awhile and then he said, "Well, if $68.00 means more to your father than keeping his promise, that is up to him. If I have to bribe and deal crooked then I don't deal at all. He will have to decide."

During the past several years I have heard of offers, not all from Jim, which included free cooler installations (one offer a 5th of whiskey and $100 bill), a load of coal, free milk supplies, etc. which have been accepted. But Bill Martin does not do that kind of work.

I have known Bill for a number of years. He used to belong to a conservative church but the church tried to get him to wear a plain suit which he would not do. The excuse he took was that it was hypocritical (which way is our light shining?) and when he was pressed to submit or withhold communion, he left the church.

Last Friday evening Bill drove into our place for some fresh eggs and after talking awhile he said, "Well, I better go. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"What is your trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, it's one of those shady farm deals," he said. Then he told me about Eli Zook which is how I found out about it.

After he left, I just had to think, "Will deals like this help to convince Bill that he was wrong about wearing the plain suit?"

(all names have been changed)

— Harvey Zimmerman, Penna.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Bothersome Bible

The story is told of a man who didn't like too well to be told by others how to live. Henry, as we shall call him, was, it seemed, a bit self-willed. But he had a very smooth tongue, and he usually came up with a convincing story with which to defend himself.

It became known in the church that Henry was involved in a business partnership with an outsider, an unbeliever. The deacon was sent to talk with Henry to see how the matter stood.

"Henry," said the deacon, "is it true that you have gone into partnership with Underhill Feeds?"

Henry didn't try to deny it. "Why, yes," he said, very innocent-like. "It is true."

The two talked about the matter at length. The deacon referred several times to what the Bible says about not being "unequally yoked with unbelievers." He tried to show Henry that he had done wrong.

Henry did his best to twist things around and defend himself. He said no one could be certain whether the verse meant a business deal. He said one shouldn't take the Bible too literally or he would soon be boxed into a corner so that he couldn't make a living at all. He said how times had changed so much, and that one had to use a little bit of reasonableness.

The deacon listened, and decided to let Henry talk.

And talk he did. "You see," Henry continued, "it's just as I said. You will have to admit that there are a lot of things in the Bible that you can't understand. There are a lot of things that I can't understand. A person just shouldn't be too certain of his own opinions. That's what bothers me — all those things in the Bible that are so hard to understand."

"How was that again?" the deacon asked. "What did you say bothers you?"

"Why," said Henry, "all those things in the Bible that I can't understand. You know there are a lot of things that just aren't clear in the Bible. Some things, like in Revelations, that almost nobody can understand."

"Well, it's certainly different with me," the deacon rereplied. "I'm not bothered so much about those parts that I can't understand — and there are a lot of them. I'm bothered much more about the parts that I can understand. Take the Golden Rule, for instance. It says in the clearest, simplest language possible that we are to treat others the way we like to be treated. A little child can understand that. Everybody can. It's so plain and simple that I can't get away from it. It's those parts of the Bible that I'm mostly bothered about. They do not give me a loophole of escape. They are so clear that I have no possible excuse for disobeying them."

When Henry didn't reply, the deacon continued, "No," he said, "it isn't the parts I can't understand that bother me most. It's those parts I can't help from understanding."

Whether Henry wanted to admit it or not, the deacon certainly had a point. Some of the most difficult verses in the Bible to obey are the easiest to understand.

Of course, what Henry pointed out is also true in that some parts of the Bible are hard to understand. The Apostle Peter even admitted as much. He referred to the writings of Paul and said, "... in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest... unto their own destruction." (2 Peter 3:16).

Several years ago a young person who had spent much time thinking about a certain verse in the Bible finally went to talk with a friend about it. He was confused about what was the right thing to do. He felt the verse commanded him to do one thing, but at the same time he feared that if he did so, he would in his particular circumstances, be disobeying another verse.

The friend saw that the young man was sincerely confused and that the unsolved problem was making his life miserable.

"Listen," he told the young man, "I don't know what to advise you about this one particular thing. But as long as it's not clear one way or the other, you had better wait. Maybe later circumstances will change so that it will become clearer to you."

"Yes, but what am I supposed to do right now?" the young man asked.

"Do?" his friend said. "Meanwhile there are a lot of things to do. Don't spend so much time thinking about the one verse you don't understand that you neglect to obey the many, many you do understand. There are a lot of verses that are perfectly clear to you. You understand them and know it is right for you to obey them. You understand that it's right to obey your parents, and seek to live peacefully as an upbuilding member in the church. You know it's right to cultivate a cheerful spirit, to be helpful, kind, and understanding. You know it's right to forgive others, to smile, to speak an encouraging word, to be a peacemaker. You know it's right to be honest, to be fair, to be thoughtful and earnest, to meditate and pray. You know it's right to live a clean, pure life in thoughts, speech, and actions. There is almost no end to the things that are clear and easy to understand — things the Bible commands and that you know God wishes you to obey. Apply yourself wholeheartedly in what you do understand, and God will take care of what you don't."

The advice the friend gave the young man might be good for all of us. If we seek confusion, it is easy to find. There are so many different opinions, different beliefs, different groups. No matter where we live, we are surrounded by religious turmoil, dissension, and unrest. But we make a mistake if we follow Henry's example and use the confusion around us and the difficult passages in the Bible as a justification not to obey the commands that are clear and easy to understand. We do well to take sides with the deacon and let ourselves be bothered most by those verses we do understand, but do not obey as we should. ■■

"Test In Fiery Furnace Before Speaking"

1. Is it kind?
2. Is it necessary?
3. Is it truthful?
4. Is it courteous?
5. Is it friendly?
6. Is it helpful?
7. Would I like if someone said it to me?

-Selected

MOM, I...I..."

Martha Beachy looked shyly into the plastic clothes hamper she was holding in her hands. Why should it be so difficult to ask her mother such a simple question?

Mother Beachy stopped the wringer, and turned to her oldest daughter. "What did you say, Martha?"

"I ... I ... wanted to ask you what you would think ... what you would think if I started dating Ben Nissley. He asked me last night."

It was out! The question had been going around and around in Martha's mind all morning. She had reworded it again and again, wondering how best to start, and trying to get up enough nerve to say the first word. She wanted to know how her parents felt before she said yes to Benjamin.

Mom Beachy looked thoughtful. She flipped the wringer into gear again, and began feeding it diapers and baby dresses. Washday was work day at the Beachy home, for with twelve children in the family there were always huge stacks of dirty clothes.

"Well, Martha, I don't know what to say," began Mother. "Let me talk with Dad. Really, I think you're plenty young yet. Why, you're just seventeen since last month."

Martha peered into the clothes hamper again. Her face reddened. She knew, because she could feel it burn. Of course she was just seventeen, but was that too young to date? She hurried out to the washline to add more garments to the ones already flapping in the August breeze.

"Mom thinks I'm just a little girl yet, the way she talks," Martha tried to convince herself. "She forgets, I guess, that she married Dad when she was eighteen." But soon Martha won the battle against the rebellion in her heart, and began to realize she was acting selfishly. Anyhow, maybe Dad would take her part.

"JONAS, DO YOU know what Martha asked today?" Mrs. Beachy opened the subject that night after the children had all gone to bed.

"Nope, haven't an idea," answered her husband, turning to the next page of the Budget.

"Put your paper down, please, and talk with me a minute, will you?" begged Mother, as she cuddled the babiest of the Beachys in her arms and hoped he would sleep.

"Ho hum. What'd she ask? Does she want to get a job somewhere, or go off on a trip?"

"No, Jonas, it's not that. And you know I could never spare Martha with all the work around here ..."

"I wasn't serious, Sarah. But please do tell me what she was asking about. If you don't say it soon, you're going to have me curious for sure."

"She said Ben Nissley asked her to start dating."

"Yes? Well, as far as I know Ben's a fine young fellow ... serious minded ... behaves himself."

"You mean you haven't anything against it?"

"I wouldn't know why. Ben and Martha are both members of the church. Why? Have you?"

"But they're so young, Jonas. Martha's just turned seventeen, and Benjamin's only a year older. In a year or two they'll be thinking of marriage, and I don't believe they're old enough. Marriage is a big ..."

"You haven't forgotten how old we were when we were married, have you?" asked the head of the house.

"That's the main reason I think they're too young, Jonas. You know we were a lot younger and more immature than we realized. I sure hope none of our children have to go through what we did."

"Aw, it wasn't that bad, Sarah."

"Yes it was, Jonas. You know those first few years weren't what they should have been."

"Maybe not. Maybe not." Jonas Beachy picked up the Budget again but he wasn't reading. "We had some bumpy times," he mused, remembering those days. "But I'm not sure the fault was all on our being too young. Could have been a part of it ..."

"Oh, Jonas, there are so many, many reasons why marriage should wait until the couple is at least in their early twenties. I decided I didn't want any of my children marrying before they're twenty-one."

"I know, you've said that before, Sarah. But don't you think you might be going to the extreme? We made out all right in the long run, didn't we? Who knows, if we had waited a couple of years, there might have been other problems."

"Yes," Sarah Beachy sighed, "we did make out all right in the long run, but if I had it to do over, I think we'd wait a couple of years to get married. We were in a hurry then, and all we could think of was getting married. But, my, I sometimes wonder if that in itself wasn't proof enough that we weren't ready for marriage."

"What?"

"That we couldn't wait. Mature people can wait for something."

"Yes, but we had been going with each other for two years, and you know Bishop Levi says he thinks that is long enough. He's not in favor of long courtships at all."

"Exactly, Jonas. That's why I think Martha should ask Ben to wait a year or two. It would be easier to wait that long to start dating, than to wait that long to get married after they have been dating a couple of years."

"I don't know. Could be you're right, Sarah, and it probably wouldn't hurt them a bit to wait. But I can't see that it's really important." Jonas Beachy stroked his beard, and held the Budget so the Coleman lantern would shine full upon it. Then he thought of something. "Sarah," he continued, "what if Martha tells him to wait a year, and in the meantime he sees some other girl and starts going with her? If they're meant for each other, waiting might be kind of risky, not?"

"No, Jonas, I disagree," said Mrs. Beachy, but her voice was soft. "If they're meant for each other and they seek God's will, they'll gladly wait a year or even longer for each other. But if they're not intended for each other, a year of waiting might show it much better than a year of dating."

"Oh well, you've got all the answers," said Jonas good-naturedly. "Tell the girl to wait a year if you like. I won't object, but I can't really see it."

"Why don't we ask a few people for advice, Jonas? Maybe

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY?

-Author wishes to remain anonymous

I am wrong. I'm willing to talk to a few people if you go with me. We could ask them how they feel about young marriages, and I'm sure nobody would be offended."

"Might be a good idea," admitted Jonas. "I'll go along if you do the talking."

"No, you know that's in a man's place. Or at least part of the talking."

"All right, I won't set myself stubborn."

"Martha would probably like to know by next Sunday. Maybe we can talk to a few people this week yet."

"I reckon we can."

ON TUESDAY EVENING the Beachys chored early and had an early supper. The older children agreed to stay with the younger ones. "We're going to make a few calls, and should be home before too late," Mom told them. "Just go to bed and sleep like usual."

Jonas Beachy slapped his driving mare with the right line as they started out the lane. The horse jumped and began trotting. "Where are we going first?" asked Jonas.

"You said you wanted to talk to your grandfather, didn't you?" answered his wife.

"Yes, we might as well drive over there first. It's quite far, but if we hurry we might still have time to stop at a few places on the way home. We should visit him more often anyhow."

"I think he'll be a good man to ask about marriage," commented Sarah. "He and your grandmother were happily married for over fifty years until she died. And he's been a preacher for almost that long."

"Yes, Grandpa's 84, but his mind is still sharp. With his experience, he should have a word of advice."

Thirty minutes later the buggy drove in to the farm where Grandpa Beachy lived in a small dowdyhouse beside his son's house. Jonas and his wife found the old man setting the table for supper.

"Come on in and sit down and eat with me," invited the aged man. "I think if we add a little milk we can have

enough soup for three."

"No, we've already eaten, Dowdy. Thank you anyway."

"Sit down. Sit down. Why don't you come over more often?"

"You know how it is," began Jonas. "With a family of twelve children, it's hard to get away. It's not like it used to be the first year we were married."

"Of course not." The sun shone through the west window, and the old man's white beard fairly sparkled.

After the three had chatted a few minutes, and Grandpa had said his rheumatism was better in this hot weather, and Sarah had told how they were all well but the baby who had a touch of flu, Jonas at last asked the question.

"Dowdy, I'm going to ask you something and see what you will say. What is the best age for young people to get married?"

Grandfather Beachy looked up from his soup, his eyes suddenly showing interest. "Don't tell me your girl's getting married already."

"No, no," laughed both Jonas and Sarah. And then Jonas explained, "We'd like to know your opinion, that's all. How old should a young man or woman be before they're old enough?"

"How old do you think Mattie and I were when we married?" asked Grandfather, a note of tenderness in his voice.

"I have no idea," answered Jonas. "But let's see, you were married 53 years when she passed away, and that was in 1963, the year our Benedict was born . . ."

"I was twenty-six and she was twenty-three," explained Grandfather. "Some people today think that's pretty old, but God still blessed us with fifty-three years together. I don't think people married quite so young back in those days. It was thought proper for the groom to have some money laid aside, or some property of his own, so he could provide for his wife and the children."

"You think a man shouldn't marry till he has some money of his own, then?"

"As a general rule, I would say so. Don't you think so too?" said Grandfather. Then he went on, "But I've seen young couples start up with hardly ten dollars to their name, and the marriage worked out all right. There are exceptions, I suppose."

Jonas laughed a bit uneasily. "We didn't have much more than that," he admitted. "I was nineteen and Sarah was only eighteen."

"How about it?" asked Grandfather, looking up from his plate of soup. "Were you too young when you married?"

"No doubt we did have problems we wouldn't have had if I had been twenty-six and Sarah twenty-three," answered Jonas.

"And not just financial problems, I dare say," said Grandfather, looking very wise.

"Yes, you're right," agreed Sarah, speaking for the first time. "We had been married just a year when Martha was born, and a year later Henry came, and then the twins. When I was twenty-one I already had four children, and I just wasn't grown-up enough to take it. There was too much adjusting for a carefree girl who hardly changed a diaper or cooked a meal before marriage. My nerves about got the best of me, and if Jonas hadn't been so easy-going . . ."

"Oh, come now, don't tell Grandpa all your troubles," laughed Jonas.

"How many children did you say you have now?" asked Grandfather.

"Twelve."

"You're still young, too. God might bless you with several more. Which is one thing about marrying young — larger families.

"Is that good or bad?" asked Jonas.

"I like large families," said Grandpa. "God gave eight children to Mattie and me, and we raised seven of them. A large Christian family is wonderful, but children do bring problems and responsibilities. Especially when the babies are so nearly the same age the way you say yours were. That is hard, no matter how old the parents are, but it must have been particularly hard for you, being so young."

"In other words, you think there is such a thing as marrying too young?" wondered Jonas.

"I certainly do," answered the old man firmly. "Becoming parents is a serious matter, anyhow the way things are going today. It's not something for teen-agers — why, they're hardly more than children themselves. Parents need to be grown-up in every way."

"But not everyone matures at the same age," objected Jonas.

"You're right," smiled Grandfather. "Some people don't grow up till they're thirty, and some never do."

A HALF HOUR later the horse and buggy were on the road once more, headed the homeward way. The sun was drifting behind a bank of clouds in the west, and dusk was falling fast.

"I really enjoy visiting with Grandfather," said Jonas.

"Even if he doesn't agree with you about young marriages?" asked his wife lightly.

"Why not?" said Jonas. "I don't mind when someone disagrees if I know he's sincere and believes what he believes." He spoke to the horse, and the buggy wheels rattled in the gravel. "Furthermore," he continued, "I'm not saying I'm in favor of young marriages. If we talk to a few more people like Grandpa, I might just revise my thinking."

"Will we have time for another call tonight?"

"Maybe, if we can catch Williams before they're in bed."

"Williams? William Nissleys?"

"Yes."

"Why them, Jonas? They're just young people, married a few years. Wouldn't it be better to ask advice from older people?"

"Ordinarily, yes, but in a matter like this the young-marrieds are closer to the problem, and they might understand it better than someone whose wedding is only a distant memory. Besides, we've already talked to the oldest person in the church. I have confidence in young William, and he has a good wife in Mary Troyer. They waited a long time for each other. Let's see what they say."

"All right, Jonas. But remember that William is pretty bashful. Maybe he won't want to say how he feels."

"Oh, I think he will," said Jonas, guiding the horse into the lane where William Nissleys lived. "He's bashful in a crowd, but he can help himself right good when there are only a few people. Whoa, Trudy, another rest for the horse."

Young William came out to the porch with a flashlight. "Come on in," he shouted. "We're still up. Mary and I were reading together, but that can wait till tomorrow evening."

Jonas and his wife entered the neat but plain home. They sat in the chairs which William brought for them. They could plainly see the question marks on the faces of the Nissleys, who were wondering what might bring their neighbors on a call this late in the evening.

After some talk about the weather and the crops, Jonas steered the conversation to the evening's topic. "We were up to visit my old grandfather in the north district," he said easily. "We got to talking about the right age for marrying. Grandpa said he was twenty-six and his wife twenty-three when they married."

At these words both William and his wife looked up and smiled. "That's interesting," said William. "That's just the age Mary and I were when we married."

"Grandfather is pretty strong against young marriages," continued Jonas. "I suppose you would agree with him."

"I can't speak for other people," answered William, looking at his wife, "but we're glad we waited."

"What reasons would you give?" asked Sarah.

"What reasons?" said William. "What reasons would you say, Mary?"

Mary Nissley replied in her slow voice, "I don't think it hurt me any to wait, though I confess I was sometimes impatient and discouraged. I think those years were a rich experience that has helped me in many ways since I'm married. I worked for many different families, and saw the strong points and the weaknesses of other marriages. I learned about child training, too, though I still have a lot to learn, and we both saved some money so that we could make a start without having to go too much in debt."

William took up where his wife had left off. "Maybe we waited plenty long as far as age was concerned. I'm sure we would have been old enough to marry a couple years sooner. But like Mary says, both of us were busy, and we had work that we could do as single people. We were happy in our work. I think we both looked forward to being married some day, but there just was no rush about it. When the time came God would lead us, and He did."

"But you weren't dating each other all those years, were you?"

"Not regularly," answered William. "We didn't think it would be best to be seeing each other regularly as long as we weren't planning for marriage. But somehow we understood each other, and figured that when the time came we would marry each other."

"I think you're an unusual couple," said Sarah.

"Oh, I don't think so," objected Mary. "You must remember that we didn't even know each other till William was twenty-two and I was nineteen. Neither of us had dated anyone else. By the time we were that old, a year or two years didn't seem so terribly long as when we were sixteen."

"You're taking about the same position as Grandpa did," said Jonas. "If you're not careful, you'll have me changing my mind even at thirty-seven. It looks like my wife's right and I'm wrong."

"What's this?" asked William, his face a question.

Sarah hurried to explain. "You see, we married quite young, eighteen and nineteen. I think our marriage would have had a smoother start if we had waited a few years, but Jonas isn't sure there would have been any difference."

"Oh, some young marriages work out real well," said William in his soft voice. "But if they do, I think it is in spite of the husband and wife being so young. The chances for an unhappy marriage are much greater. I think you agree with me, Jonas, that there are some unhappy marriages among our Amish people. It would be nice if they could be avoided."

"There are a few unhappy marriages, yes, but what causes them? Do you think the matter of age has much to do with it, William?"

"I wouldn't say marrying too young is the main problem, but I believe it is part of the problem. Courtship and marriage are too much joking matters — something to tease about. They should be serious topics, sacred things that we pray about, and not laugh about. Courtship has become a fleshly competition in some of our youth groups, to see who can date the most popular boys and girls. With such a foundation, how can a marriage be begun in the Lord?" William's voice held a worried note.

Jonas nodded his head in agreement. Then he looked at his pocket watch. It was getting late, but the conversation was not finished. "Coming back to the age at marriage, William," asked Jonas, "do you think some unhappy marriages are the result of getting married before the couple really know they are for each other?"

"The whole thing is tied together, it seems to me," explained William. "If a young couple are truly seeking God's will for their lives, the matter of when to marry will be answered as well as who."

"For example, I have a cousin in Ohio," said Jonas. "She was about eighteen I think when she met a 1-W fellow who was serving in Cleveland. In a couple months they married, and the way we hear they don't get along at all. I suppose if she had waited she would have learned to know him before they married."

"That's exactly the point," said William. "Marriage is serious. It's something that will last all through life and on into eternity. It's not something to jump into on the spur of the moment. It is a decision that should be reached only after prayer and lengthy consideration, and by that time the couple will be adults — mature adults —not teenagers." William stopped suddenly. "I hope I haven't offended you," he said.

"No, not at all," said Sarah. "I agree with you 100%, and I think Jonas is well over 99% by this time."

"I might as well admit I'm being influenced," said Jonas. "But Sarah, do you know it's late. We've got to go home" He rose to leave.

"Thanks very much for stopping in," said William. "And I hope I haven't said too much. When I get started on a subject like this I sometimes get carried away. I guess it's an area of my life where I myself should mature." He smiled.

"Good night."

"Good night."

THE HORSE trotted steadily on, clip-clopping on the blacktop country road. For a long time Jonas Beachy and his wife Sarah were silent. At last Jonas said, "Wife of mine, I think you were right in this matter. I believe we should talk to Martha and persuade her it might be best for them to wait a year or so before they begin dating."

"I'm glad to hear you see it that way," said Sarah Beachy, simply.

"You know," said Jonas, "with a brother like William, young Ben Nissley is not likely to mind having to wait."

By David Wagler

NOBODY NEEDS TO STUTTER

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY years ago the doctors in France decided to find a cure stuttering. It was just at the time when the surgeons were being given a free hand at wielding the knife for many different ailments. They set about with zeal in finding a cure for stuttering, which had been bothering humanity through the ages. They decided that by cutting out certain portions of the tongue, they would eventually discover a cure.

According to the records, in one year alone, more than 200 stutterers were relieved of different parts of their tongues. But the experiments brought no cures and ended in such painful and tragic results to the sufferers that a public outcry was made against the practice. The surgeons themselves had to admit that they were in error. The results of these experiments was that the public finally came to the conclusion that nothing at all can be done about stuttering. Indeed, for many years afterwards little progress was made.

Fortunately, during the past forty years, a lot of time and effort have gone into research to try to find the answers to the problem. Like most other problems, to find the cause is half the cure.

During the past ten years numerous articles have appeared in magazines and at least one book has been written on stuttering. Wendell Johnson, a professor of speech pathology at the University of Iowa has probably done more work on the subject than anyone else. His book entitled, "Stuttering And What You Can Do About It" (obtainable from Pathway Bookstore, $1.95) contains a lot of information on the subject. In fact it contains so much information that the average person may still not be sure of the cause or the cure.

Nor can anyone be sure of the cause or the cure. A number of theories have been advanced by different researchers, and no one knows which is right or if parts of all the theories are correct.

About forty years ago I heard a story which I have never forgotten. It was something like this:

Sam, a young man who stuttered was called upon to give a talk in front of a group of people. When he saw the audience his speech failed him and he just could not get started. After several futile attempts a heckler in the crowd called to him, "Just say all you know, Sam, it won't take long."

This was just enough to get Sam roused up and he shot back, "Just as well say all we both know. It won't take any longer."

There are several reasons why I did not forget this story. Firstly, it shows up the problem of the typical stutterer. He knows what he wants to say, but for some hard to understand reason, he is not able to say it. There is nothing wrong with his organs of speech, for as the story illustrates, as soon as he gets his mind off himself, he can talk as well as anyone.

The other reason why I did not forget the story was because at that time I, myself, had a big problem and that problem was stuttering. I could feel the frustration and the anxiety Sam felt at wanting to say something and being unable to say it. Over and over I thought to myself that if I could only talk like other people, I could live happily ever after.

I felt that life just wasn't fair to me. At that time there was little information available on the subject as to why people stuttered in the first place.

Stuttering goes far back in history. Some people believe that Moses had a speech defect (Exodus 4:10). The prophet Isaiah makes mention of stammering three times. Doctors can not agree on the difference between stammering and stuttering but stammering is now generally used as a word for a more advanced stage of stuttering.) Such well-known persons as Aristotle, Aesop, Erasmus, and Winston Churchill were confirmed stutterers. About one person out of a hundred has a serious problem with stuttering. In a survey of college students, almost 10% said that at one time in their lives they were aware of stuttering.

In a study of pre-school children it was found that the the average child repeated the first syllable, the first word or phrase about 50 times out of 1000 words. At that age the children are groping for words for they do not yet have all the words they need in their vocabulary to carry on a conversation.

The normal child may say "buh-buh-nanna" and then finish the sentence as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened (which it hasn't).

If no attention is given to his groping for words, chances are the child will never notice it either. If an issue is made of his repetitions, he may become self-conscious and not talk more than absolutely necessary. Then he is headed for serious trouble.

In other words, at this age, the trouble is really in the ear of the listener instead of in the tongue of the speaker.

THE CAUSE

Science has not yet been able to isolate a "stuttering germ."

Hippocrates, some 1600 years ago believed that stuttering was due to dryness of the tongue. Aristotle (who stuttered himself) attributed it to a too thick and hard tongue. Francis Bacon held that it was caused by coldness and moisture of the tongue. No wonder the surgeons in France believed that something could be done about it with the knife since the trouble was in the tongue.

Fortunately, today we know more about both the cause and the treatment of stuttering. It is now generally agreed that stuttering is not caused by any defect or abnormality of the throat or vocal cords. To prove this we need only consider the fact that no child stutters all the time. Chances are he can whisper, sing, shout, or speak to his pet or his best friend without missing a word.

The trouble is in a lack of co-ordination between the mind and the organs of speech. This is the key to the whole problem.

A person with normal speech talks at the same rate as his mind thinks. When a child fumbles for words, his mind can not keep up with his speech. But once a person is a confirmed stutterer, the opposite is true, the mind goes much faster than the person can talk.

Few people who stutter know when they started. Seldom does it begin with any single disturbing or frightening experience. It is only when the parents become alarmed and start saying, "Don't say 'uhh, ahh' or 'Take a deep breath before you try to talk' that the child realizes he is doing something which is not acceptable to parents. If he sees them stiffen or look away he will also become infected with their doubts. From here it is only a small step until his throat and tongue become tight when he tries to speak and he suddenly realizes he is a stutterer.

Little Daniel started repeating words and his parents were alarmed. But Grandmother told them, "Pay no attention to it and it will go away." By the time Daniel started to school, his speech was normal. About the same time, little Ezra who lived next house down the road also started with the same trouble. His parents tried the same thing as Daniel's parents but soon the little boy's speech developed into serious trouble. What made the difference?

A closer examination showed that Daniel's parents were relaxed and at ease around the home. Their children also tended to be the same way. Grandmother, who lived with them, took an interest in little Daniel and always listened when he had something to say. He was made to feel wanted. Ezra's parents, on the other hand, were high-strung and nervous. When things went wrong they often shouted at each other and at the children. They took a negative attitude and were constantly correcting the children for any little misstep they made. What made it still worse, they often forgot to appreciate what the children did right. Little Ezra felt insecure and his speech went from bad to worse.

Excitement itself can make a child stumble over syllables. Suppose little Betty comes rushing home to tell her mother something exciting that happened in school that day. If Mother listens carefully and sympathetically to what her little girl has to say then the excitement soon wears off. The next evening little Betty knows she will have a careful listener and chances are the excitement and the faltering will both be less.

But suppose Mother had become annoyed and blurted out, 'Really child, your talking becomes worse every day. Why don't you stand still when you talk?"

Imagine the shock for the little girl. She is surprised and hurt and her self-confidence is shattered. Her speech becomes more difficult and the next evening she will be bracing herself for the same ordeal. Anxiety will tense her muscles and she will be headed right down the road to trouble.

Although the parents must shoulder much of the blame, yet the truth is that children do differ in temperment. Many children would never stutter no matter what treatment they get, while others will develop the difficulty even with the most ideal parental care. The typical stutterer is sensitive by nature. He may be creative and artistic but chances are he will not be the rough and tumble kind.

Another indication that it is not always the parents' fault is that often only one out of a family will have any speech difficulty. In my own case I could never understand why it had to be me out of a family of nine children. None of my brothers or sisters stuttered.

It is probably a combination of circumstances that brings on the difficulty. A sensitive child may receive too little affection or too much (pampering). He may feel insecure because of family quarrels, or there may be rivalry between brothers and sisters, or perhaps a new baby has arrived in the family which takes away much of the attention he was used to getting. Maybe there is too much competition at the family table and no one is listening while the little fellow is trying to talk. Or worse yet, perhaps an older brother or sister is snatching away his speech and thus putting him at a constant disadvantage. Perhaps the parents are too perfectionist and are expecting too much from their children in such things as cleanliness and manners. By constantly showing disapproval of what their children do or say, they make it hard for the children to please them.

Another reason which is sometimes advocated as a cause for stuttering is forcing a left-handed child to be right-handed. Some doctors believe there are two control centers in the brain. One of these is dominant over the other and by changing from left-handed to right-handed it is thought that this results in confusion in the speech. Tests show that many persons who stutter would have been left-handed had they been given their choice from childhood.

Statistics show that more boys than girls stutter, and twins are more apt to stutter than other children. There are no known explanations for this.

There is still another factor which may have considerable influence on stuttering. Although I have not found it mentioned in any writings, I am convinced that in families or communities where the people talk faster than the average, there will be more cases of stuttering. Take for example Holmes County, Ohio, where the people probably talk slower than in any other Amish community. Here you will find that stuttering is rare, probably only a third of what it is in some communities where the people talk faster than the average.

Wendell Johnson, in his book, points out that in most Indian tribes there are no known cases of stuttering. He thinks it is because the Indians are more lax in child training and less demanding of their children. However, it should be noted that in most Indian groups, words are few and slowly spoken.

Perhaps it would be proper to attribute this influence to fast living instead of fast talking. Any family that is "keyed up," or in a hurry from morning until night is headed for difficulty in more ways than one. A word of warning. Although fast talking may lead to stuttering, this does not mean that talking slowly will cure it. Telling a child to talk slowly may make matters worse. Could we persuade him to think, act and talk more slowly before the trouble starts, it might be effective. Once the trouble begins, the problems are far too complicated for such a simple solution.

THE CURE

First of all I would like to say there is no cure for stuttering. This may sound blunt but if you stutter and are ten years old or older you are not likely to lose it altogether as long as you live.

But cheer up, the outlook is really not as bleak as it sounds. Although it is practically impossible to get rid of the speech impediment altogether, you have a very good chance of overcoming it to the point where it is no longer a problem.

More than half will outgrow the difficulty before the age of thirty. If you are determined to get rid of the habit and are willing to work at it in a systematic way, then you should notice a marked improvement in a short time. Chances are about nine out of ten that you will be able to gain mastery over it within several years.

The first step is to get rid of all self pity. Most people who stutter consider themselves the victims of circumstances. The truth is they are the victims of wrong attitudes. Most of the fault is their own, but part of the fault lies with the listener. To see the expression on some people's face when a child stumbles over a few words, one would think a great crime is being committed.

Ordinarily people who stutter do not like to talk about their difficulty. They try to pretend it isn't there or to hide it so no one will see it. Dr. Rex V. Naylor of Walter Reed Hospital made the following statement, "I frequently encounter adults who have never talked about their stuttering to their parents, to their brothers and sisters, to their friends, not even to their own wives! Yet when encouraged to do so in the speech clinic they talk about it at great length."

HOW TO MAKE IT HARDER FOR THE PERSON WHO STUTTERS

1. Don't wait for him to finish a word or a sentence. Say it for him. (Then he'll know you don't have time to wait around for him.)
2. Tell him to slow down and take it easy. (He's heard this so often before, but maybe this time it will work.)
3. Tell him to take a deep long breath before he starts. (Do you?)
4. Tell him to think about what he wants to say before he says it. (Everyone should but chances are he already knows what he wants to say. In fact, that is one if his troubles, he has already thought it before he was ready to say it.)
5. Tell him to snap his fingers, tap his toes, or count to five or ten. (All these should help to raise his anxiety.)
6. Cut right in and tell him to stop and start all over again. (Oh, well, what's the use of saying it anyway if it is so much bother?)
7. Praise him to the skies when he talks without stuttering. (Now he'll know for sure what you think of him when he stutters, and chances are he will sooner keep quiet than risk annoying you any longer with his stuttering.)

The silence that surrounds stuttering is one of the conditions that keeps it going. If everyone concerned would treat stuttering as a temporary problem and then work toward a solution, most cases would disappear. There are some people who simply can't sing, others need glasses to see, some are hard of hearing, while others have difficulties with their speech. If we do not consider it a disgrace to be handicapped in nearly any other way, it is really hard to understand where the idea originated from that it is a disgrace to stutter.

If his parents could say, "Yes, Johnny stutters but we have hopes he will overcome it" as freely and as openly as they can say, "He has trouble with his eyes, but we want to have him fitted with glasses," it would be a long step toward the solution of the problem.

In the same way, it is a hopeful sign if the person who stutters can take the attitude, "If I stutter, so what?"

Another wrong attitude the stutterer is apt to take is to think his own difficulty is much worse than it actually is. When I went to school I used to be sure that no one else was ever plagued as badly with a speech difficulty as I was. I remember seeing other children stutter who were very much embarrassed at their own predicament. I always felt that it was not as bad as they thought, but at the same time my case seemed to me worse than anyone else's. When a person halts and hesitates, it usually is not as noticable to the listener as the person believes it to be.

UNDER TEN

If the child who stutters is under the age of ten, it is largely the parents' and the teacher's responsibility to try and help him. The child should be taught that to make mistakes is perfectly normal. Perfectionist parents are hard to get along with.

In the case of little Ezra, when he needed correcting (and who doesn't at times) he was yelled at. Both Father and Mother were nervous; no wonder the little boy felt insecure and confused. The result was that they made an unbearable task out of child training which should have been a joy and a pleasure.

When Ezra's parents realized what was going on they changed their outlook on life. They took more time for living, and tried to remain calm and composed. They taught the little boy to sing children's songs, to count forward and backwards, and to say his ABC's clearly and distinctly. He was made to feel secure in his parent's love. In two years time his speech difficulty had disappeared.

The child must be able to see that you are interested in what he has to say, no matter how much he stutters. The art of listening is just as important and much rarer than the art of speaking well. The parents should listen carefully and have their minds on what he is saying. How discouraging it must be to the child who is trying so hard to speak, to discover that no one is listening to what he is saying.

Don't pity the child. If you pamper, excuse, or shield him from living a normal life, he will come to the conclusion that his speech defect must be a hideous thing.

Build up the child's self-confidence. Let him know that you appreciate him for what he is. Encourage him to be himself instead of asking him to be like someone else. If he stumbles over words, ignore it like you would if he were to stumble while running through the woods. Never punish him for stuttering and above all, do not ridicule him for any reason whatsoever.

Most children who stutter are bashful and self-conscious. Their opinion of themselves is really lower than it should be. They need to feel they are lovable just as they are.

Don't force a child to speak when he can't. The teacher who forces a child to recite when he cannot do it is needlessly cruel. On the other hand, skipping him day after day is not going to help either.

Allow your youngster to manage his own affairs with his playmates. Accept the fact that he can not speak like the rest of the family. Let him speak at any time he has anything to say and give him plenty of time whether he stutters or not.

Some of the commonly accepted rules for dealing with stutterers is to tell them to talk slower, to stop and start over, take a deep breath before starting to speak, or telling them to see in their minds what they want to say. These rules are generally no longer recommended. All these procedures are unnatural. How can anyone learn to speak easily and naturally if they begin in an unnatural manner? I would advise forgetting these rules altogether.

Another thing which may work at times and yet may not be for the overall good is to give the child a reward when he doesn't stutter. This may be like saying to him that we like him when he doesn't stutter and don't like him when he does. It might be better to give the child a reward who can stutter without feeling embarrassed about it. There is really only a short step between this kind of stuttering and not stuttering at all.

OVER TEN

If a child is over ten years old he will have to make an effort of his own if he wants to overcome stuttering. In order to overcome a problem it is wise to take a look at the problem itself to see just how serious it is. Most stutterers are in for a pleasant surprise. The problem is not as serious or as hard to overcome as they think.

To find out what impact stuttering makes on the immediate family, I asked a good friend of mine, "Has anyone in your family ever stuttered?"

I happened to know that about 12 years ago his sister stuttered in the worst way. My friend wrinkled up his eyebrows and scratched his forehead. He couldn't seem to think of anyone in his family who had ever stuttered.

"But your sister S____ used to stutter, didn't she?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, come to think of it, she did, I believe," he answered.

When his sister started stuttering, his parents (they deserve a great big bouquet) were not in the least embarrassed. The result was that the little girl was not embarrassed either and her stuttering could be heard all over the house. After a few years, her mind and her muscles starting working together again and she lost all signs of stuttering.

Just because a person stutters, does not mean he is branded for life. True enough, there is a problem to contend with, but nearly everyone is handicapped in one way or another. Even the Apostle Paul had a "thorn in the flesh" which he would have very much liked to get rid of but couldn't.

A big mistake that a person makes when he wants to quit the habit of stuttering is to quit all at once. It just doesn't work. It may work for other habits like smoking for example, but for this problem you need a different approach.

HOW TO MAKE IT EASY FOR YOUR CHILD TO KEEP FROM STUTTERING

1. Whenever he speaks, give him your full attention. What he has to say is much more important than exactly how he says it.
2. If he stutters, ignore it. Chances are it is a temporary condition and he will outgrow it if you take the proper attitude toward his difficulty.
3. Make sure the child can see by the expression on your face that you are not embarrassed at his efforts to talk. (Children are quick to read your face.)
4. Take time to live with your child. Take time to listen to what he has to say and encourage him to talk, and to know that you will listen sympathetically.
5. Don't be overly strict with your child. No one is perfect and it is the normal thing to make mistakes.
6. Don't coddle or make excuses for your child. Let him know that you expect him to take his place the same as the other members of the family.
7. Try to live a relaxed life and your child may follow your example. Child training should be a pleasant and joyful experience instead of a war of nerves.

He really needs practice in stuttering instead of in talking smoothly. He already knows how to talk smoothly and does so a large percentage of the time. What he needs to learn is that mistakes are a necessary part of his experience and he must learn to move forward in spite of his errors.

To illustrate my point I would like to compare it with song leading in the Amish church services. "Vor-singing" it an art that requires a lot of practice and concentration. Of course, the goal of the "vor-singer" is to make no mistakes. However, some of the ablest and best "vor-singers" I know do occasionally make mistakes. The mark of maturity is whether he is able to go ahead without undue embarrassment when he does make a mistake.

The person who stutters must learn to say what he wants to say without making an apology. He must take the attitude that "Yes, I stutter but I am doing something about it." If he does this chances are that his listeners will also take it in a casual way. A person who is able to smile at his own weaknesses and mistakes is well armed to meet the curious glances and unfeeling attitudes he may at times encounter.

The speech therapist may ask his pupil to stand in front of a mirror and stutter on purpose. One such teacher advised his pupils, "Stutter more, stutter until you are calm, stutter until you are relaxed. Stutter until the impulse to stutter is gone." The stutterer should learn that it is perfectly permissable to stumble over a word.

We have noted before that the reason people stutter is because the mind and the organs of speech do not co-operate. If you try to drive a tractor with the brake on on one of the hind wheels, then you may end up going around in circles. If you try to speak with the brakes on on the organs of speech while the mind runs ahead, you go around in circles, too. The thing to do is to release the brakes of tension, apprehension, and fear. You should be concentrating on what you want to say instead of how you are going to say it. If you occasionally stumble over a few words, so what? Your aim should be to improve your speech, not to make it perfect all at once.

Too many stutterers take a negative attitude. They want to stop stuttering. Instead of this, they should set their goal on talking fluently. If they want to break a bad habit they must substitute a good one in its place.

Anyone can improve the tone and quality of his voice. You should try to speak distinctly and pleasantly. Salesmen are trained to say "Good morning" in a way that carries with it a feeling of friendliness and optimism.

A person who stutters is usually poor in articulation. He will drag his words together and hurry over the syllables until they are hardly recognizable. The entire sentence will be in one tone.

When you are alone, practice speaking with overtones in your voice. To do this you must be perfectly relaxed, and the muscles of your throat, tongue, and lips will work together.

Listen to people you know who have a rich full voice and try to imitate them. Speaking can be fun; it can be a rich rewarding experience.

BONUS DIVIDENDS

If you want to overcome stuttering you must learn to cultivate proper attitudes. By cultivating proper attitudes you will reap benefits in other areas of your life besides overcoming the stuttering habit.

1. You should be able to learn to speak clearly and distinctly.
2. You should learn to overcome your fear of making mistakes.
3. You should lose your fear of speaking before a group of people.
4. You will be able to devote your energies to the more important task of having something worthwhile to say instead of worrying over how to say it.

As we go through life we see people who have many different handicaps. Everyone has his own problems, some of one kind and others of another kind. We see people who are blind, lame, crippled, hard of hearing, and a hundred other conditions. Each one is trying to live out his life to make the most of it.

The person who stutters also has a handicap but compared to some of the others, it is a minor one. He has a problem which can be overcome if he is only willing to set his heart to overcoming it. And while he is overcoming this problem, he may be gaining other assets which are even greater. ■■

IF STUTTERING IS YOUR PROBLEM

1. Take a good hard look at yourself and your problems. Very likely you have been making a mountain out of a molehill.
2. Accept the fact that you do have a problem. Then start working at it in a systematic way.
3. If you stutter, so what? Make no apologies to anyone for your difficulties. Everyone has their problems, some in one way and some in another way.
4. Don't try to get rid of your difficulty at once. It didn't come in one day and it probably won't go away in a day.
5. Learn to be able to make mistakes without embarrassment. If you stumble over a few words, don't worry.
6. By treating your mistakes in a casual way, you will be setting a pattern for your listeners. If they are your friends, they will accept it in the same way.
7. Improve your speech all around. Practice modulation, varying the tone of your speech and try to speak with a full clear voice at all times.
8. Practice living a relaxed life. Life is too short to be hurrying and scurrying all the time.
9. Practice speaking in front of a group whenever you have an opportunity but be sure you have something worthwhile to say.
10. When you wish to speak in front of a group of people, say to yourself, "They are my friends, there is no one in the group that would want to hurt me."

(WINDOWSILL , cont. from page 37)

therefore we should not do anything that is not holy on that day. — a sister

I have helped play Trav-E-Log once and thought it a nice Bible game. I have looked for a game like that in my home town and couldn't find any. -Mrs. Mose Borntreger
R.1 Anabel, Missouri 63431

We do think certain games are O.K. and should be done in a quiet way.

Now what about all those Stanley parties and the like where older people play a game and you have to ask a guest for an item from hers? We try to train our children not to ask someone for something. We think these parties are a poor light to us people. Our dictionary gives the word "gamble" as trying to get something for nothing. In a way it would be better if we could spend our money helping the needy. — a concerned Mother

I DON'T LIKE IT (answer)

If children are finicky (schneekich) whose fault is it except the parents? (Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.) "Train" means to instruct and to teach and no one is trained until he or she does it without being told, or compelled to.

I know of a man that is a little finicky and there are certain things that he will not eat. You know that his children are the same way and sometimes their mother has to make several different kinds of things for a meal so that they will all eat. This is going out in just as many directions as there are children, in the future homes. I can thank God that we had to eat a little of everything that was on the table at home. I believe that this makes it easier to cook for the women if everyone has to eat a little bit of everything that is put on the table. I feel sorry for the finicky type person.

— a voice from Georgia

To the parent who wrote about children being choicey about food (August FL). I think it is often the parents fault when children are hard to please at the table. When the child is young the mother may ask, "Now which piece of meat do you want?" or "Do you want this or that cookie?" Naturally the child becomes choicey and when he can't have his way, will then become sulky or angry.

I've also seen where the children can run into the pantry between meals and can eat cookies or what not. Then the parents wonder why they are so hard to please at the table. If they could have an apple or other fruit it is not apt to spoil their appetite even if eaten an hour before mealtime. A small glass of milk is better than a cookie or any heavy food for a between meal snack.

— wishing to help

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

The Sunset Years

Juan was a happy young fellow. Every sunny day he played around the adobe house of his parents or went exploring on the meadows just outside the village.

But in the manner of boys, past and present, Juan did not stay a boy. He grew up.

As a man Juan showed great promise. He was smart and ambitious and a born leader. Surely he would go far in the world of affairs.

The years passed. Juan did not disappoint those who had seen great things in him. When Christopher Columbus sailed the second time to America, Juan was aboard—eager to explore the fascinating new world. Some years later he conquered Puerto Rico and claimed it for his homeland, Spain. In 1509 he was named governor of Puerto Rico.

But all was not as it seemed. In the midst of glory, Juan was not happy. Success had not brought satisfaction. Though he was not yet fifty, Juan began behaving like a much older man. There was nothing to look forward to but a dull old age and frightening death. How Juan longed for the pleasant days of youth, those days when every morning had been a promise of adventure, of learning new things, of carefree playing with his comrades.

Then one day there came to the ears of Governor Juan the story of a wonderful fountain of youth. History does not tell us how the governor reacted when he first heard the news. Perhaps he was skeptical. Who knows? Perhaps he became excited at once. Many days may have passed before the conviction grew on him that he, Juan Ponce de Leon, would find the lost spring— and become young once more.

What led the governor of Puerto Rico to believe there was a lost fountain of youth? Really, the story was not as unlikely as we may think. The Bibical Garden of Eden was a lost site, believed by the people of Europe to be somewhere in the Far East. America at that time was thought to be India, so it seemed reasonable that Eden was hidden someplace in the unexplored wilds of America. When Indians came to Puerto Rico and spoke of a magic fountain of water, Ponce de Leon decided the lost garden was worth looking for.

On April 2, 1513, the Spaniards landed on the coast of Florida and the search began. Somewhere in this region of jungles and swamps, somewhere beyond the alligators and famingos and water moccasins, lay the lost Eden. Somewhere in this land flowed the stream that would restore to Juan his lost youth.

The explorer and his men pushed their way along the Florida coast, drinking from every fountain they came upon. Each time they thought, "This may be it." But no miracle happened. The waters quenched their thirst, and nothing more. No one got younger.

Disappointed, Ponce de Leon returned to his home in Puerto Rico. It had been a fanciful dream, but one that had failed. Gone was the hope of recapturing his youth or of living forever. Juan Ponce de Leon was only an old man like other old men.

Most of us remember Ponce de Leon from our school histories. His name is forever linked with the legend of the fountain of youth. We probably think he was a little funny in his head, tramping through those Florida swamps and risking his life for such an unlikely prize.

But you know, I don't think Mr. de Leon would feel out of place at all if he were living today. With his dread of getting old and his longing for the good old days, he would fit in very well.

Last month in this column we came to a startling conclusion. We discovered that a man is middle-aged when twenty, and that even then the first half of life is the longest half. How? Because in childhood time goes slow, and in later years the years speed faster and faster, Thus, twenty seems like half of seventy.

Old age is a subject that concerns all of us. It is something we are all traveling toward, though we may not all reach it. And as we noted last month, the journey is not as long as it seemed when we started.

I am sure that none of us wants to make the mistake Ponce de Leon made, and spend our latter years longing for our lost youth. And yet his attitude, it seems to me, is one of the greatest dangers of getting old. He lost interest in the present and dwelt on the past.

An old gentleman once sat on a park bench in the big city, looking very discouraged. A friendly postman stopped to chat. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I guess I'm getting old."

"Oh, having rheumatism?"

"No, worse than that. I'm having reminiscences."

Now, I'm certain we don't have to be very old to get a lot of satisfaction and joy from reliving fond memories. There is no harm in this if it is not overdone. The danger lies in spending most of our time living in the past. No matter what our age, our Christian duty is to live in the present and prepare for the future.

A FRUITFUL OLD AGE

What makes some old people so lovable and others so hard to get along with? I don't know, but there certainly is a difference, isn't there?

I have known aged men and women who were an inspiration to meet. Gentle, unselfish, joyful— they had all the qualities mentioned by Paul when he wrote to Timothy, "....that the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience; The aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness."

I particularly remember Mrs. Lizzie Stutzman of Hartville, Ohio, whom I learned to know while writing her life story. I am sure she was very human and had her peevish moments just like the rest of us, but old age and pain had not made her bitter or selfish. Over the years she had continued to grow in her Christian life.

It seems to me that old people are no different from everyone else. Those that find fulfilment in life, those that are loved and feel needed, those that have work to do and are interested in helping others, those that are trying to humbly fill their role in building up the church— these are the people that are happy, whether they were born in 1890 or 1950.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, continued to write a great deal when he was old. An admirer asked him one day how he was able to do so much at his age. Pointing at an apple tree, Longfellow said, "That tree is very old, but I have never seen prettier blossoms upon it than those it now bears. Its branches display a little new wood each year, and I suppose it is out of that new growth that the blossoms come."

The poet paused, then smiled as he continued, "I'm like the apple tree. I grow new wood each year."

Longfellow had discovered one secret of keeping young while growing old. To stay youthful, stay useful. It is when people live on memories and accept no more responsibilities that they are truly old. It is when they look back more than they look forward that they have lost their youth.

Old age can be fruitful. In fact, the Psalmist says about the righteous that "..they shall bring forth fruit in old age." One example of a man whom God used in his latter years is Moses, who did not start his life work until he was eighty. Someone has said, "Moses lived the first forty years of his life thinking he was somebody, then forty years on the back side of the desert realizing he was nobody, and finally the last forty years of his life learning what God can do with a nobody."

Indeed, Moses was an unusual man. He died at the age of 120, and the Bible says his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

King Solomon, by contrast, made a tragic mess of his old age. When Solomon was old, his wives turned away his heart after other gods. Wisest of men, Solomon had a weak spot nevertheless. What a shame that after having written so many words of warning for others, Solomon sinned and "...did evil in the sight of the Lord."

The aged have a great responsibility. When they fail, there is much harm done, for the younger ones look to them for leadership. God has a very real need for white-haired laborers in his church, men and women to whom the younger members can turn for counsel and comfort.

LOOKING FORWARD

For the Christian there really should be no need to look backward in life as Ponce de Leon looked, wishing for the waters of youth. Gray hair are a glory, not a shame. Old age is an honor, not a reproach.

Furthermore, a full life of service to God is not a dead-end; there is a door that opens into something better. Beyond the sunset of life there is a glorious sunrise, the dawning of the eternal day.

"I'm not looking for the sunset
As the swift years come and go;
I am looking for the sunrise
And the golden morning glow.
I'm not going down, but upward,
And the path is never dim.
For the day proves ever brighter
As I journey on with Him.
For my eyes are on the hilltops,
Waiting for the sun to rise,
Waiting for His invitation
To a home beyond the skies.

I don't know who wrote the above poem, but I picture the author as an aged Christain, waiting for his call to come on over. How much higher and nobler is his hope than the selfish dreams of Juan Ponce de Leon! The Spanish explorer had made the terrible mistake of caring more for his body than for his soul, of coveting earthly youth above life eternal. The true Living Waters could have been his, "...a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John 4:14) Yet Ponce de Leon was blind to his real need, and kept on tramping the Florida swamps.

Eight years after his search for the mysterious fountain of youth, Ponce de Leon was injured in a battle with the Indians. At the age of sixty-one, his life came to a close. From the injuries he received, the governor died. Would the waters of youth have saved him then?

The fate of the Spanish explorer is all the sadder when we contrast his life with that of the apostle Paul. Paul's life was also one of action and danger, and he died at about the same age— sixty. But we do not find the apostle brooding for the happy childhood days in Tarsus, or for his school days at the feet of Gamaliel. Instead, just before his death Paul wrote the stirring words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Some of us may never live to be old people, but all of us are growing older. We of course have no way of knowing when life for us will end and eternity begin. The end of each day brings us twenty-four hours closer. Whether we are twenty, or thirty, or forty, or fifty, or sixty, or seventy.

Whether we die old or die young matters little. What matters is to have a crown laid up for us as the Apostle Paul had, and to live each day with the prayer,

"Let me hold a little looser
All these fleeting things of time;
Let me cling a little tighter
To the things that are divine."

—Guiamaca, Honduras

My Boys

Little boys are always sticky
Hair uncombed, and manners icky.
They dig worms and tear up boxes,
Three cents a pound is all they're worth,
Most precious things I have on earth.

-Christine L. Johnson

Sent in by Mrs. Lester Helmuth Nappanee, Indiana

THE COVERING

by Samuel Hertzler

The covering is an ordinance of the Bible but I have often wondered why it is not mentioned in the articles of our faith (Dortrecht Confession). It may have been that there was no dispute in the matter and at that time it was customary for all women to wear a devotional covering.

Today the majority of women do not wear a covering and most of them have cut hair. To the latter class the covering does not apply (1 Cor. 11:6).

There are four reasons for wearing the covering:

1. It is an ordinance of God (1 Cor. 11, 2). When Paul wrote his epistle to the Corinthians he treated a number of subjects such as communion, devotional covering, and speaking in tongues. In closing he wrote, "The things I write unto you are the commandments of God." 1 Cor. 14, 37.

2. Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head (1 Cor. 11:5). Do we understand from this that a woman should wear a covering only during prayer? The next reason holds the answer to this question.

3. Woman is the glory of man. Verse 7 tells us that man ought not to have his head covered because he is the image and glory of God. But the woman ought to have her head covered because she is the image and glory of man.

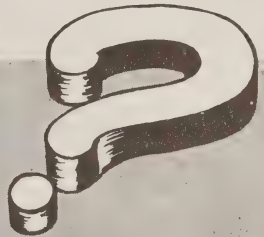
As man is to be in subjection to Christ, so ought the woman to be in subjection to her man. The covering is a sign of this subjection. Of course it is possible for the woman to wear a covering and still not be in subjection to her man. There is such a thing as a wolf in sheep's clothing but without exception the sheep always wears sheep's clothing.

4. For this cause ought the woman to have a power on her head because of the angels. Verse 10. To discard the covering is to put herself where the power and protection of the angels is not present in the same way as it is with the covering. A girl was at home alone when a strange man entered the room she was in. When she saw him she was afraid and fell to her knees asking God for protection. The man looked at her for awhile and then he said, "Girlie, if it were not for that cap on your head ——" and he left.

Another instance, two Amish girls were travelling. In a strange city they had to change depots and not knowing the way, they asked directions of a man. He told them where to go but when they got there it did not look like a depot. Just then a man came out of the building and they asked him, "Is this the depot?"

He looked at them a few moments and then he said,

TRUE Or FALSE



Relatives of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

For those of us who sometimes have trouble keeping all our own uncles, aunts, and cousins straight, this quiz should be a special challenge to see how well we do on relatives of Bible characters. Answers and scoring scale on page 20.

1. Methuselah was Noah's grandfather.
2. Ruth and Naomi were sisters.
3. The Bible nowhere tells us the name of Paul's parents.
4. John the Baptist had two older brothers, and at least one sister that we read of.
5. Family ties were considered so sacred in Old Testament times that to dishonor one's parents was a sin punishable by death.
6. King David's father was named Jesse.
8. Jacob was a first cousin to Leah and Rachel, his two wives.
9. Goliath had a son who was also a giant, and who had six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot.
10. Moses did not have brothers or sisters.
11. Lot was Abraham's nephew.
12. John Mark and Barnabas were related to each other.
13. Mordecai and Esther were first cousins.
14. All the people who went with Noah into the ark were his relatives.
15. The Bible records one of Moses' grandsons serving as priest in the worship of an idol.
16. Jonathan and David were first cousins.
17. The young man who warned Paul about the forty men who planned to kill him was his nephew.
18. The twelve sons of Jacob did not have a sister.
19. Aaron did not have any sons.
20. The Bible does not tell the name of Solomon's father.

"Girls, girls, this is not a depot. Don't go in there." He then helped them to the depot.

The covering is a protective power because of the angels. For the same reason ought a girl to always wear a covering during a date.

There is hardly any other item in the regulations of our churches which is so hard to hold the standard as in the covering. The devil is an open enemy and he uses all his power to overcome the commandments of God and make them of no effect. Our thoughts and actions are controlled either by the power of good or evil. Being ashamed to wear the covering is being under the influence of the powers of evil. The same is true of the bonnet for they both represent modesty.

History teaches us that if the church does not have a regulation in what the covering is to be like, it soon disappears. The covering seems to have a tendency to get so small and of such thin material that it no longer serves its purpose of "covering." Sometimes frills and such are used until it becomes the object of pride instead of submission. The strings hang back over the shoulder and a pin is used to fasten it to the hair on top of the head. If it is tied, it is quite often done in some extreme way, either too tight or too loose; it varies in different localities.

Fortunately the above does not describe the average woman of our faith. But it seems there will always be some who are disobedient.

There are no specifications given in the scriptures as to exactly how the covering should be. The New Testament does not give directions exactly to the letter as it did under the law of Moses. To do the will of God we must use the principles he gave as nearly as we can understand them.

- Paraguay

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LIFE IN A STRIP MINER'S NEIGHBORHOOD

What can we do? About ten years ago the strip coal miners came to our door and wanted to buy our land. Every time the agents came we told them "No, we do not want to sell or lease our farm for coal."

The sad part of it is that they will not take no for an answer. They keep drilling us by sending different people to our door, a banker, a grocer, an Amishman and his wife, several agents, and some neighbors. We also received a letter from a relative urging us to sell.

This has been going on now for ten years and we still refuse to sell or lease. A friend told us recently that the strip miners said, "We will get their land yet."

Another friend told us that the strip miners were down at the courthouse checking up on our records. It looks like they will try any way they can to get our land.

Sometime ago the company went bankrupt so we thought we would be left alone. Today the name of the company has been changed but the workers are the same. They still want more land and won't take no for an answer. But we are the owners and we don't want to sell or lease our land for strip mining.

We think this is a disgrace and we wish the callers would quit coming for we do not want to sell our land.

-C. Z., Ohio

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. Methuselah was Noah's grandfather (Genesis 5:25-29).
2. False. Ruth and Naomi were not sisters. Naomi was Ruth's mother-in-law (Ruth 1:22).
3. True. The Bible does not tell the name of Paul's parents. All it says about his parents is that his father was a Pharisee of the tribe of Benjamin who lived in Tarsus at the time of Paul's birth (Acts 23:6, Phil. 3:5, Acts 21:39).
4. False. John the Baptist did not have any older brothers or sisters, for Zacharias and Elisabeth were childless before John's birth (Luke 1:7).
5. True. Moses' law decreed that children who were disrespectful to their parents should be put to death (Exodus 21:15-17).
6. True. Jesse was David's father (1 Sam. 17:17).
7. True. Jacob's mother, Rebekah, was a sister to Laban, the father of Rachel and Leah (Gen. 28:2).
8. True. Timothy's father was Greek, and his mother a Jewess (Acts 16:1).
9. True. Goliath did have a giant son who had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. He, along with his three giant brothers, was slain by David's men (2 Sam. 21:15-22, 1 Chron. 20:4-8).
10. False. Moses had one brother and a sister, Aaron and Miriam (Ex. 4:14; 15:20).
11. True. Abraham was Lot's uncle (Gen. 12:5).
12. True. John Mark and Barnabas were related, although there is some confusion as to just what relation they were to each other. King James Version of the Bible calls Mark, "sister's son to Barnabas" but more recent translations (ASV, RSV) render him a "cousin" to Barnabas (Col. 4:10).
13. True. Mordecai and Esther were first cousins, but Mordecai was also Esther's foster father (Esther 2:7).
14. True. There were only eight people in the ark, all relatives of Noah. They were Noah and his three sons and their wives (Gen. 7:7).
15. True. The story of Moses' grandson, Jonathan, who became a priest for a graven image, is a little known, but extremely interesting story. Jonathan was a son of Gershom, the son of Moses. In an effort to protect Moses' reputation, Jewish scribes inserted an "n" in the Hebrew spelling of Moses, thus changing it to Manassah, and this is the way it incorrectly appears in KJV at Judges 18:30. But the Greek and other versions read Moses, and not Manassah.
16. False. Jonathan and David were not first cousins. David was Jonathan's brother-in-law.
17. True. The young man whose warning probably saved Paul's life in Acts 23:16 was his nephew.
18. False. The twelve sons of Jacob did have at least one sister, Dinah, (Gen. 30:21) and it is highly probable that they had others that are not mentioned.
19. False. Aaron had four sons, Nadab, Abihu, Eleazar, and Ithamar (Exodus 6:23).
20. False. King David was Solomon's father (1 Kings 1:12).

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct ...	Excellent
17-18 correct ...	Good
15-16 correct ...	Average

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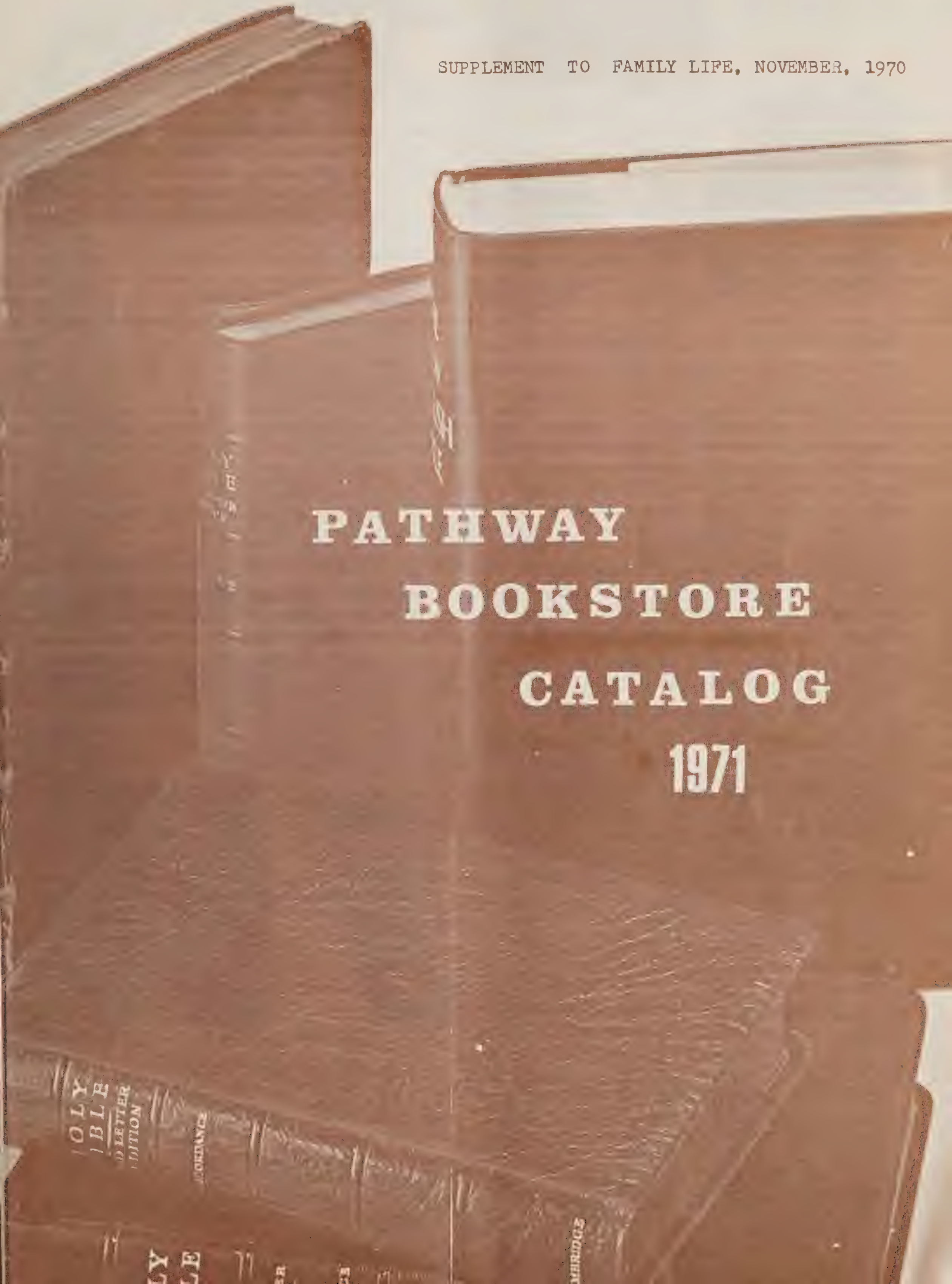

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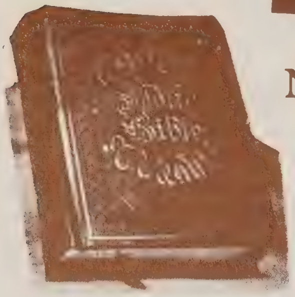

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Jeſ. 40, 6. 7. Jak. 1, 10. 11.
25. aber * des Herrn Wort bleibet in Ewigkeit.“ Das iſt aber das Wort, welches unter euch verkündiget iſt. *Jeſ. 40, 8.

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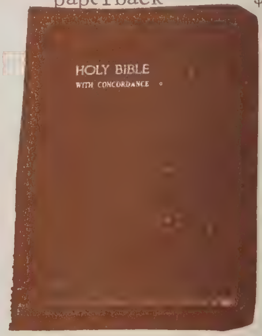

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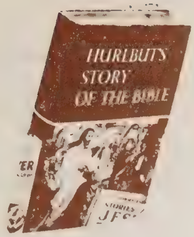

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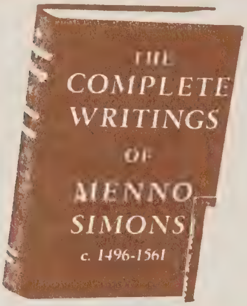

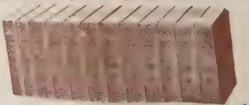

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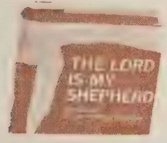

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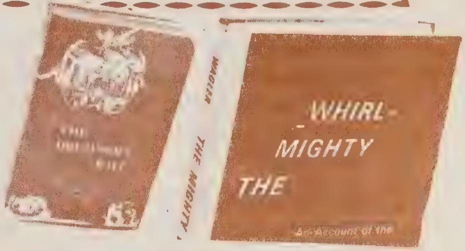

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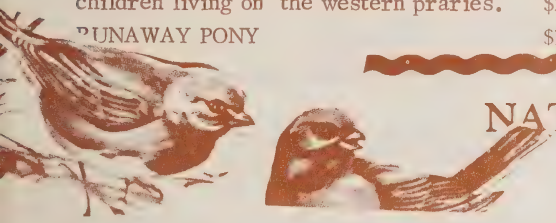

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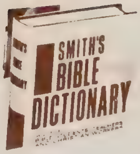

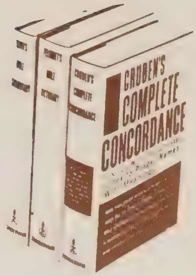

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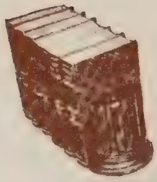

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LITTLE WANDERING FEET

It was a calm, peaceful Sunday evening in August. I was sitting on the porch along with my parents, my older sister, three younger brothers and bright and lively baby sister Sara. Sara was just 18 months old.

Our parents were helping us read in German the text we had heard in church that day. In the distance we could hear the happy shouts of the neighbor's children at play. German reading was rather dull and boring that evening and after an afternoon filled with rough play, we soon became drowsy from sitting still so long. Dad then gave us the choice of reading some more or going to bed. It was only 7:30 but all of us voted for bed. So we washed our feet, said our prayers, and trotted off to bed.

When once in bed one of my brothers started crying about a sore he had on his foot. I had kicked my toe during the day also like any little eight-year-old girl will do trying to follow her brothers. So it did not take me long to join in with the crying. On hearing the commotion, Dad came upstairs to see what was the matter. Since he left the stairway door open, little Sara soon followed him up.

She had an afternoon nap and was feeling full of life so she was soon turning somersaults on our beds. "They can't sleep on such rolling, rocking beds," Dad explained to her and sent her down to Mother on the porch swing.

She obeyed at once and went down the stairs but instead of going to Mother she apparently went out the back door. After awhile Dad went downstairs again and Mom asked, "Where's Sara?"

"I sent her down to you awhile ago," Dad replied.

They went and looked in the kitchen, they looked all over the downstairs, and in the yard and garden. Then thinking that maybe she hadn't come down after all, they came upstairs. We children were not yet asleep and learning that they were hunting for Sara we were soon fully aroused. Since it was dusk already, Dad said we had better get dressed and help hunt.

We looked and called in the truck patch, orchards, and in the meadows. By this time darkness had set itself on the face of the earth and the crickets, frogs and other small fry were singing praise to their Maker.

Dad lit some gas lanterns but where could we look that we hadn't already looked? Finally Mother decided to go to the nearest neighbor as Sara sometimes went along with us to take cracked eggs over. We children closely followed Mom who held the lantern this way and that way, peering into the ditch along the road.

But the neighbors didn't know anything about her. Some of them came along to help hunt. Some of the neighbor's children and we three followed their father around our farm pond. The lantern made eerie shadows along the banks. Oh how spooky everything looked!

On the far side of the pond a snake slid off the bank and into the water. I pitied Sara if she had to share the pond with a snake. Being only eight years old I did not realize if she would have fallen into the pond, she would be totally unaware of the snake's presence.

Minutes passed, seeming like hours, and the neighbors suggested getting more help. All us children piled into his car and he drove to different farms in the neighborhood, blowing the horn until someone came out. The news spread fast and soon about ten men had gathered at a small country store nearby. Some wanted flashlight batteries, some flashlights. The owner unlocked the door and the men went in and helped themselves.

On the way back we blew the horn at every house. One place where the people were in bed already the man opened the window and told us to stop the nonsense. On hearing the reason, he quickly joined the searchers.

We arrived at home hoping and yet almost not daring to ask the question "Did you find her?" But no, no one had seen a trace of her. We kept searching and as it got later someone asked permission to call a fire company, to get more searchers. A fire company was called, when they came and saw how small the group of searchers were they called more fire companies until five fire companies and around five hundred people were here.

Then it seemed there were spotlights blinking everywhere and the night looked almost like day. The house was searched from attic to cellar.

By this time my two youngest brothers had awakened and we were all clinging to Mother. When two police officers walked into the kitchen we crowded still closer to Mom. Then began a questioning: "Did you see any strangers around?", "Did you have any strange company today?", "Are you sure you didn't see any strangers in the neighborhood?" Not until later did Mother learn why the officers were so anxious and that they had reason to believe the little girl had been kidnapped.

Many of the searchers thought that Sara might have fallen into the pond. But my parents did not think so. They did not see how she could have gone there without Mom noticing her. On her way to the pond she would have had to either pass Mom on the porch swing or go through a yard gate which made a loud peculiar squeak when it was opened. Mom felt she would have been sure to hear it.

Nevertheless a boat was gotten and the pond was searched again and again. At midnight preparations were being made to drain the pond.

Searchers were everywhere over the farm. The men lined up, each taking a row through the corn fields.

Father's uncle and aunt who lived in a nearby village also came to help search. At 15 minutes after midnight this uncle came ruming and shouting. "They found her, they found her."

We hardly dared to ask the question, "Is she alive?"

But he did not know any details. Just then the sirens sounded and soon a strange man brought in a little girl and handed her to Mother. She was soaked and dirty but very much alive and happy to see us, little knowing what alarm she had caused.

A group of men had been searching a corn field row by row. A fire engine was driving through a hay field alongside the corn with a floodlight focused on the corn field. The man on the top of the engine saw an object on the ground which looked like it might be a groundhog and he saw it move. On closer investigation it turned out to be little Sara who had been asleep. When she awoke and heard the noise and saw the strange men she started crying.

But a neighbor happened to be along and when he spoke to her in Pennsylvania Dutch she soon quieted down and they brought her home. There was a heavy dew that night and Sara was very damp all over but we soon had her changed.

The police said they could not leave until a doctor examined her. A doctor was summoned and found her to be all right except for the dozens of mosquito bites and suffering from lack of sleep. We regretted that we did not have the privilege of thanking everyone personally who had helped in the search.

It was going toward morning before we got to bed again but sleep did not come easily. We felt thankful to God and man for all that was done for us.

Later we found out why the police had questioned us so closely about strangers being in the neighborhood. A distant neighbor, wondering what all the commotion was about had gone to his nearest neighbor to inquire. Finding out about the little girl he wanted to help too, but wanted to say something to his own family first. So he hurridly ran over the road and cut across the field. Two men on bicyles happened to be passing and saw him. They could not understand why a man would be running in the opposite direction. Soon a talk had spread among the searchers that a man was seen with a child in his arms running toward a barn. Someone had even gone and searched the barn. How thankful we were that we hadn't found out about this rumor at the time. The feeling it would have caused could hardly be described.

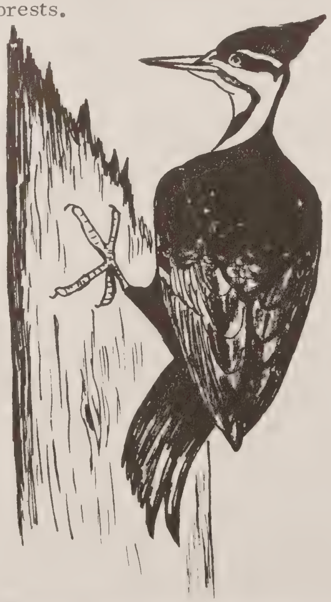
Nine years have passed and Sara is now ten years old. She never tires of hearing us tell of the alarm she caused us so innocently. There are now five children younger than Sara including a set of nineteen-month-old twins. When one of the little ones isn't around for only a brief time and nobody knows where they are, a fear comes into us as we remember Sara. So far they have always been around somewhere, and may the Lord grant us wisdom in caring for these precious jewels He has given us.

-L. H. M., New Holland, Pennsylvania

Wonders of Nature

PILEATED WOODPECKER

A strange-looking bird he is, but a great pecker. He is the second largest of North American woodpeckers and usually lives in the deep forests.



THE ACRE OF OUR HEARTS

When we go to church let us examine ourselves and see in what condition is the acre of our hearts. In the spring we sow seeds and we know that it takes a prepared piece of ground so that the seed may thrive and grow and bring forth fruit.

Christ himself said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12:24.

Now what is this fruit? "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." John 3:15, 16.

Spiritual wise, the old seed or man must first die and be resurrected in newness of life. Romans 6:3-8. This new life brings forth the fruits of the spirit which is in all goodness and righteousness and truth.

When we go to church, how is the acre of our hearts? Are the cares and pleasures of this life (which is but for a moment compared to eternity) thoroughly torn out and rooted up? If this is the case then the seed of the divine Word of God will fall into a thoroughly cultivated piece of ground in the heart of man, and bring forth fruit. Christ said, "The words that I speak, they are spirit and they are life." John 6:63.

Let us not be found as such who are destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness (1 Timothy 6:5). Maybe this could be better understood in the German, "gottseligkeit sei ein Gewerbe." This means a business or trade, we should not go to church as if it were a business or trade or only part of our other occupations.

"For bodily exercise profiteth little but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promises of the life which now is and that which is to come." 1 Timothy 4:8. Jacob the Chandler in his sixth letter in the Martyrs Mirror explains this godliness very plainly. (See pages 813-814 in English Martyrs Mirror or 351-352 in German.)

When we go to visit friends and relatives what is our motive and our conversation? If it is only of the things and cares of this life then Solomon says it is the vanity of all vanities. Eccl. 1:2 and 12:8. Christ said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasures of his heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasures bringeth forth evil things. (Matt. 12:35).

If our heart is filled with the cares and vanities of life, is this not idle talk? But what say the Scriptures? Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth but rather that which is good to the use of edifying that it may minister grace unto the hearers. Ephesians 4:29. Moreover; neither filthiness nor foolish talking, nor jesting which are not convenient, but rather giving of thanks. Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. 5:19.

We find that in times of persecution, this was their main goal and treasure, of which their hearts were filled. We read of this in Wandering Soul (pages 408-412 in German) as well as in Martyrs Mirror. If anyone thinks that in times of liberty we have liberty to do otherwise, please read Martyrs Mirror, the last paragraph of the preface to the second part. There are also many Scriptures that give testimony to the same.

— Daniel B. Bauman, Wallenstein, Ontario

Wie ein Kind aufzuziehen

(Erwählet von Joſeph Stoll aus Anweiſung Zur Seligkeit)

Da ich die 18 Regeln geſchrieben hatte, wie ein Kind zu verderben (Sehe October Family Life) ſo hat die Mami Maſt gemeint ich ſollte jetz auch die andere Seite ſchreiben, ſonſt verſtehet nicht ein jeder mein Schreibes.

1. Gib dem kleinen Kind nicht alles was es begehrt zu haben, wenn es etwas iſt das es nicht haben ſoll, und mit Schreien überkommen will. Sie ſind kluge Schüler, und lernen das Schreien bald, und dient ihnen zum Verderben.

2. Und wenn ſie weiter heran gewachſen ſind, und wiſſen was Gehorſam und Ungehorſam iſt, ſo lernet ſie aus väterlicher und mütterlicher Liebe Gehorſam zu leiſten, es koſte was es will. Und wenn es unwillig wird und in Zorn geratet probiere mit Spielſachen ſeine Gedanken zu ziehen. Wenn es nur heftiger wird, und ſie nur weg ſchlägt, und alles anders nicht hilft, ſo für das letzte Mittel gebrauche die Zuchtrute, in ſolch einem Weg daß du ſiegeſt über ſeinen Zorn, dann wenn es einmal ſiegt, ſo hat es viel gewonnen, und du haſt viel verloren. Und wenn du überwunden haſt, ſo laſſe es wiſſen daß es dir leid tut, daß du ihm ſo wehe haſt müſſen tun, um ſeinen Selbſtwillen zu brechen. Und wie jünger ihr dem Kind ſeinen Selbſtwillen brecht, wie leichter es getan iſt, und wie glücklicher es und ihr ſeid.

3. Gebet dem Kind Kredit und lobet es für das Gute was es tut, und tadelt es wenn es Uebels tut, aber doch mit Maß, Liebe und Beſcheidenheit, und kleidet es chriſtlich nach der Regel eurer Gemeinde, und ſo bald ſie Erkenntnis haben, lehret ſie warum die Einfachheit und nicht nach die Moden der Welt.

4. Wenn du es heißeſt etwas tun, ſo ſehe dazu daß es auch folgt, denn Gehorſam bringt Segen und Ungehorſam Fluch. Ich war unlängſt in St. Paul im Depot, im Warte-Saal iſt ein Kind unwillig geworden, ein Knabe ungefähr 3 Jahre alt. Der war ſo zornig und hat geſchrieen mit aller Macht was er nur konnte. Die Mutter hat alles getan was eine Mutter tun kann, um es zu ſtillen ohne Schläge. Alles was ſie und andere ihm hingelangt haben um ſeine Gedanken zu ziehen, hat er es nur weg geſchlagen, und deſto heftiger gemacht. Wenn ſie es auf den Boden geſtellt hat, ſo hat es ſich auf den Rücken geworfen und gekickt und geſchrieen mit aller Macht. Wenn ſie weg gegangen iſt, ſo iſt es aufgeſprungen ihr nach und hat an ihrem Rock halt kriegt, und geriſſen als wenn es ihr Rock von ihr reißen wollt. Sie hat es hin und her getragen und probiert es zu ſtillen, mich hat gedünkt wenigſtens 20 Minuten. Dann hat ſie ihn in ſeinem großen Geſchrei auf die Arme genommen und fort hinaus. Es hat geſchlagen mit Händen und Füßen, und das war das End davon. Eltern die ihren Kindern ihren Selbſtwillen nicht brechen daheim, die müſſen dann ſolche Erfahrung durchmachen die nicht lieblich ſind.

5. Vater und Mutter ſollten einig ſein in der Erziehung der Kinder. Wo das nicht iſt, da fehlt viel, da iſt kein Segen zu erwarten, da ſollten ſie doch allerdings die Kinder es nicht erfahren laſſen, ſondern die Sache bei ihnen ſelbſt zu verhandeln in demütigem Geiſt.

6. Laſſet eure Kinder wiſſen, daß ihr eins ſeid, und eins dem anderen ſeine Worte bekräftigen zu ihrem Gehorſam.

7. Wachet und betet mit und für eure Kinder, und ziehet ſie auf in der Zucht, und Vermahnung zum Herrn. Lebet mit Gottes Hülfe ein ſolches heiliges Leben, daß eure Kinder nichts anders von euch denken können als chriſtliche Eltern, und machet eure Worte immer wahr. Bedenket die Sachen wichtig ehe ihr ja oder nein ſaget, aber wenn ihr mal geſagt habet, ſo beſtehet darauf. Man kann auch zu viel von ihnen fordern, ſo daß es unmöglich iſt für ſie zu tun, und ſie dann zanken und ſchelten, und ſolches nimmt ihnen den Mut. Man tut doch auch ſelbſt zu zeiten ſeinen Plan zu groß machen und keine Rechnung für Unglück, und man bringt es ſo manchmal ſelbſt nicht fertig wie man geplant hat.

8. Seid ſorgfältig mit was für Kinder eure Kinder Geſellſchaft machen, denn böſe Geſellſchaften verderben gute Sitten.

9. Seid ſehr ſorgfältig was ſie leſen, Story-Bücher und Zeitungen ſollten nicht in einem chriſtlichen Hauſe ſein. Habt chriſtliche Bücher, und Zeitſchriften auf eurem Tiſch liegen, ſo gute Gelegenheit iſt, zu Mittag wenn ſie ein wenig Zeit haben zum Leſen, ſo daß ſie ihre Gedanken mit geiſtlichem anfüllen können, die Bibel iſt das Buch der Bücher. Es ſollte täglich ein Abſchnitt aus ihr geleſen werden an der Zeit der Andacht.

10. Nehmet ſie mit in die Gemein und gebet genau Achtung auf ſie und helfet ihnen dazu daß ſie intereſſiert werden in die Sache des Reichs Chriſti und der Gemeinde Gottes.

11. Haltet ſie klein ſolange ihr könnt, denn die Kinder wo ſo jung groß gehen, verfallen ſo gerne in Schlechtigkeiten, wo ſie ihr lebenlang nicht vergeſſen können.

12. Haltet ſie ab von dem unnötigen Geld ſpenden, was überhaupt zum Verderben führt, lernet ſie daß wir nur Haushalter ſind über Gottes-Gaben und verantwortlich ſind für jeden Thaler den wir unnötig ſpenden von welchem wir und niemand ſonſt nutzen davon haben. Und das Cigaret rauchen iſt eins davon.

13. Nehmet immer Zeit ihre gutgemeinte Fragen mit Beſcheidenheit zu beantworten. Kinder ſind lernbegierig, und was ſie jung lernen, das iſt und bleibt gewöhnlich bei ihnen es mag Gutes oder Böſes ſein.

14. Lernet ſie Schätze im Himmel ſammlen, und am erſten nach dem Reich Gottes zu trachten und ganz auf ihn vertrauen, ſo wird er euch ſegnen ohne Sorgen aber nicht ohne Arbeit.

15. Lehret ſie ſo jung als möglich an Jeſum glauben, als Erlöſer und Seligmacher. Saget ihnen am Chriſttag, für was wir Chriſttag halten, und machet eure Heimat zu einem chriſtlichen Heim, wo chriſtliche Kinder ſich daheim fühlen können. Wenn ein Kind von Heim weggehen kann, und eine beſſere Heimat finden, wo mehr chriſtlich iſt, ſo fehlt etwas daheim.

16. Leſet oft Vers für Vers mit ihnen in der Bibel, und wenn ſie fragen was meint das? So nehmet Zeit und verhandelt der Text. Helfet ihnen zur Erkenntnis ſo viel als nur möglich, und der Herr ſegnet euch immer mit mehr Erkenntnis, ſo daß ein Segen im ganzen Hauſe iſt.

17. Machet ſie bekannt mit unſere Grundſätzen, und ſonderlich mit den 18 Glaubens-Artikel, die in kurzer Form den rechten ſeligmachenden Glauben darſtellen. Und führet mit Gottes Hülfe ein ſolches Leben, den 18 Glaubens-Artikel gleich, und nicht den 18 verderblichen Regeln, ſonſt fallet ihr ſelbſt und eure Kinder in das Verderben.

18. Eure Prediger ſind nur Menſchen von Gott berufen euch das heilige Evangelium zu predigen, und Fehler ma-

chen iſt das leichſte das ſie tun können. Erzähle ihre Schwachheiten nicht vor eure Kinder, ſonſt verlieren ſie ihr Vertrauen zu ihnen, und das Vertrauen verloren, viel verloren. Betet für eure Prediger in ihrer Gegenwart.

Wir hoffen doch unſere Gemeinde aufzubauen mit, und durch unſere Kinder, und Nachkommenden. So wollen wir tun wie Joel ſchreibt: „Sagt euern Kinder davon, und laßt es eure Kinder ihren Kindern ſagen, und dieſelbigen Kinder ihren andern Nachkommen.“ Joel 1, 3. Ja auf ſolche Art wollen wir die gute Sache des Herrn und ſeiner Gemeinde mit Gottes Hülfe aufbauen und fort pflanzen, ſo lang die Welt ſteht.

Dankſagungs-Tag

Der Dadi hocked im Schockels Stuhl,
Und guckt zum Fenſter naus.
Die Mammy klepr'd in da Küch
Sonſt wärs doch ſtill im Haus.
Die alte Leut ſin ganz allein
Beinahe ſo wie's war,
Juſt wie Tag ſie gſchiert hen
Vergana vierzig Jahr.

Es war net olfort ganz ſo ſtill,
Und alles an ſei Platz,
Doh ware Buwa ols daheme,
Und Mäd in kurza Schatz.
En jachtich Volk ſel ware ſie,
Voll Kinner Tricks und ſchlau,
Doch is die Kindheit immer ſüß,
So wünſcht er fa je nau.

Ja, wanns doch juſt beim Wünſcha wär,
Gingt alles ſche da hie.
Die Kindheit, die is ewig fort
Fer alte Leut wie ſie.
Die Buba hen die Tricks ferlegt
Sind mänlich, ſchmart und brav.
Die Mäd ſin gute Weiber nau,
Grad wie die Mammy aw.

Schon manche Jahr ſin ſie do fort
Uf alle Wege naus,
Wo Jugend hoch und fröhlich war
Iſt alles ſtill im Haus.
Die ſema Leut ſind wir noch do,
In Ordnung hie und her,
Vom Kellar nuf zum Giebeleck,
Doch ſcheinds Haus nau ſo leer.

Die Mammy iſt gebickt mit Elt
Vom Schaffa Jahr zu Jahr.
Ihre Backa ſin vol Sorge-Strich,
Und ſchön weiß ſei die Haar.
Der Dadi — als ein gerader Man,
Iſt krum und zittrich nau,
Verloſt ſich uf ſei Weib und Stock,
Und treuer Gott vertrau.

So hockt er dort im Schockelſtuhl,
Und denkt an andre Tag,
Die Kinner, O! wo ſin ſie all?
Ehns zähl ich, ſchloft im Grab.
Die andre komma ehmals Jahr,
Er wünſcht ſie kam da heut.
Sei Herz iſt ſchwer — ich bleme ihn net
Wann er a bis'li heult.

Guck, was kummt der Weg ruf nau,
En Drup gedreſta Leut,
Do grickt 'mol' epper viel B'ſuch
In dere Gegend Heut.
Was große feina Männer ſinds,
Und ſchöne Weibsleut — Wel!
Und klene Mäd und Buba ah,
Ferleicht en dutzend — gel?

Sie ſtoppa do, ſo gewiß ichs ſag,
Mir ſind ja net geriſcht,
Und ich bin ſo verhudelt nau. —
Ich wes net wer es is.
Sie kumma rei — net lang gekloppt,
Und jedes ſtreckt die Hand.
Ei, des ſind unſre Kinner ja,
Der liebe Gott ſei Dank.

Und ſo hats Wünſche doch gebat,
Un's wär en Luſt und Fred,
Doch wer der Dadi kennt, der weß
Sei Wünſch wär en Gebät.
Es Haus is nimmy gans ſo ſtill,
Und nix is an ſei Platz,
Die glenna Kinner ſpringen rum
Und jagen Hund und Katz.

Nau wella mir en Eſſa macha,
Wie öfters, andre Zeit.
Nicht nur ein großes Weſen haben
Mit viele Koſtbarkeit.
Der Dadi und die Mammy Heut,
Die Kinner all ſo ſchön,
Die Dankbarkeit, die herrlich Freud
Der Kinder Gottes flehn.

Sie hocka alle an da Diſch,
Die Buba und die Mäd,
Und ihre Kinner friſch und g'ſund,
Der Dadi tuts Gebet:
„Mir danka dir, O, lieba Gott,
Fa alles wie mir's hen,
Fa G'ſundheit, Mittleid, Gnade, Lieb
Und Seligkeit, Amen.“

O, was en ſüße Dankbarkeit
Wär ſel ans Dadi's Haus,
Alle Herza ufgehoba zu Gott,
Und alle Trubel draus.
Und ſo is jedes ſchuldig nau,
Mir hoffe all ſind willig
Dem Gott hoch Ehr und Dank antu,
Sel macht en ſüß thankſgiving.

Die beiden Hausfrauen

Peter und Rudi hatten im gleichen Jahr Hochzeit. Beide beſaßen ungefähr gleiches Vermögen, und beide waren brave fleißige Männer. Weibergut gab es bei beiden nicht viel. Aber bei Rudi ſteht es Heute noch wohl, und Peter iſt verarmt.

Woher das?

Rudis Frau verſtand ihre Sache, ſie hatte nähen gelernt. War irgend eine Naht aufgegangen, gab es irgendwo einen Riß, mit zwei Nadelſtichen war alles wieder gut gemacht. Man ſah es nicht. Die alten Kleider ſchienen immer neu, weil nie das mindeſte daran zerriſſen war. Und weil die Kleider immer in gutem Zuſtand waren, wurden ſie immer auch ſäuberlich gehalten. Da ward mit Nadel und Zwirn manchen Rock geſpart, und Vater und Mutter und Kinder gingen allezeit reinlich wie vornehme Leute.

Aber Peters Frau verſtand davon nichts. War die Naht aufgegangen, oder ein Riß da, ſo ließ man es hängen. Das Loch ward immer größer, und dann aus dem neuen Kittel bald ein alter. Das Loch im Strumpfe ward weit, bis es unheilbar war. Da gingen ſie immer zerfetzt mit ihren Kindern, und weil man der Fetzen nicht ſchonte, hielt man ſie auch nicht ſauber. Da mußte oft Neues angeſchafft werden, und das koſtete Geld. Und Peter mit Weib und Kinder gingen doch immer wie Bettler.

Rudis Frau verſtand ihre Sachen, ſie hatte Gartnern gelernt und wußte im Garten mit dem Gemüſe umzugehen. Sie hatte allezeit geſunde Koſt, alles war ſchmackhaft und reinlich und koſtete wenig.

Peters Frau verſtand davon nichts. Ihr Garten ſah liederlich aus, und ihre Küche gleich einem Stalle. Wenn ſie kochte, brauchte ſie dreimal mehr zutat als Rudis Frau, und es blieb doch ein elendes Eſſen, machte verdorbene Magen und ungeſundes Blut. Zum Eſſen brauchte ſie Geld und zum Doktern auch.

Wie es denn geht, eins greift ins andere. Wer ſich im Hauſe um den Nagel nicht kümmert, dem fallen endlich die Sparren herab, und wo das Dach rinnet, fällt die Hütte ein.

Mit Peters Hausweſen ging es den Krebsgang, das ärgerte ihn, er wußte nicht woran es lag. Aus Verdruß fing er an zu trinken. Im Wirtshaus gefiel es ihm beſſer als daheim im Stalle. Er machte Schulden und dachte: Ich will's ſchon wieder einbringen. Endlich ward dem Peter alles verſteigert, aber aus ſeinen Lumpen ward nichts gelöſt.

Rudi hatte Segen im Haus. Er ſchaffte wenig Neues an und behielt das Geld, aber das Alte bei ihm war allezeit reinlich, ſauber ausgebeſſert, wie neu. Jedermann hielt ihn daher für noch reicher, als er war. Das machte den Leuten Vertrauen zu ihm, und Vertrauen iſt oft beſſer als Geld.

Heinrich Zſchokke.

Kein Aergerniß geben

Wir glauben es iſt gut, nicht Milch zu ſchicken auf den Sonntag. Damit zeugen wir gegen der Mißbrauch des Sabbaths.

Warum aber wollen wir, das nämliche chriſtliche Volk eine Urſach ſein daß ſolche wo die Machinen haben der Sonntag mißbrauchen, nicht Zeit haben an der Gottesdienſt zu gehen, dieweil das einfache Volk will herum gefahren ſein Freunde zu beſuchen?

Wir als Chriſten ſollten wiſſen daß die Selbſtverleugnung unſer erſten Beruf ſein ſoll, zu Gottes Ehre, und daß wir weislich wandeln ſollen gegen die, die draußen ſind, und niemand ein Aergernis geben, auf daß unſer Amt nicht verläſtert werde.

— Ein Freund Von Peſſylvania.

Die Bauva's Fra

Ich bin eine arme Bauva's Fra,
Aber ich hab genug zu eſſa,
Und manches mol denkt ma dra,
Und doch ſo oft vergeſſa.

Es ſeemed das Geld iſ immer Rahr,
Die Oyer ſind ſo nitter,
Das Futter hoch — es ruppt da hohr
Bringt em ſcheer zum Zitter.

Doch kann mir auch an ſolche denka
Es nicht genug henn zu eſſa,
So will mir doch zufrieda ſei,
Das tut mir oft vergeſſa.

Wie manches mol tut mir grummlen,
Und hat das Maul doch voll,
Weil manches liegt krank im Bett,
Nix eſſt, und auch net ſoll.

Mir grummlen von ein wenig Schwitz,
Und von kalt Wetter auch,
Doch hen mir Hols und blende Schnitz,
Ja, blende fa da Bauch.

Ja, ich bin juſt ein arme bauva's Fra
Doch genug zu wehre und eſſa,
Wie manches mol denkt mir dra,
Und doch tut's oft vergeſſa.

E. M. H.

Jakobs Leiter

1. Geiſtlich arm, bringt Leidtragen.
2. Leidtragen, bringt Sanftmuth.
3. Sanftmuth, bringt Hunger und Durſt.
4. Hunger und Durſt, bringt Barmherzigkeit.
5. Barmherzigkeit, bringt Reines Herzens.
6. Reines Herzens, bringt Friedfertigkeit.
7. Friedfertigkeit, bringt Gerechtigkeit.
8. Gerechtigkeit, bringt Seinetwillen.
9. Seinetwillen, bringt Belohnung.

Aber liebe Leut es ſind
Neun Sproſſe zu machen
Eins nach dem andern
Zuvor daß die
Belohnung
Folgt.
—Menno D., Seymour, Mo.

„Ausruf"

Since living here in Paraguay among the German Mennonites we find that our Pennsylvania Dutch language is far from proper High German. We knew that of course, but once you try to speak it correctly you have quite a problem on hand.

I could understand most all conversation from the beginning. I doubt if I was ever before so Scriptural in being slow to speak and swift to hear. One of my biggest problems is, to go to the store and ask for the different things by name.

I am sending a sale bill of household goods. Try your luck in figuring it out.

Zu einem öffentlichen Ausruf laden wir alle Kaufliebhaber zu Freitag, den 10. Juli ein: Der Ausruf findet auf dem Koloniehof ſtatt. Beginn 9 Uhr Morgens.

Verſteigert werden folgende Sachen nur gegen Barzahlung oder ſofortige Kontoüberweiſung

Abram Enns, Blumental.

1 Nachtſchränkchen, 4 Betten, 1 Kinderbett, 2 Tiſche, 1 Kindertiſch, 1 Bügeltiſch, 4 Stühle, 4 Gartenſtühle, 2 Bänke, 4 Wandbretter, 8 Wandſprüche, verſchiedene Spiegel, 1 Nähdoſe, Raſierkaſten, 1 Weihnachtsbaum, Weihnachtsſchmuck, 1 Kinder-Guitare, verſchiedene Kinder-Spielzeug, 5 Matratzen, 5 Watten-Decken, Kiſſen, verſchiedene Kleider und Wäſche, 2 Tropenhelme, 3 Schirme, 1 Haarmachine, 1 Aladinlampe, große und kleine Rexgläſer, 1 Handſpritze, 1 Waſſerdoſe, 1 Kaffeemühle, Fleiſchmachine, 1 Schroder, 1 Buttermachine, 1 Waffeleiſen, 2 Bügeleiſen, 1 Oelgefäß, kleine und große Teller, Taſſen, Gläſer, große und kleine Schüſſel, große und kleine Kaſſerollen, verſchiedene Eimer, verſchiedene Grapen, Brotpfannen, Kaffee-Keſſel, Kaffee-Kanne, Brotformen, Wäſchkochgefäß, Backbleche, 1 Wanne, Wäſchrubbel, 1 Anker, 1 Koppelkette, 1 Kette, fuchsſchwanz, Hobbel, Hammer, Zang, Schlüſſel, 8 Daſen, 130 Säcke, verſchiedene Eiſen. Aus dem Bank ſind zu verkaufen, 1 Nähmaſchine, Amboß, Weiſe Wäſchmaſchine, „Klimax", Schraubſtock.

I am at loss to say what all these items are, it is still a brain teaser. The Schluessel mentioned is not a key, it is a wrench, other items run the same way.

To attend a sale, especially the first one is very interesting. The selling is done in Platt German. It is not so hard to catch on to the price they are asking, even though I can't understand a big percent of what is being said otherwise.

Many of the people are on the poor side. The terms of the sale are generally easy, with up to a year or more to pay, without interest. They are honest as a rule, and pay as required. With this advantage things sell high. If an item is in good condition, it will often bring almost new price, and sometimes more. There are very few things sold for what would be called a bargain. When a bidder gives the Auctioneer the nod, his bid stands until one shakes his head. Selling goes faster that way, than it does if he takes a nod for every bid.

When the bids do not rise anymore, the Auctioneer says: "Zum ersten, zum zweiten, zum dritten," If no one gives a bid before "Zum dritten," it is sold.

-Samuel Hertzler

A PARABLE

A certain King had many servants whom he loved dearly. He provided them with wholesome foods, fresh air and sunshine, all that was needful for them in order to maintain good healthful bodies. After he had taught them "The Rules of Health" he sent them into different parts of His kingdom to work in the fields and vineyards.

Now it came to pass that when His servants had gone out to work among the fields and vineyards, they were greatly surprised to see the peasants and townspeople walking around with long stems in their mouths, made of weeds.

What alarmed them most was that these people kept on chewing on the stems even though they knew it was harmful to their bodies. Their breath smelled foul, their clothes stank and their fingers turned yellow from the juice of this weed. Yet they would not break this bad habit. Their lungs were contaminated and many died a terrible death.

Now after the King's servants worked among the peasants and townspeople for awhile, they too, got into the habit of chewing the weed. Then they remembered that the King wanted them to keep their bodies healthful, and this sort of bothered them for awhile. But they reasoned among themselves and said, "After all, it's not as wicked as some things are."

So they kept on chewing and spitting and coughing.

Now it came to pass that after many years the King ordered his servants to return and give an account of what they had been doing. He had heard that they were not faithful to Him. He had done all in His power to make their bodies strong and healthful. But they had disgraced Him.

- I. F., Pennsylvania.

THINGS YOU NEVER REGRET

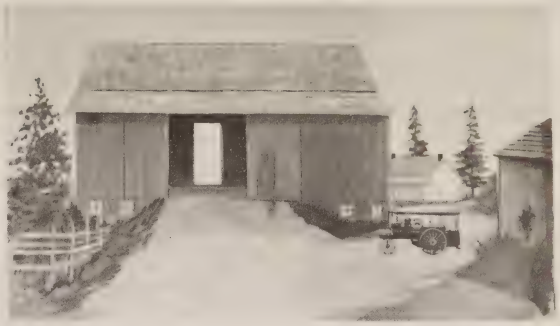
Showing kindness to an aged person.
Destroying the letter written in anger.
Offering the apology that saves a friendship.
Stopping a scandal that is wrecking a reputation.
Helping the boy find himself.
Taking time to show consideration to your parents.
Remembering God in all things.

DID YOU KNOW ?

There have long been legends that Pontius Pilate was converted to Christianity before he died, but we have no reliable history, archaeology, or Scripture to support this view.

But for the ten million members of the Coptic Church of Ethiopia, Pilate is held as a saint. Their tradition says that he later in life repented and became a follower of the Messiah he ordered crucified. So firmly is this belief held that each year a church feast is held in honor of the man the rest of Christendom considers a weakling and a coward.

Every Amish communtiy has its memorable events. Holmes County, which is the largest settlement and one of the oldest, has seen many happenings in its 161 year history. Few residents will ever forget the Flood of 1969 or the 1957 fatal shooting of Paul Coblentz. Nor will the county's oldest generation forget the tragic Boiler Explosion of 1918.



This is a drawing, made in 1918 of the farm where the boiler explosion occurred.

The Boiler Explosion—1918

-by Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

It was August 27, the year was 1918. The Dan T. Miller family was up early for it was threshing day. Dan T. and his son Albert were the operators of an old steam-engine threshing rig.

The engine had been in need of repairs so it had been overhauled. The inspector was there the day before and okayed the engine. This morning they would start threshing on their own farm which was located one mile east of Maysville, Ohio. This is the farm which was later bought by my parents, Joni Millers, and my mother is still living in the small house. My brother Uriah now owns the farm.

Dan T., who was 54 years old, seemed extra happy that morning as he went about his work of firing up the engine. His wife, Mary, was busy helping with the chores around the barn. She went by close to the engine to feed a cluck with little chicks, and stopped to talk to her husband. The steam engine was an old one and Mary had some misgivings about it. "Do you think it is safe?" she asked her husband.

"Yes, it should be safe. The inspector said it was all right," he assured her. She finished tending the chicks and then started for the house.

Fannie A. Yoder, (now Mrs. Jacob P. Weaver) the hired girl, was at the barn with a tea kettle of hot water to wash the cream separator. She was walking towards the water trough and Jacob Swartzentruber was walking with her. Jacob was hired hand for Peter E. Miller and had arrived already to help thresh. He was early, for most of the other neighbors had something else to do that morning at home and had not yet arrived.

Albert was helping his father with the engine, and a younger son, Andy, was standing outside the milkhouse by the barnyard fence.

It was decided to connect some water pipes and hose to the water trough in order to save hauling water with the water tank. Albert and Jacob Swartzentruber had been working with the hose. Jacov had been on the engine with Dan T. when Dan told him, "You go over to the water trough and let Albert come here to help me with the injectors."

Jacob walked towards the trough and Albert came and worked on the engine to get the water started into the boiler.

By this time the fire in the engine was burning hot and, unknown to the men, the water in the boiler had apparently evaporated into steam. The boiler was soon very hot.

Dan was standing on the front wheel fixing something on the governor, and Albert was on the step on the side of the engine trying to get the water pumps working.

Suddenly the pumps began to work. There was a hissing sound followed by a terrible explosion that was heard for miles around.

Several miles to the west, Ben Sausers, another experienced thresherman who was firing up his engine on a farm near Applecreek, heard the explosion and exclaimed, "There goes Dan T's old pot!"

Among the early arrivals at the Miller farm that morning had been Godfred Master and Bob Haunstein, two laborers who had been hired to help with the threshing. These two men were sitting on some feed bags on the den floor in the barn waiting for the wagons to come. Terrified by the explosion, they hurried down the hayhole, raced through the barnyard, and left the farm as fast as they could go.

At that time there were Mennonite people living on the farm where Yost Yoders lived later, by the name of Dan Nussbaums and there was a woods between their farm and the Miller farm. They claimed later that they saw Dan T. up in the air over the woods. They ran to see what had happened.

Dan's wife, Mary, had not yet arrived at the house when the explosion came. She turned and ran towards the barn but met the hired girl, Fannie, who told her she had better not go to the barn, so she turned again and went into the house.

When Dan came down he came through a small roof that had been built over the barn bridge. He landed on the den floor. His right leg was torn off above the knee. His foot with part of the leg flew over the barn and got caught in the fence on the east side of the barn. The other part of his leg was never found.

Dan P. Weaver was the first one of the neighbors to arrive after the explosion, but he said he could not do anything. He was in a state of shock. Next came Eli D. Hershberger, who lived three-fourth mile east of the Miller farm. When he heard the explosion he jumped on a horse and rode as fast as he could. When Eli found Dan he was still living. "Oh, my leg hurts so much," he said.

Eli told him that his leg was off and Dan asked what had happened. When Eli told him there had been an explosion he asked, "Where's Albert?"

"Albert is dead," Eli told him.

"Send word for all the children to come," were the last words he said. Several of the married children lived in Geauga County.

When the neighbors arrived they told Fannie to start ringing the bell. But she did not respond as she was in a state of shock. Then Andy was asked to ring the bell, but he did not understand either. But in a short time many bells were ringing in the neighborhood.

A blanket was brought for Dan to lay his head on and a doctor was sent for, but before the doctor arrived he was dead. He lived about forty-five minutes after the explosion.

Dan had a gash above his right ear, about a four-inch triangle with one corner hanging down over his ear. He was scalded over his chest so that the skin came off. W. M. Hostetler, who lived on the D. M. Kauffman farm at that time, said he saw Dan's foot come over the barn with the shoe and sock still on.

Albert was found north of the barn in three pieces. His body had been torn off at the waist and the legs torn apart. One leg was seventy-five yards from where the engine stood and parts of his body were found elsewhere.

When the Nussbaums arrived their daughter said to Fannie Yoder, "Come, let us go see where Albert is."

When they got to the peach tree, Fannie could go no further and turned around to go back, but the other girl went on and soon she called, "Here he is."

When more people had arrived a close search was made and both of their watches were found. They were still running at the time.

The boiler was under an apple tree seventy-five feet away and the firebox was turned end for end. The boiler had been ripped open lengthwise in line with the men's feet where Dan and Albert had been standing.

A long shaft with a big heavy wheel on one end came down just outside the door where Fannie and Jacob Swartzentruber had gone in only a few moments before. The the shaft went into the driveway so that it stood on end with the heavy wheel on top. They also narrowly missed being hit by the water and steam from the boiler.

At Dave K. Troyers, two miles to the south, the house shook so that the windows rattled and the dishes in the cupboard moved.

The bodies were gathered up and cleaned as best as could be done. Albert's body was laid out in the little orchard close by the chicken house but the undertaker accidently got his legs on wrong. But since it would be quite a job to change them, they were left that way.

The bodies were put on boards and carried to the house. Because of the heat and the condition the bodies were in, they were kept on ice until they were taken to the cemetery.

Mary, Dan's wife, was in bed most of the time until after the funeral. Her son, Mahlon, had died that spring on May 9. When her husband died she said, "I have not yet forgotten Mahlon, and now it's Dan. He was always so good to me."

The funeral services were held at the Dan P. Weaver home. Bishop Noah Bontrager of Howard County, Indiana and Samuel Yoder preached in the barn while Daniel D. Yoder and Daniel M. Wengerd preached in the house.

The bodies were left at the Miller home and the people walked from the Weaver home to view them. Fifteen hundred people walked past the coffins. Burial was in the Hershberger Cemetery west of Mt. Eaton, Ohio.

Fannie Yoder, the hired girl, stayed until after Joni Millers moved in. Dan had gone after her only the day before the explosion. She had been hired so that he and his wife could go on a visit to Geauga County after threshing was done. It was the second marriage for both Dan and Mary.

Dan was born on June 7, 1864 and Albert was born on November 27, 1898. Albert had been baptized in 1917. Grandma Mary was born on January 6, 1861 and died on November 3, 1943, at the age of eighty-two years.

Dan T. was my step-grandfather and this was the home where I was born two years later. I can well recall the fear I always had when I was a little girl and a steam engine would go by our place or come in to thresh for us. I had heard about the accident so often that I was afraid any engine would explode. ■■

IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or
two—
If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what you'd
do.
Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to such
an honored Guest,
And all the food you'd serve to Him would be
the very best,
And you would keep assuring Him you're glad
to have Him there—
That serving Him in your own home is joy
beyond compare.

But—when you saw Him coming, would you
meet Him at the door
With arms outstretched in welcome to your
heavenly Visitor?
Or would you have to change your clothes before
you let Him in?
Or hide some magazines and put the Bible
where they'd been?
Would you turn off the radio and hope He hadn't
heard?
And wish you hadn't uttered that last, loud,
hasty word?

Would you hide your worldly music and put
some [illegible] books out?
Could you let [illegible] walk right in, or would you
rush [illegible]
And I wonder--if the Saviour spent a day or two
with you,
Would you go right on doing the things you always do?
Would you go right on saying the things you
always say?
Would life for you continue as it does from day
to day?

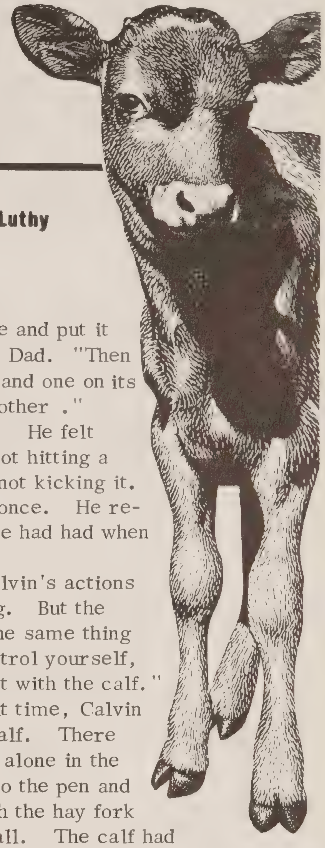
Would your family conversation keep up its
usual pace?
And would you find it hard each meal to say a
table grace?
Would you sing the songs you always sing, and
read the books you read,
And let Him know the things on which your mind
and spirit feed?
Would you take Jesus with you everywhere you'd
planned to go?
Or would you, maybe, change your plans for
just a day or so?

Would you be glad to have Him meet your very
closest friends?
Or would you hope they'd stay away until His
visit ends?
Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on
and on?
Or would you sigh with great relief when He at
last was gone?
It might be interesting to know the things that
you would do
If Jesus Christ came in person to spend some
time with you.

– Selected

ONLY A CALF

by David Luthy



CALVIN TROYER was in the seventh grade, but he was small for his age. People embarrassed him when they asked, "Is this your first year in the upper grades?" He never felt like answering them. He wished he could hide, but really he wished he could grow a few inches taller.

His small size wasn't the only thing which bothered Calvin. There was one thing which he almost daily had to face — handling livestock. Other boys his age could let a team of horses know they were "Master", and they had no trouble getting a cow to step to one side. But for Calvin, handling animals was a struggle. And to make up for his smallness, Calvin used other means — means which weren't the best.

One day Dad Troyer was just beginning to milk when Calvin came in to help with the evening chores. "Before you sit down to milk, " said Dad, "you'd better let that calf out and put her on Star. "

Calvin flipped his milk stool back beside the barn wall and went to the calf pen. In it was a holstein calf. "Supper time, " said Calvin, as he opened the pen's door.. "Right this way. " The calf eagerly came through the door. Calvin tried to guide it to the right but it slipped past his grip and went in the opposite direction. "Stupid calf, " muttered Calvin under his breath. "Why don't you know enough to remember where the cows are. Now I'm going to have to chase you. "

The calf was a lively one and rather enjoyed the chase. Calvin caught it by the west wall where it could find no escape and turned it around and headed it back toward the cows. But when it came to the stanchions, instead of going behind the cows, the calf bounded through an empty stanchion and ran down the feed aisle. Its mother saw the calf and pulled forward in her stanchion and bellowed. Calvin was at the point of wondering if he would ever get to its mother. And the bellowing mother didn't make matters any better. She drew sharp attention to the fact that Calvin had failed to master the calf. But he wasn't going to give up easily. No, he wasn't.

He picked up a pitchfork which was leaning against the calf pen gate and gave the calf a crack with the handle. "Now get out of here, " he shouted. With a bound the calf turned and ran, and Calvin was in pursuit, swinging the fork. At the end of the aisle the calf was going so fast it missed the turn and slipped and fell. Calvin kicked it and kicked it. "Get up and get over to your mother, " he commanded.

Dad Troyer had not paid much attention to the calf's actions when it had first left its pen. But when it came charging down the feed aisle, the cow he was milking jerked forward, almost stepping into his bucket. Then he viewed the "discipline" Calvin had used on the calf. "Take some twine from the post there and put it on the calf's neck, " said Dad. "Then put one hand on its neck and one on its tail and steer it to its mother ."

That was all Dad said. He felt like saying more about not hitting a calf with a hay fork and not kicking it. But he could overlook it once. He remembered what a time he had had when he was Calvin's age.

Dad could overlook Calvin's actions with the calf that evening. But the next week when nearly the same thing occurred, he said, "Control yourself, Calvin. Be more patient with the calf. "

After a second difficult time, Calvin had it in for the frisky calf. There were times when he was alone in the barn and would reach into the pen and give the calf a crack with the hay fork handle for no reason at all. The calf had embarrassed him before his dad, and this was his way of getting even.

Two weeks passed and the calf grew. Maybe Calvin grew some too, but not nearly as much as the calf. Instead of being larger, older, and tamer, the calf was merely larger and older. It wasn't tame at all. When Calvin let it out, it usually knew right away where its mother was. But if Calvin got too close to it as he sometimes did, it would slip past its mother and try out its long legs at running. It always managed to squeeze by a cow and get to the middle feed aisle and bound through the loose hay lying there. And as usual Calvin was right on its trail swinging his hay fork. That is, if his dad wasn't in the barn. If his dad was around he would restrain himself and promise the calf, "I'll get even with you later. " And he always did. He would find time to come back with a board or fork handle. As was bound to happen, one time when Calvin was "disciplining" the calf, Dad came down the ladder from the hay loft. Of course Calvin didn't see him and Dad witnessed the senseless beating.

"Calvin!"exclaimed Dad. "Stop it. What are you trying to prove?"

If a rifle bullet had just grazed the side of his head, Calvin couldn't have been more startled. He dropped his stick and hung his head in shame.

"Why were you beating that calf?" demanded Dad.

"He ... he ... " began Calvin. "He was ..." But he knew there was nothing to say. The calf hadn't done anything wrong, and even if it had, he knew his dad would not approve of his beating it. Calvin hung his head a little lower and cried.

Dad was at his side putting a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Calvin, you've got to learn patience. We must all have patience. I know it takes more than our own power. It takes the help of God. You should ask God for strength when you kneel to pray each day."

"But . . . but it's only a calf," mumbled Calvin.

"That doesn't matter," answered Dad. "We shouldn't have bad feelings in our heart for any person or animal. God wants us to be patient and loving toward all his creatures. If we can't control ourselves with animals, what's to stop us from having the same feelings toward certain people?"

Part II. A Trip to the Blacksmith

Dad Troyer didn't soon forget his talk with Calvin. He tried hard not to act different around his son lest Calvin think he was trying to shame him. Dad wanted so much to help Calvin overcome his bullying and impatience but was at a loss just what to do. Often he prayed for his son. Then one day his wife happened to mention something.

"You know I was thinking this morning after breakfast about Irvin and Salina Martin. It has been sometime since we saw them. Then I happened to remember something you once said about Irvin that he's a little man, yet he can really handle animals and is a good blacksmith." Mom Troyer paused and saw a smile had appeared on Dad's face. Then she continued, "I see you're thinking what I am. Maybe if Calvin sees him in action he may learn something from him about handling animals."

"That's a good idea, all right," said Dad. "I think it may be the answer to our prayers."

"Why don't we go up and visit them yet this week?"

"Okay," agreed Dad, "but we should go on a day when his shop is open. Let me think a minute. Seems to me he is in his shop on Tuesdays and Thursdays. We can take the bus tomorrow afternoon and get up there in time for supper. Then the next day Calvin and I can spend the morning in his shop while you women visit."

"Oh, but what about school?" asked Mom. "Couldn't we go on a Saturday?"

"Afraid not," said Dad. "His shop isn't open then. I'll talk with Calvin's teacher. I think she'll understand."

Calvin was overjoyed to hear he was being taken on a trip with his parents. Ever since the talk in the barn, he had felt shy around his dad. But now his parents were taking him on a trip. Things weren't so bad after all.

When they had boarded the noon bus along the highway, Calvin asked his dad, "Who is this Irvin Martin?"

"He's a horse and buggy Mennonite we know," answered Dad. "He and his wife were at our place to visit a few years ago. But maybe you don't remember."

Calvin shook his head.

"Oh, it's been five years," smiled Mother. "It was when Calvin cut his leg on the fence. I remember he still had a bandage on and Salina commented on it. Their little girl had had to have stitches too a few months before."

"Irvin has a blacksmith shop," Dad told Calvin. "And he's a good farmer."

Calvin didn't care so much about the farmer part. But he could hardly wait to meet a blacksmith. In the Amish community everyone shod his own horses since the settlement was small and there was no blacksmith close by. Calvin imagined a big man with thick arms who could just about bend the horse shoes with his bare hands. He had seen a picture in his reading book at school which showed just such a blacksmith. It was with the poem, "The VilVillage Blacksmith." The man had wide shoulders and had one arm upraised with a heavy hammer in his hand, just ready to swing it down upon the horse shoe on the anvil.

The trip took only a few hours. The Troyers hired a taxi from the town and were soon at the Martins' farm. When they pulled into the long lane, they saw small children leave their play and run toward the house. The kitchen door opened and Salina stepped out. She tilted her head to see past the vines on the porch to catch a glimpse of who was in the taxi. When she recognized the passengers a broad smile spread across her face.

"Pete and Nancy Troyer, what a surprise," she said as she shook hands. "Why didn't you write and let us know you were coming and I'd have made some pies."

"Oh," laughed Dad Troyer. "We didn't come just to eat."

The door to the straw shed creaked as it slid open. Out stepped a small man with a broad black hat and a tattered black coat. "Well, of all things," he exclaimed. "I thought I heard a car and wondered if one of the neighbors was here. Pete and Nancy, it is good to see you." He brushed his hand against his coat and shook hands.

"Which of your children is this?" asked Nancy. "I'm so bad for holding names, and he's anyway much bigger than the last time I saw him."

"This is Calvin," said Dad. "He's in the seventh grade this year."

"Vacation today?"

"No, I just got to go along with Mom and Dad," answered Calvin.

"Then it is a vacation for you at least," smiled Irvin.

"You'll stay for supper and overnight, of course," said Salina.

"Sure hope we don't have to go into town to the hotel," winked Dad.

Everyone laughed.

Calvin soon became bored with the visiting and wandered outside. He decided to take a peek into the blacksmith shop even if it were idle that day. Inside the shop he found all sorts of curious items. One was the forge which looked like it was filled with cinders. And there was nearly a wall of horse shoes. Calvin picked up an old shoe from the work bench and lifted the blacksmith's hammer. "This is really heavy," he thought to himself. "It must take a big arm to use it."

While Calvin wandered around in the shop Dad and Mom Troyer were taking an opportunity to tell Irvin and Salina the real reason for their visit.

"Oh, I know just how Calvin feels," said Irvin. "I'll never forget some of my struggles with animals when I was young. I used to get so mad at them I wished they were dead."

"I would never have guessed that of you," said Mom Troyer. "You have a reputation of being gentle with animals in your shop."

"Gentle but firm," smiled Salina. "Irvin doesn't let a horse get by with a thing. He's their master. But being their master doesn't mean he has to beat them like some people think they have to do. His patience and firmness wear them down and show them he's the boss."

"How did you overcome your impatience when you were young?" asked Dad.

Irvin tilted back in his rocking chair a little bit. "I can honestly say it wasn't from my own self. It took the encouragement of my parents and the grace of a merciful God. To this day I sometimes wonder how I ever snapped out of the rut I was in. But one thing I do remember, which is as plain in my mind as if it happened yesterday, was a time I went with my dad to town. There we saw a man jerking his horses from side to side right in front of the mill and in front of the people waiting there. My dad looked at me and asked me what I thought of that. I told him it would make me feel ashamed. My dad looked at me and said, 'Irvin, that fellow's shoes are the shoes you are trying to put on. I sure hope they never fit.' That really set me thinking. Was I really going to end up like that man? Yes, I knew I was, for I was impatient with the animals at home and would probably not improve when I got older. It was a bad habit which I knew I had to break. And with the help of others and God's strength, the mountain was conquered but not all in a day."

"That's quite a story," said Dad, folding his hands and setting his rocker in motion. "You learned something from a man's bad actions. I hope tomorrow morning in the shop Calvin will learn something from your good actions."

The conversation switched to other subjects. Calvin came back in but didn't stay long. He decided to play with the children in the yard. While he was playing he asked the Martins' little boy a question, "Who does the work in that shop for your dad?"

The boy looked puzzled. "Dad does."

"I mean who is the blacksmith?" asked Calvin.

"Dad is," answered the little boy.

Calvin didn't ask a third time. He figured the little boy was too young to really understand his questions. Irvin Martin was too small to handle horses, "Unless he has a good whip," thought Calvin.

The next morning Calvin was in for a surprise. When he accompanied his dad and Irvin to the shop he saw Irvin hang up his coat and make a fire in the forge. Then Irvin rolled up his shirt sleeves and picked up a hammer and made it ring on a red hot shoe on the anvil. There was no doubt in Calvin's mind now. Irvin was the blacksmith.

Before long the shop door opened and a tall man led a work horse in. "Can you do this one right away, Irvin?" asked the man. "I'm wanting to use him this afternoon to take some grain to town."

"That's something we don't see much of," said Dad Troyer. "No one down our way shoes his work horses."

"Lots of people do up here," said Irvin, tying the horse to a ring on the shop wall.

Irvin bent and lifted the horse's large front hoof. With a couple of flips of his hammer, he had the old shoe off. Calvin admired how Irvin could work and talk at the same time. He made every step and move count. When Irvin lifted the horse's right hind foot, the horse stepped down on it, resting his weight on it.

"An easy shoer on his front feet," smiled Irvin, "but doesn't like his back hoofs worked on."

Irvin leaned his right shoulder against the horse and it shifted its weight to its left foot. Instantly Irvin picked up the right foot. And when the horse tried putting it down, Irvin hung on, gently yet firmly. "Steady boy," said Irvin to the horse, "nobody's going to hurt you."

The horse gave up and let Irvin pull his old shoe off. The scene was almost exactly alike when Irvin switched to the other side and tried taking off the other back shoe. But with firmness and gentleness mixed with perseverance and a few encouraging words, Irvin had that shoe off, too.

"What do you do if the horse doesn't let you shoe it?" asked Calvin.

Irvin didn't look up from his work but answered as he smoothed the hoof with his rasp. "I never really met a horse which couldn't be shod. If the horse is broken to drive, he is used to giving up. All I need to do is remain calm and persistent. Before long the horse lets me do what I want to. Now if I were to strike him or whip him, I'd never get him to let me shoe him. He'd be afraid of me. The more I'd whip him, the more he'd fear me and the more he'd try and tear away. It takes gentleness and firmness, not a beating, to straighten a horse up. Sometimes a horse needs a single crack to understand, but that kind of medicine doesn't go far with most horses. It's better to be patient yet persistent with them. And sometimes that isn't so easy, especially the patience part."

Calvin watched in silence. "Who'd ever guess Irvin is a blacksmith if they saw him in town?" thought Calvin. "He's short and light weight. Why he isn't too much bigger than I am. But his arms are stronger. I can see his muscles. Maybe I can be like him some day and have a blacksmith shop."

The morning passed all too quickly for Calvin Troyer. He could stand all day and watch the wiry little blacksmith do his work. And Calvin found he could even help some by sweeping up the trimmed pieces of hoof and by turning the bellows on the forge.

"Want to work here sometime?" asked Irvin.

"Oh, yes," answered Calvin. But then he looked embar-

Whirling Wheels

This world is like a train of cars
With God as Engineer;
And we are only passengers
Who ride away from here.

The big red sun is the light in front;
The green moon at the rear;
The twinkling stars are the signals true
To show the track is clear.

The years—they are the whirling wheels
That speed along the track.
And often, oh, how often we
Have wished they would turn back.

This world is like a train of cars
That goes away from here;
And we are only passengers
Who trust the Engineer.

– Author Unknown

rassedly at his dad. "But I'm not too good with animals," he confessed. "I mean I'm too small to handle them." Then he thought how funny it sounded saying that. Irvin was small, too.

"It's not all in a person's size," smiled Irvin. "A lot of it's in determination and gentleness. Have you got plenty of patience?"

Calvin didn't expect Irvin to ask him such a question. He stammered, "No . . . no, I really don't."

"Neither did I when I was your age," said Irvin, his hand reaching for a horse hoe nail held in his lips.

"Really?" wondered Calvin.

"Yes, really," nodded Irvin. "It took me quite a few years to gain control over my urge to strike an animal or bully it. But God can help us if we ask Him to. Of course we've got to do our part, too."

Calvin's mind flashed back to the scene in the calf pen when his dad had talked with him. Dad had been right. Calvin knew it now. He had been trying to make up for his small size by using a big stick. But now as he looked at the little blacksmith at work, he understood it isn't always size which is needed; it's control. Right there in Irvin Martin's shop Calvin determined within himself to gain control of himself. And that evening back home as the family knelt for prayer, Calvin silently asked God for strength to never lose his patience again, even if it were with only a calf. ■■

All Things Bright

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

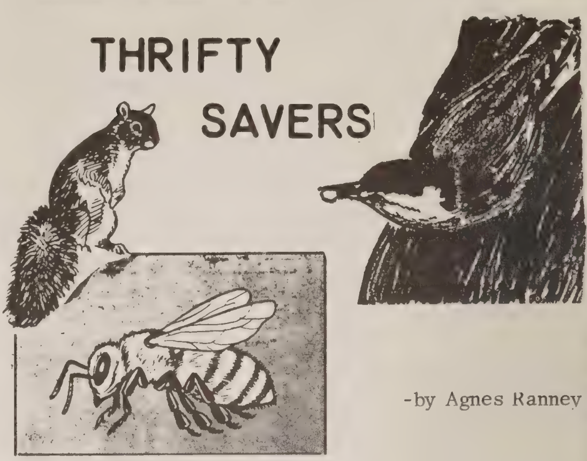
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water.
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty.
Who has made all things well.

-Cecil Francis Alexander
(1818-1895)

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

THRIFTY SAVERS



-by Agnes Ranney

A favorite Old Testament story is the one about Joseph, whose jealous brothers sold him into slavery. God used Joseph to interpret Pharaoh's dream telling of the seven years of famine that were to come in Egypt. Because of the wisdom God gave Joseph, the slave boy showed the people how to save up food for themselves. And he was able to give grain to his own father and brothers when the famine came to their land.

But saving up food for a time of need was not a new idea even in Joseph's time, for many of God's small wild creatures had been doing just that for centuries. In fact still do it, in dozens of interesting ways.

Everyone knows that squirrels store up nuts for the winter. But they are only one of many kinds of creatures who make sure their storehouses are full when winter comes.

The coney, or pika, of the Rocky Mountain lives on grass and the tender leaves and blossoms of flowering plants. When the frost kills the plants and snow covers the mountains, the coney would starve if he did not have a food supply stored away. So, in summer, he cuts quantities of grass and lets it dry in the sun. Then he makes a neat haystack—perhaps as big as a bushel basket—under the shelter of a fallen log or a sloping rock. When winter comes, he has a supply of dry sweet hay ready to take into the rocky little cave that is his home.

The Indians and pioneers knew the field mice stored food away for the winter—and often it was the Indian or pioneer who ate it instead of the mice. The wild pea was a favorite with the mice, and many an early day traveler, when games was scarce, made a meal of boiled dry peas taken from a mouse's underground storehouse. But no doubt the mice were wise enough to have more than one cupboard, so that they had a little food to spare.

If the bees were not so foresighted, many of us would miss out on one of the foods we like best—honey. Though it takes thousands of bee-trips from flower to hive to make enough honey for your breakfast toast, the bees are such industrious little workers that they make enough honey in the summer to provide themselves with food for the winter and to have enough to spare to feed many boys and girls, as well.

When we think of "busy beavers" we think of how hard the beavers work to make their dams, cutting down the trees and plastering mud onto their dams so that they have a fine pond to swim in and to protect their homes from enemies. But they, too, store food for the winter. They cut dozens of small branches and tender saplings so that they will have a good supply of juicy bark for their winter food. But if they left these on the bank they would be covered with snow when winter came, and if they left them in shallow water they would be forzen into a sheet of ice. So the beavers carry them down into deep water where frost cannot reach them, and push them into the mud of the creek bottom so that they will not float away.

Birds, too, save food against the winter's need. Nuthatches, those neat little gray birds with white or rusty breasts you see running headfirst down a tree trunk, poke seeds and nuts into crevices in the bark of trees and come back for them when times get hard. The blue jays spend the autumn months hammering nuts, acorns, and grains of corn into split branches or forks of trees.

Perhaps most thrifty of all are the woodpeckers. In California, these energetic birds drill rows and rows of holes in the bark of trees and hammer an acorn into each hole. One giant pine tree became a storehouse for an estimated fifty thousand acorns!

God's provision of food for the wild things and the knowledge of how to store it up is one more evidence of His care for all his creatures. But for us He has a greater treasure.

The Bible is a storehouse, too. If we make God's Word our own, it will be with us in times of need. As we read in Psalms 119:11. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." We can stock our hearts and minds with spiritual food so that in times of doubt or trouble or temptation we will have a plentiful supply. ■■

School and A Scrapbook

- by Aunt Amy

It was a beautiful morning in October. Although some days were warm yet, the nights were cool and the mornings delightfully crisp. On rainy days or when they had to hurry home after school, Paul and Wilma Kauffman used what they called their "Pony Express" — a pony and cart. But this morning they hurried with their after-breakfast tasks so they could walk. They enjoyed walking back the lane, through the woods, over the stile in the line fence, and across their neighbor's pasture to the schoolhouse on the corner.

When they reached the schoolhouse, some of the children were already there. Paul ran to join the boys in playing ball.

"Here's Wilma," called Katie Nissley. "Come and help us play volley ball; then the sides will be even."

Quickly Wilma took her bonnet to the cloakroom. She exchanged a cheery "Good morning" with the teacher and came to help begin the game.

"What did your mother say?" asked Susan as Wilma approached the volley ball net. "Can you come?"

"She said, 'Yes'," answered Wilma.

"What are you talking about?" asked Barbara Miller. "Where are you going?"

"Oh," explained Wilma, "we are all going to Susan's place tonight to help cut up some of their good Northern Spy apples. Tomorrow our mothers and Susan's sisters are going to help each other cook applebutter for both families. Mother said I can go home with Susan after school."

"I wish we could all go," said Katie Nissley. "We'd have lots of fun."

"We'd enjoy it, too," said Susan, "but it really doesn't take very many people to make 14 gallons of cutup apples."

"You serve," said Barbara to Katie, and the volley ball began flying back and forth. As they arrived, other girls joined the game and stayed until school time.

The school day passed much like usual, only the large class of third grade boys was even more restless than ordinary. By 3 o'clock Teacher Ida looked tired and was glad it was dismissal time.

"Wait a minute," said Susan to Wilma, as they were putting on their bonnets. "I want to talk with Ida."

When the other pupils had departed, Susan asked her teacher, "Ida, could you come to our place for supper this evening, then help us cut up apples later? The Kauffmans are coming to help, too."

Ida answered, "Oh, Susan I wish I could. It would be such a welcome change, but I'm afraid it will get too late till my work here is finished. I have some six-weeks tests to grade yet, some averages to figure, and a few other things."

Susan paused for a second and thought, "I was looking forward to spending time alone with Wilma before chores tonight, but maybe I ought to offer to help Ida with her work." Then out loud she said, "Do you think you could come if we'd help you?"

"Don't your mothers need you?" asked Ida. "They would wonder why you don't come home from school."

"It wouldn't make any difference with Wilma's mother," answered Susan, "because she is going home with me anyway. And I could tell John to tell Mom we are staying late to help you a little."

"If you really want to, you may," smiled Ida. "I must admit it would be a welcome break in my routine."

Just then Susan's brother, John, stuck his head inside the door. "Aren't you coming, Susan?"

"John," said Susan, "Wilma and I would like to help Ida awhile so she can come to our house, too, tonight."

"All right," said John. "Ginger is hitched up and I'll tie her beside the schoolhouse."

"But then you'll have to walk," protested Susan. "You can just take her and we will walk."

"I don't mind," said John. "There are three of you. I'll walk."

"Thanks a lot," said Susan. "Tell Mom why we'll not be home right away. And tell her Ida is coming too."

Ida gave each girl a stack of papers and answer sheets, and for awhile all was quiet except for frequent rustling of papers and scratching of pens as they checked papers. In a little over half an hour they had their work finished and Ida said, "Thank you so much girls, you saved me an hour's work. You can go home now and I will first go to my house and get a few things lined up. I should be at your place in plenty of time for supper and to help with the apples."

Susan and Wilma got their bonnets and dinner pails and went out to where Ginger was waiting rather impatiently. Wilma got on the buggy while Susan untied the horse. Susan was barely seated beside Wilma until Ginger was off. Her nimble little feet clip-clipped rapidly down the raod, and they were soon home.

"We're home, Mom," called Susan as they came in the road, "Was it all right to stay and help Ida?"

"I'm glad you could help her so she can come," answered Mom Yoder. "It will make your evening with Wilma a little shorter, but you still have at least half an hour before you'll have to chore.

The girls went upstairs to Susan's room. It was rather small but neat and clean. There was a window toward the north and one toward the west which overlooked the orchard. Wilma stood by the west window and looked out. She could see a corner of the summer kitchen which had a wren house close up under the eaves.

"Did you have any wrens in the wren house this summer?" asked Wilma.

"We did," answered Susan, "but I think they went south already. I haven't seen them the last while."

Wilma turned from the window and spied Susan's scrapbook lying on her small writing desk. "Is this the scrapbook your sister gave you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Susan. "You can look at it if you want to. I guess I'll change clothes right away so I'll be ready to chore."

Wilma picked up the scrapbook and sat in the low rocker by the window. "It's beautiful," she said admiringly. "You have lots of things pasted in it already." She looked at the first page. "Proverbs," she read out loud. "Are these all out of the Bible?"

"A few are, but most are just old sayings I found here and there," said Susan.

"Here's a German one," said Wilma. She read, "'Vo ich bin und vas ich du, schauet Gott mein Vater zu.' Where did you get that one?"

"I heard a minister quote that in church once," answered Susan.

Wilma turned several pages. She read,

"A careless word may kindle strife;
A cruel word may wreck a life.
A bitter word may hate instill;
A brutal word may smite and kill.
A gracious word may smooth the way;
A joyous word may light the day.
A timely word may lessen stress;
A loving word may heal and bless."

"That's a nice one," said Susan. "But here let me read my favorite." She turned the pages of the scrapbook and then read,

"Did you give him a lift?
He's a brother, Man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile?
He was downcast and blue,
And a smile would have helped him to battle it thru.
Did you give him your hand?
He was slipping downhill,
And the world, one could fancy, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word?
Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?"

Wilma sat without a movement while Susan read the poem. And when it was finished she asked, "Susan, is this why you wanted to help Ida this afternoon? She did look awfully tired when school was dismissed and quite happy when we left for home."

"Did you notice her change, too?" smiled Susan. "I did think of this poem, but I also wanted to help her because I like to be with her. And Mother and my sisters have been wanting me to invite her home. When I saw how tired she looked this afternoon, I thought this is the right time."

Wilma closed the scrapbook and set it on the desk. "You know, Susan," she said, "you once told me I seem older than you because I know how to do some types of work better than you do. But when it comes to something like this — to really thinking of others and seeing where to help them, you have me beat by years."

"Why, Wilma," exclaimed Susan. "I don't think so. You have helped me lots of times in different ways."

"Like choring?" laughed Wilma, glancing at the clock. "We'd better get going or Ida will be here and we won't be finished." ■■

This
Month's
Bible
Story

Water From A Rock

The angry crowd of Israelites gathered in front of Moses. They seemed to have forgotten how God had cared for them in the past— how he led them out of Egypt, opened the Red Sea, sweetened the bitter water at Marah, sent them quail to eat, and was still sending them manna each morning.

After they had left the Wilderness of Sin, they came to Rephidim, and here they found no water. So now they had gathered impatiently in front of Moses and were demanding, "Give us water to drink, Moses."

Moses was disappointed to see the people so ready once again to complain and blame him. "Why do you quarrel with me?" Moses asked them. "You're just putting God's patience to a test."

"Why did you ever make us leave Egypt?" the discontented people grumbled. "Was it just to have us die of thirst out here with our children and livestock?"

In great distress Moses cried aloud to God. "What shall I do with these people, oh, God?" Moses cried. "If they get any thirstier they'll start throwing stones at me."

God heard Moses' cry, and he answered, saying, "Go over there in front of the people, along with some of the elders of Israel, holding in your hand the staff with which you struck the river. I will be standing there in front of you on the rock in Horeb. Strike the rock with the staff in your hand, and water will flow from it for the people to drink."

Moses obeyed. He took his staff and struck the rock in the presence of the elders and all the people of Israel. At once the rock opened up and water flowed forth. It must have been a large stream of water, for it was enough for almost three million thirsty people, plus their vast herds of sheep and cattle.

Now the Israelites had water to drink, but before they left Rephidim, a new kind of trouble came upon them. Some war-like people called Amalekites who lived nearby started to fight with the Israelites, trying to kill them.

Moses went to a young man named Josua, and said, "Josua, pick out a small army of men, and be ready tomorrow morning to fight with the Amalekites. While you fight, I will be standing on top of the hill with the staff of God in my hand."

The next morning Josua went out with his men to meet the Amalekites. Moses took two men with him, Aaron and Hur, and went to the top of a hill where he could overlook the battle. Here Moses stood and held his staff toward heaven. As long as he held his staff up, the Israelites were able to chase the Amalekites back. But after a while Moses' arms grew tired and he put his staff down.

As soon as Moses put his staff down, almost at once there was a change in the battle. The Amalekites began to win. Moses, Aaron, and Hur were watching from the hill and they saw what was happening. Quickly Moses held his staff up again. Now the Israelites were the stronger and they were once more winning in the struggle against the Amalekites.

As the day wore on, Moses grew very tired. His arms ached from holding the staff up. So Aaron and Hur brought a rock for Moses to sit on. Then they stood at each side of Moses and held his arms up so that he would not grow so tired. In this way the three men kept the rod raised toward heaven and the Israelites were able to gain a great victory over their enemies. The Amalekites were driven back and they did not trouble the Israelites again for the rest of their journey through the wilderness.

BETTER THAN GOLD

-by Alexander Smart

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank of titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

But God was greatly displeased with the Amalekites for having attacked his chosen people, the Israelites, and for having made war against them for no reason at all. God said to Moses, "Write this down in a book so that it won't be forgotten. Someday I will completely destroy the Amalekites until there isn't one left and no one will remember them any more."

One day a messenger hurried into the camp of the Israelites and asked to speak to Moses. He carried news. "Your father-in-law, Jethro, priest of Midian, is coming to visit you," the messenger said. "He is bringing your wife and two sons with him."

How glad Moses was to hear this. Some time before he had sent his wife home to her father, Jethro. And when Jethro had heard of all that God had done for Moses and for the Israelites, he had a great desire to talk with Moses again.

Now Moses made himself ready and set out to meet his wife and her father. When he met them, Moses bowed himself down before Jethro. Then the two men embraced and kissed each other. Moses asked how Jethro was, and Jethro asked how Moses was.

Then Moses told his father-in-law everything that had happened since they had seen each other last. Moses told about the rough time they had in getting permission to leave Egypt, and how Pharaoh had hardened his stubborn heart so often. He told about the Red Sea and how all the Egyptians drowned. He told, also, about their travels through the wilderness, and about how God had cared for them so wonderously.

Jethro's heart rejoiced when he heard all this. "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all the other gods put together," he said. And as he said that, Jethro took a burnt offering and sacrificed to God.

But early the next morning Jethro saw something that did not make him so happy. He saw a long line of people come and stand before Moses, waiting to talk with him. All day this went on, from early in the morning until late in the evening.

"What does this mean?" Jethro asked Moses. "Why do you sit here alone and all these people come to you all day long?"

"The people come to me whenever they have a problem or a quarrel," Moses explained, "and I teach them what God's will is."

"You are not acting wisely," Jethro said. "You will surely wear yourself out, and not only yourself, but these people also who have to wait in line all day. The task is too much for you, you can't handle it alone. Now listen to me, and I will give you some advice. You should look for some wise men and set them up to help you. Appoint these men to judge all ordinary cases, and then if something is too hard for them, they can still bring it to you. That way the burden will be lighter, for the men will bear it with you. If you do this, you will be able to stand the strain, and all the people will go home satisfied."

Moses realized that this was good advice. He picked out wise men. He appointed some of them over groups of thousands, some over hundreds, some over fifties, and some over tens. In this way all the ordinary cases were settled by the men Moses appointed, and only the very hard problems needed to be brought to Moses. This system worked very well, and Moses was glad to have men who shared his load of ruling the people.

The time came when Jethro's visit ended. He said good-by to Moses and returned to his own country. -E.S.

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

WE THANK THEE

"We thank thee, Father, for the care
That did not come to try us,
The burden that we did not bear,
The trouble that passed by us,
The task we did not fail to do,
The hurt we did not cherish,
The friend who did not prove untrue,
The joy that did not perish.
We thank thee for the blinding storm
That did not lose its swelling,
And for the sudden blight of harm
That came not nigh our dwelling.
We thank thee for the dart unsped,
The bitter word unspoken,
The grave unmade, the tear unshed,
The heart-tie still unbroken."
— Anonymous

* * *

REACH AND HELP YOURSELF

If someone is invited to dinner in an Amish or Mennonite home, two things are likely to impress him. These are the abundance of food and the comment of the host after grace has been said. "Now we have no style at our house, so each one will just have to reach and help himself."

God has been so good to us in the past year. We have experienced an abundance in both a physical and a spiritual sense. What of the coming year? Can we be assured of God's continued blessing? I believe we can on the condition that we are willing to partake— and to share. (I am thinking especially of spiritually blessings.)

God's storehouse is full of blessings we have never asked for. I believe He expects us to reach and help ourselves. He invites us to ask that we may receive. James says, "Ye have not, because ye ask not" (James 4:26).

I have noticed a few of God's spiritual treasures which he tells us about in the Scriptures. One of the first things I noticed is the "riches of his grace" (Eph.1:7) whereby he forgives our sins. It does not take much reflection to see that his grace has been overwhelming in the past.

Do you have problems— financial, material, and spiritual problems? Can I as a Christian afford to not let Jesus do the warring for me? His resources are much greater than mine. He has all the "riches" in glory at his disposal while I have only a few earthly possessions. Trust him to supply "all your need."

There are many more riches that God has in store for us who are his children. So may I suggest that each of us just "reach and help himself."

"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not" (Jer. 33:3).

— Mrs. Noah S. Anderson, Indiana

* * *

Over a year ago Mother rather surprised us. Since she has hardening of the arteries, her mentality gets confused and mixed up. On Thanksgiving morning (two years ago) after she got up she asked what day of the week it was. We told her, "It is Thursday. Today is Thanksgiving Day."

Then she said, "Thanksgiving is when this nation tries to pay

Its heavy debt of gratitude
For bountiful supplies of food,
For richest blessings that expands
To cover all of freedom's land."

Later she said,

"Oh, pleasant school and teacher kind,
We really think it's fun to mind;
This room was never meant to be
A gloomy place as you will see.
We work away with all our might
And joy will come from doing right."

The unusual part of it is, we children can't remember of ever hearing her say it before. Guess her mind just cleared enough then. It is probably something that she learned in school. — Anna J. Miller, Ill.

* * *

DELICIOUS PUMPKIN BREAD

1 2/3 cups sifted regular flour
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1 cup mashed pumpkin
1/3 cup water
1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
Grease a regular loaf pan (9 x 5 x 3 inches).

Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs, one at a time beating thoroughly after each addition. Stir in pumpkin. Stir in dry ingredients alternately with water, beating just until smooth. Do not overbeat. Fold in nuts. Turn batter into prepared pan. Bake at 350° for about 45 to 55 minutes or until done. Turn out on a wire rack and cool. Store in tight container. Slice and serve with butter. -- Mrs. Henry Helmuth, Nappanee, Ind.

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PUMPKIN COOKIES

1 cup lard
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup pumpkin
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg

Mix together sugar, lard, and egg. Add pumpkin. Mix well. Sift dry ingredients. Add to mixture and beat well. Drop on cookie sheets. Bake at 350°, 10 to 20 minutes. When slightly cooled frost with this icing. Cream: 1 teaspoon butter, add 1 tablespoon milk, 1/4 cup pumpkin and add 10X sugar. A very delicious and moist cookie.

— Mrs. Samuel S. King, Gordonville, Pa.

CORNED BEEF

50 lb. beef steaks or any choice cuts
3 quart salt

Place meat in a large crock, or other suitable container and add salt alternately. Let stand over night. Then rinse off roughly and pack in crock again.

Make brine of:
1/4 lb. baking soda
1/4 lb. salt petre (scant)
2 lb. brown sugar
4 tablespoons liquid smoke
enough water to cover meat well.

This will be ready to eat in 2 weeks. It can then be cut or sliced as desired and can be canned (cold pack 3 hours) or put in freezer, or if crock is kept in a cool place meat may be kept in brine and used any time within 3 months. It tastes much like ham. We have found it improves in flavor up to six weeks or 2 months.

— K. Z., Maryland

QUICK STEPS FOR CANNING PUMPKINS

I wonder how many other wives dread cooking pumpkins in the fall for canning, or for making pies. Usually they are so hard to peel and the knife slips and we get a small cut or we end up with a pumpkin orange apron.

This fall I discovered you don't have to peel pumpkins. Wash them good, take out the seeds, put in a pressure cooker with a very small amount of water and cook for 10 minutes, timing after cooking starts. The shell comes off easily, in big pieces, too, and the pumpkin is soft and ready for use. It eliminates the peeling and cubing and the pumpkin has a nicer texture and isn't water soaked.

— Mrs. Dan Schrock, Hayward, Wis.

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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Always Working Late

Is it right to always be working late into the night, especially on Saturday nights? When I think about it, my mind always turns back to something my mother once told me:

Once there was a woman who always worked so late, and especially on Saturday nights. Sometimes the clock struck 12 just as she was ready to go to bed.

One Saturday night she was working late again when she thought she heard a tired voice say, "Bist net bal fadich?" ("Aren't you about done?") I think that is the last time she worked so late.

There are times when it seems we have to work a little later. But I've often wondered if it doesn't hurt Him more than we think.

— Iowa

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* * *

I have often wondered if mothers who braid their little girls realize how uncomfortable it can be if we braid the hair too tight. I could never do it to my little girls.

Once when a new baby arrived at our house we had a wonderful hired girl. But two little girls came to me on Saturday evening and said, "Please braid us next Saturday. It is done too tight today. We can hardly close our eyes." At a glance I noticed their eyes did have an upward slant, pulled that way by tight hair.

A friend related how she had a sore hand and arm, and her sister braided her hair for her since she couldn't do it alone. This was done so tight she couldn't lie down to sleep. So the hair was loosened again. Maybe some baby girls could take their Sunday naps better if their hair was not done so tightly.

Perhaps some of us Mothers should go together and braid each other's hair as tight as some do. By next weekend we would be ready to braid more comfortably.

A quick brushing and a hairband can do wonders on Sunday morning for the not too small girls.

--A Mother, Ontario

* * *

Am afraid some places you'd have problems figuring out if it's an Amish home or not. Bottle gas stoves, refrigerators, oil heat, thin-dotted curtains, sliding glass doors on bathtubs, fancy worktables often a whole lot nicer than English people's houses. Paneling, plastic doilies, big mirrors. Yes, one wonders how long they'll have use for threshing machines, etc. Yes, one just has to wonder.... and watch self!!

-R. M., Indiana

SUNDAY GAMES

We are commanded to keep the Sabbath Day holy and

(Continued on page 16)

Some Mothers Write

To get longer life out of your fitted sheets and keep your blankets in place in bed, sew a blanket on top of a worn out fitted sheet. The sheet hardly ever wears out around the sides.

--Ohio

I tremble with fear that I'll fail with my own children, but hope to have help from God. I must not try for an outward show, but that I be lent wisdom from above to teach them the finer points of both spiritual and natural homemaking.

-- Fortuna, Mo.

Our sons, 3 and 4 year old, were trying on the older brothers' gloves age 16 and 14. After trying for quite a while the 3 year old said, "I don't have as many fingers as the big boys!" Then the 4 year old said, "Oh, you'll probably get another one till your that big!"

-P. S. A., Ephrata, Pennsylvania

It was a cold January morning and our six-year old, being a nature lover, was sitting by the breakfast table in deep thought. He said, "I don't understand how the fireflies have those lights in them."

I answered. "God created them that way."

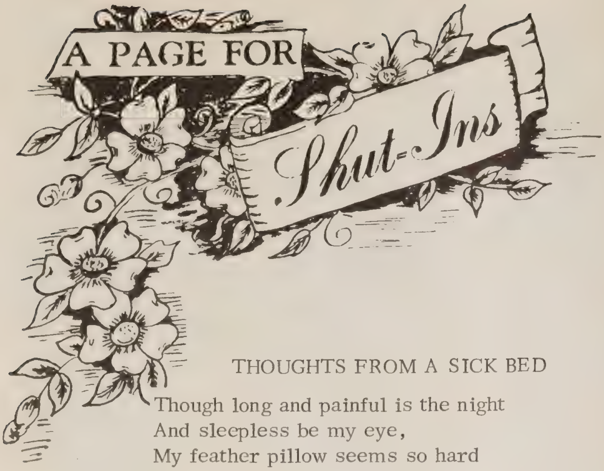
He looked up with a questioning expression, "Even without bulbs?"

-Mrs. J. H., Indiana

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Parents who let
their children
work out,
considering
only the pay,
may receive
wages of
sorrow,
Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

THOUGHTS FROM A SICK BED

Though long and painful is the night
And sleepless be my eye,
My feather pillow seems so hard
As the minutes slowly pass by.

But I think of one so long ago
Who in Gethsemane prayed by night
With blood on His brow as drops of sweat
All alone, and out of sight.

Here come the soldiers and lead Him away
In purple robe He is dressed
And upon that blessed holy head
The cruel thorny crown is pressed.

They mock,and spit into His face
And the awful sentence they planned
That He to dreadful Calvary must go
Led by a godless band.

Into those sacred hands I see
The piercing nails now driven;
The cross now mercilessly upraised
And the drink of vinegar given.

Oh, I think my pain is easier now;
No soldiers cruel to dread;
By kind, loving ones I'm surrounded
And softer than the cross my bed.

-Nettie Witmer, Columbiana, O.

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MY EXPERIENCE AS A "SHUTIN"

It was in the summer month of July, 1961. I was eight years old at the time. My younger sister and I were having a pleasant time playing house. I was pretending I was my sister's hired girl, so I started sweeping the porch.

My brothers had weights propped up on the porch with a cement block in front to keep them from rolling. I wanted to do my work well and sweep in every crack. The block was in my way, so I decided to move it. Unfortunately the weight started rolling. I tried to stop it and my right thumb got caught under the heavy weights. When I saw I couldn't stop them from rolling I ran away holding the tip of my thumb.

My thumb was cut below the fingernail and was only fast with a few muscles. This ended our expensive house playing.

My parents wrapped up my thumb and took me to the hospital. The doctors decided to sew my thumb back on again, which surprised us. After they were finished I was permitted to go home again.

In about a weeks time my back was becoming unusually painful. Soon I could hardly open my mouth enough to eat. I was rushed back into the hospital. This time I didn't go home so soon. The doctor said he forgot to give me a lockjaw shot when my thumb was cut. My thumb had been healing nicely, but now they had to reopen it to let in the oxygen so it could heal inside.

After I was in the hospital I became very sick. There were hardly any hopes for my recovery. Very slowly I started improving. It was a slow and hard climb. I was fed through the veins and later with a tube through my nostrils. I believe all this suffering was for a purpose for all things work together for good to them that love God.

My stay in the hospital was three weeks. As I improved I could use the wheelchair, although I never appreciated it. I would have rather stayed in bed, at first anyway. I received many gifts and one nurse gave me an orange-haired doll which I treasured.

I colored with my left hand, but they encouraged me to use the right hand to give my thumb exercise. When I went home I was in a hospital bed and also in a wheelchair. I minded every little noise since I was used to be in a sound proof room. After I was on the wheelchair a month I learned to walk again.

When school started I couldn't go so my third grade teacher came a few evenings a week to teach me. She stayed for supper sometimes. In a few months I was back to normal again and I really appreciated my health. Since my experience my thoughts go out to others who spend shutin hours. — Virginia Martin, Pa.

• • •

The following are answers that friends have sent in in an effort to help the sinus sufferers. The remedies are mostly tried, and were found successful, by the one that sent them in.

A friend from Illinois advises goat's milk And from Millersburg, Ohio comes the advice: watch your menu. Cut out all sweets, no pies, cakes and puddings, no dairy products such as ice cream, cheese, butter or milk.

Take a teaspoonful of cider vinegar and mix into a glass of lukewarm water. Take a syringe or anything that will shoot this solution up your nose on both sides. Do this only about 3 or 4 times at one time. Vinegar opens up the clogged passageway causing the headache. This remedy is from a doctor. — Millbank, Ont.

I get good results by taking 1/2 teaspoon soda in water a few times a day. Use at bedtime, too.

— Ephrata, Pa.

Mix: 1 quart water, 1/4 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons honey. Drink 1 glass of this solution once a day.

— Garnett, Kansas

A doctor once adviced warm mineral oil. Put in the nose with a medicine dropper. Hang head down over bed and put a dropper full in. — Wallenstein, Ont.

Put about 2 cups of water and 2 tablespoons of vinegar in a kettle and boil. When it is boiling take off the kettle lid and put a towel over your head and the kettle, and breathe in the vinegar water. Do this for about 5 or 10 minutes. — Waldorf, Pa.

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The art work for our full page feature this month was done by Erma Zimmerman of Ephrata, Pa.

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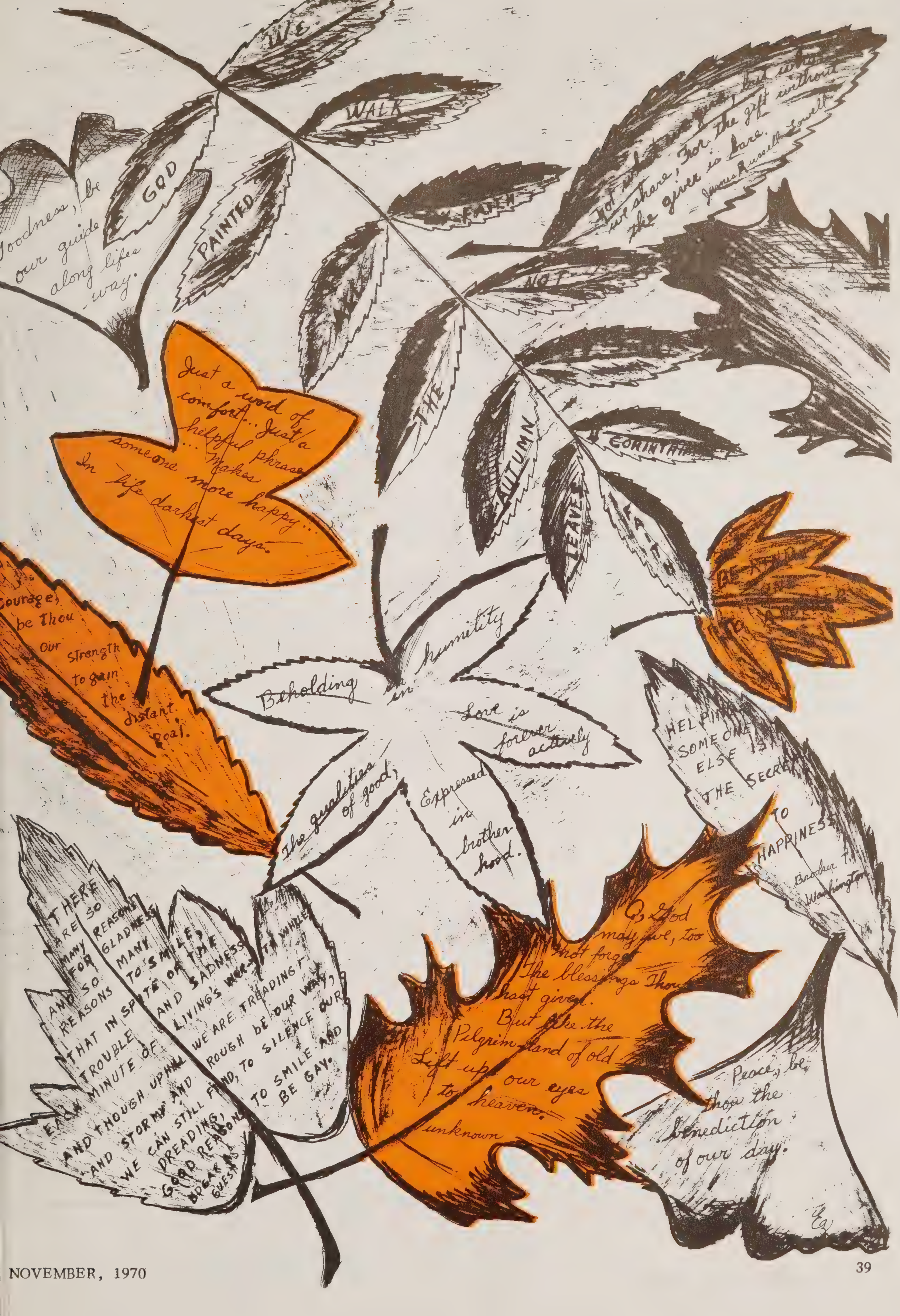
WE
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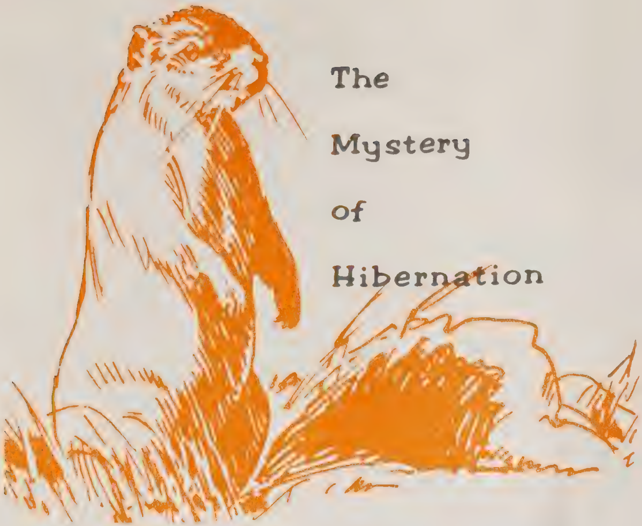
CORINTHI
Goodness, be our guide along lifes way.
Not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare. James Russell Lowell
Just a word of comfort... Just a helpful phrase ... Makes someone more happy... In life darkest days.
Courage, be Thou Our strength to gain the distant goal.
Beholding in humility
Love is forever actively
The qualities of good,
Expressed in brotherhood.
BE KIND
TO A
HELPING SOMEONE ELSE IS THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS
Booker T. Washington
O, God may we, too not forget The blessings Thou hast given. But like the Pilgrim band of old Lift up our eyes to heaven.
unknown
Peace, be thou the benediction of our day.
THERE ARE SO MANY REASONS FOR GLADNESS AND SO MANY REASONS TO SMILE, THAT IN SPITE OF THE TROUBLE AND SADNESS EACH MINUTE OF LIVING'S WORTH WHILE AND THOUGH UPHILL WE ARE TREADING AND STORMY AND ROUGH BE OUR WAY, WE CAN STILL FIND, TO SILENCE OUR DREADING, GOOD REASONS TO SMILE AND BE GAY.
EDGAR A. GUEST

The Mystery of Hibernation



The actions of the woodchuck are hard to understand. In the spring before the snow leaves he is out early and his tracks can be seen in the fields. From May to September he romps in the clover fields and actually doubles his weight. This increase in body weight is mostly fat. If a person were to increase his weight accordingly he would be considered critically overweight. But apparently the woodchuck is instinctively preparing for something. The woodchuck is a vegetarian. He eats mostly grass and clovers. When the fall rains come in October followed by Indian Summer, there is plenty of food and sunshine. But now the woodchuck has disappeared. Where has he gone?

About two feet under the ground he is curled up in a little ball. He appears to be lifeless and actually he is very close to being dead. His temperature dropped to that of the ground around him, (in winter it may go as low as 37 degrees), his heart is beating very weakly ten to fifteen times a minute, and he is breathing very faintly about once every five minutes.

If you will dig him out during the cold part of the winte and take him into a warm room, it will take at least a hour for him to come back to normal. He will begin t breathe faster at once, his eyes will try to open, and hi front feet will make motions. After a few minutes he wi be breathing normally, his body will shake all over an his hind feet will begin going back and forth. Soon he wi be running around. In an hour his temperature has rise sixty degrees!

If the woodchuck is allowed to remain undisturbed h will sleep until February, which is mating season. The after several weeks, he may decide to go back again fo another month of sleep before finally emerging for th spring.

The woodchuck is not the only warm blooded animal th hibernates. The jumping mouse goes into hibernation i the fall while other varieties of mice remain active a winter. Most kinds of squirrels store nuts for the winte but the ground squirrel in the western United States goe into hibernation as soon as the harvest is over and remains there until the following spring.

Scientists have long been puzzled by the phenomena c hibernation. Apparently the body of these animals is equipped with the ability to endure these long periods c hibernation. Because of almost no physical exertion during the period, they are able to conserve their energy t last until spring. Before going into hiberantion, the animals do not eat hardly anything for several days. Thi results in the digestive tract being nearly empty. In som tests where the animals were induced to hibernate wit a full stomach, they died within a few days.

If an animal's body temperature gets lower than 37 degrees, it usually awakens automatically. Otherwise th animal would die if its body were frozen. If the hibernating animal is awakened several times during the winter it may use up too much of its energy and die before spring

Cold blooded creatures like snakes and frogs often bur themselves into the mud to survive the winter. Fish wi stay in the depths of the pond. The body temperature c such creatures changes with their surroundings and n harm befalls them as long as their bodies do not freeze.

Bears are said to hibernate during the winter, but an woodsman knows that if he finds one asleep in the woods he should not poke it in the ribs. That is unless he has gun handy. For in a minute the bear can wake up and he happens to be in a nasty mood there may be trouble. The reason for this is that the bear is not a true hibernator. He sometimes sleeps for several weeks at a tim but his body temperature remains nearly normal. Hi thick fur keeps him warm and when a warm spell come along he may start out in search for food.

Skunks, racoons, and chipmunks also sleep during the wintertime, but they are like the bear and wake up whenever they are hungry. Scientists have tried to induc woodchucks to hibernate by injecting insulin into thei blood streams. This lowers the blood sugar and soon th animal's temperature falls and it goes into unconsciousness. But man will never learn the secrets of hibernatio any more than he can explain many other common occurances in nature. The truth is that these particular animals were created to hibernate during the winter while others were not.

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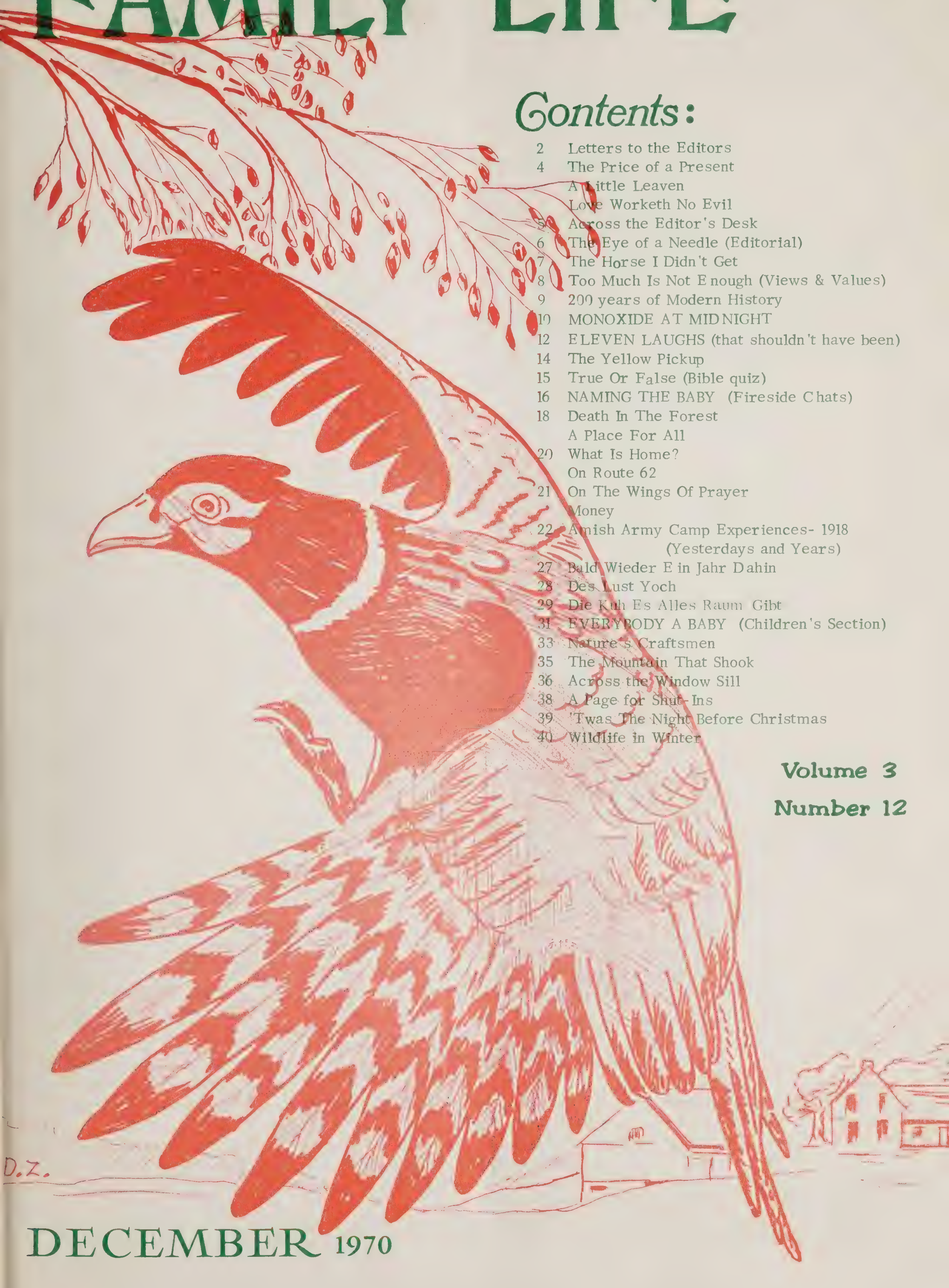

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Volume 3
Number 12

DECEMBER 1970

letters to the editors

THE SOUL IS WITH GOD

When our children were small, I had often talked to them about death (see "Sorrow Is A Wound," October issue) and that we would never know how soon we would be called away. I tried to explain to them that the soul would still be living and would be taken from the body and return to God. I told them that the body would be buried and decay, but at the last day Jesus would come and bring the soul and give it a new body.

It was hard for them to understand. One evening when they came home from school, I noticed they were not happy like usual. I asked what was wrong and they said that ________ had died. This was an elderly Amish man whose place they passed every morning and evening while going to school. In the fall and spring this man often sat on the porch and spoke to them as they passed.

It was especially hard for the first grader to understand but I tried to explain that the soul was not dead, but was perhaps already with God. That evening at the supper table he began talking about it again, how it could be possible that the body did not find out being put into the grave and the soul would be somewhere else.

Finally I said there is nothing impossible with God, for He can do anything. He thought about it for awhile and then it seemed to dawn upon him. He brought his finger softly down on his plate and said, "Just like that and the plate would be broken."

He meant that if God wanted to, He could bring his finger down on the plate so softly and yet break it.

— Mrs. R., Ohio

Children (and adults, too) can hardly comprehend the change from this life to our immortal life. Recently we watched a monarch worm until it came out a pretty butterfly. I thought, "If God does this with the monarch worm what can he do with people. If we do our part then God will do the rest." — Mrs. J. K., Virginia

I read the article "Sorrow is a Wound," with interest and appreciation. Indeed there are many kinds of sorrow in this world and many articles have been written to help and comfort the sorrowing. But I have never read one that was especially written to comfort and help the broken hearted. Is this agonizing and depressing sorrow one that only God can help to bear? I guess it is true that only God understands. — Michigan

The following words impressed me, "Whether separation comes suddenly or lengthy, it is a heart rending pain that will wear away at the heart unless we come to grips with the situation and try to care for the wound the best we know how." ("Sorrow Is a Wound," October).

My companion passed away several years ago after a lengthy illness. In the meantime I learned his trade, little realizing that I could do it alone. I promised him I would try. (Editor's note: The trade was repairing engines.)

I like to think that God numbed my heart and lifted my spirit so that I could carry on. Thinking back over the past, my heart was heavy but I tried to carry on one day at a time and trust God for grace and strength to go on.

May God strengthen us as we go about our daily work caring for our little ones alone, which is a task which two hardly know what was best for them. We have to keep our mind and body busy at work and in meditations, but still there are idle moments when lonely thoughts slip in.

Even our sleep is mingled with our loved ones at times. I dreamed he was in a beautiful garden and there was so much light that I could not see him clearly. I was outside in a cool dim shadow, and could not or did not converse with him. When I awoke I was relaxed. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." I Cor.14:12.

I have heard the remark, "I don't see how you can bear it." Through our trials and temptations, may we be drawn closer to God and show more love and care for our fellow man.

If at times you see us smile, it soothes our crying heart for awhile. I believe God will help those who try to help themselves. —I. Schrock, Indiana

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THE ORANGE COLORED EMBLEM

I enjoyed reading "Not Afraid Of Persecution" (July issue). However I have received several letters humorously asking me when I became "fictitious." I am alive and well.

Your article was amazingly accurate. It saddens me to write that on the same day I read it, I received word that the governor of Indiana had again ordered the arrest of any person not having the gaudy orange colored emblem on the back of his buggy. The latest arrests include two males age 17 and 21, and a young mother 24 years old who has a nursing baby and three other children under four years old. The sheriff told the young mother to be prepared to bring her baby to jail with her.

The moratorium had lasted six months. The reason for the lifting of the moratorium was the resignation of the Indiana State Director of Traffic Safety. This man holds the key to the whole problem and the new director has not been properly informed.

The National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom, of which I am an active member, has just obtained a 60 day delay in the trial. But there is a real grim prospect that a three month old Amish baby will spend twenty days in jail!

I have just received a letter from the minister of this Amish community saying their bishop and a number of other families are leaving the state by January, 1971. The bishop and others have had enough of persecution. (The

FAMILY LIFE is published monthly by Pathway Publishers, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario and R.4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription rates, $4.00 per year.
Editor: David Wagler; Assistant Editor: Elmo Stoll; Historical and Children's Sections: David Luthy; Women's and Shutin Section: Sarah M. Weaver; German Editor: Peter Yoder; Contributing Editors: Joseph Stoll and Elizabeth Miller; Production: Jacob Eicher; Typesetter: Emma Coblentz; Subscriptions: Martha Helmuth.

FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living among the plain people with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.

In U.S.A. —Second-class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In Canada—Second-class mailing registration number 00761.

PRINTED IN CANADA

bishop has spent 40 days in jail including 10 days in October, 1970.) The Bible teaches that if they continue stopping up your wells, you should move to new lands. But where will it all end?

I realize that most Amish people use the slow moving vehicle emblem and see nothing wrong with it. However I know of three other Amish bishops who are very much concerned about the emblem. I can not and will not say if it is right or wrong but if this group feels the sign will keep them from gaining eternal life, they should not be forced to use it. We have no right to judge them. However, it is perplexing to the state officials to hear one Amishman criticizing the beliefs of other Amish people.

Recently our committee received a donation from the mayor of a large midwestern city with this note, "We've persecuted these people long enough."

The Indiana community which you referred to as "Greenville" has dwindled from over 20 families a year ago to a mere 8 families because of the persecution from the state.

Joe Wittmer, Florida.

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DEEPLY ROOTED

I have wondered why and how it came about that the use of tobacco is so deeply rooted in our churches? Or is it like some other things, slowly crept in and taken hold? When Jesus was here He helped the sick and poor, helped and comforted them. He is our perfect example. Let us help each other to follow in His footsteps in "Liebe und Freundlichkeit."

I am just a young mother (and still inexperienced at times). I read the three Pathway magazines and am glad for the advice and encouragement they give me. Also glad that there are others concerned about the future of our dear little blessings. — L.F., Pennsylvania

ANSWER: In some areas it seems the roots of the tobacco weed go deep, so deep that it can not be pulled out at one time. However, we can continue working on the weed and keep it from growing. Take courage for in many communities it has been eradicated already, but like any other weed on the farm, a constant battle has to be kept up to keep it from getting a start again.

• • •

LETTERS ARE ODD

Some of the Letters To The Editors are so odd and don't show much Christianity that I think they would better be discarded than printed. — N. Z., Pennsylvania.

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THE CAUSE OF DISUNITY

A note of appreciation for the article, "Eleven Scenes from West Dale" (October issue). It covered many causes of disunity among the church brethren. I think there is only one way in which we can all be truly agreed— the way of Christ. — H. Hochstetler, Missouri

I think the story "Eleven Scenes from West Dale" shows the dangers of stressing one point too much and ignoring many other passages. Such stories remind us of the many shortcomings we are guilty of and we are thankful for this type of reading material. — A Reader, Pennsylvania

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SPARROWS HAVE CHURCH

In the story of Sam Sparrow (July issue) I had to think of one of our boys when he was quite small. Dad and the older boys were often shooting sparrows or destroying their nests. One day I said to the smaller children that I feel sorry for the poor sparrows. I have always enjoyed watching them from a window during the winter months with only a few trees and bushes for protection, and yet they seemed so happy. I thought of the words of Jesus, "Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Matt. 10:29.

Then our little boy who had been watching the sparrows out by the high line spoke up and said, "Yes, the sparrows have church every day. They all gather round on the wires and sing for awhile. Then they are quiet and several of them preach while the others are listening. Then they all sing again." — Mrs. J. R. S., Ohio

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HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD

Your excellent article on how to spoil a child (German section, October issue) covered a lot of ground. But I feel there are a few more items which might have been included.

Mention to your child how you used to run around in your younger days and went to worldly places. Take pleasure in off-color stories and tell indecent incidents with amusement. When anything immoral happens in the neighborhood, find out all about it and repeat it to your neighbors in a light manner, especially when your neighbor's children and your own are present. Never mention anything to your children about controlling the evil inclinations which come naturally to youth.

If you do all these things you shall be rewarded with children who have no lack of immoral spirit, being full of carnal laughter and their thoughts shall know no bounds. They shall not know how to be ashamed of evil. The young and innocent daughters in your house shall suffer shame and humilation. They shall live in fear and trembling under your roof.

God is not mocked. As a man soweth, so shall he reap.

— Name withheld, Pennsylvania

I would like very much to see the article "Wie Mann Ein Kind Verderben Kann" translated into English and printed in Family Life. It is a worthwhile and necessary set of instructions and much needed by the younger generation of today. — Mrs. I. Z., Pennsylvania

I am writing a request of a change in Family Life. We like the paper very much, but we cannot read the German section and we would like to know what they are about. They look so interesting. We have taken some to our Amish friends but it is hard for them to explain them to us.

Many of the folks around here would like to read them but can't. It would be well worth your time to get it translated so that everyone could enjoy them.

— The Bange Family, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: Others have told us the same thing already, that the German section looks interesting to someone who cannot read it (like a nice big apple at the top of the tree).

One reason for this section is to promote interest in keeping up the German language. To translate it all into English would be defeating this purpose.

There is very little we can do about it but there is something you can do. You can learn to read German and then you will not miss any of it. Two languages are better than one. So far there has been only about 5% of the magazine in German.

However, we think to reprint the article on how to spoil a child is a good and reasonable suggestion. We plan on doing that in the near future. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

THE PRICE OF A PRESENT

The Christmas before we were married, something happened that I will not soon forget. My boy friend and I were going steady and he gave me a little gift. I know some people think it would be better not to give gifts at all at Christmas, and from what happened that year to me, I can easily see their reason for feeling that way.

The gift my boy friend gave me was a lovely bedspread. It was something I wanted and could use, and I was so pleased at his thoughtfulness.

But the next Sunday evening, one of the girls, whom we shall call Judy, sidled up to me and whispered, "What did you get for Christmas?"

"Well, er—," I stammered, "what do you mean?" Judy was known to be a talebearer, thus I wasn't ready to reveal my secret.

"Oh, you know," giggled Judy. "He certainly gave you something, didn't he?"

"Well, yes," I answered slowly. "He— ah, well, he gave me a lovely white bedspread," I said lamely, hating myself for telling her.

"Oh," said Judy indifferently. "I saw those kind in the Christmas catalog, and I even know what they cost!"

Judy didn't seem to notice the expression of pain that crossed my face as she gushed on, "Oh, you should see what Sam gave me. It is a lovely, simply gorgeous silverware chest— you know the kind with a drawer in the bottom and lined with velvet! And besides that, he also gave a silverware set for twelve with it. I can hardly believe how expensive it is. "Oh," she sighed mournfully, "I told Sam I'm just not worth it."

I choked back the threatening tears and managed to escape from her presence. Until then I had not given a thought to the price of the present that was tucked away in my cedar chest at home. I couldn't understand how anyone could be so thoughtless and spoil my happiness so.

"Of course," I thought, "Judy's boy friend works away from home and gets high wages while mine is still at home." I consoled myself that my boy friend gives of himself instead of costly gifts.

I told myself that his kind, loving personality is worth more than anything money can buy, and the years since we are married have convinced me still more that I was right.

The point that I want to bring out is of the extreme expenses that some young folks pay for their "steady" at Christmas. How can this be right in the sight of God? In some communities they give more than a silverware chest! They give such things as living room or bedroom suites or furniture. But I have found that how much of yourself you give is worth more than the price of a present.

— Anonymous

A LITTLE LEAVEN

When my bed of petunias started blooming by my back door last summer I anticipated the pleasure of their colorful blooms. But I soon noticed an intruder in the flower bed. It was a weed, which was a parasite and I found out it's not as simple to get rid of this kind of weed as the ones that have roots of their own.

The weed would twine itself around the stem of the plant, thus cutting off the source of food that travels to the leaves from the roots. A badly infected plant did not amount to much.

In an effort to get rid of the plants, I started pulling off bits and pieces from the petunias. The flowers were young and healthy so I did not think it would be much of a job to get rid of the parasite.

But I was in for a disappointment. The next time I looked the vines of the weeds were back as vigorous as ever. So I kept on repeating the process. I pinched off parts of the petunia plants which would be too hard to clean. I thought it better to throw away parts of the plants rather than let the weeds take over and ruin the whole bed.

Then I stopped to think. Is this how God feels when a church is beginning to bloom with faith and works? Is He looking forward to a more abundant harvest? Then along comes sin in one form or another and gains a foothold. If it's not dealt with promptly, it just keeps growing and spreads out to infect others.

I believe that if I had immediately pulled the few infected plants and burned them, the others would have filled in the bare spots. But I wanted to save them all and came close to losing them all.

I believe infected members of the congregation should be dealt with promptly before the infection spreads to others. As the Bible says, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

In my flower bed I learned first hand of the laws of nature, but in the church we are dealing with the laws of God.

— L.S., Maryland

LOVE WORKETH NO EVIL

Would you be tempted to get rid of your neighbor's dog, if you caught the dog in the act of taking a chicken out of your hen house? With shame I must admit I did just that, and thereby learned a very good lesson which is, "Love worketh no evil to his neighbor."

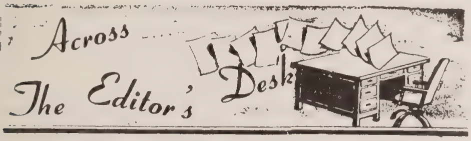
The way it all came about was that we had one of those white Eskimo dogs who was a real rat and mouse dog. The hen house had a concrete floor but was too damp so a wood floor had been put on top, leaving a two inch space underneath. This space was an ideal place for rats and mice. So we soon had rats and mice in our hen house galore. Then we would close up all the rat holes in the floor except one, just inside the entrance. Then with Fritz, our cherished dog, inside with the door closed we'd have some fun and excitement getting those rats. The rats seemed to sense the danger of staying on the floor so they would get up and hide under the chickens on the roost or go to the top of a studding at the end of the hen house. If we lost track of them, Fritz would soon point them out to us and if we could get them to the floor, Fritz soon had 'em.

One morning about daybreak we heard a chicken squawking so I got up quick and dressed just in time to see our neighbor's bulldog running toward the road with a chicken in his mouth. So thinks I (without much reasoning), "Mr. Bulldog, you are not much good but for a watchdog and your place is at home by your master. And if you come back to our hen house again, we'll take care of you." So that evening I took a small piece of homemade sausage, cut a slit in it, and put in a few drops of strychnine (poison), tied up Fritz as we always did, and went to bed.

Next morning I got up, forgot all about the sausage, untied Fritz, and went to do the chores. Before long Fritz came around showing signs of being sick. At once we knew what had happened and began pouring milk with mustard down his throat which brought the sausage out. But the sausage had been in too long and in a few hours our good rat and mouse dog was dead.

Oh, foolishness on my part. Had I gone to my neighbor, told him what his dog had done, and kindly asked him to keep his dog tied at nights, I am sure he would have done just that. (Which maybe he did anyhow, as his dog never showed up after that.) Or had the dog just come at the right time to tempt me to do what I did to teach me that lesson and drive it home in my heart: "Love worketh no evil to his neighbor" (Rom. 13:10).

- M. B., Middlebury, Ind.



Across The Editor's Desk

Who likes the long evenings of fall and early winter? I do for one, even if it would not be so nice all the year round. I have always looked forward to the early winter months with its darkness before choring time. It's kind of fun to do the milking with a lantern at least part of the year. Here in our locality, the sun sets at 4:45 PM the first week in December and on overcast days, it's pretty well dark at this time. But as it gets colder, the sun sets later and by the first of February, which is the coldest point of the year, the sun sets 45 minutes later than in December.

Longer evenings always mean more time to read. It gives the children a chance to make up for the overtime they put in during the busy time of the year.

But all good things can be taken too far. As we go further north, the nights in the winter and the days in the summer get longer. Inside the Arctic circle there is no day during part of the winter and no night during part of the summer. At the North Pole, there are six months of day and six months of night. I don't believe man could survive very long in such a place even if the weather were pleasant.

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Recently we spent a weekend with friends near Owen Sound, Ontario. Although this is only about 150 miles north, the north star was a little higher in the sky. It also makes a difference in the growing season as it is out of the corn belt.

I don't think I have ever seen the water run so clear in the streams and rivers as it does in that area. There must be practically no soil erosion.

The Sunday we were there we attended communion services and were surprised at the similarities in the way it was conducted. Although it is a different branch of the church from our own, the modes of worship have been pretty well carried on from the time when our forefathers came across the ocean. The nice part about it is that you can always learn something new at a place like that.

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In this issue we are printing two articles about hunting. One deals with hunting laws, the other is the reactions of a boy when he sees the squirrel he shot.

It is not our intention to discourage hunting if it's the kind our forefathers did when they first came to this country. When meat is scarce, a pot of wild game looks good on anybody's table.

But killing for sport is altogether different. It's something that does not befit a Christian. The question has been brought up whether guns should be found in the homes of nonresistant people. If they can be used as a practical means of obtaining food or in getting rid of pests, they may be justifiable. But sometimes the best "hunting" trip can be a hike in the woods without a gun.

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We have just made a big discovery, a new breakfast cereal that is nutritious, delicious and economical. It's really not a new cereal, but rather a new way of preparing an old cereal. Actually the part that is new is a little grist mill, which we use to grind a cup of wheat every morning, which makes enough hot cereal for our family. The mill can also be used for making whole wheat flour but of course it is set finer for flour than for cereal. To prepare the hot cereal we simply boil the meal in water and add a little salt. Serve with brown sugar and milk.

The little mill is well made and operates by hand power, a commodity which is usually in fairly abundant supply in most homes. By grinding the wheat freshly each morning it has extra value and flavor. If you are interested in one of these little mills, see add elsewhere in this issue.

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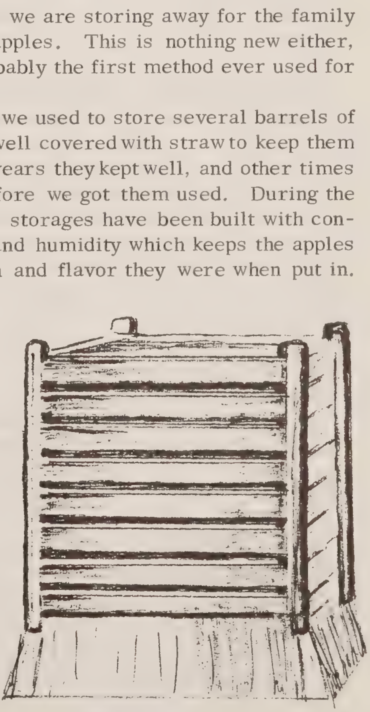
Another tasty treat we are storing away for the family this winter is dried apples. This is nothing new either, since drying was probably the first method ever used for preserving fruit.

When I was a boy, we used to store several barrels of apples in the garden, well covered with straw to keep them from freezing. Some years they kept well, and other times many were rotten before we got them used. During the past ten years, apple storages have been built with controlled temperature and humidity which keeps the apples in the same condition and flavor they were when put in. We thought that would be the last word in fruit, to be able to buy good tasty apples in May and June from the year before.

But some time ago we got some dried apples at the sale when some friends moved to Paraguay and were surprised to find them simply delicious. The children went wild over



the chewy slices.

So this year we borrowed a drier from some of our friends who originally come from the Valley. It is an air-dryer, and simpler to make and use than the water dryers. All you need to do is set it on top of either the cook stove or the heating stove and in a day and a night the slices are dried, ready to chew on.

In this issue we are reprinting one page from the Blackboard Bulletin. This is the oldest of the Pathway papers, and is in its fourteenth year. Originally it was intended to be of primary interest to teachers and board members. However, during the past several years it has been changed into a paper of general interest to all the school family — parents, teachers, board members and **pupils**. If you have not seen it for sometime you may be in for a pleasant surprise. It now contains a story especially for the children every month, a page which the school children write, a question and answer section and a letter from Cousin Carrie. Recently a mother of 5 children from Ohio wrote that she likes the Blackboard Bulletin the best of all the Pathway magazines. It is published every month except June and July, and the subscription price is $2.00 per year.

What is hard to understand is why so many of our readers get Family Life and Ambassador of Peace while they could get all three magazines for only $1.00 a year extra. If you already get one or two of our magazines, and would like to go on the 3-in-1 plan then send a check for $7.50. You will be given credit for the unexpired portion of your present subscriptions, and all three magazines will expire at the same time. In this way, one renewal per year will take care of all three magazines.

We have often said it before and would like to say it again, if you send in any material for publication or any comments, please sign your name and address. Otherwise, chances are they will not be considered. Your name will not be published if you so request.

Recently we received a letter with the writer's name but no address. We can not answer your letter if we have no address.

We hope our readers will make full use of the Pathway book catalog which was included in the November issue of Family Life. For your convenience, the catalog may be removed from the magazine and will still be stapled. The catalog does not have an index, but each group of books is arranged in alphabetical order to make it easier to find any certain book. Also for your convenience in choosing the outstanding books, the best values in each group have either been boxed or underlined.

The cover picture for this month was made by Dan P. Zook of the Chesley, Ontario area. Dan is 17 years old and the son of Peter Zook.

Artwork for the full page feature was done by Mary Stutzman, 20, daughter of Joe Stutzmans, Desboro, Ont.

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stoll

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Editorial

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

In Mark 10, we read of a young man who was very much concerned. He was in earnest about his soul for he came to Jesus, kneeled down and said, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Jesus told him that he should keep the commandments not to kill, steal, or commit adultery. He should not bear false witness and he should honor his father and his mother.

The young man replied that he had kept all these things from his youth. Secular history tells us that this young man might have been an outstanding person, maybe even an apostle, had it not been for one handicap — he was a rich man.

But even so, the Bible says that Jesus looked at him longingly and loved him. Perhaps he knew how much work the man could do in his vineyard if he would give himself up.

It has been pointed out that the young man probably had a very conceited opinion of himself. It is hard to believe that he had always kept the commandments, had always honored his father and mother as he should have.

But Jesus was willing to oversee all these weaknesses. He acknowledged the young man's sincerity and accepted his willingness for the deed.

Jesus' answer was, "One thing thou lackest, go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give it to the poor and come and take up the cross and follow me."

Some people think that Jesus did not really mean what he said, that he knew all along the man would not give up his riches. But the Bible teaches us that each individual has the free choice of serving the Lord or not serving the Lord. We believe if the young man would have followed Jesus' instructions, he would have had a treasure in heaven.

When he turned away, Jesus mourned for him saying, "How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The disciples were astonished for they lived in a day when the rich people were considered to be the good people. The Pharisees were supposed to be the holy people and many of them were rich. The poor were not considered fit to come in contact with the rich pe[illegible]le.

Then Jesus went on to utter one of the most astonishing phrases in the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

The hearers were astonished beyond measure and said to one another, "Who, then can be saved?"

Jesus replied, "With men it is impossible (just like it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle) but with God, all things are possible."

For around 1900 hundred years, these words of Jesus meant just what they said — it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. But then someone came along with a convenient loophole, one which would allow the rich man into heaven after all, and many sincere Christians took up the cry.

The story was circulated that in the time of Jesus one or more of the gates in the walls of Jerusalem had a smaller gate built into it. If a man was still outside the city when the big gate was shut, he could go in by way of this smaller gate. This smaller gate was called a "needle's eye," and if necessary a camel could squeeze through. But the camel would have to stoop and make himself lowly to get through the "needle's eye."

When this story was accepted, a way was open for the rich man to enter heaven, but of course first he must stoop and humble himself. This is a good sounding story and welcome to many. However there is one weakness, on close examination, it is found to disagree with the Scriptures.

The gates of the city were closed at night and whoever was outside remained outside until the morning.

When Jesus made the statement, the disciples were astonished and exclaimed, "Then who can be saved?" Had it merely been a matter of a camel stooping to enter in at the gate, they would not have been so amazed by the statement.

Jesus went on to say that as far as man is concerned it is just as impossible for a rich man to be saved as it is for a camel to go through the eye of a sewing needle. But of course, with God all things are possible, even something like a camel going through the eye of a needle. But it would take nothing less than a miracle to do it.

The next question that naturally arises is, "What is a rich man?" Some people think that a man is not rich unless he has a million dollars. Others declare that as soon as a man has more money than he needs right now, he is laying up treasures on earth and is then a rich man.

Since we believe that God looks on the inward instead of the outward, both of these attitudes are wrong. Jesus went on to say that it is those who put their trust in riches (Mark 10:24) who will find it very hard to enter into the kingdom of God. Here again, the rich man may try to find comfort in the thought that we do not need to have much money to put our trust in riches. However since human nature is what it is, it is extremely hard for a man who has a lot of money, not to put too much of his trust in his riches.

The Horse I Didn't Get

When our oldest boy grew up we needed a horse for him and at the same time our family horse, a big sorrel mare, was getting old, too. So we were actually in the need of two horses.

In the summer of 1967, early in the month of June we hitched up and drove several miles to a horse jockey, a man who boards quite a few horses for other people and also has some for sale. As we approached the farm a number of horses along the pasture fence came running. Among them was a young sorrel with white markings. We admired the horse and then I said to my son, "There is a horse you can't buy because that kind are just not for sale."

We drove in and the man showed us the horses he had for sale and we went again. This time he had a six-year-old bay horse for sale. He was too small to suit me, but my son said, "We came to buy a horse, didn't we?" So we bought him.

The man had another horse I would have been interested in but he was lame at the time. I told him, "If that horse over there wouldn't be limping, I'd buy him, too."

The man didn't think it was anything serious and said he would let me know if the horse cleared up in a week or two.

The bay horse turned out to be a good little horse, but the sorrel horse with the white markings kept lingering in my mind. I could not forget him.

It was wheat threshing time and we were almost finished at our place on a Saturday afternoon, when the horse dealer and his nephew came driving into the lane. We talked a little while and then he said, "That horse that was limping is all right now. He is for sale."

"We have a good little horse now," I answered, "and besides, we have some pretty long trips to make with horse and buggy. I'm just afraid that horse might not hold up."

"I don't blame you for being slow on that one," he answered rubbing his hands together. Then he said to his nephew, "Did you tell him about the other horse we have for sale now?"

"What kind of a horse is it?" I asked.

"Well, a man from Florida brought him up for us to board," he answered. "But the boarding fees are running pretty high. We just got word from him yesterday to sell him. He's a nice sorrel horse with white markings, just as nice as your old horse, a three year old, and as pretty a little horse as you'll ever see."

We wanted to finish threshing and all the men were busy. I told him if he gets a chance just go ahead and sell the horse.

But the thoughts kept rolling over in my mind. A man bringing him all the way from Florida, it must be a good horse, — the one we saw running along inside the fence on our first trip. The more I pondered over it, the clearer it came to me, that is the horse.

We finished threshing and as soon as supper was over, we set off with high hopes to the dealers place. When we got there we learned that it was the horse we had been dreaming about, but alas! he was sold already.

We turned and headed slowly for home with a heavy heart. I don't recall just how well I slept that night but I know that I was "off feed" for about a week. I went to the table but things just didn't taste good. I ate, mostly to hide my embarrassment so the rest of the family wouldn't notice that I was sick— just about a horse.

The turning point of my "sickness" came the following week. We had the little bay horse and our old sorrel family mare out in the pasture field together. One night a heavy thunderstorm came up and lightning struck a tree in the pasture. The two horses must have either been under the tree or very close to it. The next morning we found the bay horse had wire cuts on his throat and breast He had run into a new barb wire fence and the upper strand was broken. Apparently he was blinded by the lightning and couldn't see where he was going.

That was when I started thinking. Many thoughts passed through my mind in a short time. There beneath the splintered tree, two horses might well be lying dead on the ground instead of running around in the field. This would have been a much greater loss than "the horse we didn't get."

My appetite started to come back and the next Sunday we went to church at our neighbor's place. It seemed the sermons were so directed to fit my condition as if the preachers had known all about it, but they didn't.

Anyway I feel the experience did me a lot of good. I am afraid too many people have similar "sicknesses" as I did (when things go wrong). But they try to get doctored by medical doctors, chiropractors, quacks, or whatever, and they fail. The best remedy is to go to church and get right with God. — S. J. M., Ohio

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Too Much Is Not Enough

Undoubtedly most of us have heard one version or other of the story. As I remember it, it goes something like the following:

A very, very poor man was walking down a dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. His clothes were tattered and his shoes patched with scraps of leather. In his hand he carried a small bag, tied with a string at the top, but even it was empty.

Presently the tattered man heard the sound of horses and wheels. Around the bend in the road just ahead of him he spied a fine carriage with prancing horses coming up the road toward him.

The poor man stepped quickly to the side of the road to let the carriage pass. But instead of passing, the driver pulled the horses to a stop. The fancily carved door slid back, and a well-dressed, smiling gentleman stepped out.

The poor man drew slightly back, not knowing whether to be afraid or not. It was not often that a rich man stopped on the road to talk to him.

"Good afternoon," said the rich man. "It's rather a warm day to be walking, is it not?"

The poor man was reassured by the rich man's kind voice and his smile. He was more than reassured; he was hopeful. Who could tell? Maybe this rich man would even be kind enough to give him a little something to buy food with. "I would not mind the heat so much," said the poor man, "if only I were not so hungry. I haven't eaten since yesterday morning. If only I had a sandwich or two, I would be content."

The rich man put his finger to his forehead and looked thoughtful for a moment. "So you are hungry, are you, my good friend? And you would be quite content with a sandwich or two. That is remarkable indeed. Yes, I would say it is very remarkable."

The rich man stood and thought a while longer. Finally he said, "I think this is so remarkable that it deserves to be rewarded. I am going to give you all the coins and gold pieces that you can carry in your bag. Come to the other side of the carriage."

It seemed to the poor man that he was in a dream as he followed the rich man to the opposite side of the shiny carriage.

Here the rich man opened a small door, revealing a square, well-built wooden box. He lifted the cover.

The poor man gasped. He had never in his life seen so much money. The box was full of glistening coins and gold pieces. With trembling fingers the poor man fumbled with the strings on his bag.

"There is only one thing," the rich man said. "There is one condition you must agree to. You can have all the money you can carry in that bag, but whatever you let fall on the ground becomes mine again. As soon as it touches the ground it is mine. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, yes," the poor man said eagerly. He could still hardly believe his good fortune. It was almost too good to believe.

"You may start filling your bag now." The rich man stepped back, and stood watching with folded hands.

The poor man's eyes shone. He held the bag with one hand and reached into the box with the other. He brought out a large gold piece. He placed it carefully into his bag. "There," he said to himself with great satisfaction, "that is plenty to buy me not only a few sandwiches but several full course meals." Quickly he grabbed a few more coins and dropped them into his bag. Now he figured he had enough to buy himself a complete suit of clothing, plus shoes and a hat. Next time he reached into the box, he brought out a whole handful of coins. Then he took several more handfuls. Why, he would soon have enough to buy himself a comfortable house. By this time the poor man's face was beaming with delight at the thought of all the things he could at last afford to buy.

Another handful. Ooops. A large silver coin slipped from his grip and dropped to the ground. He bent to pick it up, but the rich man stopped him. "No," he said sternly, "Once it has touched the ground, it is my property again."

The poor man jerked back his hand and mumbled that he was sorry. He had almost forgotten about the rule the rich man had mentioned, but, oh well, it didn't matter. There were plenty of other pieces in the box, many more than he could possibly ever cram into his bag.

He took out several more handfuls of coins. His bag was starting to feel a little heavy, but it was only quarter full. The poor man had lost track of exactly how much money he had already put into the bag, but it was easily enough to buy himself a good home.

"Maybe I should stop now," he said. "The bag is getting to be plenty heavy to carry." But then he thought about how nice it would be to have a fine carriage, and prancing horses to pull it. He wouldn't have to walk then. "I'll take enough for a carriage and horses yet," he decided. "And then I'll stop. After all, the man said I could take all my bag would carry."

The poor man threw some more coins into the bag. Soon he had enough for what he guessed it would cost to buy a carriage, plus several fine horses to pull it.

He was just about to stop, when he remembered that he needed a building to put his horses and carriage in. So he lifted some more coins into his bag.

His bag was pretty heavy now. It was bulging with weight. He lifted it up and examined it. It wasn't a new bag anymore, but it seemed to be fairly strong.

He had forgotten all about hiring a servant to care for his horses. He should have a servant. Of course, he must have a servant. How stupid that he had so nearly forgotten it. Anyone who was anyone had a servant.

So the poor man reached into the box and took out another handful of coins and dropped them into his bag. He wasn't sure how much a servant would want in wages, but he had better take a bit too much than risk having too little. And while he was at it, why didn't he take enough money so that he could afford a servant in the house, too. That would be something, having someone to run errands and do his cooking and serve his meals and make his bed and sweep his floors and wash his laundry. Why, he couldn't imagine why he hadn't thought of it sooner. With a big house like he planned to have, he certainly needed a servant to do the work, and now that he came to think about it, maybe even more than one servant. His bag might be heavy to carry, but he would certainly be sorry later when he needed money that he hadn't taken it when he had the chance.

The poor man helped himself to a few more generous handfuls. His bag was so heavy now that he decided he had better stop. It was all he could carry. He started to close his bag, but then he thought, no, he would take one more handful of coins. Who could tell, it might come in very handy some day.

He reached in and gathered as much as his fingers could hold. He dropped the coins into the bulging bag.

R-r-rrrrrrip. There was a tearing sound as the bag tore open beneath the pressure of so much weight. With a rattling and a jingling, all the coins tumbled from the torn bag and scattered on the ground at the poor man's feet.

Frantically the man grabbed at the coins, but the rich man stepped up quickly and stopped him. "No, no," said the man. "All these coins have touched the ground - they are mine."

"But — but —," stammered the poor man in dismay.

"I'm sorry," said the rich man firmly. "That was the agreement."

There was nothing for the poor man to do but continue his tramping down the dusty road. A few minutes before he had been suddenly rich, but now he was as poor as ever. His clothes were still tatters. His shoes were still scraps of leather. He was still hungry and tired, the road was still dusty, and the sun still hot. Worst of all, not only was his bag still empty, but it was now torn beyond repair. How he wished he would have been content with a sandwich.

I fear, that although our clothes may be a little less tattered, we are all relatives of the poor man in the story. It seems that, like him, we are always thinking that if we had a little more than we do, that we would be quite content. But strangely enough, when we get what we thought we wanted, we find we want more. An abundance of earthly possessions, instead of bringing contentment, seems to chase it away. As has often been said, it is difficult to be content with little; impossible to be content with much.

The Bible says that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." It says that if we have food to eat and clothes to wear, we should be contented. This is probably one of the most disobeyed verses in the Bible.

Yet how foolish that we seek possessions, and forget that the greatest treasure, contentment, is available to the poorest. To be content with what we possess is the greatest of all riches. Benjamin Franklin once said, "Contentment makes poor men rich; discontentment makes rich men poor."

Contentment is an attitude of the heart, and is not found in increasing the things we possess. We make a mistake as foolish as the one the poor man in our story made if we think we will be more contented if we only possessed more. For those who seek contentment in the number of things they possess will find that too much is not enough. ■■

200 Year Of Modern History

by Andrew Herrfort

People who lived two hundred years ago could never have guessed what fantastic inventions were going to be made in the next two centuries. In 1770, no trains or railroads existed anywhere on earth. Steam power was of a very crude type and used only for a few odd jobs like pumping water. Printing presses had been invented several centuries before but they were still very crude and operated by hand.

Since no engines or motors of any kind were in general use, no factories were in existence. All cloth and clothing were made by hand labor. With the exception of a few ports and trading centers, most of the world's population lived in small rural towns and country areas.

Transportation on land was mostly with horses, on water it was by sailboat or rowboat. Farm land was worked on a small scale with a few crude implements pulled by oxen. No threshing machines, binders, mowers or ensilage cutters existed anywhere on earth. All cutting, harvesting and threshing of grain was done by hand labor.

The first railroads were horse drawn wagons pulled on wooden tracks to haul coal or ore from the mines to the smelters. But at about this time James Watt of Scotland improved the steam engine to where steam power could be applied directly on the piston. In another thirty years a steam engine was perfected which actually ran on wheels.

With the coming of the steam locomotive, many railroads were built and cities and towns with factories began to spring up. Soon linen, woolen and cotton goods and manufactured items could be bought cheaper than they could be made at home. People began to move to the cities for a more leisurely living. By the end of the 19th century, city people considered themselves superior and they often called the country people by such names as hayseeds, hicks or bumpkins.

The movement of people from country to cities caused a labor shortage and soon farmers invented horse and steam powered threshing machines, binders, and harvesting equipment. By the late 19th century, a farm family could easily farm 100 acres. As the gasoline motor and farm tractors were improved, with machinery to match, farmers were able to handle more and more land. Today one family can farm 1000 acres of grain farm.

During the past two decades, many farmers in the United States and Canada have commercialized to an almost unbelievable extent. In California, tomato and celery harvesting machines are used that do the work of forty men. In the midwest are combines which cut and thresh 100 acres of wheat a day. The Atlantic states have broiler farms which are so highly automated that one man can take care of 100,000 broilers. The result is that many family farms have empty chicken coops.

In California there are egg farms where two million laying hens are kept. One farmer who keeps 200,000 laying hens aims for a profit of six cents per bird. Meantimes many thousands of farmers who used to keep 300 or 400 laying birds find it unprofitable to keep any.

In the midwest are feeding lots where 20,000 steers are fattened at one time. In other states are dairy farms equipped with milk parlors where 300 dairy cows are kept. The dairy farmers who used to keep 15 or 20 cows are going out of business.

Modern technologists claim they have the know how to produce enough food for 16 times the present population of the world. The United States has a million square miles of the best agricultural land, enough to feed two or three billion people. But because much of the resources are squandered in providing the luxuries of living (such as cars, electricity, T. V., etc.) it can provide for only a fraction of this amount.

Scientists have come up with some fantastic schemes to increase the world's food production. One is to build a dam across the Bering Strait between Alaska and Siberia and pump out the waters of the Arctic Ocean into the Pacific.

The warm waters flowing from the Atlantic Ocean into the Arctic would be supposed to make the northern regions habitable and productive. Meanwhile the cold waters from the Arctic in the Pacific would be so small as to be unnoticeable, like adding one cup of cold water to 14 cups of warm water every three years.

From history we can see that all great civilizations of the past have lasted only several hundred years and have then decayed from within. The question is, will this greatest of all civilizations soon decay from within like all civilizations of the past? Or will it last to the end of time and take a terrible end, as stated in 2 Peter 3:10, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

No one knows how long it will be until the above Scripture will be fulfilled. Until that time the family-sized farms of the plain people will get more and more competition from the big factory type farm conglomerates. These huge landowners have little in common with the family-sized farming operations as we know them. The first two hundred years of pioneering on the American continent are fast coming to a close and with it more and more unsolved problems. No one will have all the answers, but it may be that the plain people will have to turn to specialized types of farming, requiring hand labor, which do not compete with the factory type farms in order to survive.

Author's Name Withheld

MONOXIDE AT MIDNIGHT

(This is a true story, but names have been changed.)

It was a rainy week in winter. Water was everywhere and the ground was frozen so we weren't surprised to find water in the basement. We borrowed a pump and hooked the gasoline motor to it. As soon as Sam came home from work, he moved the pump beside the cellar window and pumped water until bedtime.

The third evening he came home he said, "I'm early this evening. If I start pumping right away, maybe I can have the water out of the basement by bedtime."

The wind was from the northeast and it mostly just whirled around all evening. Sam propped up some boards to keep the exhaust from going into the cellar window.

We had a new home and it wasn't completed yet. In the boys' room and the girls' room there was only the subfloor, and the clothes chute in the boys' room did not have a door on it yet.

I had been quilting all day and had a slight headache. The steady droning of the motor on the pump made me nervous and upset. We fixed some ham for supper which had been cured with liquid smoke. We did not like it very well. At the supper table we talked about food poisoning and how a young married couple had died from what they thought was food poisoning in some corn they ate.

After supper, Sam worked down in the basement most of the time. I quilted until nearly bedtime. Then for some reason unknown to me I decided to roll up the unfinished quilt and get it out of the way. Our oldest daughter, Marie, aged 10, helped me put it upstairs. We were glad to be able to walk across the living room without bumping into the quilt or chairs.

When Sam came upstairs, the children wanted him to read them a Bible story before going to bed. They always wanted him to read one story to them regardless of how many I had already read.

We were just putting the children to bed when the motor stopped. Sam was really puzzled for he thought there was still enough gas to run a half hour. He went outside and put it in the cellar to keep it from freezing. Then he closed the cellar window.

When I was ready to go to bed I told him, "I can still hear that motor running in my head."

He still had some figuring to do and later when he came to bed he said, "That's funny, I can still hear that motor running, too."

My head was aching but as long as I laid still it wasn't too bad. I had a habit from childhood to pull the covers over my head to sleep, so I did this. All the children slept this way, too, except Martha, who was six years old.

I woke up with a start. I looked at the clock. It was 12 o'clock. I nudged Sam and said, "Get up quick and go to the children's room. Martha is crying."

He jumped up and grabbed a flashlight and went to Martha's room. He barely got her to the stool until she started vomiting. Then I heard him coming back toward our room. I thought it very strange that he did not stay with her. But then I saw that something was wrong. He was staggering and leaned against the wall and the crib. Then he fell against the door.

I hurried to his side and tried to get him to bed but he stiffened and then fell backwards on the floor. "Oh, no, not a heart attack," I gasped.

I called to the two older children, Marie and Junior, to hurry and get dressed and go for help. But they didn't come. I called and called again, but still I could hear nothing except the sound of Martha vomiting at the stool.

I kept shaking Sam and rubbing him. He was ashen colored. I prayed under my breath, "Oh, God, what does this mean?"

Finally Sam stirred a little, held his head up and mumbled, "Open the windows."

I lowered the top window and got him up in bed where he slumped over again. I rubbed his arms and back and wondered why don't the children answer? Sam felt so faint and weak and wanted to sleep again but I begged him not to.

I hurried to the girls' room to see why Marie didn't answer. Then she sat up in bed and wailed, "Oh, my head! It hurts."

She got up and ran for the sink and vomited. I almost panicked. How I dreaded to enter the boys' room. Yes, there was Junior with the pillow over his head and moaning, "My head hurts. My head hurts."

Soon he was vomiting, too. I lowered the top windows and for some reason the fresh air almost drove my own headache wild. I felt like joining the others. For awhile it seemed it would be everyone for himself.

By 12:30 we were all huddled around the room stove and shaking so badly we all put our coats on but couldn't quit shaking. I heated some water and made them all soak their feet. I checked the two youngest children and they were both sleeping peacefully. I put extra blankets across them and hoped they wouldn't waken for there was no one to care for them.

I was sure we had all been poisoned from the ham we had eaten for supper but Sam did not agree. By 1:30 I decided everyone was well enough so that I could go call the doctor. Sam was slowly walking around but he didn't look like himself.

He went and looked at the thermometer and it showed 28 degrees. He said, "Take someone along, for if you are alone you will freeze if you faint on the way."

It was a half mile to the nearest phone. Marie got ready and we went outside but the cold air hurt our heads. We couldn't understand why. We kept looking back as far as we could see the house to see if we could see anyone moving around. Then we tried to run, but couldn't. Finally we neared the neighbors and Marie began to cry, "Mom, I thought we were just walking in the same spot all the time." She was so tired and worn out.

I called the doctor and told him I thought the whole family had been poisoned by something we ate. I told him how Martha had acted and how Sam had passed out. The first question the doctor asked was, "Is his face ashen colored?"

I answered yes, and right away he told me, "You have all been poisoned by carbon monoxide." He said if Sam had slept a half hour longer he would have been dead and the rest of us would probably have all been dead by morning if Martha had not awakened us.

He wondered about the baby and the three-year-old and I told him they were okay and sleeping peacefully in their beds. He asked, "Are you sure they are not dead?" Imagine how I felt.

He told me to hurry home and if the rest of the family were not dead yet to get them out of the house as quickly as possible. He said if we needed help, to call the fire department. The doctor did not come out nor did the neighbors offer to help us. I can not explain how we felt as we hurried back home again until we were near enough to see all of them through the window as we walked into the yard.

I failed to heed the doctor's last warning. He had told me that anyone who is affected by monoxide gas and goes out into the fresh air should under no circumstances go back into the house again until it is well aired out, for it would be fatal.

We hurried in and told them to get their coats on and walk around outside for half an hour. I opened the windows wider and checked to see if the two younger ones were sleeping normally. They were all right so I flopped down in a chair beside Marie and we were both vomiting again. Sam wanted us to go outside but we were both tired, and cold and so sick we didn't care about anything. The others came in at 3:30 and they were cold and exhausted and we all went to bed with the windows open. We put extra blankets on our beds to keep warm.

Later when we had time to think, it was easy to figure out what had happened. Apparently the wind must have blown the fumes back into the basement and then up through the house. Sam had already inhaled a lot of fumes while working in the basement.

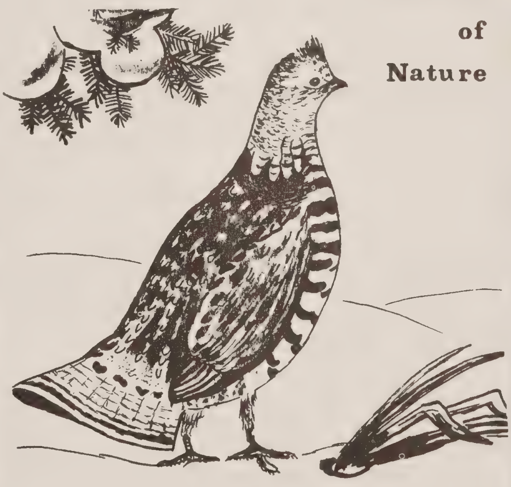
We were too sick to realize our danger or we would have vacated the house as soon as possible. We had Amish neighbors only a short distance up the road who would have gladly put us up for the night.

Afterwards I wondered how the doctor thought we would be able to get the others out of the house without going into it. I was surprised that he did not call the fire department himself after I had told him the condition the family was in. Later he apologized for not coming out. It was in the middle of the night and I guess everyone was still half asleep and didn't realize the seriousness of the circumstances. Our neighbors where we had gone to phone also apologized for not having taken us home and come to help us.

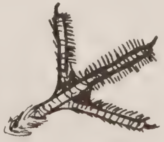
But such things will happen and we should put our trust in a Higher Power. I often wonder what might have happened if we hadn't asked the Lord to watch over us that night before retiring. ■■

Wonders of Nature

RUFFED GROUSE



These birds are well prepared for winter by growing extra downy feathers. They are also helped by the snowshoes they put on, horny fringes that grow on their toes.



They sometimes fly headlong into the snow and spend the cold winter night there.

ELEVEN LAUGHS

(that shouldn't have been)

- Elizabeth Miller

1

"Dinner's ready," announced Mary Troyer as she appeared at the door of the room where about twelve of us were quilting. Mary had invited her friends in for a girls' quilting and the forenoon had passed swiftly. None of us seemed aware that it was dinner time already.

"We'll have to eat cafeteria style," apologized Mary as we came into the kitchen. "With the quilt in the dining room, we couldn't spread out the table."

We assured her it was all right. Anyone could see that the kitchen was too small to accommodate many guests. There was a pause and then we bowed our heads in prayer. Soon our plates were filled and we went into the living room to eat.

I happened to sit beside Anna Schwartzentruber. Or maybe it didn't just happen. She and I were close friends and we often sat beside each other. Soon we were visiting about common everyday things. Somehow I got my attention elsewhere and didn't see how it happened, but I heard Anna give a startled little gasp.

Seemingly, Anna had balanced her plate on her knee and somehow it tipped over. As it was tipping, she made a grab for it and almost caught it — almost, but not quite. And as she had grabbed for it, she had grabbed right into the food. There she sat with a handful of mashed potatoes. Some of the food was on her apron, but most of it was on the floor underneath the overturned plate.

I laughed . . . and added to Anna's embarrassment.

2

I had come to school early one morning to try to get some things done before the pupils came. Long before it was time for the first bell, I heard a buggy drive up and stop. My curiosity took me to the door. There was a mother with her first-grade daughter.

"Good morning," I greeted.

"Good morning," returned the woman in the buggy. "Is it all right if I leave Susan here this early? We want to go to a wedding on the other side of Benton, and we have to start early. I thought I'd stop in and see if you were here. If you're too busy I'll take her up to John Grabers, and she can walk to school with their children."

I assured the mother and her little girl that it would be all right for Susan to stay with me. Even though I was busy, I was glad for this opportunity to know Susan better. She wasn't really shy, but she didn't talk much at all. I figured it was because of her limited English.

Soon Susan had hung her coat and bonnet in the coat room and came into the classroom where I was working.

"Did you have to get up early this morning?" I said, trying to get her to talk.

Susan nodded her head.

"Maybe you will fall to sleep today," I smilingly said.

Susan shook her head and smiled.

I tried to think of something to say which she couldn't answer by shaking or nodding her head. "Who is getting married today?" I asked.

Susan shrugged her shoulders.

I gave up and went back to work. Maybe Susan would talk sooner if I didn't coax her, I thought. The clock ticked away as I worked and Susan sat silently looking at a book of animal pictures. Five minutes passed, then ten. I started humming.

"Teacher, this lion has two 'busslin,' " said Susan suddenly.

I laughed . . . and caused Susan to lose confidence in herself.

3

Death had come to the home of a family in our community. A group of girls went there to help get ready for the funeral and to see how we could help the bereaved family. At first we went about our work silently, being careful to respect the mourning ones.

Then one evening after the work was done we were sitting around the table in the kitchen talking. I don't remember what we were talking about, but I do remember that each of us had incidents to relate, and some of them were quite humorous.

We laughed . . . while others mourned.

4

There used to be a man in our neighborhood who was a little different from other people. I can't really explain in what ways, but you didn't have to be around him long before you noticed it. For one thing, he was extremely nervous and seemingly shy. And when he talked he didn't exactly stutter, but his voice was jerky and gruff.

I don't think you'd class this man as being simple, because he was a prominent farmer and as far as I know, an ideal neighbor. But one of his faults was being rather easily hurt, and for this reason he was often the butt of a joke.

One day there was a shed-raising in our neighborhood and I was there to help prepare dinner for the men. When it was dinnertime the men came into the yard where tubs of water had been placed for them to wash. Under the shade tree nearby a long table was covered with food and we stood ready to serve the men as they filed past.

The men had almost all washed and the younger boys were at it when the man I was telling you about stepped up to one of the tubs. The talking had ceased and everyone was waiting until the last ones were finished so they could go on with the meal. It was easy to see that this man was embarrassed by the unusual silence.

If the silence bothered the man, it sure didn't bother the boys. They were fussing around with each other and one of them snapped another one with the towel. That started it. Soon all the towels were in use for that purpose. The man was done washing and stood awkwardly waiting for a towel.

"Andy's ready for a towel," one of the other men told the boys.

Either the boys didn't hear or they each thought the other could give up his towel, for no one offered poor Andy a towel. The request was repeated by someone else and in answer one of the boys stalked up to Andy in the clumsiest way.

"We don't want to forget Andy," he said, imitating Andy's jerky voice. "No, sir, not good old Andy."

We laughed . . . at a boy who mocked a less fortunate man.

5

I dropped in at a friend's home unexpectedly one afternoon. I received a warm welcome and soon we were in the living room, visiting pleasantly. Then my friend excused herself, saying she had some bread dough rising that needed attention. While she was gone I started talking to the four-year-old boy who was playing quietly at the toy box.

I found the child easy to make up with and not at all shy. Soon he was telling me how he helped his father at the barn and how they had built a fence together. He went through the motions as he told me how they had to chop down a tree that stood in the way. I knew he was showing off, but I found his antics cute and humorous.

I laughed . . . and when his mother returned she reprimanded the child for showing off.

6

"I was never so scared in all my life," said Ella Keim.

"Why, tell me about it," I said, wondering what could have been the cause of my friend's fright.

"Well, when Old John Troyer Lizzie died, I was asked to be one of the girls who came in to help. I didn't really relish the idea, but thought surely, there would always be other people around, and so of course I went."

Ella paused, and I wondered what was coming. What did she mean by saying there would always be other people around?

Then Ella continued, "Things didn't go too bad until the morning of the funeral. Everyone was in a hurry to get the house straightened up and the men were moving the furniture out to put in the benches. Then when we were done Andy Mary — she went ahead with things, you know — told two of us girls to go down and sweep the dowdy-house. We were no more than down there when word was sent down that breakfast was ready and so the relatives went over to the other house to eat."

"Oh, you mean they ate in young John's house?" I said. It was a little hard to follow what she was saying.

"Yes, they did all the time. Old John's kitchen is so small. And well, anyway, after the family had left there was only Fannie Raber and me in the house and wouldn't you know, we forgot the dustpan and the first thing I knew Fannie ran over to the other house to fetch it, and there I was all alone in the house!"

I failed to see what was so frightening about that. "But you've been alone before, haven't you? Was it dark yet?" I asked half jokingly.

"Of course it was dark, and not only that," Ella's voice came in funny little gasps. "I was alone in the house with that dead body!"

I laughed . . . when my friend expected me to be understanding. To her this fear was very real.

7

One summer I spent a few weeks working at Levi Masts, a middle-aged couple with several grown boys. At first the boys were bashful with the "strange hired girl," but before long this bashfulness wore off and I found them to be quite talkative.

As the days passed I learned that one of these boys, fifteen-year-old Amos, was quite a story-teller. In order to make him feel at ease and to be friendly, I showed interest in his accounts of how they built the chute to the silo and how hard it had been for them to break their colt to the cart. I also learned that not only was he a talented story-teller, he was also quite a joker at times.

One evening when the parents were away, Amos was telling stories again — the jokey kind. The other boys and I were his audience and once in a while we added a story of our own. After a while things got out of hand and the jokes became more and more "off color." I wanted to be friendly, and yet I didn't approve of this obscenity.

I laughed . . . just a little, and the stories continued, getting worse as time went on. I had encouraged it.

8

"I don't know why, but I have so many problems with one of my school families," said Martha Fisher. "The others all make a lot of fun of them. What do you think could be done about it?" She glanced around at the rest of us teachers.

No one seemed to have an immediate answer. "I could hardly wait until I came to a teachers' meeting. I thought surely other teachers have had problems like this. The Miller children surely aren't the first ones to be 're-dickled.'"

"To be what?" asked another teacher.

"Re-dickled," said Martha. "You know, made fun of and mocked."

There was slight snickering. Martna was plainly provoked. What had she done wrong? I wished I could help her, but I was one of her good friends. You don't correct a good friend in front of so many people, and teachers at that.

"You mean 'rid-i-culed,'" said one of the older teachers, not unkindly.

We laughed . . . at an embarrassing mistake our friend had made.

9

"You missed dinner," said Ada Mast to four boys who came in the door while we were doing dishes.

"We were in church and came over here as soon as it was over," explained one of the boys. "We knew we'd probably be late, but we figured you'd have a few left-overs you'd share with us." He walked over to the stove and lifted the lid from one of the pans. "Hmmm, look here, Dressing."

"It's dressing, but it's probably cold," said Ada. "If you wait a minute we'll heat some for you and set out a few other things."

"That's talking, girl," spoke up Levi Swartz. He was a noted joker and even sometimes made a nuisance of himself and all his cheap talk. "All it will take is a quarter of beef and a couple bushels potatoes."

Chuckling, the boys went into the living room and joined the other boys until their dinner was ready. Soon the four of them were seated at the table. Levi made quite an ado of the occasion and praised Ada on being an expert cook. While he was talking, the other three were serving themselves generously.

"Halt!" cried Levi. "No one will eat at my table without praying!" Then bowing his head in mock solemness, he recited a silly rhyme which was not a prayer at all.

We laughed ... and made fun of something sacred.

10

"How many of you would like to have coffee?" asked Mrs. Lapp, getting up from the table. We were her guests and she did very well at seeing to our needs.

We were a little strange and not too quick in accepting the proffered drink. Then she asked us individually. Then we all took coffee except two of the girls.

"Are you sure you don't want coffee?" she said. "There's plenty for all of us."

"No, thank you," said Esther Miller. "I don't care for coffee. I never learned to like it."

"And what about you, Lois?" said Mrs. Lapp, like a persistent saleslady. "Don't you like coffee either?"

"Yes, I like it. I used to drink coffee, but I — I don't think I should drink it anymore." Lois was embarrassed, for we were all sitting there enjoying our coffee.

Startled little gasps passed around the table, then there was an embarrassing silence. Then Mattie Troyer spoke up. "Not supposed to drink coffee. Why, I grew up with coffee in the house as far back as I can remember. Who ever came up with the thought that it shouldn't be served?"

"Well, I know it is habit forming and our bodies don't gain by drinking it, so I decided I can do without." explained Lois.

"And you expect to live longer than any of the rest of us," added Mattie indignantly.

We laughed ... at another person's convictions.

11

Our classroom was quiet except for the usual humdrum that goes with every schoolroom. There was the rustling of paper, the shuffling of feet, and occasional cough, and the rising and falling voices of my third-grade reading class. It was nothing more than a typical morning, complete with the happy feeling of anticipation. In a classroom anything can happen.

And this morning it did happen. There was a knock at the door, and soon I was ushering into the room about six visiting teachers. After the guests were seated at the back of the room and we had visited for a very short while, I returned to my desk to continue with classes.

It wasn't long before I began to feel uncomfortably warm and I could feel that my cheeks were red. I glanced at several of my pupils, who smiled knowingly. Somewhat reassured, I went on. I had recited classes in the presence of visitors before and I could do it again, I told myself. But since the visitors were teachers, it was a little harder.

For a while things went fairly well. Then a second-grade boy dropped a book. The thud startled several of the pupils and they jumped. We all smiled a little, but we weren't prepared for what happened next.

Trying to grab his book, the little boy teetered on the edge of his seat, fighting to regain his balance. His effort was in vain; he tumbled to the floor. It only took him a fraction of a second to be back in his seat once more. Quickly he glanced around to see what the reaction would be.

We laughed... and the little boy cried. ■■

The Yellow Pickup

In the September issue we published a story about a yellow pick-up with a warning of what can happen when dealing with strangers. We have received two other somewhat similar experiences which we are printing herewith.

The story of the yellow pick-up reminded me of an experience I went through when I was 15 years old. We were a large family and my sister had a job working for a woman by the week. But she took a higher paying job so I went on with the work where she had been.

I was to use their storage room to sleep in and had a stand and a cot to sleep on. In the morning the man would knock on the door and call me before he went out to chore. It was in the summer and I needed very little or no covers. The man liked to joke and kid me but I only answered whenever I had to. I was rather bashful and I could easily talk to the lady but not so well with him.

Finally instead of knocking, he used to open the door and call me. I did not like it but didn't know how to tell him. The last week I worked there I'd find him standing by my bed laughing at me when I woke up and it made me feel awful.

On Saturday afternoon it started to storm. It was time for me to go home but we waited until it would let up. It was very windy and many branches and electric wires were blown down. It was almost 11:00 o'clock before the storm was over and she wanted me to wait till morning. But I was tired and wanted to go home and I knew the folks wouldn't know where I was if I didn't come home. So she paid me $15.00 for the week's work and he took me home.

It was a long drive, around 20 miles and I dozed off several times. Every time I would wake up, I noticed he he was watching me. When we were almost home, he stopped the car.

I tightened my grip on the door handle and with the other hand I gripped the door. He sat there and smoked awhile and then he said to me, "Were you ever kissed?"

I looked straight ahead and pretended I didn't hear him. My heart pounded and I didn't know what I should do. It was raining and the road was muddy. I decided that if he makes one move toward me I would jump out on the road and run home.

He sat there for a while. Then he started the car and took me home. The moment the car stopped I jumped out, grabbed my suitcase and told him I could not go back any more. I tried not to hurry too fast as I went toward the house but it was hard to keep from running.

I was glad everyone was in bed so they could not see me for I was still scared and shaking. Mom called from the bedroom and I answered. Then I went straight to my room and went to bed.

When I told them the next morning I didn't have to go back, Dad thought that probably I hadn't done my work good enough. They thought I had gotten fired. My brothers teased me for not being able to hold a job, but I didn't care. I never told anyone what happened — that is until now.

I vowed from that time on that if ever I have any girls I will never send them out to work like that and I have kept my vow. - Ashamed to Sign my name.

(Names have been changed.)

When I was in the sixth grade, one evening Martha Beachy and I were walking home from school. My brother Paul usually walked with us but this evening he was not around. We looked everywhere but could not see him so we walked back to the schoolhouse and asked the teacher if she had seen Paul. No one had seen him around so we decided he must have gone home already.

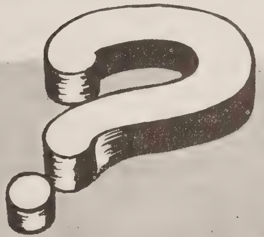
We had to walk up the road a quarter mile to the highway. On the highway was a small German schoolhouse where the children over the eighth grade attended school. From there some other children would be with us to go on home.

As we walked up the road the second time, Martha and I were chatting with each other. All of a sudden a two-tone car came from behind and passed us slowly. We watched the man very closely as he passed us for we were suspicious of him. He was driving so slowly and he stared at us as he passed.

The man drove on to the highway and turned east. Then he went about a quarter mile to Henry Burkholders' lane and turned around and came back. We were scared that he would come into our road again and didn't know what we should do. We started to run, but soon started to walk again.

The man came back and turned up the road toward us. He drove up to where we were and stopped the car. Then

TRUE Or FALSE



References of the Bible

— By Elmo Stoll

(Answers on page 24)

1. The Sermon on the Mount is found in Matthew.
2. For an account of Jesus' trial and crucifixion, one should look in the last chapters of Acts.
3. The words, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" are from Proverbs.
4. The quickest way to find the verse, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house . . . " would be to turn to the book of Genesis.
5. The most thorough account of Christ's birth is recorded in Luke.
6. The verse which begins, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, " is in one of the Epistles of Paul.
7. We should turn to Revelations to find the passage, "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. "
8. St. John 3:16 is the reference to the following verse, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. "
9. The Old Testament story of Gideon is recorded in 1 Kings.
10. Matthew 5:6 is the correct reference to the verse which begins, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly . . . "
11. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity, " is the last verse in the 13th. chapter of 1 Corinthians.
12. The correct reference to the Ten Commandments as they were given to Moses is Exodus 20.
13. "But the tongue can no man tame, " is part of a verse from the third chapter of James.
14. A person glancing through the first Epistle of John might find the following words, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not."
15. Genesis 1:1 says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. "
16. "And be not conformed to this world . . . " is a passage from Romans 12.
17. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want, " are the first words in the 21st. Psalm.
18. The story about Job is told in the last chapters of 2 Chronicles.
19. "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, " are words Jesus spoke and which are recorded in St. John 10.
20. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger, " is a verse from Proverbs.

he asked, "Are you looking for your daddies?"

We said "No, " and turned to go. But he turned his body toward us and asked a nasty question which would be too awful to mention. We were horrified when we saw that he wasn't fully dressed.

We were very much frightened and started running as fast as we could. The man started his car and drove slowly away.

We ran until we came to the highway and Martha was ahead of me. She bolted across the road without looking, but then shouted back to me to say that I should look before crossing the road, for there was a lot of traffic.

We ran into the little German schoolhouse and poured out our story. There were some children there and my brother Paul was there, too. Then we all went home together.

- A 14-Year Old.

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

Naming The Baby

Henry J. Miller came lightly down the steps of the small-town hospital and strode the two blocks to the vacant lot behind the IGA where he had tied his horse. The easy feeling inside him just ached to come out in a song of thanksgiving, but no, here in town the people would wonder what he was singing about. Henry untied the horse, and jumped onto the buggy.

Barbara and the baby had both looked fine. The baby had been born the afternoon before, and today Henry had driven the nine miles to the hospital to visit his wife and his new son.

"Get up, Robin!" spoke Henry, and the horse jerked ahead.

What an experience to become a father! Henry couldn't define it, but the thrill ran all the way through him. Barbara had beamed a happy smile at him when he entered her room, and they had chatted in glad joy until it was time to leave.

And of course he had stood a full ten minutes at the baby window, staring at the sleepy little fellow in the crib. His son! His and Barbara's son! Surely God was blessing them.

An hour later Henry drove into the farm lane where his wife's parents lived. They would be anxiously waiting for word about the mother and baby.

Barbara's mother came hurrying out of the house.

"She is just fine, and the baby too, " said Henry as he drove up.

His mother-in-law asked the usual questions. One of the last ones was, "Have you got a name for the baby yet?" Henry had known the question would come.

"Well, we do have one in mind, but I guess we'll wait till tomorrow to decide for sure. " It was in the best tradition not to choose a name too hurriedly, Henry knew. Of course, he and Barbara and picked two names a couple of months earlier, one for a boy and one for a girl, with the understanding that the decision was not final. A last-minute change could always be made.

But tomorrow . . . tomorrow the matter would be closed. Tomorrow the baby in the window would be given a name to last a lifetime. The choice would lie with the parents. "The baby hasn't a thing to say to it, " thought Henry. "He is at our mercy. "

What Names Do You Like?

Everyone seems to have favorites in names. One person likes one name, and another very much dislikes the same name. This is, no doubt, because we associate names with people whom we have known by that name.

Henry Miller had a favorite uncle whom he greatly admired. His Uncle Ben was a young minister to whom Henry had turned for advice before his marriage. So Henry would have liked to call his son Benjamin. But his wife associated the name with Old Benny Wilcox, a drunkard chicken buyer of her childhood days, and so she didn't like the name at all.

"Well, why not call the baby Melvin if it turns out to be a boy, " Henry had suggested while they were talking about names.

"But Melvin isn't even a Bible name, " objected Mrs. Miller. "I would like to stick to Bible names. "

"Your parents didn't and neither did mine, " Henry had laughed.

"I know, but I guess that was their decision. This will be ours, " his wife had answered.

"What did you have in mind, Barbara?"

"How about Philip. That is a nice Bible name. "

"Yes, " Henry had admitted. "But doesn't it sound kind of new? Philip Miller. Sounds a bit strange. I wonder what the people would think. There isn't any Philip in our Freundschaft. "

In the end the two of them had decided that the best choice would be John, for Henry's father had that name and Barbara had a brother named John.

"As if there weren't enough John Millers in this neighborhood, " commented Henry, and yet he was happy with the choice.

So the following day, when little "John" Miller was two days old, his father and mother officially called him John.

"But I'm sure, " Henry told his wife, "if we had named him Benjamin, or Melvin, or Philip, inside of two weeks we'd both think it was the nicest name in the world. "

Henry was probably right. Our like and dislike of names is largely by association, and any sweet baby will soon make his name a nice one.

Will Any Name Do?

If a person makes the name, and not the name the person, does this mean any name will do? Personally, I don't think so, but if you don't agree with me you have the right to disagree. But let me give some reasons why a baby's name should be chosen with care.

In the first place, names are different. One name may be that of a Biblical hero of faith; another, that of a heathen war-god. One name may have for its meaning a Christian virtue; another may describe a schemer or a wicked sinner. Surely it is best to choose a good name.

Secondly, I am not at all sure that names do not have a part in the making of a person. I happen to be the oldest namesake of my grandfather Joseph Wagler, who died when I was four years old. I can remember sitting on his lap, and hearing him call me "d' glay Josephus". Although I can remember little else of Grandfather Wagler, (who was for many years a deacon in the church) he has been a strong influence in my life, for I am his namesake. I am sure this influence would have been much less had my parents named me something else, Douglas, for example.

We like to think of ourselves as a plain people, wearing plain clothes and living simply. It seems to me the names of our children should be plain and solid too. If we are old-fashioned enough to farm with horses and travel by buggy, surely we won't be choosing new-fangled names our parents never heard of.

The fashion today seems to be to pick a name no one else has had before, even if this means making a new name by rearranging syllables. The following names are all real and were gleaned from birth announcements of families with an Amish background:

Arlen
Creta
Dorman
Fayne
Karina
Darla
Kaylene

Perhaps these names are older than they look, and perhaps they do mean something important. Perhaps they are more than just artificial words that sound pretty to the ears. If so, the men who compiled the lists of proper names which I consulted hadn't been advised.

His Nickname Is ...

No one should be so hard up for a name that he needs to manufacture a new one for his baby. There is a pretty big field to choose from.

In fact, the field is big enough so that no one needs to go to the other extreme and name all his children after the grandparents and uncles and aunts. In this way only a few names are ever used, and we all know what a confusion that makes — when there are a half-dozen Abe Yoders in the same church district, or seventeen Joe Millers on one route out of Middlefield.

Some of the Russian Mennonite groups have the same difficulty we have, of so many people having the same name. In fact, their system of naming children is so well organized that the parents do not need to decide what to name the baby, and everyone knows almost without asking what the name will be. The first boy child is named after the paternal grandfather, the second after the other grandfather, and then the uncles are honored one by one according to age. The girls are similarly named after the grandmothers and aunts.

(Some Mennonites in Mexico have the interesting custom of naming a new baby by the same name as an older child who has died. Thus a family may have its second, or even third, son named Cornelius.)

Too many people with the same name makes it necessary to use nicknames, and nicknames are generally not a blessing. How much better it would be to use a wider variety of names (but choose them with care!), and thus make it possible to identify one man from another without tacking on a nickname.

Choosing a Good Name

Henry Miller and his wife Barbara named their newborn son John. The name they chose is one of the most beautiful names in the English language (and in other languages too) but it is probably also the most widely-used name in the world.

The Millers (an imaginary couple, as you may have guessed) were no different from many other parents who must make the decision, "What shall we name the baby?" Where, really, should we look for ideas and advice on what is a good name and what isn't?

We might say there are two classes of names to choose from, Bible names and non-Bible names. Mrs. Miller thought she wanted all her children to have Bible names. It would only be natural for Christians to remember the faithful men and women of the Bible while looking for names.

But I am sure Mrs. Miller realized not all Bible names are fitting names. No boy will be the better by being named Nimrod or Balaam or Absalom, and no girl should ever be named Jezebel. Yet these are Bible names.

However, there are many, many Bible names that should be an inspiration to any boy or girl. And dozens of these are not now being widely used among our people. For parents who want sensible names for their children and at the same time would like to introduce a little variety, the following list shows how many Bible names aren't being over-used among us:

Boys:
Abel
Aquila
Asa
Barnabas
Caleb
Cleophas
Enoch
Ephraim
Erastus
Gideon
James
Jethro
Lemuel
Luke
Mark
Matthew
Micah
Naaman
Nathan
Nathanael
Obed
Philemon
Philip
Reuben
Rufus
Seth
Shem
Silas
Silvanus
Thomas
Timothy
Zaccheus

Girls:
Abigail
Deborah
Eunice
Dorcas
Lois
Jemima
Joanna
Jochebed
Martha
Miriam
Naomi
Orpah
Priscilla
Rahab
Rhoda

There are still other possibilities. Several years ago I visited in the home of a cousin. Their baby was playing on the floor. I asked, "What is his name?" My cousin answered, almost by way of apology, "We call him Dirk." He did not need to apologize, for I greatly admire anyone who would name his child after the Dutch Anabaptist leader, Dirk (Dietrich) Philips. And why not? We have many Mennos among us, in respect to Menno Simons, and it is about time someone remembered his co-worker.

The Puritans, too, meant it well when they named their daughters after the Christian virtues: Grace, Faith, Joy, Charity, Hope, Constance, Gloria, Providence, Patience. I'm not sure I'd choose to name a daughter of mine in this manner, but such names are a thousandfold better for Christians than the names that come out of Hollywood.

What about other non-Bible names? There are certainly quite a few of them that are well accepted even among our most conservative groups. It would be interesting to know when such names as Valentine, Rudy, Henry, William, Milo and Monroe first entered Amish circles. Or the feminine names of Barbara and Polly and Fannie and Malinda and Amanda. Some of them no doubt go all the way back to Europe and Anabaptist days, but others must have been introduced in America. (The names Monroe and Milo especially fascinate me. According to my dictionary, Monroe is a Celtic surname, originally a place name in Wales; Milo is the Italian form of Miles.)

Yes, it would seem there is a big variety of names to choose from. There are so many worthwhile names, it is a shame to pick one that has nothing more to its credit than that it sounds nice to the ears.

The noblest purpose of all in choosing a name is to give the young child something to live up to — the name of a respected relative or friend, the name of a Bible hero, or some name that has a Christian value. If our witness as a plain and simple folk is to be consistent, it will have to include the names we give our children, too.

And don't forget to consider the matter from the standpoint of your baby. The name you choose becomes his signature.

- Guaimaca, Honduras.

DEATH IN THE FOREST

The boy saw its fur glistening in the sunlight as he approached the old oak. The lively squirrel was chattering as it moved from branch to branch. A strange tenseness gripped him, his hands trembled as he raised the rifle and gathered the small body into the sights. Then he pressed the trigger.

The crack of the rifle shattered the quietness of the forest. The squirrel collapsed from its perch, vainly trying to catch itself. Briefly it clung to a small branch, then down it fell, and hit the ground with a soft thud. The boy rushed forward eagerly to claim his prize.

As soon as he saw it he was sorry. The small body lay twitching on the forest floor as it gasped for breath. Blood matted the brown fur and one eye was popped out of its socket.

The sun had been shining brightly but now it slid behind a cloud. The wind died down and a hush fell over the forest as if it knew that one of its creatures lay dying. A few leaves filtered slowly to the ground.

The squirrel gasped. Small bubbles of red froth blew from its nostrils. The small black feet drew up and jerked.

The boy stared in horror. The animal was no longer beautiful. Wasn't it ever going to die? He brought the stock of his rifle down upon the squirrel's head as if to smash its skull.

The boy stared blankly. Instead of being happy, he almost felt like crying. He prodded the squirrel with his foot. It didn't move so he picked it up by the tail, holding it away from his body, and headed out of the woods. He crossed a small ravine. Last spring there had been a rushing torrent as the snows melted and the spring rains had fed it. But now the ravine was dry and leaves rustled under his feet.

As he emerged from the shade of the trees the sunlight blinded him momentarily. The tall dry grass rustled harshly against his legs. He lifted the squirrel higher. Then he saw that flies had huddled around its mouth. He dropped the squirrel and it fell with its bushy tail over its head as if to shoo away the flies. They hovered over the dead body like cultures ready to devour their prey.

He prodded the squirrel with his foot. As its tail slid away from the head, the flies gathered around its mouth.

The boy gasped, revulsion pitted in his stomach. He picked up the squirrel and flung it into the woods. The body rolled down the bank and came to rest in the dry eaves at the bottom of the ravine.

Stumbling through the tall grass, clutching his rifle, half running, the boy headed for home.

- Holmesville, Ohio

HINTS FOR THE HUNTER

— Eli M. Yoder

Hunting season is about to begin. Here are some temptations a hunter is apt to be confronted with.

1. Hunting without a license where one is required. This should not be done by professing Christians as it is against the law. "All authority is of God," says the Apostle Paul. (Rom. 13:1) We should be subject to all ordinances of man as far as oou consciences allow.

2. Hunting on posted land without permission, against the landowner's wishes. Let's keep in mind that if he posted it, he probably had a good reason for it.

3. Shooting more than the limit. This in perhaps one law that is broken more often than any other. A limit is set to preserve wildlife and to keep it from becoming extinct.

4. Hunting for sport. Sport is entertainment of the flesh and is satisfying to the ungodly. It does not seem fitting for a Christian, who should not have any joy in killing. If he hunts for food, it is much like going into the chicken house to slaughter a chicken to eat. Man has been given the rule over tha animals, but he should not misuse or kill for pleasure.

5. Is it good stewardship to go on expensive hunting trips or fishing excursions, leaving the family alone? Some people go so far they could not be contacted if something should happen. Wouldn't it be better to pass up that trip this year and help someone in need? ■■

A PLACX FOR ALL

My typxwritxr is an old onx and it works vxry wxll xxcxpt for onx kxy. I havx wishxd many timxs that it would work bxttxr. It is trux that thxrx arx forty-six kxys and thxy function wxll xnough, all but thx onx kxy. This onx kxy makxs a lot of diffxrxncx in my composition.

Somxtimxs it sxxms to mx that our church is likx my typxwritxr, not all thx mxmbxrs arx working propxrly.

You may say to yoursxlf, 'Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I won't makx much diffxrxncx." But you sxx, a church, in ordxr to bx xffxctivx nxxds thx activx participation of xvxry mxmbxr.

So thx nxxt timx you fxxl that your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, rxmxmbxr my poor typxwritxr and say to yoursxlf, "I am onx of thx mxmbxrs of thx congrxgation. I am nxxdxd vxry much."

- Selected.

(SHUT-IN. Cont. from page 38)

returned. I would guess it's been 10 years or more. I don't know if it is available anymore. — Pa.
Address: Lone Star Medicine Co. Box 84, Indianapolis, Ind.

Housemaid's knee is caused from an injury, as one doctor explained it. The injured bone or joint, when it heals, often causes a slight shrinkage. This stretches the ligaments thus causing the ligaments to weaken, which gives the joints too much play. The loose, and now rubbing joint, causes fluid to form in the joint. The knee swells and can create great discomfort, and limited use of the knee.

The name "Housemaid's knee" is said to originate from housemaids receiving such knees from a frequent and long-standing job of mopping floors on their knees.

Our son had such a knee. He fell while playing ball in school. This did not cause much trouble until six months after the injury. After that it was a problem that threatened to leave him a cripple for life. After much experimenting, and wasted time and money, we learned of a doctor in Norristown, Pa. who treated ligaments by injecting medicine into them by needle. We thought we would give it a try and sent him the xrays that had been taken.

The very first injections seemed to strengthen the ligaments. They were like torn paper, we were told. They proved so successful that it seemed like a miracle and an answer to prayer.

For about a period of five years he had no more trouble. His treated knee was stronger than the other. Then he hurt it again. This time he was on his own and so he operated, leaving a stiff knee.

When a knee is not too badly injured a good elastic knee bandage will help. These can be purchased at any drug store. Still better is a K-knee bracer, like the athletics wear. This is an elastic bandage with two foam pads glued on the inside shaped like the letter K. For this type of bandage the leg must be measured and the bracer sent for by a doctor or a chiropractor. I can highly recommend this bandage for what it did for myself.

-- Mollie Zook, Va.

ACNE- pimply face

Don't indulge in fried or fat foods, chocolate, etc. However vitamin A will somtimes do a lot. The carrot oil capsules are a safe source, for large doses of vitamin A can cause a toxic condition if not watched by a doctor.

As a lotion for pimples buy a small bottle of Calamine lotion and ask your druggist to put in 1 per cent of Phenol. Soak a small bit of cotton in this, then press it flat over the pimple; you'll be surprised how quickly it dries up. This treatment also discourages an oncoming pimple.

— Salisbury, Pa.

* * *

(Quite a few readers adviced using vitamin A— 75,000 units per day. One adviced Clearasil ointment. Clearasil soap can also be bought as an aid to acne. A teenager recommended to wash the face three times a day, using soap but no washcloth. She says, "Do not squeeze pimples as that helps spread infection (and also leaves scars). One young girl received very good results from drinking a cup of tansy tea in the morning. From Plain City comes a suggestion to rub the pimples several times daily with garlic. — Sarah)

* * *

No Soft Drinks For Polio

As for ice cream and polio going hand in hand I might add that soft drinks belong in the same boat. At least I found out of one locality where a doctor warned against soft drinks along with ice cream at the time of the epidemic. It seemed to help avoid polio. —Pa.

Sinus Trouble

A doctor advised before retiring to take 1/4 teaspoon soda in a cup of warm water and drink it. One hour before breakfast do the same. — A., Pa.

Diarrhea in Children

A tea of raspberry leaves cures diarrhea in children. Milk can be added if desired. — Ephrata

(WINDOWSILL , cont. from page 37)

Bible says, "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." Eph. 6:4.

I've seen fathers and mothers hand something to a child, only to draw it away again, when the child reached for it. When the child screamed or raised a fuss, it was funny. The older children had seen this. This teaches them to be provocative towards one another.

— a reader

We fully agree with the person who wrote "our family has no plans for Christmas," in Some Mothers Write. When our children get up they want us to explain again what Christmas really means. We used to be told presents can be given other times of the year if needed. Too many toys (or too many eats) make children unhappy. With less toys they enjoy their work more.

We once heard of a little girl who was taught about Santa Claus at home. When starting to school the boys told her there is nothing like that.

In later years her parents wanted to teach her about God. Then the little girl said, "How can I believe there is a God, if you taught me about Santa Claus and there is none."

Our prayers are with everyone, hoping to be more sincere with our little gifts (children).

— Mr. and Mrs. E.S., Pennsylvania

DID YOU KNOW?

Numerous ancient writings mentioned in the Bible have been lost. There are brief quotations from some of them in Holy Writ, but for the most part only their names are known. For example, the Prophecy of Enoch (Jude 14); the Book of the Wars of the Lord (Num. 21:14); The Book of Jasher (Josh. 10:13, 2 Sam. 1:18); the Book of Iddo the Seer (2 Chron. 9:29, 12:15), the Book of Nathan the Prophet (2 Chron. 9:29); the Acts of Rehoboan (2 Chron 12:15), the Book of Jehu (2 Chron. 20:24) and Paul's Epistle to the Laodiceans (Col. 4:16).

SUPPLEMENT TO 1971
PATHWAY BOOKSTORE CATALOG

Please cut out this column and clip it to your 1971 Pathway Book Catalog. This list contains some price corrections, some books which were omitted and some books which should have been omitted.

ADVENTURES WITH BIRDS	Out of print
BLACK BEAUTY	49¢, $1.25, or $3.50
HEIDI	49¢, $1.25, or $3.50
FOREST FOLKS AT HOME	Out of print
FOREST FOLKS AT WORK	$1.00
LUSTGAERTLEIN	$1.50
NATURE OF VIOLENT STORMS	$1.25
Neues Testament Und Psalmen, pb.	50¢
TAUFE SPIEGEL	40¢
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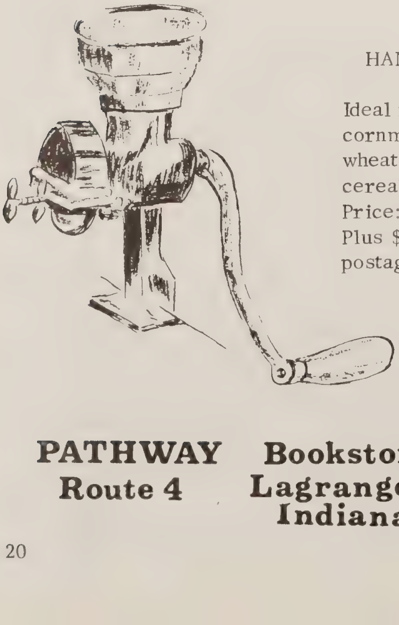

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What Is Home?

Home is where as a child we get scolded and spanked the most, and yet we get homesick if left at Grandmother's. Although his mother treats him ill, a child will still cry for her. What causes this? I would call it a strong tie of love, like the love God had for us in giving His only begotten Son as a sacrifice for our sins.

Once there was a case where a child was beaten by his own mother. It was a pitiful sight to see. But when he was taken to the hospital, he cried— for his mother.

A ten-year-old girl was sent to stay at her grandfather's home for a month. Grandmother was no longer living but a hired lady took care of the house. On the third day word was received to come and get the little girl for she would not eat.

Now this girl is a teenager. When asked about the incident she said, "Everytime I looked out the window I thought I saw Dad coming." She thought that surely he would not leave her there so long. She had no appetite for food and the hired lady's laughs were off-taste. An older sister was then sent to take her place.

A young girl was anxiously looking forward to marriage. But to her embarrassment, after they got married she soon got homesick. Her friends smiled at this, for they knew she had been anxious to get married. But who knows, they, too, may get homesick when their turn comes.

Might we all look forward to entering our heavenly home as we do our earthly homes. For then we can rest with our loved ones who have gone on before. God's love has removed the sting of death.

— A.H.R., Pennsylvania

ON ROUTE 62

— by Monroe Beachy

U.S. Highway 62 is a long road. It starts in the northeastern United States and goes through about a dozen states into New Mexico and the southwest.

It enters Ohio near Youngstown, then travels southwestward through Canton, Millersburg, Columbus, and on to the Ohio River and Kentucky.

One day a young man from Buffalo, New York, started on a trip by bicycle. His destination was Cincinnati. He had long hair and wore a beard. His clothes were little more than rags. Yes, he was what is commonly called a hippie.

He decided to take Route 62 through Ohio. Leaving Canton, he checked his road map. The next town would be Navarre, then Wilmot, Winesburg, Berlin, and Millersburg. These were all strange names to him.

Just outside of Wilmot he saw a sign, "Enter Holmes County," In a field he saw a man with a team of horses. "Sure don't see many of those any more these days," he thought to himself.

Soon he saw another, and another, and still another. "Just what kind of people are these anyhow?" he wondered.

After leaving Berlin he saw a man walking toward him. It was an elderly man with a white beard and long hair. The hippie had no way of knowing, but this man happens to be a member of the Amish church and has been a minister for twenty years.

As they pass each other, the elderly man says "Good day" in a pleasant manner. The hippie wonders, should he turn around and go back? Yes, he will.

"Since leaving Wilmot," says the hippie, "I have seen quite a number of people dressed like you. Who are you and what do you represent?"

The minister replies, "I wear this beard and these clothes as a witness of Jesus Christ. Perhaps you can understand better if I say it this way, I am an Ambassador for Jesus Christ."

"Yes," said the hippie as he prepared to move on, "I can understand that."

But the minister wanted to ask the hippie a question, "Who are you and what do you represent?"

The hippie was stunned; he could not answer. The minister tried again. "Do you go to church? What denomination are you?"

"Oh, I am a Catholic," said the hippie.

The minister was well informed on church history. He said, "You are just a young man. If you have the time I would like to tell you about the origins and the doctrines of the Catholic church."

But the hippie was not interested, "Don't ask me any questions. I am not a Christian. I am just a Catholic."

The minister found himself standing alone by the side of the road— alone with his thoughts. Could it be that there are members of the plain church who, like the hippie, are not Christians, they are JUST Amish?

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you, with meakness and fear." (1 Peter 3:15) ■■

On The Wings Of Prayer

— by Rhoda Yoder

How the young souls must have looked forward to this day! How joyful the parents feel that God has so graciously heard their prayers and given these young people the urge to heed His call.

The still August air is hushed as on bended knees the solemn confession and promise is made,

"Ja, ich glaub dasz Jesus Christus Gottes Sohn ist."

The church feels strengthened and encouraged and what rejoicing there must be in Heaven! A handful of young souls risen with Christ, each one worth more than the world with all her riches, has been received into the Lord's Kingdom. They are knit together in a common cause. As one group they have uttered the sacred vows promising to serve the Lord and Him only, denying all fleshly lusts and desires. How sweet to feel that through the concern and prayers of parents, friends, and the church, the Lord can move hearts into desiring Him above all else.

Now if in ten or fifteen years we see this group again, will they still be brothers and sisters in His name, as approved workers, rightly dividing the Word of Truth?

Or will the world have been too alluring with all its charms and fancies? Will some of the group have become burdened and discouraged and given up, thus losing sight of the Heavenly calling? Or perhaps God will have called some home at an early age.

At any rate, we know that Satan will still be working, but maybe in different ways. He may come as an angel of light to try to make that appear good which is poisonous to touch. Some he may tempt through communication with the outside world, or perhaps in dress and attire, courtship, or in their attitudes toward the church, and in other ways.

By daily seeking guidance from God, each victory over sin will give strength to be faithful to the promises of God.

We who are older can help to carry them along in the wings of prayer, that God will grant them strength and knowledge to overcome. We who have already felt the sweet peace and reliefs through victory over temptation, or have been snatched from the path of coming danger. Someone must have thought of us and breathed a prayer in our behalf.

Should we not more often do likewise? Wouldn't we all be drawn colser into the unity of the Spirit is we prayed more for each other and everyone? It is very hard to hold a grudge or talk or think evil of someone we are praying for.

I believe we would all find it easier to resist temptation, forget petty grievances, and to have more love for each others and less for self. Our ministers need more prayers. While praying for others, we are cultivating our own hearts so that the good seed can find root more easily.

There are also elderly and sick persons who would find that time goes a bit faster and the Lord will seem a little closer if we can share our thoughts and prayers with them.

We cannot list all the good that could come if we could crowd out our earth-centered thoughts as we carry each other on the wonderful Wings of Prayer. ■■

MONEY

There are some things in life that money cannot buy. For example, money cannot buy true friendship. It can buy companionship, at least for a time. The prodigal son discovered this. As long as he had money, he had companions. They clung unto him until his last farthing was gone. Then they, too, were gone. True friendship is acquired only through deep concern and love.

Money cannot buy a home. It can build a house, with all its gadgetry that one may wish, but it takes a heap of livin' in a house to make a home. And it takes that spiritual quality called Love. Unless there is love within the circle of the family, there is no such thing as a home.

Money cannot buy forgiveness. That comes only to the repentant soul. It comes only when we come as did the Publican, and pray, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner.

Money cannot buy peace of mind. Many think it can, in these days of tranquilizers. But peace comes only through trust in God.

Money can purchase many things, to be sure. But the greatest of values lies outside the realm of money. Beauty, Truth, Character, and Love. All these are of the Spirit, and they must be bought with different coin than money. So as we walk along the path of life, let us search about us for those things which have eternal value and which money cannot buy.

-Sent in by Mrs. Olen J. Miller

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The years between 1914 and 1918 were trying years for all Americans; they were the years in which the United States engaged in her first world war-- World War I. The times were especially difficult for the churches who did not believe in wagingwar. The government made no provisions for conscientious objectors. There were no C.P.S. camps, no 1W work. There was only one place for the young men to go— to the army camps. Following are the accounts of four Amishmen who faced the trials of the army camps.

Amish Army Camp Experiences—1918

The young man had been married for a year and a half. But when President Wilson called for more men to fight the Germans, he was not exempt. Gideon Bontreger was an Amishman, a conscientious objector to war. He believed it was wrong to fight, to kill. In those days there was no C.P.S. program, no 1W service. So Gideon Bontreger was sent to an army camp, and his wife stayed at home.

The Bontregers were young. They had no home of their own, and very little money. Mrs. Bontreger began working to support herself.

Six weeks after Gideon had left for camp, his wife wrote a letter to the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker. An Amish bishop helped her choose the right words. He then kept a carbon copy of the letter among his personal papers.

This is the letter:

Shipshewana, Indiana
August 12, 1918

To the Hon. Secretary of War, Baker
Washington, D.C.

I am informed that the administration does not favor the practice of taking registrants for military service whose wives have no means of support other than their own labor. I therefore take the liberty to present my case to you and humbly plead that you may consider it.

I am a child of an orphans' home. I have no money or means of any kind and have no inheritance to expect.

I was married on January 25, 1917 at the age of 21 to Gideon J. Bontrager. He was called to camp on July 2, 1918, leaving me alone without any means of support other than my own labor. We have no home of our own and I am compelled to work out for my living. We failed to state all these facts fully when my husband filled out his questionnaire.

I may further state that my husband is a so-called conscientious objector and cannot because of conscientious scruples render any services under the military establishment, and must therefore also refuse to accept any pay from the government, and neither can I as his wife accept any money from the government for my support.

Because of these facts I make this humble plea to you, trusting that you may consider it and give instructions to the effect that my husband may be returned to me.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Gideon Bontreger

There is a sad postscript to this letter. Written at the bottom in the bishop's handwriting are the words, "Died while husband was in camp." But this statement is not entirely true as Gideon's half sister Mrs. Mart Yoder writes, "She got sick with the Spanish Influenza and died Oct. 25th, 1918. Gideon had a leave for home to be at her bedside from Oct. 16-27. But he had to leave on the evening of his wife's funeral." What the bishop probably meant was that Gideon had not been released from the army as they had hopefully expected when they wrote to the Secretary of War. He was, however, released a month after his wife's death and given a farm furlough to John Johnny Millers in Nappanee, Indiana.

Gideon had been in the army camp at Camp Taylor, Kentucky where the following events took place.

• • • •

CAMP TAYLOR, KENTUCKY

by Menno A. Diener

On June 1, 1918 I received notice to report to my local board on June 27 to be drafted. Three other boys from the Sullivan-Arthur area received the same notice, so at 4:00 PM on the appointed day we reported. We were allowed to go home overnight but had to promise to be back again the next morning at 6:00, which we did.

At 8:00 the next morning our train pulled out for Camp Taylor near Louisville, Kentucky. But because of a washout on the railroad we had to lay over so we did not arrive until Saturday morning, June 28th. We walked a mile across the camp to where we were to be stationed and were given our breakfast. Then they gave us our bed blankets and overalls and as time went on our trials began.

The next morning, which was Sunday, I was given some work and when I refused, I was sent to the guardhouse. The next day an officer told me that he believed I had misunderstood the orders. He thought that if I were put back with the other men I would be all right, so I was sent back. But soon it was discovered I did not have the proper permission so I was sent back to the guardhouse.

On Tuesday morning the other three boys from home were also brought in. At the same time another Old Order was sent in, too, but he soon signed up for service and so did one of our group, so there were only three of us left.

On Friday morning we were transferred to another guardhouse and three boys from Wayne County were brought in. We had been doing a little work, but now we were asked to do some things which we could not do.

On July 8th we were taken back again to the guardhouse where we had been at first and were again given work to do which we could not conscientiously perform.

At first we had been told to put on the uniform and clean up around the permises and playgrounds. When we refused to do this we were asked to help in the kitchen with peeling potatoes, sweeping floors and carrying in meat from the trucks. In our quarters it took about $\frac{1}{4}$ beef (125 lbs.) every day. The reason we quit was because many of the soldiers said we were conscientious but not objectors. The officers were saying that what they wanted us to do was no worse than what we were doing so we saw there would be no end.

One day we were taken to the room where the bunk beds were set up. We were told to pile them up in a neat stack. When we had finished we were ordered to put them back again like they were. This kept on for quite some time.

One of the guards became angry and struck me across the breast with the bayonet of his gun, nearly knocking me down. I was so short of breath I could hardly stand. The same guard also struck one of the Ohio boys, knocking him down and stabbing him with his bayonet. He made a cut in his pants and a gash in his hips about two inches long.

One of the guards tried to scare us and held his rifle close to my head, repeated it, and pulled the trigger. He had forgotten to take all the shells out of his gun and it went off, shooting a hole through the ceiling and the roof. He was scared more than we were.

On July 11th we were released from the guardhouse and sent back to our company, where we met more trials. The next day our commander said we must be in our uniforms by 12 o'clock and go right out with the other men, and drill like they did. At 11:30 he sent Corporal Lancaster to see if I was in my government clothes. He had orders that if I wasn't, he should put me in them which he did and not in a very nice manner. He did this by pulling my clothes from me, throwing me on the bunk, then he set me up and got hold of my shoulders bumping my head on my knees. One of the other soldiers told him to quit and he did. Then he took my other clothes out of my suitcase and asked where to send them, that we were not allowed to keep them there. I told him I wanted the clothes put back into my suitcase again but they were taken away and I did not get them for four or five weeks. Our orders were to be ready to go to work at 1 o'clock.

The time was soon here but we refused to go so they took a basket and tied a wire around our necks and wanted us to carry dirt but we would not.

Then we were taken to the latrine (toilet) and given orders that it must be cleaned but we refused to obey the orders, so the commander got a broom stick and beat me across the legs till he broke his stick. I had streaks and swellings on my legs. Then he got a 2 x 4 about three feet long that had four spikes in one end and threatened to hit me in the face with it. He put it near to my face and then back again like a ball bat and said, "If it weren't for the law, I would like to see how far I could sink these spikes into your face."

Then we were taken back to the orderly room and told that we would be tried by a special board of inquiry and if we were found sincere we could be let out on farm furlough. We were allowed to go back to our barracks and hoped that our trials were over.

Soon we were placed in a separate room and given the following instructions:

REGULATIONS FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

1. They will talk to no one.
2. They shall not leave the immediate vicinity of their bunks except as stated in these regulations.
3. They will not sit or lie on the bunks except between 8:00 PM and 5:30 AM.
4. They shall get permission from the officer in charge to go to the latrine.
5. They will go outside for exercise between 9:30 and 10:00 AM and between 2:30 and 3:00 PM.
6. They will bathe each day between 9:00 and 9:30 PM.
7. They will keep their bunks and the vicinity thereby neatly policed.
8. The officer in charge of quarters will be responsible for carrying out these regulations.

Signed M. L. S.
1st Lt.

This lasted until the latter part of July and we were not bothered by anyone except our officers as the others were not allowed to talk to us. We had our books and I was only stopped from reading once. We were thankful for that.

One day I received a package in the evening mail and it was a shoebox full of nice apples sent to me by my father. I wanted to treat some of the officers but the one that took my clothes from me would not take any. He told me he was sorry for what he had done to me and asked me to forgive him.

But our trials started again and July 28th was one of my hardest days. It was on Sunday and they were determined that we must work. They ordered us to pick up all the cigarette stubs that lay on the parking grounds and when we refused we were thrown on the ground. We were kicked and knocked around and finally I was taken to a building where the company commander said he would teach me to fight. He began hitting me in the face with his hands until I began going down, then he would quit for a moment. Another fellow helped him and they kept on till I started to fall and one of the men would catch me so I would not fall down.

Finally one of my partners and I were ordered to carry a can of sweepings which we did. Then we were taken around to see what was done to the other partner. He was out on the public road with his face and head well marked with blue bumps and marks and a sign hanging on him which read, "I refuse to fight for my country." Then we were sent back to our barracks.

The next morning the first lieutenant asked us, "Are you now willing to wear the uniforms?"

When we said we weren't he had the government overalls taken off us which we were wearing and said we should wear the clothes that God gave us, and we were compelled to stand naked till noon the next day. Then I was sent to work in the kitchen till evening.

But my partners were given some work which they felt they could not do so the one was placed outside the barracks with the sign on him as before. The other one was taken around behind a building with a wire tied around his neck and threatened to be hanged on a water pipe. But after so long a time he was sent back to the barracks.

During my stay at camp my hair had been cut twice. The first time they were made as short as a clippers would cut them. Then when they were about a half inch long they cut them again, all but a spot about two inches in diameter on top of my head. One of the other boys' hair was cut off clean.

On August 10th the major of the camp heard of how we were being used. So he came to see us and we gave as good and true a report as we could. (And things became pretty quiet till Sept. 23.) We were moved from the barracks into tents and there were about 800 men who ate in our kitchen.

On August 14th one of our partners took sick with the measles and had to be taken to the hospital. On August 23rd we were called upon to witness in a court martial against our officers. I was on the witness stand about two hours before dinner and about that long after dinner.

On August 27th we were transferred to the conscientious objectors detachment while our partner was still in the hospital.

About Sept. 6th we were again called upon to witness at a court martial and when we refused we were put under guard and marched in to General Austin for a hearing.

The reason the officials were court martialed was for disobeying military law in striking anyone on the camp grounds. We felt that we could not conscientiously testify against them for it would be helping to punish them, and cause ill feelings between resisting and nonresistance and be a poor light of Christianity in our church and background.

After we had talked to the general we were sent back to our tents.

On October 24th, one of my partners took sick with the flu and was sent to the hospital. On October 26th my other partner received word from home that his wife had died of the flu. He went home for the burial but the funeral was held later. He returned to camp on Oct. 29th.

On November 1st we met the special board of inquiry and were passed for farm furloughs.

On Nov. 15th I was let out on farm furlough in Howard County, Indiana among our own people and my partner went to northern Indiana. Altogether there were about 20 C. O.'s let out on farm furlough that day.

Meanwhile the war had ended on November 11th. I was called back to camp on Dec. 14th for my discharge but was not released until December 26th, 1918. We felt that we could hardly be thankful enough to God for delivering us from evil and bringing us safely home.

- Arthur, Illinois.

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CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO

- Joe J. Miller

My dad, Jacob M. Miller, along with Abe N. Troyer and Orus W. Miller, of Holmes County, Ohio, were drafted during World War 1. They were sent to Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio. These three young men were from the Walnut Creek vicinity.

Now at this time the Government in Washington, D. C. had made no provision for the Conscientious Objectors, so the army officers at Camp Sherman knew little about these nonresistant men.

Disobeying military orders was considered a crime and was dealt with according to the law. Across the street from the army barracks was the stockade prison. Here the officers had various ways of punishing the offenders. Some were put in sweat boxes, others stripped of their clothes, and ice cold water was turned on them. These were just two of the various punishments meted out to the disobedient.

The first two weeks the C. O.'s went with the soldiers out into the field to train. One morning after they had drilled, Dad told some of the other C. O. boys that he was not going to drill any longer. When roll call was held that morning he stepped out of line and said that he refused to drill. After receiving a sound cursing from the officers in charge, Dad was sent back to his bunk to wait for further orders.

He did not know what was going to happen to him, so he gave himself to prayer. He wanted God to hold His protecting hand over him wherever he might be placed — in the stockade prison or elsewhere.

Soon he heard footsteps coming up the stairs leading to his bunk. An officer with a shining bayonet on his rifle gave him orders to march forward down through the camp. After going about half a mile they stopped at a warehouse. Here Dad was given tools to dig out an old stump that was in the yard of the home where Major General Glen lived.

While Dad was working on this stump, the officer who was guarding him asked, "Aren't you sorry that you disobeyed orders?"

After Dad explained that he refused to drill because of religious reasons, this officer could better understand why he was disobedient.

As time went on more C. O.'s came to Camp Sherman. Later a C. O. camp was established beside the Army Camp and a Captain Huff was appointed over them. Captain Huff later became converted because of the C. O. boys' testimonies. He is still living and has attended some of the World War I Conscientious Objectors' reunions.

The non-resistant boys had some visitors at the Camp. One was the late Bishop Noah Beachy of Walnut Creek, Ohio. He gave courage to the boys for the stand they were taking and instructed them to continue steadfast in the faith. Bishop Noah Beachy was a good example by going to an army camp to encourage young boys in need.

Another visitor, of an entirely different attitude, was ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. After viewing the troops of Camp Sherman, which was fifty thousand soldiers, he

ANSWERS to "True or False"

1. True. The Sermon on the Mount is found in Matthew 5-7.
2. False. Each of the four Gospels has an account of Jesus' trial and crucifixion, but the last chapters of Acts do not.
3. False. The verse about knowing to do good and not doing it is not found in Proverbs, but in James 4:17.
4. False. The verse about Noah building the ark is not from Genesis, but should be easily recognizable as belonging to the Faith Chapter, Hebrews 11.
5. True. Only Matthew and Luke tell about Jesus' birth, and Luke tells about it in greater detail than Matthew does.
6. False. The verse about remembering one's creator in one's youth is found in Ecclesiastes 12:1.
7. True. The passage about the angel with the key and chain in his hand is from Revelation 20.
8. False. John 3:16 is the well-known verse which starts, "For God so loved the world that he gave . . . "
9. False. The story of Gideon is not recorded in 1 Kings, but in Judges 6-8.
10. False. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly . . . " is not one of the Beatitudes, but Psalms 1:1.
11. True. The verse about faith, hope, and charity is the last verse of 1 Corinthians 13, the great Charity Chapter.
12. True. The Ten Commandments are found in Exodus 20.
13. True. The reference for "But the tongue can no man tame, " is James 3:8.
14. True. The words, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not, " are from 1 John 2:1.
15. False. Genesis 1:1 says, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. " The verse quoted is from St. John 1:1.
16. True. "Be not conformed to this world" is from Romans 12:2.
17. False. "The Lord is my shepherd, " are the first words in the well known 23rd. Psalm, and not the 21st.
18. False. The story of Job is not told in 2 Chronicles, but in the book of Job, which has 42 chapters.
19. True. St. John 10 is the chapter in which Jesus speaks much of himself being the good shepherd and his sheep hearing his voice.
20. True. "A soft answer turneth away wrath . . . " is found in Proverbs 15:1.

Scoring Scale

19-20 correct . . . Excellent
17-18 correct . . . Good
15-16 correct . . . Average

inquired about the C.O.'s and asked to see them. They were brought out and lined up double file. Roosevelt walked down to the end of the line and back. He stood for a moment, then he expressed himself to the boys in a very unchristian way for the stand they were taking.

One time the C.O.'s were ordered to dig an outlet from the Ohio River to the Camp. While working on this job for a day or so they learned that they were digging trenches for rifle practice instead of making a drain outlet.

One morning at roll call a boy by the name of Samuel Eicher, of Oregon, talked for the group to the Commanding Officer, saying, "The C.O.'s will not refuse to dig outlets, but will refuse to dig trenches."

The rest of the group was dismissed but Eicher was taken to the stockade prison. There ice cold water was turned on him till he collapsed. He then was admitted to the Base Hospital where three months later he was released, still going on crutches.

Various trials and incidents like this happened to the boys. Sometimes they were glad when the sun went down in the west so they could go to their bunks and be away from the cursing, mocking, and the ill treatment they received.

As time went on the day finally came on November 11, 1918 that the war ended. Dad used to tell how the trumpets were blown and the marching bands played the songs of victory up and down the streets of Camp Sherman. How glad the C.O. boys were, and also the soldiers, that the battle was over! This meant that all of them could soon be on their way home to their parents, and those who were married could go to their wives and children.

- Sugarcreek, Ohio

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CAMP PIKE, ARKANSAS

- Ezra Miller

During the summer of 1918 the future looked dark. We did not know what might take place or what to expect.

On July 26th, I, with five others that I knew, reported at the court house in Iowa City for induction into the army. There was a large crowd of people there and someone made a speech, but we did not want to hear it so we left. It was about train time when we returned.

When the train rolled into the station we noticed that it had written on its side, "Get the Kaiser - to Berlin or Bust!"

We left at 10:30 a.m., and ate dinner at Burlington, Iowa. Meals were then served on the train. At St. Louis we were unloaded and went to the YMCA, took a bath there, and then soon left.

We arrived at Camp Pike, Arkansas at 1:30 on Saturday, July 27th. We had to walk quite a distance and had to carry our baggage.

I was inoculated and vaccinated on July 30th and again on August 6th, and the next day I was moved from the barracks to an open mule shed. This was rather trying as I was sore and stiff from the vaccination.

Soon after arriving in camp I was asked to take out life insurance, and also ordered to put on the uniform. When I did not comply my clothes were torn from me and the uniform forced upon me.

Later when I inquired about my clothing I was told they may have been sent to some welfare home. "I don't know where they are," the officer told me, and then he snarled, "If I would have it to say, just that quick (he snapped his fingers) I would have five bullet holes through your heart and I believe God would justify me for doing it."

Later I found my clothes again. At the time we put on the uniform my hair was cut off with big shears which were used on the mules. Later I had it clipped short so it would grow out evenly. The next haircut I had was after I got home and had a wife to do it.

I was at different times asked to sign papers but if I would hesitate and want to see what I signed, the officers would flare up and say, "Don't you want to fight? What if the Germans would come over here?"

"Well, I don't know just what I would do," was the best answer I had.

A Mennonite minister was there to visit us and he said, "You will not be excommunicated from church if you take up noncombatant work."

We might say noncombatant service is what Saul (later the Apostle Paul) did by guarding Stephen's clothes when the holy martyr was being stoned.

One evening we were told to go to the YMCA building. They did not say why we were supposed to go. Believing it to be entertainment we decided to stay in our quarters.

Suddenly a rookie came in with a big stone in his hand and threatened to throw it at us if we did not get ready and go. So we went. A crowd of soldiers was there. An illustrated lecture was given on venereal diseases.

One day some of them were trying to persuade us to do work. An officer came along and asked, "What is going on here?"

"These men should be sent to Leavenworth (the federal prison)," they answered.

The officer pointed up into a tree, and said, "That would be far enough."

Later we were segregated to a mule shed and were supposed to do our own cooking, but we didn't have much food to do it with. The mess sergeant said he was going to starve us to death, and give us the slow death we deserved.

On August 15th the C.O.'s were taken to the guard house. It was 108 degrees in the shade. It was so warm that the gum on the postage stamps in our suitcases melted and caused the stamps to stick together. One of the boys collapsed on the way and so Sol Ropp and I left our baggage and helped him along. Later we returned and got our baggage.

There were twenty of us and we were put in a 13 x 24 foot room or cell. A hall was around the cell where a guard walked all the time day and night. We could all lie down on the floor at one time if we did it just right.

Soon after we were there one of the boys was called outside. Then we heard a gun fired. Someone came to the door and asked if we had any flowers to put on our comrade's grave. Then another name was called but this C.O. was never taken out. They wanted to find out who the leader of the bunch was. The one that was called out said that each one is on his own. (He wasn't really shot.)

Aaron Loucks had been appointed by the government to call at the different camps if needed. He came and we had an interview.

We were brought out into a room where he was. There were also officers, a guard and a shorthand writer there.

Loucks asked, "What have you boys done that you were put into the guard house?"

After some remarks Aaron offered a prayer and left. Then we were taken into our cell again. Afterwards Aaron said it was the first time he had had his prayer taken down in shorthand.

While in the guard house some of the guards said, "Stop that talking." We also sang songs at times and apparently, by what some of the guards said, they were quite touched.

After being in the guardhouse about fifty-one hours we were put on a coach headed for Fort Riley, Kansas. With us were a doctor and three officers.

The first morning there we were very hungry and were given a good breakfast. Then we were assigned to Co. A, First Casual Battalion, where all were C.O.'s except the officers. Here we were given hikes for exercise for more than four weeks.

One morning I was sick and reported on the sick list. They took me to the infirmary that forenoon, then to the receiving ward in the hospital. Everything was so crowded that I did not get to bed until about four in the afternoon.

After being better again I was told to go out with the other soldiers to march for exercise. My wearing civilian clothes caused an ill-feeling among some of the soldiers. When we came back some of them came into the room where I was and spoke angry words. About that time a hospital employee called me away, for which I was glad.

The Spanish influenza, as it was called, was in epidemic form. We could see truck loads of coffins going by and saw them stacked up at the depot.

On November 20th I started with the mumps and went to the hospital. This was after the Armistice was signed, so I had guessed that by the time I was well again the others would have left for home.

A white soldier and I were put in a large ward with about thirty-six colored boys who were almost over the mumps. They were a jolly bunch. I, for some reason, felt more at ease here than in a ward with all white soldiers.

One time a nurse and some of the soldiers were standing at the foot of my bed discussing how the newspaper stated that the C.O.'s were to be discharged first.

"Why so?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Because the soldiers want to kill them," answered the nurse.

"They ought to be killed if they did not want to help win the war," one of them said.

Then another spoke up. "I don't think we should kill them but make them stay here and clean up the camp after the others have left."

I often wondered if the nurse knew that I was a C.O.

I was released from the hospital on Dec. 7th, and returned to my company. My discharge was signed soon but we were quarantined because of the mumps and so I did not leave until December 26th. - Kalona, Iowa.

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FORT OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA

- Levi S. Yoder

In the spring of 1918 I went to Partridge, Kansas to visit my uncle Mosie K. Yoder. While I was there I worked on the farms of (Hynie) Dave Yoder and big Jake Miller. At that time I was already in the draft. Bishop Eli Knisley filled out my questionnaire.

I soon got word that I had better come home and work there on a farm. So I did, and hired to Solomon Hostetler at Alexander Spring.

On September 4th I was called to camp with several hundred boys, not knowing where I was going. This I found out later. We got off the train at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. About the first thing we had to do when we arrived was get ourselves each a chaff tick. Then we walked quite a long way to fill them with straw, and packed them back to our tents to sleep on.

The next morning we were all called out, four abreast, and marched to the drill field. Some of the soldier boys would come to our tents and call in, "Yellow!"

The second morning I refused to go to the drill field. This was a different story but the Lord was with me. Also the prayers of a dear Christian cousin, and others also prayed for me.

Here at Fort Oglethorpe we did some pick work, digging up a hard road. The weather was warm and my back would become very tired. Whenever I would straighten up the armed guard would say, "Keep going!"

In a few days a Dunkard boy, George Glass, came into my tent with me. We were kept under a guard for two weeks. He would take us out into the fields to cook our meals over an open fire. We had a mess kit to cook our potatoes and coffee. Our meals consisted of a piece of speck (bacon), a bread crust, one potato and coffee. This wasn't too bad.

After this we were transferred to a detention camp. There we met a big sergeant, who seemed almost like a giant. He took the law into his own hands. In this camp we met fifteen other conscientious objectors. Ben Schlegal, of Hydro, Oklahoma was there and also Moses W. Yoder of Thomas, Oklahoma. Moses is now a bishop somewhere in Indiana. (Ed. note: North District, Nappanee)

We did not do too much hard work. Sometimes we would catch stray dogs and take them to an experiment station. Every evening we would distribute latrine cans throughout the soldiers' camp. The next morning we would carry them to the woods to empty, and sterilize them.

Here at this camp I was treated good and the meals were not too bad. A few of the C.O.'s were mistreated though. We were supposed to keep our tent and surroundings clean. For some reason John Burger refused to do this. The big sergeant then took him out and beat him. They put a rope around his neck and pulled him up until he was unconscious.

John was from Hydro, Oklahoma and a quiet boy. I really pitied him. He received a broken jaw and when he came back from the hospital his jaws were wired together.

On a Sunday morning while we had our Sunday School a young man by the name of Lloyd Kniss came to our tent to join in the meeting. He was forced to wear a uniform. Therefore, he was asked by our sergeant to leave the place. In a few days Lloyd came to stay with us and had his civilian clothes on. He had bruises on his face where he had been badly beaten up. Lloyd's home was at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He lives now somewhere in Maryland.

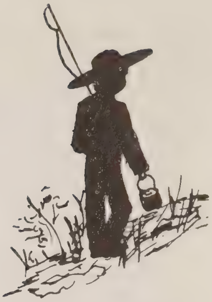
November 11, 1918 was a happy day for all the boys when the war was over. The bugles played, "Home Sweet Home."

Soon we were transferred from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia to Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina. There we met eighty other conscientious objectors. I will name just a few. Eli D. Yoder and Noah Helmuth of Arthur, Illinois, Kenneth Berkshire of Macontown, Pennsylvania. Also a few colored Christian boys. One was James Smith of Nashville, Tennessee. He quoted John 18:36 to the officers, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." Why we were transferred to Camp Wadsworth, we don't know.

There in camp we had no iron. To press our clothes we would fold our Sunday pants nicely and lay them under our chaff tick. A cheap press. Camp life sometimes was not so pleasant but I believe it was good for my soul. I thank the Lord for the many blessings while there, and also for the blessings of the years since then.

On January 23, 1919 I was given a green discharge paper, which reads: "This man is a conscientious objector and has done no military duty whatsoever. He has refused to wear a uniform, is not recommended for reenlistment." What a blessing! - Belleville, Pa.

Die Kuh es alles Raum gibt



Der Sammy und ſein Bruder Andy, der Larry Troyer, der Moſe und da Joſt hängen über die Fens am Schulhaus Hof. Es war am letzten Recess. Sie haben ein G'ſchwalle geſehen. „Dort geht er! Dort geht er!“ kreißt der Joſt, als er ſein Finger ſtreckt.

„Oooh, kann er gehen! Ich wünſche, ich könnte auch ſo ſpringen,“ ſagt der Larry. Die andere Buben lachen.

„Wann mei Dat do wär, er würde ihn ſchießen,“ ſpricht der Sammy. „Er really kann grad ſchießen.“

Der Larry ſieht der Sammy mol an. „Pff!“ lächelte er. „Ein G'ſchwalle iſt zu klein für mei Dat. Mei Dat kann Hirſch ſchießen.“

Dies war zu viel für der Sammy. Er denkt hart was zu ſagen das ſein Dat tun kann. „Mei Dat kann aber ſingen, und deiner kann nicht, eben wann er es probiert.“

Die andere lachen. Sie haben alle gewußt wie der Larry ſein Vater probiert hat der Anfang machen von ein Lied am Sonntag und iſt g'ſtallt. Dies quält der Larry. Es macht ihn bös über der Sammy. „Mol eins,“ ſagt er zum Sammy: „Mei Dat iſt ein beſſerer Bauer es dei Dat.“

„Ho! ho!“ lacht der Andy und der Sammy. „Unſer Welſchkorn iſt ſo groß es eures.“

„Unſere Küh geben mehr Milch,“ antwortete der Larry.

„Ihr habt mehr Küh es mir hen, und eins von unſere Küh is krank,“ ſagt der Sammy zurück. Der Dat hat Medicine gekauft von ein Salesman für ſie wieder gut machen.“ Er güchſt der Larry ein wenig mit ſein Arm. Dies macht der Larry mehr zornig.

„Dei Dat glaubt alle Sales-Männer. Wann einer ſagen wird er hätte eine Neu invente Kuh es alles Raum gibt würde dein Vater es glauben und ſie kaufen.“ Er und der Moſe lachten ſehr laut.

Die Buben und Mädchen es am Balle ſpielen waren höreten das Lachen, und ſiehen gegen die Buben auf der Fens. Der Sammy ſein Bruder Amos war auch am Balle ſpielen. Er ſieht es nur der Larry und der Moſe am lachen waren.

„Du biſt am mei Dat verſpotten,“ antwortete der Sammy. Er war zornig, und wünſchte er wäre ſo groß wie der Larry.

„Die Wahrheit darf mir ſagen,“ lacht der Larry.

„Es iſt nicht die Wahrheit,“ kreißt der Sammy zurück und gibt dem Larry ein Renn mit ſein Arm daß er ab die Fens fliegt. Der Sammy jumpt von die Fens und wollte fort ſpringen, aber der Larry hat ihn gefangen bei ſeine Gallus und ſie losgeriſſen. Die Buben kamen gegen einander und der Sammy fällt auf dem Boden mit der Larry auf ihn.

Der Sammy kreißt: „Andy, Joſt, helfet mir!“ Der Andy und der Joſt gingen für der Sammy helfen und der Moſe probiert der Larry helfen.

Wo der Amos die Fecht geſehen hat ging er zu ſehen was die Urſach iſt. Mehr von die Schüler folgen ihm nach. „Andy! Sammy!“ ruft der Amos als er kommt zu ſpringen. „Was iſt letz?“

Er und von die andere größere Buben reißen die böſe Buben voneinander. „Der Larry iſt ein Spötter!“ zankt der Sammy als er auf ſeine Füße krattelt, und der Dreck von ſein Maul ſpitzt. Braune Blätter hangen umher in ſeine krollene ſchwarze Haar.

„Du biſt ein Schwächling,“ lacht der Larry. Sein Arm war weh und verkratzt.

Ob der Sammy antwortete, ringt die Bell.

Der Larry, Moſe und die andere Buben ſpringen fürs Schulhaus. Der Sammy probiert ſeine Gallus fixe ob er hinein geht.

* * *

„Du kriegſt Schläg für wieder fechten mit der Larry,“ ſagt der Amos auf dem Weg heim von die Schul.

„Du biſt ein Tattletale,“ antwortete der Sammy in ſchlechtem Mut.

„Du magſt mich heißen was du willſt. Dem Joſeph ſeine Brüder meinten er war auch ein Tattletale, doch tat er was recht war, da er ſeine Brüder ihre Bosheit zum Vater geſagt hat.“

„Willſt du im Dat's ſagen?“ fragt der Andy, denn er war ſelber bös über der Larry.

„Für was ſet ich net?“ rechtfertigt der Amos ſich.

„Für was ſettſt du?“ fragt der Andy. „Der Larry hat es verdient.“

„Hat er erſt etwas getan gegen der Sammy?“ fragt der Amos.

Der Sammy und der Andy ſahen einander an. Keiner antwortete. „Wer hat es angefangen?“ fragt er wieder. Wo ſeine Brüder nicht antworteten dann ſagt er weiter: „Der Sammy hat es angefangen, ihr würdet ſchwätzen wann er es nicht angefangen hätte.“

Am Abend wo der Sammy in die Schener gekommen war hat der Vater geſagt: „Du tuſt deine Arbeit, dann holſt du mir ein Fitz vom Baumgarten.“

Der Sammy tut bald weinen, denn es ward ihm ſehr bang. Er wuſte daß der Amos ſein Vater ſchon alles geſagt hat. Mit ein ſchwer Gemüt geht der Sammy an ſeine Chores. Er fühlte nicht zu ſingen wo er am melken war. Er ſpielt nicht mit die Hammelin wo er ſie gefüttert hat. Wo er und der Andy auf dem Heußall waren verzählt er ſein Trubel zum Andy. „Es iſt nicht recht,“ ſagt der Andy, „Der Larry war mean.“

Wo der Sammy ſeine Chores fertig hatte, fragte er ſein

Vater: „Dat, muß ich ein Fitz holen?“ Tränen ſtehen in ſeine Augen.

„Ja, du ſollſt,“ antwortete der Vater. „Hab ich dir nicht geſagt wann du wieder fechteſt mit der Larry dann wirſt du die Fitz verdienen. Der Amos hat geſagt ihr ſind beide geſtraft worden vom Teacher.“

„Er war aber ſo mean.“ Der Sammy war bald am weinen.

„Was hat er getan?“ fragt der Vater.

„Er hat groß geſchwätzt.“

„Und du haſt nicht?“ Der Sammy wuſte nicht was zu ſagen, ſo ſchwieg er ſtill. „Du haſt nicht groß geſchwätzt?“ Wo der Sammy nicht antwortete ſagt der Vater weiter: „Geh und hole die Fitz.“

Der Sammy ging nach dem Baumgarten am weinen.

Am Abend wo dem John Miller ſeine Kinder im Bett waren, ſagt die Maud Miller zu ihrem Mann: „John, weißt du was der Larry geſagt hat zum Sammy es ſie ans Fechte kommen ſind?“

„Der Sammy hat geſagt der Larry hat groß geſchwätzt,“ antwortete er. „Ich glaub es ſie beide groß geſchwätzt haten.“

„Der Andy hat mir verzählt es der Larry hat geſagt es wir hätten nicht viel Geld. Und du glaubſt alles was alle Salesmänner ſagen. Er ſagte wann einer kommen wird und ſagen das er eine neu invente Kuh zum verkaufen hätte wo alles Raum gibt, dann wirſt du es glauben und ſie kaufen.“

Der John Miller war g'ſchackt. „Wo findt er das aus?“

Die Mutter ſchüttelt ihr Kopf. „Ich kann es gut glauben es der Larry ſein Vater, der Jeff Troyer ſo ſchwätzen tut.“

„Ach, ich wunder? Er iſt mehr verſtändig als des. Dies hat der Larry nur gedenkt.“

„Ich wunder ob der Jeff Troer nicht ſo ſchwätzen tut?“

Der John Miller probiert es ablachen, aber er hat nicht viel Ruh gehabt durch die Nacht. Immer wo er wacker war dann war die neu invente Kuh in ſeine Gedanken kommen. „Ach dies iſt nur Kinder Schwätzes,“ probiert er ſich weismachen. Aber die neu invente Kuh hängt in ſein Gemüt.

Ob Morgen gekommen war, war er am denken: „Dies iſt mol etwas für ein Vater ſein Kind zu ſagen. Ich wunder wie viel Leute er dies geſagt hat?“ Bittere Gedanken kommen vor gegen dem Jeff Troyer.

Die Woch ging vorbei und die neu invente Kuh hängt noch immer ſchwer bei dem John Miller. Sie lauft ihm nach wo er hingeht. Wann er in die Scheuer ging, war ſie dabei. Wann er zum Haus ging, folgte ſie nach. Wann er ins Bette liegt zu ſchlafen dann ſteht ſie fernehin und blät.

Wo der Sonntag-Morgen gekommen war weicht der John Miller weg vom Jeff Troyer daß er ihn nicht grüßen muß in die Gemeinde. Der Jeff hat wieder probiert vorſingen, und ſtallte. Der John Miller fecht gegen die böſe Gedanken welche gern Unglück wünſchen wollten gegen dem Jeff. Der John fühlt unruhig und nicht luſtig.

Wo der Gottesdienſt vorüber war, war der John bei einige Männer geſtanden am ſchwätzen. Der Jeff läuft dazu und fragt freundlich: „Iſt deine Kuh allrecht kommen?“

Wie weiſt er daß die Kuh krank war, wunderte der John? Dann antwortete er: „Sie iſt nicht beſſer. Ich hab ſom Medicine gekauft von ein Sales —“ Dann denkt er an die neu invente Kuh. Er kann nicht bald weiter ſchwätzen. „— Ein Salesmann das nichts geholfen hat.“ Dann ſieht er der Jeff Troyer an und ſagt weiter: „Ich denk wann ich eine neu invente Kuh hätte es nur Raum gibt dann wird ſie nicht krank werden.“

Der Jeff ſein Angeſicht war ſehr rot geworden. Der John Miller dreht herum und läuft weg.

Später wo der John Miller am auſpannen war, kommt der Sammy zu ſeinem Vater und bettelte: „Dat, darf ich mit dem Larry Troyer heim gehen?“

„Mit dem Larry heim gehen? Ich denk nicht!“ antwortete er ſtreng.

„Aber Dat, der Larry will haben es ich mit ihm gehe,“ hielte der Sammy an.

„Ich habe geſagt: Du gehſt nicht!“ Ich habe vernommen daß du und der Larry ſind bös über einander.“

„Bös über einander?“ wunderte der Sammy verſtaunend.

„Ja, habt ihr nicht gefochten wegen eine neu invente Kuh?“

Der Sammy lachte: „Ich hab ganz vergeſſen. Ich glaub es der Larry es auch vergeſſen hat.“

„Heute gehſt du mit heim. Krattel aufs Buggy.“

„Ich muß erſt dem Larry ſagen daß ich nicht mit ihm gehe.“

Der Montag Abend kam und der John Miller konnte die neu invente Kuh noch nicht aus ſeine Gedanken treiben. „Ich wunder wie viel Leute der Jeff Troyer das verzählt hat?“ Der John war ſehr im Trubel.

Wie ſie am Abend eſſen waren klagt der Sammy zu ſeinem Vater: „Dat, der Andy iß in die Schul gangen und hat im Larry Troyer geſagt es ich gefitzt worden bin.“

Der Andy dreht gegen dem Sammy: „Ja, aber Sammy, der Larry hat geſagt, er hat auch Schläg kriegt.“

„Aber nicht für fechten,“ antwortete der Sammy, unmuts.

„Für was hat er Schläg kriegt dann?“ fragt der Vater.

Dann antwortete der Andy: „Weil er in die Schul verzählt hat was geſagt worden iſt daheim.“

„Was iſt geſagt worden daheim?“ fragt der Vater. Er denkt wohl was es war. Nun ſteht die neu invente Kuh am Tiſch und blät. „Das iſt nur was,“ denkt der John Miller. „Der Larry hat verzählt was ſein Vater geſagt hat wegen mich und die neu invente Kuh.“

Der Andy antwortete: „Dem Larry ſeine Mäm hat ſein Dat abgelacht weil er teure Beeplen gekauft hat und meinte ſie ſind alle Hinklen. Sie waren aber alle Hahnen. Sie hat geſagt zum Larry ſein Dat es ein Salesman könnte ihm eine neu invente Kuh verkaufen wann er ſagen wird es ſie alles Raum gibt.“

Der John Miller hat ſein Beiß Muſch und Milch bald nicht ſchlucken können. „Meinſt du daß dem Larry ſeine Mäm ſo geſagt hat von ſein Dat?“

„Ja,“ antwortete der Andy: „Und der Jeff findt das aus es der Larry dies verzählt hat.“

Nachdem des John Millers ihre Kinder im Bett waren, ſitzt der Vater auf ſeinem Stuhl und ſieht gegen dem Boden. „Dat, willſt du nicht im Bett gehen?“ — fragt die Maud von die Bett-Stube. „Was biſt du am denken?“

Ueber eine Weile antwortet der Vater betrübt: „Ich wünſche ich könnte mehr ſein wie die Kinder. Der Sammy hat mich gelernt wie zu vergeben, und ich brauch die Fitz mehr als er.“

—S.M.W.

Editorielles—

Chriſtfeſt Geſänge

Gelobet ſeieſt du Jeſu Chriſt!
Daß du Menſch geboren biſt,
Von einer Jungfrau, das iſt wahr,
Des freuet ſich der Engel=Schaar.
Halleluja!

Des ew'gen Vaters einig Kind
Jetzt man in der Krippe findt,
In unſer armes Fleiſch und Blut
Verkleidet ſich das ew'ge Gut.
Halleluja!

Den aller Welt kreis nie beſchloß,
Der liegt in Marien Schooß,
Er iſt ein Kindlein worden klein,
Der alle Ding erhält allein.
Halleluja!

Das ew'ge Licht geht da herein,
Giebt der Welt ein'n neuen Schein,
Es leicht wohl mitten in der Nacht,
Und was des lichtes Kinder macht.
Halleluja!

Der Sohn des Vaters, Gott von Art,
Ein Gaſt in der Welt nie ward,
Er führt uns aus dem Jammerthal,
Er macht uns Erben in ſein'm Saal.
Halleluja!

Er iſt auf Erden kommen arm,
Daß er unſer ſich erbarm,
Und in dem Himmel mache reich,
Und ſeinen lieben Engeln gleich.
Halleluja!

Das hat er alles uns getan,
Sein groß Lieb zu zeigen an:
Das freue alle Chriſtenheit,
Und dank ihm des in Ewigkeit.
Halleluja!

* * *

Bald wieder ein Jahr dahin

„Herr, lehre uns bedenken, daß wir ſterben müſſen, auf daß wir klug werden.“ Pſalm 90, 12.

Vorher ſagt der Pſalmiſt: „Wir bringen unſere Jahre zu wie ein Geſchwätz.“ Iſt es nicht Wahrheit? Geſter und Ehegeſter haben wir wohl etwas geſagt, wo iſt es Heute? War es etwas gutes, ſo geltet es in Ewigkeit. War es etwas ſchlechtes, dann haben wir Rechenſchaft zu geben dafür. Das Gute wird niemals unbelohnt bleiben, und das Schlechte niemals ungeſtraft.

Wenn wir ſo über die Sach denken, tun wir es eigentlich recht zu Herzen nehmen, und uns vorſtellen, daß gerade ſo gewißlich wie das Jahr wieder zu Ende läuft, gehen wir auch den Teich hinunter gegen dem Ende unſeres Lebens.

Wie gemeldet: Wir bringen unſere Jahre zu wie ein Geſchwätz. Das Geſchwätz iſt vorüber, und ſo iſt die vergangene Zeit unſeres Lebens. Ja, ſo ſchnell geht es dahin als wenn wir davon fliegen würden. Es iſt vorbei, was das Leben hier auf Erden angehet, aber was weiter? Die wichtigſte Sache von allem ſteht noch vor, das iſt die Verantwortung für die unſterbliche Seel in Ewigkeit. Es iſt entweder gekrönt zu werden mit Gnade und Barmherzigkeit, die ewig Freud und Herrlichkeit zu ererben, oder gequälſt zu werden in dem ewigen Feuerpfuhl, wo ihr Wurm nicht ſtirbt und das Feuer nicht verlöſchen wird von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Unſer Glaube iſt der Sieg wodurch wir überwinden können, anders können wir nicht gerechtfertigt werden. Der Glaube an Jeſum Chriſtum iſt unſer einziges Heil. So lange wir im Unglauben ſtehen ſind wir noch unter dem Zorn Gottes, und ſo können wir unſere Jahre zubringen eins nach dem andern wie die Märchen (fairy tales) wo erzählt werden eins nach dem andern. Sie ſind vorbei und niemand hat einen nutzen davon. Aber einſtmals wird es heißen: „Du biſt nun hier geweſen,“ und das Verdammungs=Urteil ſpricht: „Gehe hin du Verfluchter in das ewige Feuer, welches bereitet iſt dem Teufel und ſeine Engel.

Wie nun das Jahr wieder zum Ende läuft, ſo kommt der Tag wo wir halten für der Geburts=Tag unſer Erlöſer Jeſus Chriſtus, wo des Herrn Engel die Hirten erſchienen iſt auf dem Felde. Ja, die Klarheit des Herrn leuchtete um ſie daß ſie ſich ſehr fürchteten. Er kam aber zu ihnen mit die frohe Botſchaft: „Fürchtet euch nicht, ſiehe, ich verkündige euch große Freude, die allem Volk widerfahren wird, denn euch iſt heute der Heiland geboren, welcher iſt Chriſtus der Herr, in der Stadt Davids.“ Können wir nun mit die himmliſche Heerſcharen das Lobopfer ausſprechen in Wahrheit: „Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe, und Friede auf Erden, und den Menſchen ein Wohlgefallen!“ Iſt das unſere größte Freude auf dieſem Tage? Wenn ſo, dann können wir auch mit die Hirten gegen Bethlehem gehen, und die Geſchichte ſehen, die da geſchehen iſt, die uns der Herr Kund getan hat.

Wo wollen wir nun hingehen um dieſe Geſchichte zu ſehen, oder etwas mehr auffinden davon? Der aller beſte Ort um erinnert zu werden und wieder aufs Neue die Sache überdenken iſt gerade am Ort wo Gottesdienſt abgehalten wird, dort gegenwärtig ſein und unſer Beruf wahrnehmen. Dieſe Hirten kehreten wiederum, preiſeten und lobten Gott um alles, daß ſie gehört und geſehen hatten, wie denn zu ihnen geſagt war.

Nun finden wir die Eltern in Jeruſalem mit dem Kinde Jeſu, auf daß ſie ihn darſtelleten dem Herrn und das Opfer brachten nach dem Geſetz wie geſchrieben ſteht: „Allerlei Männliches, das zum erſten die Mutter bricht, ſoll dem Herrn geheiliget heißen. Dann gaben ſie das Opfer, ein Paar Turteltauben oder zwei junge Tauben. Unter dem Neuen Bund aber heißt es: „Opfer und Gaben haſt du nicht gewollt, den Leib aber haſt du mir bereitet, Brandopfer und Sündopfer gefallen dir nichtk“ Andere Schreiber ſtellen dieſe Worte: „Meine Ohren haſt du mir geöffnet, daß ich höre und tue deinen Willen.“

Es ſollte ihm ein Leib gegeben werden, wodurch er aus Fleiſch leiden konnte, und zu dem großen Erlöſungs=Werk kommen, die vollkommene Verſöhnung zu vollbringen für die Menſchheit. „Siehe, ich komme, zu tun, Gott, deinen Willen. Da hebet er das erſte auf, daß er das andere einſetzt.“ Ebr. 10, 5—9.

Da hebet er das Levitiſche Opfer auf, denn durch daſſelbige kannte die gefallene Menſchheit keine vollkommene Verſöhnung erlangen. Aber in dieſem Willen des Vaters das Jeſus gekommen iſt zu tun, ſind wir geheiligt auf Einmal durch das Opfer des Leibes Jeſu Chriſti. So ſtehen wir unter die vollkommene Verſöhnung in Chriſto.

Wenn wir nun Chriſt-Tag feiern wollen, ſo laßt uns auch Chriſtus im Herzen haben, gedenken an ſein Verſöhnungs-Blut welches am Kreuz gefloſſen iſt unſere Sünden zü bezahlen. Solches kann uns abhalten von nur ein Tag haben von Plaiſir, hin und her gehen und vielleicht noch ſtark Getränk zu uns nehmen, ein wüſtes Leben führen, und dann Jeſus betrübt von uns drehet mit die Gedanken: „Ich kann euch nicht gebrauchen mein Reich zu füllen, weicht alle von mir ihr Uebeltäter.“ P.Y.

Anna und Peter ſchleichen in die Speiſekammer. Eines Tages ging die Mutter zur Stadt für einkaufen. Sie ſagte zu den Kindern: „Ihr müßt gut und artig ſein.“ Ja, ſagten die Kinder — nur Anna und Peter nicht.

Als die Mutter fort war, und die andere Kinder ſpielten, gingen Anna und Peter in die Speiſekammer. Da waren ſehr ſchöne Kuchen. „Hmm, hmm, das riecht gut,“ ſagte Peter. Anna ſagte: „Wir dürfen nur einen eſſen, ſonſt merkt die Mutter es.“ Anna und Peter aßen einen. Dann ſagte der Peter: „Die Mutter wird es nicht merken wenn wir nur noch zwei eſſen.“ Dann aßen ſie noch zwei, aber ſie waren immer noch nicht ſatt, ſo aßen ſie noch viele mehr. Dann gingen ſie hinaus ſpielen.

Bald kam die Mutter nach Hauſe. Als ſie das Abendeſſen machte, ſah ſie, daß jemand Kuchen gegeſſen hatte. Aber ſie ſagte nichts. Sie dachte bei ſich ſelbſt: Ich kann ſchon ſehen, wer das war. Wer nicht hungrig iſt und Bauchweh hat, der hat die Kuchen gegeſſen.

Das Abendeſſen war fertig, und ſie rief die Kinder ins Haus. „Ich bin nicht hungrig und habe Bauchweh,“ ſagte der Peter. „Ich auch,“ ſagte Anna.

„Ja, ja,“ ſagte die Mutter: „Ihr habt die Kuchen gegeſſen.“ Anna und Peter wurden rot im Geſicht. Die Mutter ſagte: „Ich habe euch etwas ſchönes mitgebracht, aber dieweil ihr ungehorſam waret, müßt ihr jetzt in das Bett gehen.“ Anna und Peter waren ſehr traurig. Sie ſagten: „Wir werden niemals wieder Kuchen eſſen, wenn wir nicht dürfen.“

Linda Miller, S. A.

Die liebliche Lehrer

Die liebliche Lehrer, von Chriſtus geſandt,
Die Menſchen bekehren, ſind fleißig im Land.
Sie ſchaffen für Jeſus, und bringen ſein' Lehr,
Sie reden nichts Böſes, und ſuchen kein' Ehr.

Sie Lehren die Kinder, der Wege zu Ruh,
Und ſprechen dem Sünder, ſo kräftiglich zu.
Sie achten kein Wetter, kein' Hitze noch Kält,
Die Seelen zu retten, und warnen der Welt.

Im Sommer und Winter, da predigen ſie,
Zum Troſt alle Kinder, und ſparen kein' Müh.
Sie gehen mit Freude, von Ort bis zu Ort,
Und lehren die Leute, das göttliche Wort.

Erwählt von Simon J. Miller, Baltic, Ohio.
Verfaſſer unbekannt.

Des Luſt Yoch

Der Menſch ſich leicht betrügen kann,
Aber Gott iſt nicht betrogen dran.

Was Menſchen ſich daran belohnen,
Des ſuchen ſie ſchon zu ſchonen.

Was Man ſich erſt gewöhnet an,
Das iſt hernach gar leicht getan.

Ob du ſchon denkſt Tobak zu kauen,
Und mit die Menge umher ſpanen.

Ob du denkſt Tobak zu rauchen,
Tu erſt die Welt Ihr Verdienſt beſchauen.

Die Welt das liebet, erkennt ſie doch,
Das Tobak iſt als ein ſtarkes Yoch.

Als wenn man daran recht gefangen ſei
Wird er von dem Yoch bald nicht frei.

Da man ſich aber entziehen woll,
Dann ruft es und locket daß er wieder ſoll.

Bis man ſich ſchwerlich erhalten kann,
Bald ſo ſtark als der Alkoholiſchen Drang.

So ſucht man ſich frei zu ſprechen,
Dieweil er nimmer will das Joch abbrechen.

Ich will alle meine Lüſten zähmen,
Und es ſoll mich nichts gefangen nehmen.

Sagt der Apoſtel zu die Korinther,
Meidet den Götzendienſt ihr liebe Kinder.

Du ſeiſt am Gericht nicht nackt und bloß,
Wenn du dich machſt von Schandflecken los.

Halt dich an dem was Kindlein nicht ſchänd't,
So haſt du dich von Schandflecken gewändt.

Ach, ſage nicht, der Menſch wird nicht unrein,
Von dem was geht zum Munde herein.

Denn es iſt nicht allein was zum Munde geht ein,
Aber auch noch was von außen ſcheint.

Ob du ein reines Kind erſchaffen biſt,
Oder dienſt du die Welt ihre eitele Lüſt.

Der Freſſer und Säufer der auf Gnade bauet,
Wird ohne Gnade die Hölle anvertraut.

Man tut nicht mit weltliche Vorhauts-Werken
Seine Seele zum ewigen Leben ſtärken.

Und man giebt noch Gottes Geld,
Zu dienen dem Luſt-Yoch dieſer Welt.

So tue man mit ſein' ſchläfrigen Lüſten
Gott und Menſchen oft entrüſten.

Tobak, wie all andere Kraut, iſt rein
Wenn ſein Brauch hat kein weltlichen Schein.

Wenn er nicht bleibt an ſeiner Stätte,
Iſt es eine ſtarke Sünden-Kette.

Liverpool, Pa.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

EVERYBODY A BABY

By Elmo Stoll

TOBIAS BENDER laughed.

"Stop laughing," Glen Beachy said sternly. Glen was almost a year younger and a grade below Tobias, but he wasn't afraid to tell him what he thought. "Stop laughing," Glen repeated. "Stop, because it isn't funny. Not one bit. I think you're mean. You don't care how other people feel."

Tobias laughed again. "You think so, yes," Tobias grinned. "But you know what I think? I think you're a great big baby. You cry over little things that only a baby would cry about."

"I'm not crying," Glen said.

"Same thing," Tobias said. "You're complaining about a little thing that shouldn't even bother you. If you weren't a baby you wouldn't even notice such things."

"The other boys feel the same way," Glen said.

"Not all of them."

"Most of them."

"Well, then most of them are babies, just like you." Tobias chuckled to himself. It seemed like a big joke to him.

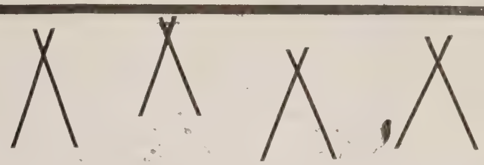
"I'd rather be a baby than mean like you are," Glen said. "You're going to be sorry some day."

"Oh, sure," Tobias laughed. "Try to scare me. Ha, ha. I'm not frightened of a bunch of babies."

Tobias had known for a while that some of the boys in school felt left out when he had something going. Like the time he had asked Willis Gingerich, Truman Ropp, and Lester Hershberger to help him build a leaf house in the corner of the school yard. There were only two boys left in the upper grades, Glen Beachy and Perry Yoder. Willis, Truman and Lester thought Glen and Perry could help, too, but Tobias had said, "Nonsense. Anyone knows four are enough to build a leaf house."

It took three days to build the leaf house, and the four of them had a lot of fun. Glen and Perry tried to be a good sport about it, but it was pretty lonely for them to just stand around and watch all the time. They couldn't hide that they felt bad about being left out.

One thing about Tobias, he didn't always leave the same boys out. The time he had suggested they farm the school yard, he had taken a few boards and made an imaginary plow. He said Glen and Lester and Truman could be his horses. Glen suggested that Willis and Perry could help too, but Tobias scoffed at the idea. "I never heard of putting more than three horses on a plow," he said. "Let them watch. It won't hurt them."



Another time it had been even worse, for only one boy was left out, just Willis. That was the time after the first snow fell and they built an igloo village. Tobias had made the suggestion, as usual, and the other boys were all eager to help. Tobias told each boy what to do and there wasn't any reason why everyone couldn't have helped. No reason except that Tobias just got a notion that this time five boys were enough and that six were too many. So Willis was left out, and there was nothing to do but stand around with cold feet and watch the others. The snow lasted two days. The other boys felt so sorry for Willis being left out that they were glad when it warmed up and the snow melted and put an end to the project.

That was when Glen made up his mind to talk with Tobias about the matter. But Tobias had just laughed and said they were babies to feel hurt about being left out. They should grow up and just not mind it.

"Hey, Willis," Glen said one morning before school started. "I don't think Tobias knows how it feels to be left out of the group. Do you think he does?"

"No," said Willis, looking around to see if Tobias might be close. "Of course he doesn't. He's the oldest of the boys and he's never been left out, because he's always the one who has the ideas what to do."

"And I'm not saying he doesn't have good ideas," Glen said. "We've had a lot of fun together already."

Just then Lester happened to walk up, and the two boys told him what they had been discussing.

"It isn't that we don't like to play with Tobias," Glen said. "He's fun to play with, and he has a lot of interesting ideas for things to do. But I think he just doesn't have any idea how it feels to be left out. If he did he would be more careful to include everyone if at all possible."

"Well, he could at least let us take turns," Willis said. "I wouldn't have complained if I could have helped with the building of the igloo village for a while, but to watch for three days— "

"I'm agreed," Lester said. "But I don't know what to do about it."

"I do," Glen said.

"What?" All the boys were interested.

"Let him find out how it feels a while. Let's think up things to do and leave him out."

"Yeah," said Willis. "Let's, and see how he likes it."

"I don't know if it'll work," Lester said doubtfully.

"Why not?" Glen wanted to know.

"Because he's always said that being left out isn't anything so terrible. He said we're babies for minding such a small thing. I'm afraid he won't even care."

"Don't worry about that," Glen said. "Maybe he won't mind the first day, but he will the second or the third."

"It's worth a try, I say," Willis said. "And after watching you guys build the igloos and having to stand there and not help, I'm ready to try something."

The others laughed. They knew how he felt.

"When will we plan to do something together and leave Tobias out?" Lester asked. "Whose going to think up the the idea?"

"We'll get together and plan something this noon hour," Glen said.

"But that won't work," Lester said. "Tobias will see us and want to join in."

"Fine," Glen said. "That will be his first experience in being left out. Here comes Truman and Perry now. I'll explain to them what's up and invite them to join us this noon. I'm sure they'll cooperate."

Tobias noticed some glances between the boys at recess, but he thought nothing of it. But he was puzzled at noon when all the boys finished their lunches before he did and ran outside.

He gulped down his chocolate milk and hurried out to see what was going on. He was both surprised and puzzled when none of them were in sight anywhere. He finally found them in the wood shed, sitting around in a loose circle on upended blocks of wood.

"Hey, what's going on? " he asked. "What are you doing?"

"We're having a conference," Glen explained. "We discuss problems and think of ways to solve them."

"That's a good idea," Tobias said eagerly. "Let's pretend someone came to us and asked us to solve a problem like, oh, let's see, I'll think up something good."

THE HOLY CITY

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
Last night as I lay a-sleeping
There came a dream so fair;
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there;
I heard the children singing
And ever as they sang
We thought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Lift up your gates and sing
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your king!

And then I thought my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang;
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
No little children sang;
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!

— F. E. Weatherly (selected)

"Don't bother," Glen said. "We already have the problem."

"Oh, okay, what do you want me to do?"

"You can watch," Glen said kindly. "We don't think we should have more than five on the conference, or it becomes too hard to reach a decision. It's all right if Tobias watches, isn't it, boys?"

"Sure," the others all said. "He won't mind watching."

"Okay," Tobias said good-naturedly. "I'll watch."

Tobias watched while the boys put their heads close together and whispered to each other. He wished he could hear, but he couldn't make out anything they were saying. Whatever the problem, it sure took a lot of whispering to get it solved.

Several minutes passed. Tobias grew bored with watching and wandered inside in search of something to do. He had already decided what they would do tomorrow. He would ask three of the boys to help him. He had an idea for a fun project.

As he came to school the next morning, Tobias had nearly forgotten the conference in the wood shed and the unusual behavior of the boys the day before. But it wasn't long until he was reminded of it again. In fact, he was reminded of it as soon as he reached the school grounds. All the boys gathered in one corner of the playground.

"Now what's up?" Tobias said to himself. "I'd better get in on this one before I end up being the one to watch again."

He placed his lunch pail on the shelf inside the school and hurried over to the others.

The boys didn't even look over. None of them invited him to join them.

Tobias watched in silence for a while.

All the boys had cloth bands that they were tying around their heads. Then they stuck feathers under the band.

Tobias itched to join. He couldn't watch in silence any longer. "You got any extra feathers, and another headband?" he said. "This looks like real fun. I'd love to help."

The Indian-pretenders whirled around and acted surprised that he was there. They stared at him with expressionless faces. Then Glen, who apparently was the chief, held up one hand and grunted a greeting, "How."

Tobias laughed. "Can I join your tribe, Chief?"

Glen frowned. "Speak with respect, paleface. Me Chief Rolling Stone of the Roaring Waters."

Tobias laughed. "Can I join the tribe, Chief?"

Glen frowned. "Speak with respect, paleface. Me Chief Rolling Stone of the Rushing Waters."

"Okay, Chief Rolling Stone of the Roaring Waters, can I join the tribe?"

Chief Rolling Stone of the Roaring Waters frowned again. "Must have council," he said. "Will ask my people." He picked up a homemade drum and beat on it with a smooth stick. Boonng-dum, Bonng-dummm.

The other boys came running and gathered in a half circle and sat on the dry leaves, their legs folded beneath them, Indian style.

They pretended to be in serious council, jabbering in some strange language. Then they all nodded solemnly.

Chief Rolling Stone of the Rushing Waters turned to Tobias. He scowled. "Ugh," he grunted, "No want paleface. Go back to own people."

Tobias couldn't hide the disappointment on his face. He bit his lower lip and stood back a bit and watched. It sure looked like a lot of fun.

Fifteen minutes later the bell rang and the Indians had to get out of their feathers and headdress in a hurry. At noon they started work on their tepee village. At noon they finished building the several tent-shaped affairs into which they would climb and jabber in Indian language.

The next day the Indian game continued. By now all the Indians had bows and arrows, and a few carried wooden tomahawks. They sat in tribal councils, and roamed the playground on animal hunts. They sighted a queer-shaped block of wood that looked like a rabbit to them, so everyone let out a whoop and came racing to shoot an arrow into it. Then they dragged it triumphantly into their camp where they skinned it and roasted it over a mock fire. There was much excited jabber, and Willis, the one who had sighted the rabbit, got to be chief for the day. He was given a name to match his office, and all the braves referred respectfully to him as Chief Big Timber in the Rushing Wind.

All the while Tobias watched. He began to feel worse and worse about being left out. He decided that if he asked the boys again, they might let him join in with the playing. So while the Indians were squatted around, dishing out imaginary chunks of the imaginary rabbit meat in an imaginary meal, Tobias walked up closer and stood watching for a few minutes.

He was a different Tobias from the laughing and joking boy he had been three days before. He looked sad and forlorn and uncertain of himself. He knew why the boys were leaving him out. He knew he deserved everything he was getting, but that didn't make it any easier to accept. It only made it harder. It made him feel even more left out to know that all the boys had agreed to work together to teach him a lesson.

When no one noticed him, or paid any attention to him standing there, he finally asked, "C-c-can I help now?"

All the boys looked at Tobias. It was plain to hear by the tone of his voice that he wasn't just joking anymore.

They almost thought they saw a tear or two swimming in his eyes.

But they had all agreed not to soften their hearts until they were completely sure Tobias had learned his lesson.

"Oh," Glen said lightly. "Maybe some day you can again. But there is no hurry. You don't mind watching."

"I do, too," Tobias said. "I'm tired of being left out. It's— it's very lonely."

"Aww," all the boys said. "You're just a baby to mind it, Tobias. You cry about things that only babies cry about. You should grow up and stop minding such little things."

The words sounded familiar to Tobias— too familiar. "I'm sorry I ever blamed you like that," Tobias said. "Guess I didn't know much about being left out."

"I know it isn't much fun," Glen said. "For my part, I'm ready to try and all play together. How about the rest of you boys?"

"Sure," they all agreed, and they smiled at Tobias.

"I'm sure ready, too," Tobias said. "Guess I'm the biggest baby of all about being left out."

"Here," Glen said. "Here are some feathers and a head band you can wear until you get a chance to bring some along from home."

"And here's an extra bow and arrow," Willis offered. "Let's go. Seems to me there's something that looks like a rabbit sitting over there in the weeds along the road.

The rabbit didn't have much chance as the six wild Indians swooped down upon it.

NATURE S CRAFTSMEN

by David Luthy

IT SNOWED AND the Hostetler children drove the school hack and picked up Simon and his sister.

"No more pairing off for you two," Emma Hostetler said to the boys.

"What were you up to yesterday on the way home from school?" asked Magdalena.

"It's a long story," said Eli. "It was just a queer bird we saw and we followed it into the woods."

"A queer bird," said Emma. "That sounds interesting. It wasn't a golden eagle like Mr. Judson told us about last year at school, was it?"

"No," laughed Simon, "it didn't look anything like an eagle. I told Dad about it at chore time last evening and he said it was a ruffed grouse."

"But that's not all we saw," said Eli. "We saw an oriole's nest swinging from a willow by the creek and wanted to get it down to see how it's made. But when . . . "

"Hey, I've got an idea," interrupted Simon. "Why don't we invite Mr. Judson back this year. He knows a lot about birds and could tell us how the oriole makes its nest."

The other children thought Simon had a good idea. They coaxed him into asking Miss Gingerich the first chance he got at school.

It was at recess before Simon approached his teacher about asking Mr. Judson to come and talk to the school like he had done the spring before.

"I think that's a good idea, too," said Miss Gingerich. "We all enjoyed his talk last year on the golden eagle. Why don't we write him a letter as part of our English assignment in seventh grade?"

And that is what the seventh graders did. The four class mates worked together on the project and wrote the letters. Eli and Simon briefly told of their experience with the ruffed grouse and their interest in the oriole's nest. Miss Gingerich checked the letters for spelling and punctuation and gave each of the pupils a grade.

"I'll mail these in tomorrow's mail and Mr. Judson should get them the next day," she told the seventh graders. "Maybe he'll write right away and we'll hear from him on Monday."

Eli and Simon did not think of Mr. Judson for the rest of the week; they had their minds on the school ping pong matches. But at noon on Monday when the children who lived across from the schoolhouse brought a letter to Miss Gingerich, they were eager to see if it was from Mr. Judson.

"Did the letter come?" asked Simon. He stopped playing ping pong and followed the other students to Miss Gingerich's desk.

"Yes, it has his return address on the envelope," she answered as she quickly tore the envelope open and began reading:

> "Dear Friends,
>
> I can't tell you how surprised and pleased I was to receive your letters. I would be glad to come to your school again this year, and I plan to be there this Friday at 2 o'clock, unless you notify me otherwise.
>
> When I read of Simon and Eli's

interest in the oriole's nest, I thought of the many other birds who build unusual nests. So that is the topic I have chosen to speak to you about — Nature's Craftsmen.

Sincerely yours,
Herbert Judson"

It was Friday and the last recess had just begun. All the pupils had gone outside, but suddenly some of them were running back inside.

"A car just pulled into the playground," said a third grader breathlessly.

"It's probably Mr. Judson," smiled Miss Gingerich. "You go out and play until I ring the bell."

The playground was a hubbub of whispering and staring children.

"Hello, children," greeted Mr. Judson, as he got out of his car. "Could a couple of you older boys give me a hand with these boxes?"

Simon and Eli and Melvin Miller eagerly approached the car.

"Careful, boys, with those boxes," instructed Mr. Judson. "Don't drop them."

Eli was surprised to discover how light his box was. It was fairly large but almost felt empty. "Wonder what he's got in this one?" Eli thought to himself. If he had asked Simon and Melvin he would have discovered that their boxes were also very light and they were thinking the same thought.

"Come in, Mr. Judson," said Miss Gingerich, shaking hands with him. "I'm just ready to ring the bell and the rest of the afternoon is yours."

"Do you have a table handy?" he asked.

"I've cleared off my desk for you to use," answered the teacher.

It wasn't long before all the children were in their seats. Miss Gingerich glanced at the clock and thought to herself, "Record time for them getting into their seats after the bell. We need a visitor every day."

A hush fell over the schoolhouse. The only sound was the opening of the cardboard boxes and the unwrapping of paper. Mr. Judson placed the concealed items on the teacher's desk.

"Bird nests," thought Eli. "No wonder the box was light."

"Good afternoon, boys and girls," began Mr. Judson. "How many of you remember my having been here last year?"

All the hands were raised except the first graders and Ella Miller's in the fifth grade; she had transferred from public school.

"Last year I told you about the golden eagle, but this year I want to talk about 'Nature's Craftsmen' — the weavers, carpenters, plasterers, and shipbuilders of the bird world."

Simon tucked his foot under him and curled back in his seat. This sounded interesting.

Mr. Judson held a small willow branch up for the children to see. At its tip hung a bird's nest. "This is an oriole's nest," he explained. "If you would look at it closely you would think a machine made it. But the oriole is an expert weaver and made it herself. She used bits of soft bark, moss, fine grass, and even horse hair or string and weaved it much like your mother would knit a stocking. Using her beak as a needle, the female oriole weaves the nest on slender branches so that a cat will not bother it. The willow branches are too light for a cat to safely walk on. How many of you have seen a nest like the oriole's before?"

About a third of the pupils held up their hands. Simon and Eli smiled at each other.

"Here is a nest I know none of you have ever seen before," said Mr. Judson. "It is also woven." He held up a small nest which the children in the back could hardly see. "This is the nest of the tailorbird which lives in China and India. The bird finds a leaf which is slightly curled and sews the leaf together forming a small nest. The tailorbird has a most fitting name, for it sews. Using its slender beak it takes bits of silk and fiber and sews itself a nest."

"Could you pass it around so we can see it up close?" asked one of the pupils.

"I'd like to, but this nest is hard to get since it comes from India," said Mr. Judson. "Maybe when we are all finished you could walk by the desk and look at it."

Mr. Judson held up another nest. "Who knows what plasterer made this nest?"

"A barn swallow," answered Simon.

"That's right," agreed Mr. Judson. "The barn swallow is an expert plasterer. It builds its nest from mud, layer upon layer until has a nice weather proof home."

The guest opened an envelope and held up a picture. "What bird made this nest?"

No one answered.

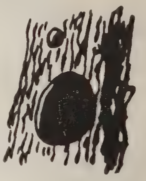
"Looks more like a tree stump, doesn't it?" chuckled Mr. Judson, "or Abe Lincoln's tall stovepipe hat." He took a second picture out of the envelope. "Recognize this bird?"

There was silence, then Miss Gingerich said, "Isn't that a bird we often see on post cards from Florida?"

"That's right. This is the flamingo which is common in Florida. And this stump-shaped pile of mud is its nest."

Mr. Judson removed a third picture from his envelope. "I am using pictures for some of these nests because they would be too big to have in a collection. And this one I am holding up now would also be too messy. The bird that builds this is a carpenter but a poor one. He merely stacks his pieces of wood any-which-way. But it seems to fit his needs. It's the nest of the famous American bald eagle. It's usually built on a cliff high up and far away from people. Some people who have made a study of eagle nests say they are filled with most anything."

Now Mr. Judson held up part of a tree branch. "This carpenter does a more expert job. See the nice round hole? A woodpecker drilled this with his beak. The inside of the branch is hollow and this hole makes a nice door for the woodpecker family."



For another half hour Mr. Judson talked to the pupils about different bird nests. Some he had actual examples of and others he showed pictures of. He told of the birds which make their homes by digging a hole — the kingfishers and the burrowing owl. But the strange nest which impressed the children most was the last one Mr. Judson held up.

"I've saved this nest 'til last, because it is so unusual," said the speaker. "It is made by a shipbuilder — the grebe. This duck-like bird gathers water-soaked grasses and builds a raft; then it secures this to plants and rushes.

The water-tight nest can float on the rising or lowering water."

Mr. Judson held out his empty hands. "There is one nest I can not bring to you; that is the nest of the killdeer. The killdeer has no real nest. It lays its four eggs among some gravel. But we shouldn't laugh at this bird or think it is stupid, for it is living the way God created it to live. Actually the gravel serves the killdeer's needs quite well. The color of the eggs matches that of gravel and thus they are safe from animals' detection. Also, the gravel holds the warm rays of the sun and this helps warm the eggs. And there is a third reason why the killdeer doesn't need a fancy nest; its young are hatched with soft fuzz on their bodies and wide-open eyes. Within a few hours they are out of the nest and running with their parents. The killdeer needs a nest for about the shortest time of any bird. Most other birds' young stay in the nest for days, weeks, and sometimes even months, but not so with the killdeer; its little ones are off and running within a few hours."

Miss Gingerich was thinking how wonderful God's planning was for all the different birds, giving them the talents and instinct they needed. Mr. Judson put her thoughts into words when he said, "Boys and girls, don't ever think these wonderful things in nature came about by chance. These craftsmen I have told you about this afternoon are part of God's great handiwork which His all-wise mind created."

The children had questions to ask Mr. Judson. But the question which pleased him most was, "Will you come back next spring?" ■■

This
Month's
Bible
Story

THE MOUNTAIN THAT SHOOK

God led the Israelites to a mountain in the desert called Sinai. Here at the foot of the mountain, the Israelites camped, and Moses went up on the mountain to talk with God. God said, "Tell the Israelites, 'You have seen for yourselves how I treated the Egyptians and how I brought you out of the land of slavery. Now if you will obey my voice and keep my commandments, I will make you my special people. You shall be to me a holy nation.'"

Moses went down the mountain and told the people everything God had said to tell them. The people were pleased that God was going to take them to be his special people. They said to Moses, "Everything the Lord has said, we will do."

Then Moses brought their answer back to God. God said, "I am going to come down in a thick cloud and talk to you so that the people can hear. I want them to hear me speaking to you, so that they will always have faith in you also, and will listen to you. Now go tell the people to get ready. Tell them to get themselves ready, for on the third day I will come down on Mount Sinai. I want everyone to wash their clothes and be clean and prepared to stand before me. Put a fence around the bottom of the mountain to keep the people back, because the mountain will be so holy with my presence that if anyone touches the mountain, they must be put to death. Give all the people strict orders not to touch the mountain; they shall not even touch the fence."

In the morning all the people were ready. As they gathered in front of the mountain, suddenly there was a deafening noise like a loud trumpet blast. Fire flashed up and down the mountain. Claps of thunder rolled with startling booms.

The mountain was all wrapped in smoke as God came down upon it in fire. The smoke rose from it as though from a furnace. The whole mountain trembled and shook. The trumpet blast grew louder and louder as Moses was speaking and God answered him with thunder.

Then Moses went to the top of the mountain to talk with God. But God said to Moses, "Better go back down and warn the people again not to touch the mountain or try to climb up here to see me. Because if they do, they will surely be struck down by my anger."

Moses didn't think it was necessary to go back down. He said, "But the people cannot come up the mountain for you yourself told us to make a fence around the foot of the mountain, and we did so."

But God said again, "Go down. Warn the people again, then bring Aaron back up with you."

So Moses went down. But there was no need to fear that they would touch the mountain or try to climb up it. When the people saw the mountain shake and smoke with blinding flashes of fire and heard the thunder and the trumpet blasts, they were greatly frightened. They started to tremble with fear, and finally they were so afraid they ran from the mountain and stood farther away to watch. They said to Moses, "You speak to us and we will listen, but please don't let God speak to us again for it's too frightening and we're afraid we're all going to be killed."

"Don't be afraid," Moses said. "God is speaking like this today so that you will know how holy and great he is and will listen to him in the days ahead. He is doing it to keep you from sinning in the future."

But still the people were afraid and trembled. They begged Moses to go speak with God and then tell them what God said so God would not need to speak to them again. The people were afraid to come near to the mountain and just stayed in the distance and watched. Moses and Aaron went up the mountain and God gave them ten important commandments that all the people should be careful to obey. Following, in simple words, are the ten commandments God gave for Moses to deliver to the people:

1. I am the Lord your God and you shall not have any other gods besides me.
2. You shall not carve idols for yourselves in the shape of anything in the sky or on the earth or in the sea, and don't bow down before idols or worship them.
3. You shall not use the name of the Lord your God in a lightmannered or deceitful way. God will not leave anyone unpunished who uses his name in a wrong way.
4. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Don't do any work yourself and don't let your children or your servants work. It is to be a day of rest.
5. Honor your father and your mother.
6. Do not kill another person.
7. Wives and husbands shall not be unfaithful to each other.
8. Don't steal.
9. Don't say anything about your neighbor that isn't true.
10. Don't wish that you could have the things that your neighbor has.

God gave Moses many other laws and commandments also. They were laws that would help the people to live in fairness with each other. - E.S.

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

The wedding season has started in many areas. Within a few months there will be many new young housekeepers facing the problems of running a home. The sooner they realize what a great responsibility is theirs the better it is, for within their walls they will not only need to plan to build a home but to build the community and the future church. Of course, if the home is built on a Christian foundation then it is also helping to build the church and the community as well.

My parents were poor and I began
Housekeeping on a very low plan;
Luxuries were nil— I didn't care
For happiness and love were richly there.

We skimped and saved throughout the years
And had not a little of heartaches and tears;
This taught us a lesson in courage and faith;
We learned to depend on God's wondrous grace.

Our children grew up enriched by our want—
Fearless and strong, and dishonesty shunned
For we gave them not wealth that decays and will
rust
But the riches of love, obedience, and trust.

A PLEGE FOR HUSBAND AND WIFE

As husband and wife we will take time for love and companionship.

We will keep adding fuel to the fire of love by words and acts of appreciation for each other. When there is a misunderstanding we will be quick to forgive and to ask forgiveness. We will allow no one to come between us.

We will take a sane attitude toward money and decide financial matters together. We will take a mature attitude toward work, each carrying a proper share of the family duties.

We will avoid the home wrecking habits of impatience, worry, nagging, jealousy, and all other forms of self-love.

We will face all hardships with faith in God and each other.

If God entrusts children to us, we will welcome them, love them, and give them good care and training.

We will give Christ His place in our hearts and in our home, keeping in tune with Him by frequent periods of Bible reading, and prayer. As a family we will be loyal members of the church, attending its services together regularly and sharing in its ministry to others. By God's help our home will be an asset and not a liability to the church, to the community, and to the world.

* * *

The following recipe was sent in by Mrs. Dan (Ada) R. Troyer of Wayne County, Ohio. Ada has been making candy to sell and has sold hundreds and hundreds of pounds already. We know it is good for they sent us a fair sample of it about a year ago.

ROCKY ROAD SQUARES

3 lb. milk chocolate
1/2 lb. soft butter
3 lb. walnut (broken)
10 oz. miniature marshmallows

Melt chocolate, stir till smooth. Add butter and mix well (will be thick but warm). Set in cold place until it thickens around edges. Stir occasionally while cooling. Bring into warm room and stir 5 to 10 minutes until creamy and thinner. Add marshmallows and walnuts. Pour in wax paper lined cookie sheet. Press 3/4 inch thick and cool. Cut in squares at room temperature.

Penn- Dutch APPLE CAKE

Cream: 1 cup sugar
1/2 cup oleo
1 egg
Add: 1 1/2 cup cake flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon alspice
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups diced apples
(Batter will be very thick.)
Topping: cook until thick—
1/4 cup oleo
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup milk
Add 1 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Pour over cake while still warm, then serve.

— Esther Slabach

COCONUT SLABS

2 1/2 lbs brown sugar
1 pint molasses
1 grated coconut
6 oz. butter
1/2 teaspoon soda

2 3/4 to 3 lbs. flour— or enough for a stiff dough. Be sure to get 2 3/4 lbs. in. If dough seems too stiff, a little sweet cream may be sprinkled on dough. Roll on floured board. Cut in blocks. Bake at 350° (slow oven) for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 200 cookies— depending on size of blocks. Have everything at room temperature before starting. Cooling the dough before handling helps it to cooperate with you better. A little practice will be of value.

Egg, and sesame seeds may be added if desired. These are good and chewy when eaten warm. If not eaten warm they will be crisp and hard, but still good.

— R. Lahman, Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

APPLE-CRANBERRY DUMPLINGS

Syrup:

2 cups water
2 cups sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup butter

Combine first four ingredients and boil together for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add butter.

Biscuit dough:

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 tablespoon baking powder
2 tablespoon sugar
3/4 cup milk

Sift together dry ingredients and cut in shortening. Gradually add milk, tossing to make a soft dough. Roll out on floured board to form rectangle 18"x 12".

Filling:

4 grated peeled apples
1 cup drained cooked whole cranberries, or canned whole cranberry sauce
1/2 cup black walnuts chopped

Spread with apples, cranberries and nuts. Roll up like jelly roll. Cut in 1" slices and place in 13 x 9 x 2 pan. Pour hot syrup over all and bake in hot over (425°) for 40 minutes. Serve warm.

— Mrs. Melvin Hochstetler, Bremen, Indiana

* * *

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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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Question:

In visiting various plain communities I noticed small figures (knick-knacks) standing around. I feel it is forbidden in Exodus 20:4. I feel it also means the photographs as it mentions images and likenesses. Large or small they are still images or likenesses. The ten commandments are just as binding now as the day they were given.

Once our English neighbors brought our girls a doll. They asked if the girls could have it. I explained and showed them Exodus 20:4. She read it and said, "It's right there." That seemed to settle the matter. It is too plainly written to have images and photos in our plain homes.

Cain and Abel can be and are symbolic of our lives. Like Abel, are we doing and giving our best for Him; or like Cain, thinking this or that doesn't matter?

Wouldn't we do well to re-examine ourselves and give our lives a living sacrifice to Him?

— against images

* * *

FANCY GIFTS (answer)

I was glad for the question on plain gifts in the October issue. At our wedding we got some worldly, colorful gifts, such as were never in our home. I felt guilty in using a few of these items. I knew my parents wouldn't think well of us if we used them. We had plenty others for the same purpose, so I just laid the "prettiest" away. This caused ill feelings later on. Our friend took notice and blamed us for using other gifts and not theirs. We feel plain gifts of good quality make any young Christian couple happy. We don't wish to follow the world, why do people buy the gay worldly colors?

— E.B., Mo.

I thoroughly agree with the writer, as I think a lot of people don't try anymore to buy just plain things. It even comes in some of the dress goods that aren't as plain as they could be. With darker nubs and slubs. But people still buy them. And some goods are far too thin for plain people, but still some use them. — Ohio

Why do we who profess to be plain people, fill our houses with so many printed and decorated towels, pillowcases, ruffled doilies and lace scarfs, etc.? I Timothy 2:9,10 tells us that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel and not with gold, pearls, or costly array. But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. It seems to me that these verses could also apply to the way we women adorn our homes. If we have no desire for loud, bright, and fancy clothes for the family then we should have no desire for fancy things in the home. — Mrs. M. H.

I completely agree about giving plain gifts. Baby showers come into the same line where each tries to outdo the others in giving fancy and even store-boughten dresses. Who are we honoring when we do this— ourselves or Jesus Christ who should be the Head of the churches? A much better way would be to call on the couple with the new baby and take a plain gift along. Let's do everything to the honor and glory of God. — Name withheld.

When parents tease the children I think they are laying the groundwork to have the children tease each other. The

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Some Mothers Write

One bright sunny day I put on my sunglasses to hang out wash. Since the children seldom see me wear them, they stared at me when I came into the house. Finally the 2-year-old asked, "Mom, where are you?" When I took the glasses off he exclaimed, "Oh, there you are!"

— a mother, Ohio

SOME FATHERS WRITE TOO

Danny, a witty little lad of four, asked the hired girl, "Becky, do you spank little Amish boys if they stick their tongue out at you?"

"Yes, Danny, why?"

"Shep stuck his tongue out at me and I spanked him, too."

-- D. H., Va.

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair

Obedience is the greatest gift a child can give to his parents.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

GIVING THANKS
FOR LITTLE THINGS

"— in everything give thanks."
I Thes. 5:15

For song and for gladness,
For sunshine and rain,
For nights so refreshing
And days without pain,
We thank you, Lord.

For fleecy white clouds
Sailing the deep blue sky,
For cool autumn winds
And the warm days gone by,
We thank you, Lord.

For green trees and bright flowers,
A rich harvest once more;
For grace all sufficient,
For the cross that you bore
We thank you, Lord.

For good food in abundance,
For good hands and good eyes,
Kind friends who will help us
As they smiling pass by,
We thank you, Lord.
— Leona Mazelin, Berne, Ind.

* * *

THANK YOU FOR WINDOWS
Leona Mazelin

"Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun" Ecclesiastes 11:7

At this particular time of year and about six o'clock in the morning, the sun shines directly in my face through my northeast window. This makes me appreciate windows— for bringing light into my room. As the day progresses these same windows let me look out on our busy streets and sidewalks to see children walk by or ride the busses to school.

I also see the neighbors' wash gently blowing in the breeze. Through these same windows I see fleecy clouds floating across the blue sky, snowflakes falling to earth, the tall sturdy trees which have grown strong through stormy winds.

Often I awaken to the sweet song of the birds and as day breaks I can see them building their nests. All are in God's wonderful plan of nature. Beautiful flowers, colorful butterflies, and humming birds. Oh, so many things it cannot all be mentioned.

Yes, I thank God for windows. As telescopic lens, they bring the distant near and indeed let me enjoy His marvelous handiwork. Makes me think that truly God is above and beyond, yet at work in the world and living within us. I thank Him for the people whose lives I may touch by prayer as they pass by.

As a window brings light into my room, so the Holy Spirit is a perpetual light to our soul as we fully yield our hearts to God. He will abide with us as we trust and obey and will lead us through this world, into peace and truth and eternal joy by the shed blood and resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord.

When have YOU last said, "Thank you for a window?"
Berne, Indiana

* * *

(The above writing was sent in over a year ago, and it does seem a coincident that soon after I had prepared it for printing word came that Leona Mazelin had died (November 8th). She had been a patient in the Berne Nursing Home in Berne, Indiana for nine years. It was here that I met Leona eight years ago, although we had had some correspondence before that. (The nursing home is owned by my second cousin, Pauline Hostetler, therefore I spent several weeks there as a visitor.)

Leona had muscular dystrophy and spent her time on the wheelchair and in bed. For many years she painted greeting cards with oils. These were much in demand. Her brother Dave, who also had m.d., was gifted in penmanship. He penned the writing in her greetings. Dave died a number of years ago.)

* * *

K en you probably never once thought
E venings before your polio struck
N ever again could you walk on your own—
N o, not without crutches for support.
E ven though your body's crippled now
T here are things, I know, you are thankful for—
H aving parents who care for you,

H elping you in your daily life.

M ay you in your future days
A lways keep that smiling face,
R emembering it was a higher power
T hat chose YOU for this suffering;
I know that you have many friends
N ear and far who pray for you.

(Kenneth had polio when 5 or 6 years old. Since then he has had several operations. This past summer an operation was performed on his back.) — Mark Horning
Ephrata, Pa.

* * *

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

Housemaid's Knee

I wonder if it isn't the same as "miner's knee"— a troublesome swelling on the knee caused or aggravated by crawling on the knees. My dad had miner's knee. A doctor said the only thing that would help was surgery. Dad wasn't ready for that. Later a man told him he had an operation for miner's knee and his knee still gives him so much trouble that he'd advise against an operation— if you can live with it. Dad started using Lone Star liniment. He persevered and it cleared up completely, never having

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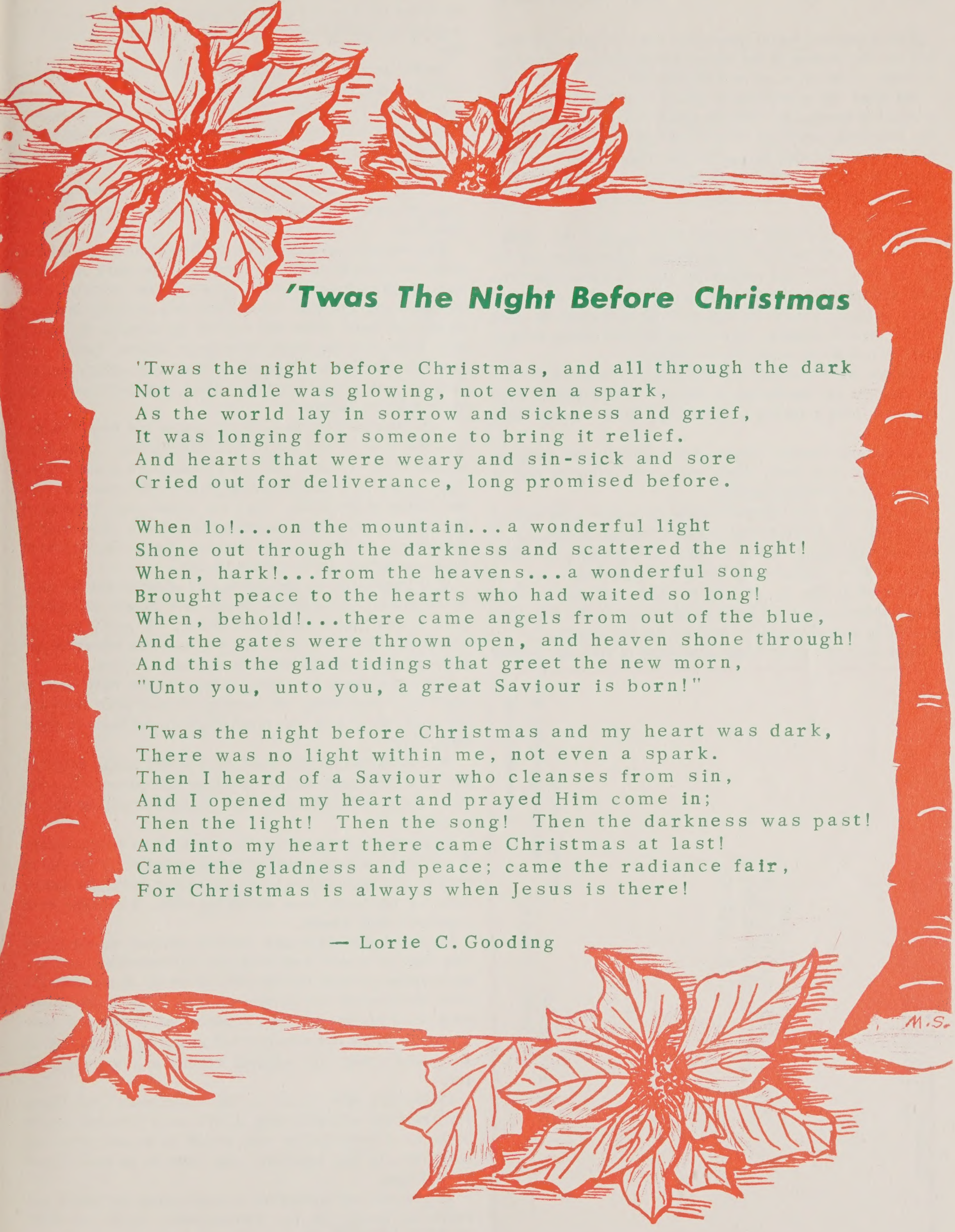

'Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the dark
Not a candle was glowing, not even a spark,
As the world lay in sorrow and sickness and grief,
It was longing for someone to bring it relief.
And hearts that were weary and sin-sick and sore
Cried out for deliverance, long promised before.

When lo!...on the mountain...a wonderful light
Shone out through the darkness and scattered the night!
When, hark!...from the heavens...a wonderful song
Brought peace to the hearts who had waited so long!
When, behold!...there came angels from out of the blue,
And the gates were thrown open, and heaven shone through!
And this the glad tidings that greet the new morn,
"Unto you, unto you, a great Saviour is born!"

'Twas the night before Christmas and my heart was dark,
There was no light within me, not even a spark.
Then I heard of a Saviour who cleanses from sin,
And I opened my heart and prayed Him come in;
Then the light! Then the song! Then the darkness was past!
And into my heart there came Christmas at last!
Came the gladness and peace; came the radiance fair,
For Christmas is always when Jesus is there!

— Lorie C. Gooding

WILDLIFE IN WINTER

Sitting beside a warm stove on a cold morning and looking out the window at the snow covered fields, we are apt to think, "Winter is not so bad after all."

But when the thermometer drops to below zero and the winds are howling through the trees and drifting the snow ten feet high, have you ever wondered how the wild birds and animals are able to survive the winter? Somehow they must find food and shelter to keep warm. Some birds go south, a few animals hibernate but the rest have to endure the winter.

The little chickadee with its black breast has always been one of my favorite winter birds. I feel sorry for the brave little bird and especially after learning that on a cold winter night it may lose as much as 1 1/2 grams of body weight. This is the same thing as if a 150-lb. man would lose 20 pounds. How would you feel if you were to lose 20 pounds of weight in one night?

Nature has furnished wildlife special means of surviving against the hardships of winter. Birds fluff up their feathers, thus creating a "dead air" space around their bodies.

Animals accumlate a layer of fat during the fall to insulate against heat loss. They also grow a thicker coat of fur druing the winter months.

Quail gather in a compact circle to conserve the heat of the group. Most birds and animals manage to stay out of the wind by finding shelter in dense evergreens, in hollow logs, or tree stumps or in holes in the ground.

Many birds live on seeds from plants and weeds. It so happens that nearly all these plants ripen in the fall, thus providing a good supply of food during the winter.

Squirrels put away large quantities of nuts and acorns but larger animals do not store up any food for the winter.

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Deer survive by eating buds and twigs of young trees. In second growth forests, these are abundant but where there are only large trees, the deer would starve. Odd as it may seem, deer do not travel very far. If there are too many deer in one valley they may eat up the available vegetation and then starve instead of going to the next valley.

Birds, on the other hand, travel when food gets scarce. Northern finches, evening grosbeaks, crossbills, and red polls travel in flocks. Every few years, when food gets scarce they will travel south. When they appear so unexpectedly in groups, they are very tame and show almost no fear of man.

During the occasional winter the great snowy owl will migrate southward and when this happens, it attracts a lot attention.

The balances of nature are very delicate in the woods. Mice and rabbits feed on plants and the bark of young trees during the winter time. Foxes, hawks and owls feed on mice and rabbits. When there is a scarcity of foxes, hawks and owls, mice and rabbits increase to the extent that there may be much damage to woods, fields, and gardens. The plentiful supply of mice and rabbits usually brings an increase in foxes, hawks, and owls and so the cycle goes on and on.

Cold blooded animals such as snakes and frogs burrow into the mud or soil and go into hibernation. Their body temperature changes with the temperature around them. They store up some fat in the fall but they store it near the center of the body. They can stand some freezing of the legs or tail without injuring the animal. Fish stay in the bottom of the pond or stream. Any creature that is frozen solid can not be revived again.

It is interesting to see the tracks of birds and animals in the woods. When an owl feasts on a mouse, it rolls up what is left into a little ball of fur. If you follow the tracks of a fox in the snow you will soon find where he has pounced upon a rabbit or tried to catch a mouse.

Since the trees are bare, winter is the best time to start watching birds. By putting out food when snow and ice is on the ground, you may be able to get them to come very near.

If it snows during the night, take a walk in the morning and see how many tracks of birds and animals you can find. If you walk toward the sun, the tracks will be easier to see.

Some people believe you can predict how cold a winter it will be by watching the birds and animals. If the fur is thicker it's supposed to be a cold winter and if the squirrels are unusually busy gathering nuts, it's taken as a sign for a long winter.

But naturalists have kept records and they do not agree that this is a good way to predict the weather. Zoo officials have noticed the thickness of the fur of the animals does not forecast the weather to come. But it does show what kind of weather was experienced during the past summer. A hot dry summer will result in a light coat of fur while a cool wet summer results in a heavy coat of fur.

Observers have come to the conclusion that when squirrels are unusually busy, it denotes a plentiful supply of nuts. A crop failure may result in no nut-gathering activities, or the squirrels may have to go somewhere to find food.

(If you have any questions or suggestions for future articles on nature or the out-of-doors, write to: THE WORLD AROUND US c/o Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario.)